BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 9999 09914 663 9

No. _____

THE TRVSTEES OF THE
PVBLIC LIBRARY
OMNIVM
LVX
CIVIVM
OF THE CITY OF
BOSTON
1852 1878

PUBLIC LIBRARY CHARLESTOWN

ELEGANT EXTRACTS,

Originally Compiled by the

REVEREND VICESIMUS KNOX, D.D.

A New Edition

PREPARED BY

James G. Percival

2556.17 v. 1, 2

VOL. 1. PROSE.

BOSTON

PRINTED & PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL WALKER (HARRIS'S PLACE) WASHINGTON STREET

ELEGANT EXTRACTS,

OR

USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING PASSAGES,

FROM THE

BEST ENGLISH AUTHORS AND TRANSLATIONS;

PRINCIPALLY DESIGNED

FOR THE USE OF YOUNG PERSONS.

ORIGINALLY COMPILED BY THE

REV. VICESIMUS KNOX, D. D.

A new Edition, embellished with elegant Engravings.

PREPARED BY

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. I.—PROSE.

BOSTON:
BENJAMIN B. MUSSEY.

1842.

150658
Addl. by exch
Jan 7. 1874

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, *to wit:*
District Clerk's Office.

L. S. BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the seventeenth day of March A. D. 1826, in the fiftieth year of the Independence of the United States of America, SAMUEL WALKER, of the said District, has deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in the words following, *to wit:*

Elegant Extracts, or Useful and Entertaining Passages from the best English Authors and Translations; principally designed for the use of young persons. Originally compiled by the Rev. Vicesimus Knox, D. D. a new Edition, embellished with elegant Engravings, prepared by James G. Percival, in six volumes. Vol. 1. PROSE.

In Conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned:" and also to an Act entitled "An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

JNO. W. DAVIS, *Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.*

15-32.6

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

PRESENT EDITION.

It was the original design of this work, as prepared by Dr. Knox, to furnish a manual of English composition for the use of the higher schools in England. It was not the intention of the compiler to give the cream of all the best English authors, for the use and gratification of the literary. He had an humbler but not less useful object in view, namely, to communicate valuable instruction and rational entertainment to the youth of his country, at the same time that he supplied them with the best models of English composition. We have not ventured to change the original plan. We have conceived that the work would be more useful, and on the whole more interesting to the American Public, if we suffered it to retain its original character. We have only removed such articles as were more immediately suited to the meridian of England,

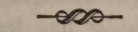
and have endeavoured to supply their place by others better adapted to the circumstances of our own country. It has been our object in preparing this work, to supply families with a set of volumes particularly calculated for the improvement of their younger members; and although it has been our aim to retain or insert such articles only, as we thought to be written in good taste, yet we have sought rather to provide the public in general with a useful and entertaining manual, than to administer to the peculiar gratification of the literary.

BOSTON, JUNE 1, 1825.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

TENTH ENGLISH EDITION.



This Book owes its origin to a wish, expressed by persons of experience in the conduct of schools, that such a compilation might be published for their use, as, by means of a full page, and a small, but very legible type, might contain in one Volume a little introductory Library. A common Pocket Volume is soon perused, and laid aside for want of novelty; but to supply a large school with a constant succession, or with voluminous Sets of English Books, is too expensive and inconvenient to be generally practicable. A quantity of matter is therefore collected in this one Volume, great enough to fill up a considerable time and furnish an abundance of knowledge, before it can be read to satiety or entirely exhausted; and it may properly be said to constitute, what it was intended to be, a portable library for learners from the age of nine or ten, to the age at which they leave their school. At the same time, it is evident upon inspection, that it abounds with such Extracts, as may be read with pleasure and improvement, in the more advanced periods of life. Though it professes to be a school-book, and is chiefly and primarily adapted to young scholars; yet it is certain, that all readers may find it an agreeable companion, and particularly qualified to enliven short intervals of leisure.

The compilation is calculated not only for *classical* schools, but for those also which are limited to the language of our own country. It is certain young persons cannot read a book containing so much *matter*, without great improvement in the *English* language, together with correct ideas on many pleasing subjects of taste and general literature; and, which is of much higher importance, they cannot fail to imbibe from it, together with an increase of elegant knowledge, the purest principles of virtue and religion. It may be employed in various methods for the improvement of learners according to the judgment of various instructers. The pupils may not only read it in private, or in the classes in the presence of their

teachers, at stated times; but write out select paragraphs in their copy-books, commit favourite passages to memory, and endeavour to recite them with the proper gesture and pronunciation for the improvement of their powers of utterance. With respect indeed to the *Art of Speaking*, so much talked of and pretended to, in the present age; it depends more on practice under the superintendence of a master, than on written precepts; and this Book professes to offer matter for practice, rather than systematic instruction, which may be more advantageously given *Vivâ Voce*, by him who is able to enforce and illustrate his rules by his example. To learn the practice of speaking in public, or the art of managing the voice, and adorning the *Delivery*, by written rules alone, is like learning to play on a musical instrument by the bare assistance of a Book of Directions, without a master; a mode usually found no less inefficacious than tedious and operose.

Upon the whole there cannot be a doubt but that a Book, like this, purposely compiled for the use of young persons of both sexes, copious beyond former examples, singularly various in its contents, selected from writers whose characters are established without controversy, abounding with entertainment and useful information, inculcating the purest principles of morality and religion, and displaying excellent models of style and language, must effectually contribute to the improvement of the RISING GENERATION in knowledge, taste, and virtue. The Public have, indeed, already felt, and acknowledged its utility, by the least fallible proof, their general reception of it. It has been adopted in all the most respectable places of education, and has scattered, far and wide, the seeds of excellence, which may one day arrive at maturity and add to the happiness both of the community and of human nature.

What ENGLISH book similar to this volume, calculated entirely for the use of young students at schools, and under private tuition, was to be found in the days of our fathers? None, certainly. The consequence was, that the ENGLISH PART of education (to many the most important part) was defective even in places most celebrated for classic discipline; and boys were often enabled to read Latin perfectly, and write it tolerably, who, from the disuse or the want of models for practice, were *wretchedly qualified to do either in their native language*.—From this unhappy circumstance, classical education was brought into some degree of disgrace; and preposterous it certainly was, to study, during many of the best years of life, foreign and dead languages, with the most scrupulous accuracy, and at the same time entirely to neglect that mother tongue, which is in daily and hourly requisition; to be well read in TULLY, and a total stranger to

ADDISON; to have HOMER and HORACE by heart, and to know little more than the names of MILTON and POPE.

Classical learning, thus defective in a point so obvious to detection, incurred the imputation of pedantry. It was observed to assume an important air of superiority, without displaying, to the common observer, any just pretensions to it. It even appeared with marks of inferiority, when brought into occasional collision with well-informed understandings, cultivated by English literature alone, but greatly proficient in the school of experience. Persons who had never extended their views to ancient and classic lore, but had been confined in their education to English, triumphed in the *common* intercourse of society, over the academical scholar; and learning often hid her head in confusion, when pointed at, as *pedantry*, by the finger of a loquacious DUNCE.

It became highly expedient therefore to introduce *more of English reading* into our classical schools; that those who went out into the world with their coffers richly stored with the golden medals of antiquity, might at the same time be furnished with a sufficiency of current coin from the modern mint, for the commerce of ordinary life: but there was no *school-book*, copious and various enough, entirely calculated for this purpose. The Grecian and Roman History, the Spectators, and Plutarch's Lives, were indeed sometimes introduced, and certainly with great advantage. But still, an *uniformity of English books*, in schools, was a desideratum. It was desirable that *all the students of the same class*, provided with copies of the same book, containing the proper variety, might be enabled to read it together; and thus benefit each other by an emulous study of the same subject or composition, at the same time, and under the eye of their common master.

For this important purpose, the large collections, entitled "ELEGANT EXTRACTS," both in Prose and Verse, were *projected*. Their reception is the fullest testimony in favour both of the design and its execution.

The labour indeed of a Compiler of a book like this is humble; but its beneficial influence is extensive; and in this instance, he feels a pride and pleasure in the reflection, that he has been serving his country effectually, without sacrificing either to avarice or to vanity. It is a disinterested effort. It gratifies neither the love of money nor of fame; for the Editor claims no property in the work, and is conscious that it is of too humble a nature to contribute any thing to celebrity.

The renown attending public services is seldom proportioned to their utility. Glitter is not always the most brilliant on the surface of the most valuable substance. The loadstone is plain and unattractive in its appearance, while the false bauble, on the finger of the beau, sparkles with envied lustre. The spade, the plough, the shuttle, have no ornament bestowed on them, while the toy and trinket are decorated with ribands, gold, and ivory. Yet REASON, undazzled in her decisions, dares to pronounce, while she holds the scales, that the USEFUL preponderates; and that the showy and unsubstantial kicks the beam of her balance, while it attracts the eye of inconsiderate admiration.

Things intrinsically good and valuable have however the advantage of securing permanent esteem, though they may lose the *éclat* of temporary applause. They carry with them to the closet and posterity their own recommendation.

As it is likely that the student who reads this volume of Prose with pleasure, may also possess a taste for POETRY, it is right in this place to mention, that there is published by the Proprietors of this Book a volume of *Poetry*, similar to this in size and form; and as he may also wish to improve himself in the very useful art of *Letter-writing*, that there is also provided a most copious volume of Letters from the best English authors, under the title of ELEGANT EPISTLES.

This whole *Set of Extracts*, more copious, more convenient in its form, and valuable in its materials, than any which have preceded it, certainly must conduce, in a very high degree, to that *great national object*, the PUBLIC INSTRUCTION of the middle and higher orders of society, to promote which has been the primary, and indeed the sole object of the Compiler.

MEMOIR

OF THE LATE

REVEREND VICESIMUS KNOX, D. D.

FORMERLY HEAD MASTER OF TUNBRIDGE SCHOOL, KENT, &C.

Dr. Vicesimus Knox was the only son of the Rev. Vicesimus Knox; a fellow of St. John's College, Oxford; afterwards a Master of Merchant-Tailors' School; and, lastly, Head Master of Tunbridge School. He was himself a respectable scholar, and greatly esteemed in the exercise of his clerical functions. It has been observed, that there is much injustice in withholding the names of those from whom eminent characters have received their education. Dr. Knox's father took the care of his son's classical instruction entirely upon himself until the age of fourteen. Having then made a considerable proficiency, he was entered in a high class at Merchant-Tailors' School, under the Rev. James Townley, who, though not deeply learned, possessed a refined taste for the charms of literature, as well as much urbanity, which he was very successful in imparting among his pupils. At this time that amiable man and elegant scholar, Dr. Jortin, took great notice of the subject of this Memoir, frequently inviting him to pass his holidays at the vicarage at Kensington; and, together with Oliver Goldsmith, whom at this period he also often visited, probably confirmed that strong literary turn in his youthful mind, which never forsook him in after life.

From school he was elected to a fellowship at St. John's, Oxford, where Dr. Dennis was then President; and of him he always spoke with grateful respect. At the university he immediately distinguished himself; and his exercises, particularly in Latin prose and verse, were greatly admired. In consequence of which, he was appointed one of the speakers at the *Encenia*, when Lord North was installed Chancellor of the University, and received much applause. He also amused himself in the intervals from his severer pursuits with English composition, and shortly before he finally left Oxford, sent the manuscript of the first volume of "*Essays Moral and Literary*," as a present, without a name, to Mr. Dilly, the publisher. It was shown to that eminent critic, Dr. Johnson, who spoke of the style and matter in terms of high panegyric, and predicted the future fame of the author; while the favourable reception given to it by the public has been almost unexampled. The work was subsequently extended to three volumes, and the name of the author no longer concealed. It has been translated into most of the European languages; and at once ranked the writer with the English Classics. Our limited space does not allow of a detailed examination of the different papers, and we therefore merely state, that they contain a happy mixture of the best style of our most celebrated authors, with a harmony, polish, and force, that are entirely the writer's own.

Dr. Knox next published his celebrated treatise on "*Liberal Education*," in two volumes, the success of which was not less than that of his former work; it having long superseded all others upon this important subject. In pointing out the defects in the education of youth, he could not pass over the gross relaxation of discipline in the universities which at that time prevailed, more especially at Oxford. Whatever resentment was felt in the university at the moment, the suggestions of the author have been since attended to; —a reform has taken place, and he lived to express great satisfaction at the admirable spirit of emulation among the students, which the recent statutable regulations have produced. Had his life been spared, he would, probably, in a new edition of this work, have expunged many of those strictures, which he, happily, considered no longer applicable.

Shortly before the appearance of "*Liberal Education*," Dr. Knox, having taken his degrees, upon the resignation of his father, was elected to the Head-Mastership of Tunbridge School. This step was taken against the

urgent remonstrances of Dr. Dennis and Dr. Wheeler, the learned public orator, both of whom feared, without foundation as it proved in the result, that so laborious an undertaking would interfere with the literary career he had so successfully commenced. Mrs. Montague also, and several other eminent characters of that day, took considerable pains to persuade him to devote himself entirely to the academic life at Oxford, where, they represented, the most brilliant prospects were before him.

In 1787, Dr. Knox published a series of miscellaneous papers, under the title of "*Winter Evenings*," in three volumes, 8vo. They have also passed through many editions; and in this work the author has successfully combined moral instruction with elegant entertainment.

About this time he had the honour of receiving from Philadelphia a diploma, conferring a Doctor's degree in that university, with an unanimous expression of the high sense that learned body entertained of the services his works, which had all been republished in America, had rendered to the cause of learning and virtue. For the use of his own school, which had risen to great reputation, he edited *Horace* and *Juvenal*, upon the *expurgata* plan; and superintended that useful series of compilations, the *Elegant Extracts Elegant Epistles*, *Domestic Divinity*, &c. &c.; the prefaces of which were all written by himself.

In 1793 appeared "*Personal Nobility*," in one volume, "containing advice to a young nobleman, in a series of letters, on the conduct of his studies, and the best means of maintaining the dignity of the peerage." The abolition of nobility in France had taken place at this period, and given a particular interest to the subject of this work, which is written in a glowing strain of eloquence, and is not less replete with wise precepts than constitutional opinions. It was in this year also that he preached his famous sermon at Brighton. He had long been most conscientiously and deeply impressed with the folly and wickedness of war, and reprobated it with great earnestness upon all occasions. The subject of this sermon was, "*The Unlawfulness of Offensive War!*" which he followed up by translating an adage of Erasmus, entitled, "*Bellum dulce inexpertis.*" This translation was published under the title of "*Antipolemus;*" and a very respectable society has since been established under the appellation of *Antipolemists;* though the peculiar political state of the world that has existed ever since its formation, has yet presented but few favourable opportunities for their labours of mercy.

At the commencement of the revolutionary war against France, several anonymous popular political works were attributed to Dr. Knox, but with what truth we have not been able to ascertain. He appears, from about the year 1796, to have devoted his labours principally to the interests of religion and education.

His admirable "*Sermons upon Faith, Hope, and Charity*," in one volume, 8vo. were published about this period; and were followed by "*Christian Philosophy*," in two volumes, which was written chiefly as an antidote to Paine's irreligious writings. He next gave to the world, "*Considerations on the Nature and Efficacy of the Lord's Supper;*" the principal object of which was to assert the important truth, "that benefits are annexed to the reception of the Eucharist," in opposition to the opinions advanced by Bishops Hoadley and Pearce, Drs. Sykes, Balguy, and Bell. He also published several single sermons. In one, which he preached at the opening of the Chapel of the Philanthropic Society, in St. George's Fields, he first called attention to the necessity of increasing the number of the places of public worship on the establishment. A very eloquent Sermon from his pen, "upon the Duty and Advantage of educating the Poor," is also to be found at the end of the last edition of "*Domestic Divinity.*"

The reputation that Dr. Knox had acquired in the *Belles Lettres* was most fully sustained by his works in theology. They display an elevated tone of piety, his usual polished and powerful style, and most learnedly enforce doctrines of the soundest divinity.

That eminent polemic and celebrated divine, Bishop Horsley, with a liberality that did him honour, as his politics were known to be at variance with Dr. Knox's, publicly eulogized his treatise on the "Lord's Supper" in the Charges delivered to his Clergy, and recommended it to their particular perusal.

Perhaps, scarcely any of Dr. Knox's numerous writings will be read with so much delight as the last, which appeared a few months only before his death,—a pamphlet against the "*Degradation of Grammar Schools.*" It may be remembered, that a bill was pending in Parliament for the general Education of the Poor; among its provisions was one, which would have had the effect of lowering the education now afforded in the ancient grammar-schools, by giving instruction in writing, reading, and arithmetic, under the same roof, to an humbler class of scholars, out of the funds already exclusively appropriated by the donors to the learned languages. This bill has been since withdrawn. It afforded, however, a subject for a splendid defence of classical education. Dr. Knox combated most powerfully the arguments of Milton, Locke, Bacon, and others, who recommend the teaching boys *things* in preference to the classics. There are few compositions in the English language, that for strength of reasoning and brilliancy of style can be compared with this pamphlet. It may be taken as a standard of his powers as a writer, and a specimen of the energy of his mind.

Dr. Knox left Tunbridge in 1812, where he was succeeded in the school by his younger son; and retired to London. He was rector of Runwell and Ramsden Crays, in Essex, of which livings he was the patron, and minister of Shipbourne, in Kent; at which latter place he performed the duties of a parish priest for nearly forty years, with great regularity. After his retirement, while he lived in London, the situation of his benefices in Essex not permitting residence, he never withheld his powerful aid from the pulpit, whenever it was solicited in favour of the various charities with which the metropolis abounds; and there are few of those institutions which have not benefited by his exertions. As a preacher he will long be remembered; his matter was always excellent, and his manner possessed a dignity, propriety, and impressiveness, that invariably riveted the attention of his congregations.

The politics of Dr. Knox were decidedly those of the Whigs. His steadiness and consistency were remarkable, and he scorned any concealment of his opinions, however personally disadvantageous to himself might be the avowal of them. Mr. Fox, and other distinguished leaders of the Whig party, sought his acquaintance; and there is no doubt, if political events had afforded the opportunity, but that he would have filled one of the highest stations in the church. Preferment, however, was never his object, nor occupied his thoughts. He was from conscientious conviction a firm friend of the establishment; and his strenuous support of it excited the hostility of many of the most eminent separatists, who expressed, however, the highest respect for his motives; for though he forcibly exposed the absurdity of many of their tenets, especially those of the Methodists, he was ever the advocate of a liberal toleration. Entertaining much respect for the private character of the late Bishop Dampier, he felt it his duty to protest against an address which that bishop proposed for the adoption of the clergy, at a visitation of his diocess, thanking the Crown for requiring a pledge from administration, that they never would again agitate the Catholic question. He was aware that differences of opinion might very conscientiously be entertained upon what is called Catholic emancipation, but also thought, that, with proper securities, it was contrary to sound policy and justice, no less than to the benign spirit of the Gospel, to impose civil disabilities upon so many millions of the Christian subjects of the united kingdom, merely because they remained faithful to the religion of their forefathers.

Dr. Knox possessed extraordinary facility in composition. He wrote and spoke Latin with the most classical purity. He was singularly felicitous in epigrammatic point, and a very eminent Greek scholar, though he did not

value merely verbal criticism. To pass years in investigating particles, he deemed an abuse of learning, justly subjecting it to the charge of pedantry. He was a great student of the harmony of language, invariably forming his sentences with a regard to rythmical proportion. His reading may be said to have been nearly universal; as notwithstanding his almost idolatrous regard for the dead languages, he was not less conversant with the writers of France, Italy, and Spain, than with those of his own country.

It is unnecessary to attempt a delineation of the qualities that adorned his private character. The sentiments in all his works which exhibit so much amiable feeling, could only have flowed from a heart, which was indeed most exquisitely susceptible of all the charities of domestic life. His habits were unobtrusive and retired; and his whole demeanour in society was marked by a diffidence inseparable from his nature. His conversation was frequently distinguished by a delightful fervour of language and sentiment, and by an agreeable playfulness, when he was not under the influence of mental depression. From this cause, however, he was frequently silent in company, during the latter years of his life. He keenly felt the loss of a son in the flower of his age, and of his own wife shortly afterwards; and, lastly, of an only daughter in the prime of life; who was the wife of Robert Clement Sconce, Esq. of Plymouth, and died in 1818. A succession of such calamities occasioned long seasons of sorrow, producing a degree of despondence, that disqualified him alike for conversation and composition.

Dr. Knox enjoyed remarkably fine health; the consequence of an excellent constitution, as well as of regular habits. He was always an early riser. He was enabled to follow his literary pursuits with unabated ardour till within the last three days of his life. The strength of his constitution seemed to promise an extreme old age, when he was seized with an inflammation of the intestines, while on a visit at his son's house at Tunbridge, which terminated his life on the 6th of September, 1821, in the 69th year of his age. So little foreseen was this melancholy event, that he was under an engagement to the Rev. Dr. Rudge to preach at Limehouse for the benefit of the National Schools early in October; when the clergyman who officiated on the occasion noticed his decease in the following feeling and elegant language:—

"I have now concluded my observations on this important subject. It was to have been recommended to your attention by a preacher of consummate ability, whose name stands high in the records of literature, and whose life was one continued course of ardent benevolence and usefulness to his fellow-creatures. The place now filled by his unworthy substitute on this occasion, he had for a considerable time before his departure from this life, and while totally unconscious of the arrow that flieth in darkness, consented to occupy. But that Almighty Providence, to whose decrees all things in heaven and earth do bow and obey, thought proper, after a brief warning, to remove him from this state of existence to that reward, as we have reason to hope, which is reserved for those who have walked humbly and piously with their God, and enjoyed an unwearied delight in advancing the moral and intellectual happiness of their species. To him who has been appointed to supply the place of so eminent a pleader in the cause of charity, much indulgence is therefore necessary. He pretends neither to talent nor celebrity, and is content with simply expressing his hope that little needs be added to induce you to assist a cause so truly valuable."

His funeral took place at Tunbridge, when the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood spontaneously assembled on the occasion in a very numerous body, in deep mourning, to pay their last tribute of reverential regret. —Dr. Knox married the only daughter of Thomas Miller, Esq. formerly of Tunbridge;—a lady not less distinguished for elegance of manners than mental endowments, and who died in 1809. His family who survive him, are his sons, Mr. Knox, the Barrister, and the Rev. Thomas Knox, the present Master of Tunbridge School; and two sisters, married to John Vade and William Child, Esqrs. of London.

CONTENTS.

VOL. 1.

BOOK I. *Moral and Religious.*

Sect.		Page.
1	The Vision of Mirza	*Spectator.* 1
2	The Voyage of Life; an Allegory	*Rambler.* 4
3	Journey of a Day, a Picture of Human Life	*Ibid.* 6
4	Advantages of a good Education	*Spectator.* 8
5	Disadvantages of a bad Education	*Rambler.* 9
6	Omniscience and Omnipresence of the Deity, together with the Immensity of his Works	*Spectator.* 12
7	On the Immortality of the Soul	*Ibid.* 14
8	Duty of Children to their Parents	*Ibid.* 16
9	Strength of Parental Affection	*Ibid.* 17
10	Remarks on the Swiftness of Time	*Idler.* 20
11	Folly of mis-spending Time	*Rambler.* 21
12	Importance of Time, and the proper Methods of spending it	*Spectator.* 23
13	A Knowledge of the Use and Value of Time very important to Youth	*Chesterfield.* 26
14	Bad Effects of Indolence	*Connoisseur.* 26
15	The innocent Pleasures of Childhood	*Guardian.* 28
16	On Cheerfulness	*Spectator.* 30
17	On the Advantages of a cheerful Temper	*Ibid.* 32
18	On Truth and Sincerity	*Ibid.* 34
19	Rules for the Knowledge of One's Self	*Ibid.* 36
20	No life pleasing to God, but that which is useful to Mankind. An Eastern Story	*Adventurer.* 38
21	Providence proved from Animal Instinct	*Spectator.* 41
22	Necessity of forming religious Principles at an early Age	*Blair.* 43
23	The Acquisition of virtuous Dispositions and Habits a necessary Part of Education	*Ibid.* 44
24	The Happiness and Dignity of Manhood depend upon the Comfort of the Youthful Age	*Ibid.* 44
25	Piety to God the Foundation of good Morals	*Ibid.* 45
26	Religion never to be treated with Levity	*Ibid.* 45
27	Modesty and Docility to be joined to Piety	*Ibid.* 46
28	Sincerity and Truth recommended	*Ibid.* 46
29	Benevolence and Humanity	*Ibid.* 47
30	Courtesy and engaging Manners	*Ibid.* 47
31	Temperance in Pleasure recommended	*Ibid.* 48
32	Whatever violates Nature cannot afford true Pleasure	*Ibid.* 48
33	Industry and Application	*Ibid.* 48
34	The Employment of Time	*Ibid.* 48
35	Necessity of an early and close Application to Wisdom	*Seed.* 49
36	The Unhappiness consequent on the Neglect of early improving the Mind	*Ibid.* 50
37	Great Talents not requisite for the common Duties of Life	*Ibid.* 51
38	Riches or Fortune no Excuse to exempt any from Study	*Ibid.* 52
39	Pleasures resulting from a prudent Use of our Faculties	*Ibid.* 53
40	The justly valuing and duly using the Advantages enjoyed in a Place of Education	*Ibid.* 53
41	Diffidence of one's Abilities an Indication of good Sense	*Ibid.* 54
42	Necessity of peculiar Temperance in Places of Education	*Tottie.* 55
43	Valuable Opportunities once lost cannot be recalled	*Ibid.* 56
44	The Beginnings of Evil to be resisted	*Blair.* 57
45	Order to be observed in Amusements	*Ibid.* 57
46	Order to be preserved in your Society	*Ibid.* 58
47	A due Regard to Order necessary in Business, Time, Expense, and Amusements	*Ibid.* 58
48	Idleness avoided by the Observation of Order	*Ibid.* 59
49	Order essential to Self-enjoyment and Felicity	*Ibid.* 59
50	Experience to be anticipated by Reflection	*Ibid.* 60
51	The Beginnings of Passion to be opposed	*Ibid.* 60
52	The Government of Temper as included in the Keeping of the Heart	*Ibid.* 61
53	A peaceable Temper and condescending Manners recommended	*Ibid.* 61
54	Numerous Occasions offer for the Exertion of a benevolent Temper	*Ibid.* 62
55	A contented Temper the greatest Blessing and most material Requisite to the proper Discharge of our Duties	*Ibid.* 63
56	The Desire of Praise subservient to many valuable Purposes	*Ibid.* 63
57	Excessive Desire of Praise tends to corrupt the Heart, and to create disregard to the Admonitions of Conscience	*Ibid.* 64
58	Sense of Right and Wrong, independent of Religion	*Gregory.* 64
59	Religion not Founded on Weakness of Mind	*Ibid.* 64
60	Effects of Religion, Scepticism and Infidelity	*Ibid.* 65
61	Religion considered as a Science	*Ibid.* 66
62	Religion considered as a Rule of Life and Manners	*Ibid.* 68
63	How Religion is to be applied to cure Diseases of the Mind	*Ibid.* 69
64	On Public Preaching	*Ibid.* 70
65	Religion considered as exciting Devotion	*Ibid.* 71
66	Advantages of Devotion	*Ibid.* 72
67	The Difference between true and false Politeness	*Hurd.* 73
68	On Religious Principles and Behaviour	*Gregory's Advice.* 74
69	On the Beauties of the Psalms	*Horne.* 75
70	The Temple of virtuous Love	*Tatler.* 76
71	The Temple of Lust	*Ibid.* 76
72	The Temple of Virtue	*Ibid.* 77
73	The Temple of Vanity	*Ibid.* 78
74	The Temple of Avarice	*Ibid.* 78
75	The virtue of Gentleness not to be confounded with artificial and insincere Politeness	*Blair.* 80
76	Opportunities for great Acts of Beneficence rare, for Gentleness continual	*Ibid.* 80
77	Gentleness recommended on Considerations of our own Interest	*Ibid.* 81
78	The man of gentle Manners is superior to frivolous Offences and slight Provocations	*Ibid.* 82
79	Pride fills the World with Harshness and Severity	*Ibid.* 82

Sect.		Page.
80	Violence and Contention often caused by Trifles and imaginary Mischiefs *Blair.*	83
81	Gentleness best promoted by Religious Views *Ibid.*	83
82	Gentleness to be assumed, as the Ornament of every Age and Station; but to be distinguished from polished or affected manners *Ibid.*	84
83	Enthusiasm less pernicious to the Mind, than Coldness and Indifference in Religion *Mrs. Chapone.*	84
84	Of the Difference between the Extreme of Negligence and Rigour in Religion *Ibid.*	86
85	On Gratitude *Spectator.*	89
86	Religion the Foundation of Content: an Allegory *Adventurer.*	90
87	Bad company—meaning of the phrase—different classes of bad company—ill chosen company—what is meant by keeping bad company—the danger of it, from our aptness to imitate and catch the manners of others—from the great power and force of custom—from our bad inclinations *Gilpin.*	93
88	Ridicule one of the chief arts of corruption—bad company injures our characters as well as manners—presumption the forerunner of ruin—the advantages of good company equal to the disadvantages of bad—cautions in forming intimacies *Ibid.*	95
89	Religion the best and only Support in cases of real Stress *Sterne's Sermons.*	97
90	Ridicule dangerous to Morality and Religion *Smollett.*	98
91	On Prodigality *Rambler.*	100
92	On Honour *Guardian.*	101
93	On Modesty *Spectator.*	103
94	On disinterested Friendship. *Melmoth's Trans. of Cicero's Lælius*	104
95	The Art of Happiness *Harris.*	106
96	Happiness is founded in Rectitude of Conduct *Ibid.*	108

LETTERS ON THE CHOICE OF COMPANY.

97	Letter I. *Dean Bolton.*	108
98	Letter II. *Ibid.*	110
99	Letter III. *Ibid.*	111
100	Letter IV. *Ibid.*	113
101	Letter V. *Ibid.*	115
102	Letter VI. *Ibid.*	118
103	Letter VII. *Ibid.*	121
104	Letter VIII. *Ibid.*	123
105	Letter IX. *Ibid.*	125
106	Letter X. *Ibid.*	126
107	On Pleasure SECTION I.	128
108	" " " II.	131
109	" " " III.	133
110	" " " IV.	136
111	Three Essays on the Employment of Time. *Preface.* *Dean Bolton.*	139
112	On the employment of Time. *Essay the first.* *Ibid.*	145
113	Do. *Essay the second.* *Ibid.*	160
114	Do. *Essay the third.* *Ibid.*	167
115	A serious Expostulation with Unbelievers *Pascal.*	175
116	On the degree of Evidence that ought to be expected in Religion *Whiston.*	181
117	Reasons for believing the Book of Revelation to be True *Ibid.*	183
118	The divine Legation of Moses *Lord Forbes.*	184
119	On the Old and New Testament *Bishop Wilkins.*	189
120	Chief design and principal intention of the civil government of the Hebrews *Rev. Moses Lowman.*	191
121	The Excellence of Scripture *Stillingfleet.*	200
122	The prevalence of Christianity an argument of its divinity *Fenelon.*	210
123	A summary of arguments for the truth of the Gospel *Humphrey Detton.*	211
124	The facts related in the Evangelists may be depended on *Archbishop Synge*	211
125	Superiority of the Gospel to all other writings, an argument of its truth *Seed.*	212
126	Various reasonings in favour of Christianity *Bishop Porteus.*	213
127	Difficulties in the Word of God to be expected, with the duty of examining its evidence *Butler.*	217
128	The information the Gospel gives most desirable *Sherlock.*	217
129	Christ and Mahomet compared *Ibid.*	219
130	The state of idolatry, and the conduct of Socrates, and other wise men, respecting it, a proof of the necessity of revelation *Ibid.*	219
131	Absurdity and madness of Infidelity *Bentley.*	221
132	The Extent, Object, and End of the prophetic Scheme *Hurd.*	222
133	Our philosophical principles must be learnt from the book of Nature, our religious from the book of Grace *Halifax.*	224
134	Comparison between Heathenism and Christianity *Saurin.*	224
135	The Bible superior to all other books *Edwards.*	235
136	The value of the Scriptures superior to all other books *Sir William Jones.*	235
137	Mosaic account of the Origin of Mankind, and of the Deluge confirmed by Reason and History *Ibid.*	236
138	All the religious Knowledge in the world derived from Revelation *Dryden.*	238
139	A moral Demonstration of the Truth of the Christian Religion *Bishop Taylor.*	238
140	Considerations respecting the Person of Jesus Christ *Ibid.*	239
141	Considerations respecting the Doctrine of Jesus Christ *Ibid.*	246
142	Considerations respecting the Effect, and Instruments, of Christ's Religion *Ibid.*	248
143	Considerations on the weak Pretences of other Religions *Ibid.*	254
144	To the Sceptics and Infidels of the Age *Bishop Watson.*	256
145	Instances of the Eloquence of the Scriptures *Stackhouse.*	268
146	A Prayer or Psalm *Lord Bacon.*	270
147	The Doctrine of Christ a Doctrine of Truth and Simplicity *Dr. Clark.*	271
148	On the Superiority of Sacred History and Christian Philosophy *Massillon.*	272
149	The Light of Reason imperfect *Lord Lyttleton.*	273
150	Simplicity of the Sacred Writers *West.*	274
151	Superiority of Christian Philosophy over the Stoical *Miss Carter.*	276
152	The more we study the Scriptures, the more we shall perceive their divine Origin, and the more we shall admire them *Philips.*	279
153	Beautiful Instances of Friendship in the Scriptures *Melmoth.*	281
154	Fine Morality of the Gospel *Beattie.*	282
155	Internal evidence of the Christian Religion *Ibid.*	283
156	The Christian Religion furnishes the most elevated Conceptions of the Deity *Ibid.*	284
157	Insignificance of Man, no Objection to Christianity *Ibid.*	285
158	Beneficence to the poor more forcibly enjoined by the Gospel, than by any other writings *Paley.*	286
159	The simplicity of the Gospel gives it an air of sublimity *Rev. J. Mainwaring.*	287
160	The Bible, as a very curious and ancient History, worthy our Attention *Rev. S. Crozall.*	287

Sect. Page
161 Excellence of the Sacred Writings - - *Rev. J. Brown.* 288
162 The gay, young Altamont dying *Young.* 289
163 The Majesty and Supremacy of the Scriptures confessed by a Sceptic - - - *Rousseau.* 290
164 On Youthful Piety *Alison's Sermons.* 291
165 On the feelings with which we ought to return from Public Worship *Ibid.* 292
166 Analogy between Decay of Nature and of Man - - *Ibid.* 294
167 Eternity of God - - *Greenwood.* 296
168 Excuses to palliate neglect of religion - - *Buckminster.* 299
169 The Christian Faith *Ibid.* 304
170 On Daily Prayer - *Channing.* 309
171 On the Government of the Thoughts - - - *Thatcher.* 312
172 Practical influence of the study of Moral Science - *Frisbie.* 315
173 Moral Taste - - - *Ibid.* 319
174 On the utility of Knowledge in general - - *Robert Hall.* 320
175 Influence of scepticism on Morals *Ibid.* 222
176 On the Influence of taste and sensibility in matters of Religion *Chalmers.* 325
177 On the Influence of the dissipation of cities in corrupting the young *Ibid.* 329

BOOK II. *Classical and Historical.*

Sect. Page.
1 Beneficial Effects of a Taste for the Belles Lettres *Blair.* 333
2 Beneficial Effects of the Cultivation of Taste - - - *Ibid.* 333
3 Improvement of Taste connected with Improvement in Virtue *Ibid.* 334
4 On Style - - - *Ibid.* 335
5 — Perspicuity - - *Ibid.* 335
6 — Purity and Propriety - *Ibid.* 336
7 — Precision - - - *Ibid.* 337
8 — the use and importance of Precision - *Ibid.* 337
9 The causes of a Loose Style *Ibid.* 338
10 On the General Characters of Style *Ibid.* 339
11 On the Concise Style - - *Ibid.* 339
12 —— Diffuse Style - - *Ibid.* 340
13 —— Nervous and the Feeble Style *Ibid.* 340
14 On Harshness of Style - *Ibid.* 341
15 On the Dry Style - - *Ibid.* 341
16 —— Plain Style - - *Ibid.* 342
17 —— Neat Style - - *Ibid.* 343
18 —— Elegant Style - - *Ibid.* 343
19 —— Florid Style - - *Ibid.* 344
20 On the different Kinds of Simplicity *Ibid.* 345
21 Simplicity the characteristic of Tillotson's Style - - *Ibid.* 345
22 Simplicity of Sir William Temple's Style - - - *Ibid.* 346
23 Simplicity of Mr. Addison's Style *Ibid.* 346
24 Lord Shaftsbury deficient in Simplicity of Style - - - *Ibid.* 347
25 On the Vehement Style - - *Ibid.* 348
26 Lord Bolingbroke excelled in the Vehement Style - - - *Ibid.* 348
27 Of the Rise of Poetry among the Romans - - - *Spence.* 349
28 Of Livius, Nævius, and Ennius *Ibid.* 350
29 Of Plautus - - - *Ibid.* 351
30 Of Terence - - - *Ibid.* 351
31 Of Afranius - - - *Ibid.* 352
32 Of Pacuvius and Actius - - *Ibid.* 352
33 Of the Rise of Satire: Of Lucilius, Lucretius, and Catullus *Ibid.* 353
34 Of the flourishing State of Poetry among the Romans - *Ibid.* 354
35 Observations on the Æneid, and the Author's Genius - - *Ibid.* 355
36 Of Horace - - *Ibid.* 356
37 Of Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid *Ibid.* 357
38 Of Phædrus - - - *Ibid.* 358
39 Of Manilius - - - *Ibid.* 358
40 Of the Fall of Poetry among the Romans - - - *Ibid.* 359
41 Of Lucan - - - *Ibid.* 359
42 Of Persius - -
43 Of Silius, Statius, and Va
44 Of Martial
45 Of Juvenal
46 Of the Introduction, Improvement, and Fall of the Arts at Rome *Spence.* 363
47 The Condition of the Romans in the second Punic War - - *Ibid.* 364
48 Marcellus attacks Syracuse, and sends all his Pictures and Statues to Rome *Ibid.* 365
49 The Roman Generals, on their several Conquests convey great Numbers of Pictures and Statues to Rome *Ibid.* 366
50 The Methods made use of in drawing the Works of the best ancient Artists into Italy - - *Ibid.* 367
51 On the Decline of the Arts, Eloquence, and Poetry, upon the Death of Augustus - - *Ibid.* 368
52 On Demosthenes - *Blair.* 369
53 Demosthenes imitated the manly eloquence of Pericles - - *Ibid.* 370
54 Demosthenes contrasted with Æschines *Ibid.* 370
55 On the Style of Demosthenes *Ibid.* 371
56 On Cicero - - - *Ibid.* 371
57 Defects of Cicero - - *Ibid.* 372
58 Comparison of Cicero and Demosthenes *Ibid.* 373
59 On the Means of improving in Eloquence - - - *Ibid.* 374
60 A Habit of Industry recommended to the intended Speaker - - *Ibid.* 374
61 Attention to the best Models recommended to the Student in Eloquence *Ibid.* 375
62 Caution necessary in choosing Models *Ibid.* 375
63 On the Style of Bolingbroke and Swift *Ibid.* 375
64 Frequent exercise in Composing and Speaking, necessary for Improvement in Eloquence - - *Ibid.* 376
65 On the Necessity of a Classical Education - - - *Felton.* 376
66 On the Entrance to Knowledge *Ibid.* 377
67 Classics recommended - *Ibid.* 377
68 A Comparison of the Greek and Roman Writers - - *Ibid.* 378
69 A short commendation of the Latin Language - - - *Ibid.* 381
70 Directions in Reading the Classics *Ibid.* 381
71 The Reputation of the Ancients established too firmly to be shaken *Blair.* 382
72 In what Respects the Moderns excel the Ancients - - *Ibid.* 383
73 We look to the Ancients for elegant Composition, and to the Moderns for accurate Philosophy - *Ibid.* 384
74 The ancient Historians excel in picturesque N
75 Livy
76

Sect.		Page.
79	On Pliny's Letters	*Blair.* 387
80	On Cicero's Letters	*Ibid.* 387
81	On Pope's and Swift's Letters	*Ibid.* 387
82	Lyric Poetry. On Pindar	*Ibid.* 388
83	On Horace, as a Lyric Poet	*Ibid.* 388
84	On the different Kinds of Poetical Composition in the Sacred Books; and of the distinguishing Characters of the chief Writers. 1st, Of the Didactic	*Ibid.* 389
85	Of the Elegiac and Pastoral Poetry of Scripture	*Ibid.* 389
86	On the Lyric of Scripture	*Ibid.* 389
87	A diversity of style and manner in the different Composers of the Sacred Books. On Job, David, and Isaiah	*Ibid.* 390
88	On the Book of Job	*Ibid.* 390
89	On the Iliad of Homer	*Ibid.* 391
90	On the Odyssey of Homer	*Ibid.* 392
91	On the Beauties of Virgil	*Blair.* 392
92	On the comparative Merit of Homer and Virgil	*Ibid.* 393
93	On the Connexion between Taste and Moral Sentiment	*Alison.* 394
94	The Beauty of the human Countenance depends on Expression	*Alison.* 396
95	Ancient and Modern Oratory compared	*J. Q. Adams.* 400
96	On Oratory, as an Art	*Ibid.* 401
97	On ideal Excellence in Oratory	*Ibid.* 404
98	On Deliberative Oratory	*Ibid.* 406
99	Reflections upon seeing Mr. Pope's House at Binfield. In a Letter	*Fitzosborne.* 412
100	On the Delicacy of every Author of Genius, with respect to his own performances. In a Letter	*Ibid.* 413
101	Reflections upon Style. In a Letter	*Ibid.* 415

ELEGANT EXTRACTS

IN PROSE.

BOOK THE FIRST.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

§ 1. *The Vision of Mirza, exhibiting a Picture of Human Life.*

On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, Surely, said I, man is but a shadow, and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard: they put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

I had been often told, that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius; and that several had been entertained with that music, who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts, by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and, by the waving of his hand, directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I

had heard, I fell down at his feet, and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, Mirza, said he, I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, Cast thy eyes eastward, said he, and tell me what thou seest. I see, said I, a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it. The valley that thou seest, said he, is the vale of misery; and the tide of water that thou seest, is part of the great tide of eternity. What is the reason, said I, that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other? What thou seest, said he, is that portion of eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now, said he, this sea, that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it. I see a bridge, said I, standing in the midst of the tide. The bridge thou seest, said he, is human life; consider it attentively. Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it; but tell me further, said he, what thou discoverest on it. I see multitudes of people passing over it, said I, and a black cloud hanging on each end of it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy, to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them, to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and, in the midst of a speculation, stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles, that glittered in their eyes, and danced before them; but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

The genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect

told me I had dwelt long enough upon it: Take thine eyes off the bridge, said he, and tell me if thou seest any thing thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, What mean, said I, those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches. These, said the genius, are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.

I here fetched a deep sigh: Alas, said I, man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death! The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. Look no more, said he, on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it. I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the further end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it: but the other appeared to me a vast ocean, planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me at the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. The islands, said he, that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him.—I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds, which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant. The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me: I then turned again to the vision which I had been so

long contemplating; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels, grazing upon the sides of it. *Spectator.*

§ 2. *The Voyage of Life; an Allegory.*

"Life," says Seneca, "is a voyage, in the progress of which we are perpetually changing our scenes: we first leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then the better or more pleasing part of old age."—The perusal of this passage having excited in me a train of reflections on the state of man, the incessant fluctuation of his wishes, the gradual change of his disposition to all external objects, and the thoughtlessness with which he floats along the stream of time, I sunk into a slumber amidst my meditations, and, on a sudden, found my ears filled with the tumult of labour, the shouts of alacrity, the shrieks of alarm, the whistle of winds, and the dash of waters.

My astonishment for a time repressed my curiosity; but soon recovering myself so far as to inquire whither we were going, and what was the cause of such clamour and confusion; I was told that they were launching out into the ocean of Life; that we had already passed the straits of Infancy, in which multitudes had perished, some by the weakness and fragility of their vessels, and more by the folly, perverseness, or negligence of those who undertook to steer them; and that we were now on the main sea, abandoned to the winds and billows, without any other means of security than the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our power to choose, among great numbers that offered their direction and assistance.

I then looked round with anxious eagerness; and, first turning my eyes behind me, saw a stream flowing through flowery islands, which every one that sailed along seemed to behold with pleasure; but no sooner touched, than the current, which, though not noisy or turbulent, was yet irresistible, bore him away. Beyond these islands, all was darkness; nor could any of the passengers describe the shore at which he first embarked.

Before me, and on either side, was an expanse of waters violently agitated, and covered with so thick a mist, that the most perspicacious eyes could see but a little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools, for many sunk unexpectedly while they were courting the gale with full sails, and insulting those whom they had left behind. So numerous, indeed, were the dangers, and so thick the darkness, that no caution could confer security. Yet there were many, who, by false intelligence, betrayed their followers into whirlpools, or by violence pushed those whom they found in their way against the rocks.

The current was invariable and insurmountable; but though it was impossible to sail against it, or to return to the place that was once passed, yet it was not so violent as to allow no opportunities for dexterity or courage, since, though none could retreat back from danger, yet they might often avoid it by oblique direction.

It was, however, not very common to steer with much care or prudence; for, by some universal infatuation, every man appeared to think himself safe, though he saw his consorts every moment sinking round him; and no sooner had the waves closed over them, than their fate and their misconduct were forgotten; the voyage was pursued with the same jocund confidence; every man congratulated himself upon the soundness of his vessel, and believed himself able to

stem the whirlpool in which his friend was swallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was dashed: nor was it often observed that the sight of a wreck made any man change his course; if he turned aside for a moment, he soon forgot the rudder, and left himself again to the disposal of chance.

This negligence did not proceed from indifference, or from weariness of their present condition; for not one of those who thus rushed upon destruction failed, when he was sinking, to call loudly upon his associates for that help which could not now be given him: and many spent their last moments in cautioning others against the folly by which they were intercepted in the midst of their course. Their benevolence was sometimes praised, but their admonitions were unregarded.

The vessels in which we had embarked, being confessedly unequal to the turbulence of the stream of life, were visibly impaired in the course of the voyage, so that every passenger was certain, that how long soever he might, by favourable accidents, or by incessant vigilance, be preserved, he must sink at last.

This necessity of perishing might have been expected to sadden the gay, and intimidate the daring, at least to keep the melancholy and timorous in perpetual torments, and hinder them from any enjoyment of the varieties and gratifications which nature offered them as the solace of their labours; yet in effect none seemed less to expect destruction than those to whom it was most dreadful; they all had the art of concealing their danger from themselves; and those who knew their inability to bear the sight of the terrors that embarrassed their way, took care never to look forward, but found some amusement of the present moment, and generally entertained themselves by playing with Hope, who was the constant associate of the voyage of Life.

Yet all that Hope ventured to promise, even to those whom she favoured most, was, not that they should escape, but that they should sink last; and with this promise every one was satisfied, though he laughed at the rest for seeming to believe it. Hope, indeed, apparently mocked the credulity of her companions; for, in proportion as their vessels grew leaky, she redoubled her assurances of safety; and none were more busy in making provisions for a long voyage, than they whom all but themselves saw likely to perish soon by irreparable decay.

In the midst of the current of Life, was the gulf of Intemperance, a dreadful whirlpool, interspersed with rocks, of which the pointed crags were concealed under water, and the tops covered with herbage, on which Ease spread couches of repose; and with shades, where Pleasure warbled the song of invitation. Within sight of these rocks, all who sailed on the ocean of Life must necessarily pass. Reason indeed was always at hand to steer the passengers through a narrow outlet, by which they might escape; but very few could, by her entreaties or remonstrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand, without stipulating that she should approach so near unto the rocks of Pleasure, that they might solace themselves with a short enjoyment of that delicious region, after which they always determined to pursue their course without any other deviation.

Reason was too often prevailed upon so far by these promises, as to venture her charge within the eddy of the gulf of Intemperance, where, indeed, the circumvolution was weak, but yet interrupted the course of the vessel, and drew it, by insensible rotations, towards the centre. She then repented her temerity, and with

all her force endeavoured to retreat; but the draught of the gulf was generally too strong to be overcome; and the passenger, having danced in circles with a pleasing and giddy velocity, was at last overwhelmed and lost. Those few whom Reason was able to extricate, generally suffered so many shocks upon the points which shot out from the rocks of Pleasure, that they were unable to continue their course with the same strength and facility as before, but floated along timorously and feebly, endangered by every breeze, and shattered by every ruffle of the water, till they sunk, by slow degrees, after long struggles and innumerable expedients, always repining at their own folly, and warning others against the first approach of the gulf of Intemperance.

There were artists who professed to repair the breaches and stop the leaks of the vessels which had been shattered on the rocks of Pleasure. Many appeared to have great confidence in their skill, and some, indeed, were preserved by it from sinking, who had received only a single blow; but I remarked, that few vessels lasted long which had been much repaired, nor was it found that the artists themselves continued afloat longer than those who had least of their assistance.

The only advantage which, in the voyage of Life, the cautious had above the negligent, was, that they sunk later, and more suddenly; for they passed forward till they had sometimes seen all those in whose company they had issued from the straits of Infancy, perish in the way, and at last were overset by a cross breeze, without the toil of resistance, or the anguish of expectation. But such as had often fallen against the rocks of Pleasure, commonly subsided by sensible degrees, contended long with the encroaching waters, and harassed themselves by labours that scarce Hope herself could flatter with success.

As I was looking upon the various fate of the multitude about me, I was suddenly alarmed with an admonition from some unknown power, "Gaze not idly upon others when thou thyself art sinking. Whence is this thoughtless tranquillity, when thou and they are equally endangered?" I looked, and seeing the gulf of Intemperance before me, started and awaked. *Rambler.*

§ 3. *The Journey of a Day, a Picture of Human Life; the Story of Obidah.*

Obidah, the son of Abensina, left the caravansera early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Indostan. He was fresh and vigorous with rest; he was animated with hope; he was incited by desire; he walked swiftly forward over the valleys, and saw the hills gradually rising before him. As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of paradise, he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices; he sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring: all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from the heart.

Thus he went on till the sun approached his meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength; he then looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw, on his right hand, a grove that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant. He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow

way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road, and was pleased that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence, without suffering its fatigues. He, therefore, still continued to walk for a time, without the least remission of his ardour, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, whom the heat had assembled in the shade, and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At last the green path began to decline from its first tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with water-falls. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and common track; but remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected that he was not gaining ground. This uneasines of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might sooth or divert him. He listened to every echo; he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect; he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In these amusements the hours passed away uncounted, his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head. He was now roused by his danger, to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost, when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what remained yet in his power; to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself on the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of nature. He rose with confidence and tranquillity, and pressed on with his sabre in his hand, for the beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and expiration; all the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety or to destruction. At length, not fear, but labour, began to overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down in resignation to his fate, when he beheld through the brambles the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door,

and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

When the repast was over, "Tell me," said the hermit, "by what chance thou hast been brought hither; I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of the wilderness, in which I never saw a man before." Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

"Son," said the hermit, "let the errors and follies, the dangers and escape of this day, sink deep into thy heart. Remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigour, and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence, and travel on a while in the straight road of piety towards the mansions of rest. In a short time we remit our fervour, and endeavour to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end. We then relax our vigour, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance, but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security. Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides; we are then willing to inquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which we, for a while, keep in our sight, and to which we propose to return. But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we in time lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications. By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerge ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy, till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repentance; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue. Happy are they, my son, who shall learn from thy example not to despair, but shall remember, that though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made; that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavours ever unassisted; that the wanderer may at length return, after all his errors; and that he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my son, to thy repose; commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence; and when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life."

Rambler.

§ 4. *The Advantages of a good Education.*

I consider a human soul without education like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties, until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein, that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which, without such helps, are never able to make their appearance.

If my reader will give me leave to

change the allusion so soon upon him, I shall make use of the same instance to illustrate the force of education, which Aristotle has brought to explain his doctrine of substantial forms, when he tells us that a statue lies hid in a block of marble; and that the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter, and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone, and the sculptor only finds it. What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or the hero, the wise, the good, or the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have dis-interred, and have brought to light. I am therefore much delighted with reading the accounts of savage nations, and with contemplating those virtues which are wild and uncultivated; to see courage exerting itself in fierceness, resolution in obstinacy, wisdom in cunning, patience in sullenness and despair.

Men's passions operate variously, and appear in different kinds of actions, according as they are more or less rectified and swayed by reason. When one hears of negroes, who upon the death of their masters, or upon changing their service, hang themselves upon the next tree, as it frequently happens in our American plantations, who can forbear admiring their fidelity, though it expresses itself in so dreadful a manner? What might not that savage greatness of soul, which appears in these poor wretches on many occasions, be raised to, were it rightly cultivated? And what colour of excuse can there be for the contempt with which we treat this part of our species; that we should not put them upon the common foot of humanity; that we should only set an insignificant fine upon the man who murders them; nay, that we should, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the prospects of happiness in another world, as well as in this, and deny them that which we look upon as the proper means for attaining it!

It is therefore an unspeakable blessing to be born in those parts of the world where wisdom and knowledge flourish; though it must be confessed there are, even in these parts, several poor uninstructed persons, who are but little above the inhabitants of those nations of which I have been here speaking; as those who have had the advantages of a more liberal education, rise above one another by several different degrees of perfection. For, to return to our statue in the block of marble, we see it sometimes only begun to be chipped, sometimes rough-hewn, and but just sketched into a human figure; sometimes we see the man appearing distinctly in all his limbs and features; sometimes we find the figure wrought up to great elegancy; but seldom meet with any to which the hand of a Phidias or a Praxiteles could not give several nice touches and finishings. *Spectator.*

§ 5. *The Disadvantages of a bad Education.*

Sir, I was condemned by some disastrous influence to be an only son, born to the apparent prospect of a large fortune, and allotted to my parents at that time of life when satiety of common diversions allows the mind to indulge parental affection with greater intenseness. My birth was celebrated by the tenants with feasts, and dances, and bagpipes; congratulations were sent from every family within ten miles round; and my parents discovered, in my first cries, such tokens of future virtue and understanding, that they declared themselves determined to devote the remaining part of life to my happiness, and the increase of their estate.

The abilities of my father and mother were not perceptibly unequal, and education had given neither much advantage over the other. They had both kept good company, rattled in chariots, glittered in playhouses, and danced at court, and were both expert in the games that were in their times called in as auxiliaries against the intrusion of thought.

When there is such a parity between two persons associated for life, the dejection which the husband, if he be not completely stupid, must always suffer for want of superiority, sinks him to submissiveness. My mamma therefore governed the family without control; and, except that my father still retained some authority in the stables, and now and then, after a supernumerary bottle, broke a looking-glass or china-dish to prove his sovereignty, the whole course of the year was regulated by her direction, the servants received from her all their orders, and the tenants were continued or dismissed at her discretion.

She therefore thought herself entitled to the superintendence of her son's education; and when my father, at the instigation of the parson, faintly proposed that I should be sent to school, very positively told him, that she would not suffer a fine child to be ruined; that she never knew any boys at a grammar-school, that could come into a room without blushing, or sit at the table without some awkward uneasiness; that they were always putting themselves into danger by boisterous plays, or vitiating their behaviour with mean company; and that, for her part, she would rather follow me to the grave, than see me tear my clothes, and hang down my head, and sneak about with dirty shoes and blotted fingers, my hair unpowdered, and my hat uncocked.

My father, who had no other end in his proposal than to appear wise and manly, soon acquiesced, since I was not to live by my learning; for indeed, he had known very few students that had not some stiffness in their manner. They therefore agreed, that a domestic tutor should be procured; and hired an honest gentleman of mean conversation and narrow sentiments, but whom having passed the common forms of literary education, they implicitly concluded qualified to teach all that was to be learned from a scholar. He thought himself sufficiently exalted by being placed at the same table with his pupil, and had no other view than to perpetuate his felicity by the utmost flexibility of submission to all my mother's opinions and caprices. He frequently took away my book, lest I should mope with too much application, charged me never to write without turning up my ruffles, and generally brushed my coat before he dismissed me into the parlour.

He had no occasion to complain of too burthensome an employment; for my mother very judiciously considered, that I was not likely to grow politer in his company, and suffered me not to pass any more time in his apartment than my lesson required. When I was summoned to my task, she enjoined me not to get any of my tutor's ways, who was seldom mentioned before me but for practices to be avoided. I was every moment admonished not to lean on my chair, cross my legs, or swing my hands like my tutor; and once my mother very seriously deliberated upon his total dismission, because I began, she said, to learn his manner of sticking on my hat, and had his bend in my shoulders, and his totter in my gait.

Such, however, was her care, that I escaped all these depravities; and when I was only twelve years old, had rid myself of every appearance of childish diffidence. I was cele-

brated round the country for the petulance of my remarks, and the quickness of my replies; and many a scholar five years older than myself, have I dashed into confusion by the steadiness of my countenance, silenced by my readiness of repartee, and tortured with envy by the address with which I picked up a fan, presented a snuff-box, or received an empty tea-cup.

At fourteen I was completely skilled in all the niceties of dress, and I could not only enumerate all the variety of silks, and distinguish the product of a French loom, but dart my eye through a numerous company, and observe every deviation from the reigning mode. I was universally skilful in all the changes of expensive finery; but as every one, they say, has something to which he is particularly born, was eminently knowing in Brussels lace.

The next year saw me advanced to the trust and power of adjusting the ceremonial of an assembly. All received their partners from my hand, and to me every stranger applied for introduction. My heart now disdained the instructions of a tutor; who was rewarded with a small annuity for life, and left me qualified, in my own opinion, to govern myself.

In a short time I came to London, and as my father was well known among the higher classes of life, soon obtained admission to the most splendid assemblies, and most crowded card-tables. Here I found myself universally caressed and applauded; the ladies praised the fancy of my clothes, the beauty of my form, and the softness of my voice; endeavoured in every place to force themselves to my notice; and invited, by a thousand oblique solicitations, my attendance to the play-house, and my salutations in the Park. I was now happy to the utmost extent of my conception; I passed every morning in dress, every afternoon in visits, and every night in some select assemblies, where neither care nor knowledge were suffered to molest us.

After a few years, however, these delights became familiar, and I had leisure to look round me with more attention. I then found that my flatterers had very little power to relieve the languor of satiety, or recreate weariness, by varied amusement; and therefore endeavoured to enlarge the sphere of my pleasures, and to try what satisfaction might be found in the society of men. I will not deny the mortification with which I perceived that every man whose name I had heard mentioned with respect, received me with a kind of tenderness nearly bordering on compassion; and that those whose reputation was not well established, thought it necessary to justify their understandings, by treating me with contempt. One of these witlings elevated his crest, by asking me in a full coffee-house the price of patches; and another whispered, that he wondered Miss Frisk did not keep me that afternoon to watch her squirrel.

When I found myself thus hunted from all masculine conversation by those who were themselves barely admitted, I returned to the ladies, and resolved to dedicate my life to their service and their pleasure. But I find that I have now lost my charms. Of those with whom I entered the gay world, some are married, some have retired, and some have so much changed their opinion, that they scarcely pay any regard to my civilities, if there is any other man in the place. The new flight of beauties, to whom I have made my addresses, suffer me to pay the treat, and then titter with boys. So that I now find myself welcome only to a few grave ladies, who, unacquainted with all that gives either use or dignity to life, are content to pass their hours between their bed and their

cards, without esteem from the old, or reverence from the young.

I cannot but think, Mr. Rambler, that I have reason to complain; for surely the females ought to pay some regard to the age of him whose youth was passed in endeavours to please them. They that encourage folly in the boy, have no right to punish it in the man. Yet I find, that though they lavish their first fondness upon pertness and gaiety, they soon transfer their regard to other qualities, and ungratefully abandon their adorers to dream out their last years in stupidity and contempt.

I am, &c. Florentulus.

Rambler.

§ 6. *Omniscience and Omnipresence of the Deity, together with the Immensity of his Works.*

I was yesterday, about sun-set, walking in the open fields, till the night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused myself with all the richness and variety of colours which appeared in the western parts of heaven: in proportion as they faded away and went out, several stars and planets appeared one after another, till the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueness of the ether was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the season of the year, and the rays of all those luminaries that passed through it. The galaxy appeared in its most beautiful white. To complete the scene, the full moon arose at length in that clouded majesty which Milton takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely shaded, and disposed among softer lights, than that which the sun had before discovered to us.

As I was surveying the moon walking in her brightness, and taking her progress among the constellations, a thought arose in me, which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs men of serious and contemplative natures. David himself fell into it in that reflection, "When I consider the heavens the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou regardest him!" In the same manner, when I consider that infinite host of stars, or, to speak more philosophically, of suns, which were then shining upon me, with those innumerable sets of planets or worlds, which were moving round their respective suns; when I still enlarged the idea, and supposed another heaven of suns and worlds rising still above this which we discovered, and these still enlightened by a superior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at so great a distance, that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the stars do to us; in short, while I pursued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little insignificant figure which I myself bore amidst the immensity of God's works.

Were the sun, which enlightens this part of the creation, with all the host of planetary worlds that move about him, utterly extinguished and annihilated, they would not be missed, more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The space they possess is so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole, it would scarce make a blank in the creation. The chasm would be imperceptible to an eye, that could take in the whole compass of nature, and pass from one end of the creation to the other: as it is possible there may be such a sense in ourselves hereafter, or in creatures which are at present more exalted than ourselves. We see many stars by the help of glasses, which we do not discover with our naked eyes; and the finer our telescopes are, the more still are our discoveries. Huygenius carries this thought so far, that he does not think it im-

possible there may be stars whose light is not yet travelled down to us since their first creation. There is no question but the universe has certain bounds set to it; but when we consider that it is the work of infinite power, prompted by infinite goodness, with an infinite space to exert itself in, how can our imagination set any bounds to it?

To return, therefore, to my first thought, I could not but look upon myself with secret horror, as a being that was not worth the smallest regard of one who had so great a work under his care and superintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidst the immensity of nature, and lost among that infinite variety of creatures, which, in all probability, swarm through all these immeasurable regions of matter.

In order to recover myself from this mortifying thought, I considered that it took its rise from those narrow conceptions, which we are apt to entertain of the divine nature. We ourselves cannot attend to many different objects at the same time. If we are careful to inspect some things, we must of course neglect others. This imperfection which we observe in ourselves, is an imperfection that cleaves in some degree to creatures of the highest capacities, as they are creatures, that is, beings of finite and limited natures. The presence of every created being is confined to a certain measure of space, and consequently his observation is stinted to a certain number of objects. The sphere in which we move, and act, and understand, is of a wider circumference to one creature than another, according as we rise one above another in the scale of existence. But the widest of these our spheres has its circumference. When therefore we reflect on the divine nature, we are so used and accustomed to this imperfection in ourselves, that we cannot forbear in some measure ascribing it to him in whom there is no shadow of imperfection. Our reason indeed assures us, that his attributes are infinite: but the poorness of our conceptions is such, that it cannot forbear setting bounds to every thing it contemplates, till our reason comes again to our succour, and throws down all those little prejudices which rise in us unawares, and are natural to the mind of man.

We shall therefore utterly extinguish this melancholy thought, of our being over-looked by our Maker in the multiplicity of his works, and the infinity of those objects among which he seems to be incessantly employed, if we consider, in the first place, that he is omnipresent; and in the second, that he is omniscient.

If we consider him in his omnipresence: his being passes through, actuates, and supports the whole frame of nature. His creation, and every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made, that is either so distant, so little, or so inconsiderable, which he does not essentially inhabit. His substance is within the substance of every being, whether material or immaterial, and as intimately present to it, as that being is to itself. It would be an imperfection in him, were he able to move out of one place into another, or to draw himself from any thing he has created, or from any part of that space which he diffused and spread abroad to infinity. In short, to speak of him in the language of the old philosophers, he is a being whose centre is every where, and his circumference no where.

In the second place, he is omniscient as well as omnipresent. His omniscience indeed necessarily and naturally flows from his omnipresence. He cannot but be conscious of every motion that arises in the whole material world, which he thus essentially pervades; and of every thought

that is stirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united. Several moralists have considered the creation as the temple of God, which he has built with his own hands, and which is filled with his presence. Others have considered infinite space as the receptacle, or rather the habitation of the Almighty: but the noblest and most exalted way of considering this infinite space, is that of Sir Isaac Newton, who calls it the *sensorium* of the Godhead. Brutes and men have their *sensoriola*, or little *sensoriums*, by which they apprehend the presence and perceive the actions of a few objects, that lie contiguous to them. Their knowledge and observation turn within a very narrow circle. But as God Almighty cannot but perceive and know every thing in which he resides, infinite space gives room to infinite knowledge, and is, as it were, an organ to omniscience.

Were the soul separate from the body, and with one glance of thought should start beyond the bounds of the creation, should it for millions of years continue its progress through infinite space with the same activity, it would still find itself within the embrace of its Creator, and encompassed round with the immensity of the Godhead. While we are in the body he is not less present with us, because he is concealed from us. "Oh that I knew where I might find him! (says Job.) Behold I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him: on the left hand, where he does work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himself on the right hand that I cannot see him." In short, reason as well as revelation, assure us, that he cannot be absent from us, notwithstanding he is undiscovered by us.

In this consideration of God Almighty's omnipresence and omniscience, every uncomfortable thought vanishes. He cannot but regard every thing that has being, especially such of his creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart in particular, which is apt to trouble them on this occasion; for, as it is impossible he should overlook any of his creatures; so we may be confident that he regards, with an eye of mercy, those who endeavour to recommend themselves to his notice, and in unfeigned humility of heart think themselves unworthy that he should be mindful of them. *Spectator*

§ 7. *On the Immortality of the Soul.*

I was yesterday walking alone in one of my friend's woods, and lost myself in it very agreeably, as I was running over in my mind the several arguments that establish this great point, which is the basis of morality, and the source of all the pleasing hopes and secret joys that can arise in the heart of a reasonable creature. I considered those several proofs drawn,

First, from the nature of the soul itself, and particularly its immateriality; which, though not absolutely necessary to the eternity of its duration, has, I think, been evinced to almost a demonstration.

Secondly, from its passions and sentiments, as particularly from its love of existence, its horror of annihilation, and its hopes of immortality, with that secret satisfaction which it finds in the practice of virtue, and that uneasiness which follows in it upon the commission of vice.

Thirdly, from the nature of the Supreme Being, whose justice, goodness, wisdom, and veracity, are all concerned in this point.

But among these and other excellent arguments for the immortality of the soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual progress of the soul to

its perfection, without a possibility of ever arriving at it; which is a hint that I do not remember to have seen opened and improved by others who have written on this subject, though it seems to me to carry a very great weight with it. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created? Are such abilities made for no purpose? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never pass: in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present. Were a human soul thus at a stand in her accomplishments, were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of farther enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a state of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progress of improvements, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her inquiries?

A man, considered in his present state, seems only sent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himself with a successor, and immediately quits his post to make room for him. He does not seem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not surprising to consider in animals, which are formed for our use, and can finish their business in a short life. The silk-worm, after having spun her task, lays her eggs and dies. But a man can never have taken in his full measure of knowledge, has not time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the stage. Would an infinitely wise being make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose? Can he delight in the production of such abortive intelligences, such short-lived reasonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted? capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wisdom which shines through all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nursery for the next, and believing that the several generations of rational creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick successions, are only to receive their first rudiments of existence here, and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity?

There is not, in my opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion, than this of the perpetual progress which the soul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength, to consider that she is to shine for ever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that she will be still adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of resemblance.

Methinks this single consideration, of the progress of a finite spirit to perfection, will be sufficient to extinguish all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in superior. That cherubim, which now appears as a God to a human soul, knows very

well that the period will come about in eternity, when the human soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is: nay, when she shall look down upon that degree of perfection as much as she now falls short of it. It is true, the higher nature still advances, and by that means preserves his distance and superiority in the scale of being; but he knows that, how high soever the station is of which he stands possessed at present, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and shine forth in the same degree of glory.

With what astonishment and veneration may we look into our own souls, where there are such hidden stores of virtue and knowledge, such inexhausted sources of perfection! We know not yet what we shall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reserve for him. The soul, considered with its Creator, is like one of those mathematical lines that may draw nearer to another for all eternity without a possibility of touching it: and can there be a thought so transporting as to consider ourselves in these perpetual approaches to him, who is not only the standard of perfection, but of happiness! *Spectator.*

§ 8. *The Duty of Children to their Parents.*

I am the happy father of a very towardly son, in whom I do not only see my life, but also my manner of life renewed. It would be extremely beneficial to society, if you would frequently resume subjects which serve to bind these sort of relations faster, and endear the ties of blood with those of good-will, protection, observance, indulgence, and veneration. I would, methinks, have this done after an uncommon method; and do not think any one, who is not capable of writing a good play, fit to undertake a work wherein there will necessarily occur so many secret instincts and biases of human nature, which would pass unobserved by common eyes. I thank Heaven I have no outrageous offence against my own excellent parents to answer for; but when I am now and then alone, and look back upon my past life, from my earliest infancy to this time, there are many faults which I committed that did not appear to me, even until I myself became a father. I had not until then a notion of the yearnings of heart, which a man has when he sees his child do a laudable thing, or the sudden damp which seizes him when he fears he will act something unworthy. It is not to be imagined what a remorse touched me for a long train of childish negligences of my mother, when I saw my wife the other day look out of the window, and turn as pale as ashes upon seeing my younger boy sliding upon the ice. These slight intimations will give you to understand, that there are numberless little crimes, which children take no notice of while they are doing, which, upon reflection, when they shall themselves become fathers, they will look upon with the utmost sorrow and contrition, that they did not regard, before those whom they offended were to be no more seen. How many thousand things do I remember, which would have highly pleased my father, and I omitted for no other reason but that I thought what he proposed the effect of humour and old age, which I am now convinced had reason and good sense in it! I cannot now go into the parlour to him, and make his heart glad with an account of a matter which was of no consequence, but that I told it and acted in it. The good man and woman are long since in their graves, who used to sit and plot the welfare of us their children, while, perhaps, we were sometimes laughing at the old folks at

another end of the house. The truth of it is, were we merely to follow nature in these great duties of life, though we have a strong instinct towards the performing of them, we should be on both sides very deficient. Age is so unwelcome to the generality of mankind, and growth towards manhood so desirable to all, that resignation to decay is too difficult a task in the father; and deference, amidst the impulse of gay desires, appears unreasonable to the son. There are so few who can grow old with a good grace, and yet fewer who can come slow enough into the world, that a father, were he to be actuated by his desires, and a son, were he to consult himself only, could neither of them behave himself as he ought to the other. But when reason interposes against instinct, where it would carry either out of the interests of the other, there arises that happiest intercourse of good offices between those dearest relations of human life. The father, according to the opportunities which are offered to him, is throwing down blessings on the son, and the son endeavouring to appear the worthy offspring of such a father. It is after this manner that Camillus and his first-born dwell together. Camillus enjoys a pleasing and indolent old age, in which passion is subdued, and reason exalted. He waits the day of his dissolution with a resignation mixed with delight, and the son fears the accession of his father's fortune with diffidence, lest he should not enjoy or become it as well as his predecessor. Add to this, that the father knows he leaves a friend to the children of his friends, an easy landlord to his tenants, and an agreeable companion to his acquaintance. He believes his son's behaviour will make him frequently remembered, but never wanted. This commerce is so well cemented, that without the pomp of saying, Son, be a friend to such a one when I am gone; Camillus knows, being in his favour is direction enough to the grateful youth who is to succeed him, without the admonition of his mentioning it. These gentlemen are honoured in all their neighbourhood, and the same effect which the court has on the manners of a kingdom, their characters have on all who live within the influence of them.

My son and I are not of fortune to communicate our good actions or intentions to so many as these gentlemen do; but I will be bold to say, my son has, by the applause and approbation which his behaviour towards me has gained him, occasioned that many an old man, besides myself, has rejoiced. Other men's children follow the example of mine; and I have the inexpressible happiness of overhearing our neighbours, as we ride by, point to their children, and say, with a voice of joy, "There they go." *Spectator.*

§ 9. *The Strength of Parental Affection.*

I went the other day to visit Eliza, who, in the perfect bloom of beauty, is the mother of several children. She had a little prating girl upon her lap, who was begging to be very fine, that she might go abroad; and the indulgent mother, at her little daughter's request, had just taken the knots off her own head to adorn the hair of the pretty trifler. A smiling boy was at the same time caressing a lap-dog, which is their mother's favourite, because it pleases the children; and she, with a delight in her looks, which heightened her beauty, so divided her conversation with the two pretty prattlers, as to make them both equally cheerful.

As I came in, she said, with a blush, "Mr. Ironside, though you are an old bachelor, you must not laugh at my tenderness to my chil-

dren." I need not tell my reader what civil things I said in answer to the lady, whose matron-like behaviour gave me infinite satisfaction: since I myself take great pleasure in playing with children, and am seldom unprovided of plums or marbles, to make my court to such entertaining companions.

Whence is it, said I to myself when I was alone, that the affection of parents is so intense to their offspring? Is it because they generally find such resemblances in what they have produced, as that thereby they think themselves renewed in their children, and are willing to transmit themselves to future times? or is it because they think themselves obliged by the dictates of humanity to nourish and rear what is placed so immediately under their protection; and what by their means is brought into this world, the scene of misery, of necessity? These will not come up to it. Is it not rather the good providence of that Being, who in a supereminent degree protects and cherishes the whole race of mankind, his sons and creatures? How shall we, any other way, account for this natural affection, so signally displayed throughout every species of the animal creation, without which the course of nature would quickly fail, and every various kind be extinct? Instances of tenderness in the most savage brutes are so frequent, that quotations of that kind are altogether unnecessary.

If we, who have no particular concern in them, take a secret delight in observing the gentle dawn of reason in babes; if our ears are soothed with their half-forming and aiming at articulate sounds; if we are charmed with their pretty mimicry, and surprised at the unexpected starts of wit and cunning in these miniatures of man: what transport may we imagine in the breasts of those, into whom natural instinct hath poured tenderness and fondness for them! how amiable is such a weakness of human nature! or rather, how great a weakness is it to give humanity so reproachful a name! The bare consideration of paternal affection should, methinks, create a more grateful tenderness in children towards their parents, than we generally see; and the silent whispers of nature be attended to, though the laws of God and man did not call aloud.

These silent whispers of nature have had a marvellous power, even when their cause hath been unknown. There are several examples in story, of tender friendships formed betwixt men, who knew not of their near relation: such accounts confirm me in an opinion I have long entertained, that there is a sympathy betwixt souls, which cannot be explained by the prejudice of education, the sense of duty, or any other human motive.

The memoirs of a certain French nobleman, which now lie before me, furnish me with a very entertaining instance of this secret attraction, implanted by Providence in the human soul. It will be necessary to inform the reader, that the person whose story I am going to relate, was one, whose roving and romantic temper, joined to a disposition singularly amorous, had led him through a vast variety of gallantries and amours. He had, in his youth, attended a princess of France into Poland, where he had been entertained by the king her husband, and married the daughter of a grandee. Upon her death he returned into his native country; where his intrigues and other misfortunes having consumed his paternal estate, he now went to take care of the fortune his deceased wife had left him in Poland. In his journey he was robbed before he reached Warsaw, and lay ill of a fever, when he met with the following adventure; which I shall relate in his own words.

"I had been in this condition for four days, when the countess of Venoski passed that way. She was informed that a stranger of good fashion lay sick, and her charity led her to see me. I remembered her, for I had often seen her with my wife, to whom she was nearly related; but when I found she knew me not, I thought fit to conceal my name. I told her I was a German; that I had been robbed; and that if she had the charity to send me to Warsaw, the queen would acknowledge it, I having the honour to be known to her majesty. The countess had the goodness to take compassion of me, and ordering me to be put into a litter, carried me to Warsaw, where I was lodged in her house until my health should allow me to wait on the queen.

"My fever increased after my journey was over, and I was confined to my bed for fifteen days. When the countess first saw me, she had a young lady with her, about eighteen years of age, who was much taller and better shaped than the Polish women generally are. She was very fair, her skin exceedingly fine, and her air and shape inexpressibly beautiful. I was not so sick as to overlook this young beauty; and I felt in my heart such emotions at the first view, as made me fear that all my misfortunes had not armed me sufficiently against the charms of the fair sex.

"The amiable creature seemed afflicted at my sickness; and she appeared to have so much concern and care for me, as raised in me a great inclination and tenderness for her. She came every day into my chamber to inquire after my health; I asked who she was, and I was answered, that she was niece to the countess of Venoski.

"I verily believe that the constant sight of this charming maid, and the pleasure I received from her careful attendance, contributed more to my recovery than all the medicines the physicians gave me. In short, my fever left me, and I had the satisfaction to see the lovely creature overjoyed at my recovery. She came to see me oftener as I grew better; and I already felt a stronger and more tender affection for her, than I ever bore to any woman in my life; when I began to perceive that her constant care of me was only a blind, to give her an opportunity of seeing a young Pole whom I took to be her lover. He seemed to be much about her age, of a brown complexion, very tall, but finely shaped. Every time she came to see me, the young gentleman came to find her out; and they usually retired to a corner of the chamber, where they seemed to converse with great earnestness. The aspect of the youth pleased me wonderfully; and if I had not suspected that he was my rival, I should have taken delight in his person and friendship.

"They both of them often asked me if I were in reality a German? which when I continued to affirm, they seemed very much troubled. One day I took notice that the young lady and gentleman, having retired to a window, were very intent upon a picture; and that every now and then they cast their eyes upon me, as if they had found some resemblance betwixt that and my features. I could not forbear to ask the meaning of it; upon which the lady answered, that if I had been a Frenchman, she should have imagined that I was the person for whom the picture was drawn, because it exactly resembled me. I desired to see it. But how great was my surprise, when I found it to be the very painting which I had sent to the queen five years before, and which she commanded me to get drawn to be given to my children! After I had viewed the piece, I cast my eyes upon the young lady, and

then upon the gentleman I had thought to be her lover. My heart beat, and I felt a secret emotion which filled me with wonder. I thought I traced in the two young persons some of my own features, and at that moment I said to myself, Are not these my children? The tears came into my eyes, and I was about to run and embrace them; but constraining myself with pain, I asked whose picture it was? The maid, perceiving that I could not speak without tears, fell a weeping. Her tears absolutely confirmed me in my opinion; and falling upon her neck, "Ah my dear child," said I, "yes, I am your father!" I could say no more. The youth seized my hands at the same time, and kissing, bathed them with his tears. Throughout my life, I never felt a joy equal to this; and it must be owned, that nature inspires more lively emotions and pleasing tenderness than the passions can possibly excite."

Spectator.

§ 10. *Remarks on the Swiftness of Time.*

The natural advantages which arise from the position of the earth which we inhabit, with respect to the other planets, afford much employment to mathematical speculation, by which it has been discovered, that no other conformation of the system could have given such commodious distributions of light and heat, or imparted fertility and pleasure to so great a part of a revolving sphere.

It may be perhaps observed by the moralist, with equal reason, that our globe seems particularly fitted for the residence of a Being, placed here only for a short time, whose task is to advance himself to a higher and happier state of existence, by unremitted vigilance of caution, and activity of virtue.

The duties required of man are such as human nature does not willingly perform, and such as those are inclined to delay who yet intend some time to fulfil them. It was therefore necessary that this universal reluctance should be counteracted, and the drowsiness of hesitation wakened into resolve; that the danger of procrastination should be always in view, and the fallacies of security be hourly detected.

To this end all the appearances of nature uniformly conspire. Whatever we see on every side, reminds us of the lapse of time and the flux of life. The day and night succeed each other, the rotation of seasons diversifies the year, the sun rises, attains the meridian, declines and sets; and the moon every night changes its form.

The day has been considered as an image of the year, and a year as the representation of life. The morning answers to the spring, and the spring to childhood and youth; the noon corresponds to the summer, and the summer to the strength of manhood. The evening is an emblem of autumn, and autumn of declining life. The night with its silence and darkness shows the winter, in which all the powers of vegetation are benumbed; and the winter points out the time when life shall cease, with its hopes and pleasures.

He that is carried forward, however swiftly, by a motion equable and easy, perceives not the change of place but by the variation of objects. If the wheel of life, which rolls thus silently along, passed on through undistinguishable uniformity, we should never mark its approaches to the end of the course. If one hour were like another; if the passage of the sun did not show that the day is wasting; if the change of seasons did not impress upon us the flight of the year; quantities of duration equal to days and years would glide unobserved

If the parts of time were not variously coloured, we should never discern their departure or succession, but should live thoughtless of the past, and careless of the future, without will, and perhaps without power to compute the periods of life, or to compare the time which is already lost with that which may probably remain.

But the course of time is so visibly marked, that it is even observed by the passage, and by nations who have raised their minds very little above animal instinct: there are human beings, whose language does not supply them with words by which they can number five, but I have read of none that have not names for Day and Night, for Summer and Winter.

Yet it is certain that these admonitions of nature, however forcible, however importunate, are too often vain; and that many who mark with such accuracy the course of time, appear to have little sensibility of the decline of life. Every man has something to do which he neglects; every man has faults to conquer which he delays to combat.

So little do we accustom ourselves to consider the effects of time, that things necessary and certain often surprise us like unexpected contingencies. We leave the beauty in her bloom, and, after an absence of twenty years, wonder, at our return, to find her faded. We meet those whom we left children, and can scarcely persuade ourselves to treat them as men. The traveller visits in age those countries through which he rambled in his youth, and hopes for merriment at the old place. The man of business, wearied with unsatisfactory prosperity, retires to the town of his nativity, and expects to play away the last years with the companions of his childhood, and recover youth in the fields where he once was young.

From this inattention, so general and so mischievous, let it be every man's study to exempt himself. Let him that desires to see others happy, make haste to give while his gift can be enjoyed, and remember that every moment of delay takes away something from the value of his benefaction. And let him who proposes his own happiness, reflect, that while he forms his purpose the day rolls on, and "the night cometh, when no man can work" *Idler.*

§ 11. *The Folly of mis-spending Time.*

An ancient poet, unreasonably discontented at the present state of things, which his system of opinions obliged him to represent in its worst form, has observed of the earth, "That its greater part is covered by the uninhabitable ocean; that of the rest, some is encumbered with naked mountains, and some lost under barren sands; some scorched with unintermitted heat, and some petrified with perpetual frost; so that only a few regions remain for the production of fruits, the pasture of cattle, and the accommodation of man."

The same observation may be transferred to the time allotted us in our present state. When we have deducted all that is absorbed in sleep, all that is inevitably appropriated to the demands of nature, or irresistibly engrossed by the tyranny of custom; all that passes in regulating the superficial decorations of life, or is given up in the reciprocations of civility to the disposal of others; all that is torn from us by the violence of disease, or stolen imperceptibly away by lassitude and languor; we shall find that part of our duration very small of which we can truly call ourselves masters, or which we can spend wholly at our own choice. Many of our hours are lost in a rotation of petty cares, in a constant recurrence of the same employments;

many of our provisions for ease or happiness are always exhausted by the present day; and a great part of our existence serves no other purpose, than that of enabling us to enjoy the rest.

Of the few moments which are left in our disposal, it may reasonably be expected, that we should be so frugal, as to let none of them slip from us without some equivalent; and perhaps it might be found, that as the earth, however straitened by rocks and waters, is capable of producing more than all its inhabitants are able to consume, our lives, though much contracted by incidental distraction, would yet afford us a large space vacant to the exercise of reason and virtue; that we want not time, but diligence, for great performances; and that we squander much of our allowance, even while we think it sparing and insufficient.

This natural and necessary comminution of our lives, perhaps, often makes us insensible of the negligence with which we suffer them to slide away. We never consider ourselves as possessed at once of time sufficient for any great design, and therefore indulge ourselves in fortuitous amusements We think it unnecessary to take an account of a few supernumerary moments, which, however employed, could have produced little advantage, and which were exposed to a thousand chances of disturbance and interruption.

It is observable, that, either by nature or by habit, our faculties are fitted to images of a certain extent, to which we adjust great things by division, and little things by accumulation. Of extensive surfaces we can only take a survey, as the parts succeed one another; and atoms we cannot perceive, till they are united into masses. Thus we break the vast periods of time into centuries and years; and thus, if we would know the amount of moments, we must agglomerate them into days and weeks.

The proverbial oracles of our parsimonious ancestors have informed us, that the fatal waste of fortune is by small expenses, by the profusion of sums too little singly to alarm our caution, and which we never suffer ourselves to consider together. Of the same kind is the prodigality of life: he that hopes to look back hereafter with satisfaction upon past years, must learn to know the present value of single minutes, and endeavour to let no particle of time fall useless to the ground.

It is usual for those who are advised to the attainment of any new qualifications, to look upon themselves as required to change the general course of their conduct, to dismiss their business, and exclude pleasure, and to devote their days or nights to a particular attention. But all common degrees of excellence are attainable at a lower price; he that should steadily and resolutely assign to any science or language those interstitial vacancies which intervene in the most crowded variety of diversion or employment, would find every day new irradiations of knowledge, and discover how much more is to be hoped from frequency and perseverance, than from violent efforts and sudden desires; efforts which are soon remitted when they encounter difficulty, and desires which, if they are indulged too often, will shake off the authority of reason, and range capriciously from one object to another.

The disposition to defer every important design to a time of leisure, and a state of settled uniformity, proceeds generally from a false estimate of the human powers. If we except those gigantic and stupendous intelligences who are said to grasp a system by intuition, and bound forward from one series of conclusions to ano-

ther, without regular steps through intermediate propositions, the most successful students make their advances in knowledge by short flights, between each of which the mind may lie at rest. For every single act of progression a short time is sufficient; and it is only necessary, that whenever that time is afforded, it be well employed. Few minds will be long confined to severe and laborious meditation; and when a successful attack on knowledge has been made, the student recreates himself with the contemplation of his conquest, and forbears another incursion till the new-acquired truth has become familiar, and his curiosity calls upon him for fresh gratifications. Whether the time of intermission is spent in company, or in solitude, in necessary business, or in voluntary levities, the understanding is equally abstracted from the object of inquiry; but, perhaps, if it be detained by occupations less pleasing, it returns again to study with greater alacrity than when it is glutted with ideal pleasures, and surfeited with intemperance of application. He that will not suffer himself to be discouraged by fancied impossibilities, may sometimes find his abilities invigorated by the necessity of exerting them in short intervals, as the force of a current is increased by the contraction of its channel.

From some cause like this, it has probably proceeded, that among those who have contributed to the advancement of learning, many have risen to eminence, in opposition to all the obstacles which external circumstances could place in their way, amidst the tumult of business, the distresses of poverty, or the dissipations of a wandering and unsettled state. A great part of the life of Erasmus was one continual peregrination: ill supplied with the gifts of fortune, and led from city to city, and from kingdom to kingdom, by the hopes of patrons and preferment, hopes which always flattered and always deceived him; he yet found means, by unshaken constancy, and a vigilant improvement of those hours, which, in the midst of the most restless activity, will remain unengaged, to write more than another in the same condition would have hoped to read. Compelled by want to attendance and solicitation, and so much versed in common life, that he has transmitted to us the most perfect delineation of the manners of his age, he joined to his knowledge of the world such application to books, that he will stand for ever in the first rank of literary heroes. How this proficiency was obtained, he sufficiently discovers, by informing us, that the Praise of Folly, one of his most celebrated performances, was composed by him on the road to Italy; *ne totum illud tempus quo equo fuit insidendum, illiteratis fabulis tereretur,* lest the hours which he was obliged to spend on horseback should be tattled away without regard to literature.

An Italian philosopher expressed in his motto, *that time was his estate;* an estate indeed, which will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labours of industry, and satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence, to be over-run with noxious plants, or laid out for show rather than for use. *Rambler.*

§ 12. *The Importance of Time, and the proper Methods of spending it.*

We all of us complain of the shortness of time, saith Seneca, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives, says he, are spent either in doing nothing at all, or doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them.

That noble philosopher has described our inconsistency with ourselves in this particular by all those various turns of expression and thought which are peculiar in his writings.

I often consider mankind as wholly inconsistent with itself, in a point that bears some affinity to the former. Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life, in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be at age, then to be a man of business, then to make up an estate, then to arrive at honours, then to retire. Thus, although the whole of life is allowed by every one to be short, the several divisions of it appear long and tedious. We are for lengthening our span in general, but would fain contract the parts of which it is composed. The usurer would be very well satisfied to have all the time annihilated that lies between the present moment and the next quarter-day. The politician would be contented to lose three years in his life, could he place things in the posture which he fancies they will stand in after such a revolution of time. The lover would be glad to strike out of his existence all the moments that are to pass away before the happy meeting. Thus, as fast as our time runs, we should be very glad, in most parts of our lives, that it ran much faster than it does. Several hours of the day hang upon our hands; nay, we wish away whole years, and travel through time, as through a country filled with many wild and empty wastes which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at those several little settlements or imaginary points of rest which are dispersed up and down in it.

If we divide the life of most men into twenty parts, we shall find that at least nineteen of them are mere gaps and chasms, which are neither filled with pleasure nor business. I do not however include in this calculation the life of those men who are in a perpetual hurry of affairs, but of those only who are not always engaged in scenes of action; and I hope I shall not do an unacceptable piece of service to these persons, if I point out to them certain methods for the filling up their empty spaces of life. The methods I shall propose to them are as follow:

The first is the exercise of virtue, in the most general acceptation of the word. That particular scheme which comprehends the social virtues, may give employment to the most industrious temper, and find a man business more than the most active station of life. To advise the ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almost every day of our lives. A man has frequent opportunities of mitigating the fierceness of a party; of doing justice to the character of a deserving man; of softening the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced; which are all of them employments suitable to a reasonable nature, and bring great satisfaction to the person who can busy himself in them with discretion.

There is another kind of virtue that may find employment for those retired hours in which we are altogether left to ourselves, and destitute of company and conversation; I mean that intercourse and communication which every reasonable creature ought to maintain with the great Author of his being. The man who lives under an habitual sense of the divine presence, keeps up a perpetual cheerfulness of temper, and enjoys every moment the satisfaction of thinking himself in company with his dearest and best of friends. The time never lies heavy upon him: it is impossible for him to be alone. His thoughts and passions are the most busied at such hours when those of other men are the most in-

for it in the following manner: All colours that are more luminous, overpower and dissipate the animal spirits which are employed in sight; on the contrary, those that are more obscure do not give the animal spirits a sufficient exercise; whereas, the rays that produce in us the idea of green, fall upon the eye in such a due proportion, that they give the animal spirits their proper play, and, by keeping up the struggle in a just balance, excite a very pleasing and agreeable sensation. Let the cause be what it will, the effect is certain; for which reason, the poets ascribe to this particular colour the epithet of *cheerful*.

To consider further this double end in the works of nature, and how they are, at the same time, both useful and entertaining, we find that the most important parts in the vegetable world are those which are the most beautiful. These are the seeds by which the several races of plants are propagated and continued, and which are always lodged in flowers or blossoms. Nature seems to hide her principal design, and to be industrious in making the earth gay and delightful, while she is carrying on her great work, and intent upon her own preservation. The husbandman, after the same manner, is employed in laying out the whole country into a kind of garden or landscape, and making every thing smile about him, whilst, in reality, he thinks of nothing but of the harvest, and increase which is to arise from it.

We may further observe how Providence has taken care to keep up this cheerfulness in the mind of man, by having formed it after such a manner, as to make it capable of conceiving delight from several objects which seem to have very little use in them; as from the wildness of rocks and deserts, and the like grotesque parts of nature. Those who are versed in philosophy may still carry this consideration higher, by observing, that if matter had appeared to us endowed only with those real qualities which it actually possesses, it would have made but a very joyless and uncomfortable figure; and why has Providence given it a power of producing in us such imaginary qualities, as tastes and colours, sounds and smells, heat and cold, but that man, while he is conversant in the lower stations of nature, might have his mind cheered and delighted with agreeable sensations? In short, the whole universe is a kind of theatre filled with objects that either raise in us pleasure, amusement, or admiration.

The reader's own thoughts will suggest to him the vicissitude of day and night, the change of seasons, with all that variety of scenes which diversify the face of nature, and fill the mind with a perpetual succession of beautiful and pleasing images.

I shall not here mention the several entertainments of art, with the pleasures of friendship, books, conversation, and other accidental diversions of life, because I would only take notice of such incitements to a cheerful temper, as offer themselves to persons of all ranks and conditions, and which may sufficiently show us that Providence did not design this world should be filled with murmurs and repinings, or that the heart of man should be involved in gloom and melancholy.

I the more inculcate this cheerfulness of temper, as it is a virtue in which our countrymen are observed to be more deficient than any other nation. Melancholy is a kind of demon that haunts our island, and often conveys herself to us in an easterly wind. A celebrated French novelist, in opposition to those who begin their romances with a flowery season of the year, enters on his story thus: "In the gloomy month of November, when the people of

England hang and drown themselves, a disconsolate lover walked out into the fields," &c.

Every one ought to fence against the temper of his climate or constitution, and frequently to indulge in himself those considerations which may give him a serenity of mind, and enable him to bear up cheerfully against those little evils and misfortunes which are common to human nature, and which, by a right improvement of them, will produce a satiety of joy, and an uninterrupted happiness.

At the same time that I would engage my reader to consider the world in its most agreeable lights, I must own there are many evils which naturally spring up amidst the entertainments that are provided for us; but these, if rightly considered, should be far from overcasting the mind with sorrow, or destroying that cheerfulness of temper which I have been recommending. This interspersion of evil with good, and pain with pleasure, in the works of nature, is very truly ascribed by Mr. Locke, in his Essay upon Human Understanding, to a moral reason, in the following words:

"Beyond all this, we may find another reason why God hath scattered up and down several degrees of pleasure and pain, in all the things that environ and affect us, and blended them together, in almost all that our thoughts and senses have to do with; that we, finding imperfection, dissatisfaction, and want of complete happiness, in all the enjoyments which the creatures can afford us, might be led to seek it in the enjoyment of him, with whom there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore."

Spectator.

§ 18. *On Truth and Sincerity.*

Truth and reality have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the show of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure sincerity is better: for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to? for to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now the best way in the world for a man to seem to be any thing, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides, that it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality, as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it, and then all his pains and labour to seem to have it is lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other. Therefore, if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to every body's satisfaction; so that, upon all accounts, sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit; it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it, it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker, and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them; whereas integrity gains strength by use; and the more and longer any man prac

tiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do to repose the greatest trust and confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which continually stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation; for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow or unsound in it, and because it is plain and open, fears no discovery; of which the crafty man is always in danger, and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are so transparent, that he that runs may read them; he is the last man that finds himself to be found out, and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy despatch of business; it creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in few words; it is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted perhaps when he means honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

And I have often thought that God hath, in his great wisdom, hid from men of false and dishonest minds, the wonderful advantages of truth and integrity to the prosperity even of our worldly affairs; these men are so blinded by their covetousness and ambition, that they cannot look beyond a present advantage, nor forbear to seize upon it, though by ways never so indirect; they cannot see so far as to the remote consequences of a steady integrity, and the vast benefit and advantages which it will bring a man at last. Were but this sort of men wise and clear-sighted enough to discern this, they would be honest out of very knavery, not out of any love to honesty and virtue, but with a crafty design to promote and advance more effectually their own interests; and therefore the justice of the divine providence hath hid this truest point of wisdom from their eyes, that bad men might not be upon equal terms with the just and upright, and serve their own wicked designs by honest and lawful means.

Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter (speaking as to the concernments of this world) if a man spent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw: but if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of conversation whilst he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions; for nothing but this will last and hold out to the end: all other arts will fail, but truth and integrity will

carry a man through, and bear him out to the last. *Spectator.*

§ 19. *Rules for the Knowledge of One's Self.*

Hypocrisy, at the fashionable end of the town, is very different from that in the city. The modish hypocrite endeavours to appear more vicious than he really is; the other kind of hypocrite more virtuous. The former is afraid of every thing that has the show of religion in it, and would be thought engaged in many criminal gallantries and amours, which he is not guilty of; the latter assumes a face of sanctity, and covers a multitude of vices under a seeming religious deportment.

But there is another kind of hypocrisy, which differs from both of these, and which I intend to make the subject of this paper: I mean that hypocrisy, by which a man does not only deceive the world, but very often imposes on himself; that hypocrisy which conceals his own heart from him, and makes him believe he is more virtuous than he really is, and either not attend to his vices, or mistake even his vices for virtues. It is this fatal hypocrisy and self-deceit, which is taken notice of in these words, "Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from my secret faults."

If the open professors of impiety deserve the utmost application and endeavours of moral writers, to recover them from vice and folly, how much more may those lay a claim to their care and compassion, who are walking in the paths of death, while they fancy themselves engaged in a course of virtue! I shall therefore endeavour to lay down some rules for the discovery of those vices that lurk in the secret corners of the soul; and to show my reader those methods, by which he may arrive at a true and impartial knowledge of himself. The usual means prescribed for this purpose, are to examine ourselves by the rules which are laid down for our direction in sacred writ, and to compare our lives with the life of that person who acted up to the perfection of human nature, and is the standing example, as well as the great guide and instructor, of those who receive his doctrines. Though these two heads cannot be too much insisted upon, I shall but just mention them, since they have been handled by many great and eminent writers.

I would therefore propose the following methods to the consideration of such as would find out their secret faults, and make a true estimate of themselves.

In the first place, let them consider well, what are the characters which they bear among their enemies. Our friends very often flatter us as much as our own hearts. They either do not see our faults, or conceal them from us, or soften them by their representations, after such a manner, that we think them too trivial to be taken notice of. An adversary, on the contrary, makes a stricter search into us, discovers every flaw and imperfection in our tempers; and, though his malice may set them in too strong a light, it has generally some ground for what it advances. A friend exaggerates a man's virtues, an enemy inflames his crimes. A wise man should give a just attention to both of them, so far as they may tend to the improvement of the one, and the diminution of the other. Plutarch has written an essay on the benefits which a man may receive from his enemies; and among the good fruits of enmity, mentions this in particular, "that, by the reproaches which it casts upon us, we see the worst side of ourselves, and open our eyes to several blemishes and defects in our lives and conversations, which we should not have

observed without the help of such ill-natured monitors."

In order likewise to come to a true knowledge of ourselves, we should consider, on the other hand, how far we may deserve the praises and approbations which the world bestows upon us; whether the actions they celebrate proceed from laudable and worthy motives; and how far we are really possessed of the virtues, which gain us applause among those with whom we converse. Such a reflection is absolutely necessary, if we consider how apt we are either to value or condemn ourselves by the opinion of others, and to sacrifice the report of our own hearts to the judgment of the world.

In the next place, that we may not deceive ourselves in a point of so much importance, we should not lay too great a stress on any supposed virtues we possess, that are of a doubtful nature: and such we may esteem all those in which multitudes of men dissent from us, who are as good and as wise as ourselves. We should always act with great cautiousness and circumspection, in points where it is not impossible that we may be deceived. Intemperate zeal, bigotry, and persecution, for any party or opinion, how praise-worthy soever they may appear to weak men of our own principles, produce infinite calamities among mankind, and are highly criminal in their own nature; and yet how many persons, eminent for piety, suffer such monstrous and absurd principles of action to take root in their minds under the colour of virtues? For my own part, I must own, I never yet knew any party so just and reasonable, that a man could follow it in its height and violence, and at the same time be innocent.

We should likewise be very apprehensive of those actions, which proceed from natural constitution, favourite passions, particular education, or whatever promotes our worldly interest or advantage. In these or the like cases, a man's judgment is easily perverted, and a wrong bias hung upon his mind. These are the inlets of prejudice, the unguarded avenues of the mind, by which a thousand errors and secret faults find admission, without being observed or taken notice of. A wise man will suspect those actions to which he is directed by something besides reason, and always apprehends some concealed evil in every resolution that is of a disputable nature, when it is conformable to his particular temper, his age, or way of life, or when it favours his pleasure or his profit.

There is nothing of greater importance to us, than thus diligently to sift our thoughts, and examine all these dark recesses of the mind, if we would establish our souls in such a solid and substantial virtue as will turn to account in that great day, when it must stand the test of infinite wisdom and justice.

I shall conclude this essay with observing, that the two kinds of hypocrisy I have here spoken of, namely, that of deceiving the world, and that of imposing on ourselves, are touched with wonderful beauty in the hundred and thirty-ninth psalm. The folly of the first kind of hypocrisy is there set forth by reflections on God's omniscience and omnipresence, which are celebrated in as noble strains of poetry as any other I ever met with, either sacred or profane. The other kind of hypocrisy, whereby a man deceives himself, is intimated in the two last verses, where the psalmist addresses himself to the great searcher of hearts in that emphatical petition; "Try me, O God, and seek the ground of my heart; prove me and examine my thoughts: look well if

there be any way of wickedness in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." *Spectator.*

§ 20. *No Life pleasing to God, but that which is useful to Mankind. An Eastern Story.*

It pleased our mighty sovereign Abbas Carascan, from whom the kings of the earth derive honour and dominion, to set Mirza his servant over the province of Tauris. In the hand of Mirza, the balance of distribution was suspended with impartiality; and under his administration the weak were protected, the learned received honour, and the diligent became rich: Mirza, therefore, was beheld by every eye with complacency, and every tongue pronounced blessings upon his head. But it was observed that he derived no joy from the benefits which he diffused; he became pensive and melancholy; he spent his leisure in solitude; in his palace he sat motionless upon a sofa; and when he went out, his walk was slow, and his eyes were fixed upon the ground: he applied to the business of state with reluctance; and resolved to relinquish the toil of government, of which he could no longer enjoy the reward.

He, therefore, obtained permission to approach the throne of our sovereign; and being asked what was his request, he made this reply: "May the Lord of the world forgive the slave whom he has honoured, if Mirza presume again to lay the bounty of Abbas at his feet. Thou hast given me the dominion of a country, fruitful as the gardens of Damascus; and a city glorious above all others, except that only which reflects the splendour of thy presence. But the longest life is a period scarce sufficient to prepare for death: all other business is vain and trivial, as the toil of emmets in the path of the traveller, under whose foot they perish for ever; and all enjoyment is unsubstantial and evanescent, as the colours of the bow that appears in the interval of a storm. Suffer me, therefore, to prepare for the approach of eternity; let me give up my soul to meditation; let solitude and silence acquaint me with the mysteries of devotion; let me forget the world, and by the world be forgotten, till the moment arrives in which the veil of eternity shall fall, and I shall be found at the bar of the Almighty." Mirza then bowed himself to the earth, and stood silent.

By the command of Abbas it is recorded, that at these words he trembled upon the throne, at the footstool of which the world pays homage; he looked round upon his nobles; but every countenance was pale, and every eye was upon the earth. No man opened his mouth; and the king first broke silence, after it had continued near an hour.

"Mirza, terror and doubt are come upon me. I am alarmed as a man who suddenly perceives that he is near the brink of a precipice, and is urged forward by an irresistible force: but yet I know not whether my danger is a reality or a dream. I am as thou art, a reptile of the earth: my life is a moment, and eternity, in which days, and years, and ages, are nothing, eternity is before me, for which I also should prepare: but by whom then must the Faithful be governed? by those only, who have no fear of judgment? by those only, whose life is brutal, because like brutes they do not consider that they shall die? Or who, indeed, are the Faithful? Are the busy multitudes that crowd the city, in a state of perdition? and is the cell of the Dervise alone the gate of Paradise? To all, the life of a Dervise is not possible: to all, therefore, it cannot be a duty. Depart to the house

which has in this city been prepared for thy residence: I will meditate the reason of thy request; and may He who illuminates the mind of the humble, enable me to determine with wisdom."

Mirza departed; and on the third day, having received no command, he again requested an audience, and it was granted. When he entered the royal presence, his countenance appeared more cheerful; he drew a letter from his bosom, and having kissed it, he presented it with his right hand. "My Lord!" said he, "I have learned by this letter, which I received from Cosrou the Iman, who stands now before thee, in what manner life may be best improved. I am enabled to look back with pleasure, and forward with hope; and I shall now rejoice still to be the shadow of thy power at Tauris, and to keep those honours which I so lately wished to resign." The king, who had listened to Mirza with a mixture of surprise and curiosity, immediately gave the letter to Cosrou, and commanded that it should be read. The eyes of the court were at once turned upon the hoary sage, whose countenance was suffused with an honest blush; and it was not without some hesitation that he read these words.

"To Mirza, whom the wisdom of Abbas our mighty Lord has honoured with dominion, be everlasting health! When I heard thy purpose to withdraw the blessings of thy government from the thousands of Tauris, my heart was wounded with the arrow of affliction, and my eyes became dim with sorrow. But who shall speak before the king when he is troubled; and who shall boast of knowledge, when he is distressed by doubt? To thee will I relate the events of my youth, which thou hast renewed before me; and those truths which they have taught me, may the Prophet multiply to thee!

"Under the instruction of the physician Aluzar, I obtained an early knowledge of his art. To those who were smitten with disease, I could administer plants, which the sun has impregnated with the spirit of health. But the scenes of pain, languor, and mortality, which were perpetually rising before me, made me often tremble for myself. I saw the grave open at my feet: I determined, therefore, to contemplate only the regions beyond it, and to despise every acquisition which I could not keep. I conceived an opinion, that as there was no merit but in voluntary poverty and silent meditation, those who desired money were not proper objects of bounty; and that by all who were proper objects of bounty money was despised. I, therefore, buried mine in the earth; and renouncing society, I wandered into a wild and sequestered part of the country: my dwelling was a cave by the side of a hill; I drank the running water from the spring, and ate such fruits and herbs as I could find. To increase the austerity of my life, I frequently watched all night, sitting at the entrance of the cave with my face to the east, resigning myself to the secret influences of the Prophet, and expecting illuminations from above. One morning after my nocturnal vigil, just as I perceived the horizon glow at the approach of the sun, the power of sleep became irresistible, and I sunk under it. I imagined myself still sitting at the entrance of my cell; that the dawn increased; and that as I looked earnestly for the first beam of day, a dark spot appeared to intercept it. I perceived that it was in motion; it increased in size as it drew near, and at length I discovered it to be an eagle. I still kept my eye fixed steadfastly upon it, and saw it alight at a small distance, where I now descried a fox whose two fore-legs appeared to be broken Before this fox the eagle laid part of

a kid, which she had brought in her talons, and then disappeared. When I awaked, I laid my forehead upon the ground, and blessed the Prophet for the instruction of the morning. I reviewed my dream, and said thus to myself: Cosrou, thou hast done well to renounce the tumult, the business, and vanities of life: but thou hast as yet only done it in part; thou art still every day busied in the search of food, thy mind is not wholly at rest, neither is thy trust in Providence complete. What art thou taught by this vision? If thou hast seen an eagle commissioned by Heaven to feed a fox that is lame, shall not the hand of Heaven also supply thee with food; when that which prevents thee from procuring it for thyself, is not necessity but devotion? I was now so confident of a miraculous supply, that I neglected to walk out for my repast, which, after the first day, I expected with an impatience that left me little power of attending to any other object: this impatience, however, I laboured to suppress, and persisted in my resolution; but my eyes at length began to fail me, and my knees smote each other; I threw myself backward, and hoped my weakness would soon increase to insensibility. But I was suddenly roused by the voice of an invisible being, who pronounced these words: 'Cosrou, I am the angel, who by the command of the Almighty, have registered the thoughts of thy heart, which I am now commissioned to reprove. While thou wast attempting to become wise above that which is revealed, thy folly has perverted the instruction which was vouchsafed thee. Art thou disabled as the Fox? hast thou not rather the powers of the Eagle? Arise, let the Eagle be the object of thy emulation. To pain and sickness, be thou again the messenger of ease and health. Virtue is not rest, but action. If thou dost good to man as an evidence of thy love to God, thy virtue will be exalted from moral to divine; and that happiness which is the pledge of Paradise, will be thy reward upon earth.'

"At these words I was not less astonished than if a mountain had been overturned at my feet. I humbled myself in the dust; I returned to the city; I dug up my treasure; I was liberal, yet I became rich. My skill in restoring health to the body gave me frequent opportunities of curing the diseases of the soul. I put on the sacred vestments; I grew eminent beyond my merit; and it was the pleasure of the king that I should stand before him. Now, therefore, be not offended; I boast of no knowledge that I have not received: as the sands of the desert drink up the drops of rain, or the dew of the morning, so do I also, who am but dust, imbibe the instructions of the Prophet. Believe then that it is he who tells thee, all knowledge is profane, which terminates in thyself; and by a life wasted in speculation, little even of this can be gained. When the gates of Paradise are thrown open before thee, thy mind shall be irradiated in a moment; here thou canst little more than pile error upon error; there thou shalt build truth upon truth. Wait, therefore, for the glorious vision; and in the mean time emulate the Eagle. Much is in thy power; and, therefore, much is expected of thee. Though the Almighty only can give virtue, yet, as a prince, thou mayest stimulate those to beneficence, who act from no higher motive than immediate interest: thou canst not produce the principle, but mayest enforce the practice. The relief of the poor is equal, whether they receive it from ostentation, or charity; and the effect of example is the same, whether it be intended to obtain the favour of God or man. Let thy virtue be thus diffused; and if thou believest with

reverence, thou shalt be accepted above. Farewell. May the smile of Him who resides in the Heaven of Heavens be upon thee! and against thy name, in the volume of His will, may happiness be written!"

The King, whose doubts like those of Mirza, were now removed, looked up with a smile that communicated the joy of his mind. He dismissed the prince to his government; and commanded these events to be recorded, to the end that posterity may know "that no life is pleasing to God, but that which is useful to mankind." *Adventurer.*

§ 21. *Providence proved from Animal Instinct.*

I must confess I am infinitely delighted with those speculations of nature which are to be made in a country life; and as my reading has very much lain among books of natural history, I cannot forbear recollecting, upon this occasion, the several remarks which I have met with in authors, and comparing them with what falls under my own observation; the arguments for Providence, drawn from the natural history of animals, being, in my opinion, demonstrative.

The make of every kind of animal is different from that of every other kind; and yet there is not the least turn in the muscles or twist in the fibres of any one, which does not render them more proper for that particular animal's way of life, than any other cast or texture of them would have been.

The most violent appetites in all creatures are *lust* and *hunger:* the first is a perpetual call upon them to propagate their kind; the latter to preserve themselves.

It is astonishing to consider the different degrees of care that descend from the parent of the young, so far as is absolutely necessary for the leaving a posterity. Some creatures cast their eggs as chance directs them, and think of them no farther, as insects, and several kinds of fish; others, of a nicer frame, find out proper beds to deposit them in, and there leave them, as the serpent, the crocodile, and ostrich; others hatch their eggs and tend the birth, until it is able to shift for itself.

What can we call the principle which directs every different kind of bird to observe a particular plan in the structure of its nest, and directs all of the same species to work after the same model? It cannot be *imitation;* for though you hatch a crow under a hen, and never let it see any of the works of its own kind, the nest it makes shall be the same, to the laying of a stick, with all the nests of the same species. It cannot be *reason;* for were animals endued with it to as great a degree as man, their buildings would be as different as ours, according to the different conveniences that they would propose to themselves.

Is it not remarkable that the same temper of weather which raises this general warmth in animals, should cover the trees with leaves, and the fields with grass, for their security and concealment, and produce such infinite swarms of insects for the support and sustenance of their respective broods?

Is it not wonderful, that the love of the parent should be so violent while it lasts, and that it should last no longer than is necessary for the preservation of the young?

The violence of this natural love is exemplified by a very barbarous experiment; which I shall quote at length, as I find it in an excellent author, and hope my readers will pardon the mentioning such an instance of cruelty, because there is nothing can so effectually show the strength of that principle in animals of which I am here speaking. "A person, who was well skilled in dis-

sections, opened a bitch, and as she lay in the most exquisite torture, offered her one of her young puppies, which she immediately fell a licking; and for the time seemed insensible of her pain: on the removal, she kept her eye fixed on it, and began a wailing sort of cry, which seemed rather to proceed from the loss of her young one, than the sense of her own torments."

But notwithstanding this natural love in brutes is much more violent and intense than in rational creatures, Providence has taken care that it should be no longer troublesome to the parent than it is useful to the young; for so soon as the wants of the latter cease, the mother withdraws her fondness, and leaves them to provide for themselves: and what is a very remarkable circumstance in this part of instinct, we find that the love of the parent may be lengthened out beyond its usual time, if the preservation of the species requires it; as we may see in birds that drive away their young as soon as they are able to get their livelihood, but continue to feed them if they are tied to the nest, or confined within a cage, or by any other means appear to be out of a condition of supplying their own necessities.

This natural love is not observed in animals to ascend from the young to the parent, which is not at all necessary for the continuance of the species: nor indeed in reasonable creatures does it rise in any proportion, as it spreads itself downwards; for in all family affection, we find protection granted, and favours bestowed, are greater motives to love and tenderness, than safety, benefits, or life received.

One would wonder to hear sceptical men disputing for the reason of animals, and telling us it is only our pride and prejudices that will not allow them the use of that faculty.

Reason shows itself in all occurrences of life; whereas the brute makes no discovery of such a talent, but what immediately regards his own preservation, or the continuance of his species. Animals in their generation are wiser than the sons of men; but their wisdom is confined to a few particulars, and lies in a very narrow compass. Take a brute out of his instinct, and you find him wholly deprived of understanding.—To use an instance that comes often under observation:

With what caution does the hen provide herself a nest in places unfrequented, and free from noise and disturbance! When she has laid her eggs in such a manner that she can cover them, what care does she take in turning them frequently, that all parts may partake of the vital warmth! When she leaves them, to provide for her necessary sustenance, how punctually does she return before they have time to cool, and become incapable of producing an animal! In the summer you see her giving herself greater freedoms, and quitting her care for above two hours together; but in winter, when the rigour of the season would chill the principles of life, and destroy the young one, she grows more assiduous in her attendance, and stays away but half the time. When the birth approaches, with how much nicety and attention does she help the chick to break its prison! Not to take notice of her covering it from the injuries of the weather, providing it proper nourishment, and teaching it to help itself; nor to mention her forsaking the nest, if after the usual time of reckoning, the young one does not make its appearance. A chymical operation could not be followed with greater art or diligence, than is seen in the hatching of a chick; though there are many other birds that show an infinitely greater sagacity in all the forementioned particulars.

But at the same time the hen, that has all this seeming ingenuity (which is indeed absolutely necessary for the propagation of the species,) considered in other respects, is without the least glimmerings of thought or common sense. She mistakes a piece of chalk for an egg, and sits upon it in the same manner: she is insensible of any increase or diminution in the number of those she lays: she does not distinguish between her own and those of another species; and when the birth appears of never so different a bird, will cherish it for her own. In all these circumstances, which do not carry an immediate regard to the subsistence of herself or her species, she is a very idiot.

There is not, in my opinion, any thing more mysterious in nature, than this instinct in animals, which thus rises above reason, and falls infinitely short of it. It cannot be accounted for by any properties in matter, and at the same time works after so odd a manner, that one cannot think it the faculty of an intellectual being. For my own part, I look upon it as upon the principle of gravitation in bodies, which is not to be explained by any known qualities inherent in the bodies themselves, nor from any laws of mechanism, but, according to the best notions of the greatest philosophers, is an immediate impression from the first Mover, and the divine energy acting in the creatures. *Spectator.*

§ 22. *The Necessity of forming religious Principles at an early Age.*

As soon as you are capable of reflection, you must perceive that there is a right and a wrong in human actions. You see that those who are born with the same advantages of fortune, are not all equally prosperous in the course of life. While some of them, by wise and steady conduct, attain distinction in the world, and pass their days with comfort and honour; others of the same rank, by mean and vicious behaviour, forfeit the advantages of their birth, involve themselves in much misery, and end in being a disgrace to their friends, and a burden on society. Early, then, you may learn that it is not on the external condition in which you find yourselves placed, but on the part which you are to act, that your welfare or unhappiness, your honour or infamy, depend. Now, when beginning to act that part, what can be of greater moment, than to regulate your plan of conduct with the most serious attention, before you have yet committed any fatal or irretrievable errors? If, instead of exerting reflection for this valuable purpose, you deliver yourselves up, at so critical a time, to sloth and pleasure; if you refuse to listen to any counsellor but humour, or to attend to any pursuit except that of amusement; if you allow yourselves to float loose and careless on the tide of life, ready to receive any direction which the current of fashion may chance to give you; what can you expect to follow from such beginnings? While so many around you are undergoing the sad consequences of a like indiscretion, for what reason shall not these consequences extend to you? Shall you only attain success without that preparation, and escape dangers without that precaution, which is required of others? Shall happiness grow up to you of its own accord, and solicit your acceptance, when, to the rest of mankind, it is the fruit of long cultivation, and the acquisition of labour and care?—Deceive not yourselves with such arrogant hopes. Whatever be your rank, Providence will not, for your sake, reverse its established order. By listening to wise admonitions, and tempering the vivacity of youth with

a proper mixture of serious thought, you may ensure cheerfulness for the rest of your life; but by delivering yourselves up at present to giddiness and levity, you lay the foundation of lasting heaviness of heart.

Blair.

§ 23. *The Acquisition of virtuous Dispositions and Habits a necessary Part of Education.*

When you look forward to those plans of life, which either your circumstances have suggested, or your friends have proposed, you will not hesitate to acknowledge, that in order to pursue them with advantage, some previous discipline is requisite. Be assured, that whatever is to be your profession, no education is more necessary to your success, than the acquirement of virtuous dispositions and habits. This is the universal preparation for every character, and every station in life. Bad as the world is, respect is always paid to virtue. In the usual course of human affairs it will be found, that a plain understanding, joined with acknowledged worth, contributes more to prosperity, than the brightest parts without probity or honour. Whether science, or business, or public life, be your aim, virtue still enters, for a principal share, into all those great departments of society. It is connected with eminence, in every liberal art; with reputation, in every branch of fair and useful business; with distinction, in every public station. The vigour which it gives the mind, and the weight which it adds to character; the generous sentiments which it breathes; the undaunted spirit which it inspires, the ardour of diligence which it quickens, the freedom which it procures from pernicious and dishonourable avocations, are the foundations of all that is high in fame or great in success among men. Whatever ornamental or engaging endowments you now possess, virtue is a necessary requisite, in order to their shining with proper lustre. Feeble are the attractions of the fairest form, if it be suspected that nothing within corresponds to the pleasing appearance without. Short are the triumphs of wit, when it is supposed to be the vehicle of malice. By whatever arts you may at first attract the attention, you can hold the esteem and secure the hearts of others only by amiable dispositions and the accomplishments of the mind. These are the qualities whose influence will last, when the lustre of all that once sparkled and dazzled has passed away.

Ibid.

§ 24. *The Happiness and Dignity of Manhood depend upon the Conduct of the youthful Age.*

Let not the season of youth be barren of improvements, so essential to your felicity and honour. Your character is now of your own forming; your fate is in some measure put into your own hands. Your nature is as yet pliant and soft. Habits have not established their dominion. Prejudices have not pre-occupied your understanding. The world has not had time to contract and debase your affections. All your powers are more vigorous, disembarrassed and free, than they will be at any future period. Whatever impulse you now give to your desires and passions, the direction is likely to continue. It will form the channel in which your life is to run; nay, it may determine an everlasting issue. Consider then the employment of this important period as the highest trust which shall ever be committed to you; as, in a great measure, decisive of your happiness, in time and in eternity. As in the succession of the seasons, each, by the invariable laws of nature, affects the productions of

what is next in course; so, in human life, every period of our age, according as it is well or ill spent, influences the happiness of that which is to follow. Virtuous youth gradually brings forward accomplished and flourishing manhood; and such manhood passes of itself, without uneasiness, into respectable and tranquil old age. But when nature is turned out of its regular course, disorder takes place in the moral, just as in the vegetable world. If the spring put forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit: so, if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will be contemptible, and old age miserable. *Blair.*

§ 25. *Piety to God the Foundation of good Morals.*

What I shall first recommend is piety to God. With this I begin, both as the foundation of good morals, and as a disposition particularly graceful and becoming in youth. To be void of it, argues a cold heart, destitute of some of the best affections which belong to that age. Youth is the season of warm and generous emotions. The heart should then spontaneously rise into the admiration of what is great; glow with the love of what is fair and excellent; and melt at the discovery of tenderness and goodness. Where can any object be found, so proper to kindle those affections, as the Father of the universe, and the Author of all felicity? Unmoved by veneration, can you contemplate that grandeur and majesty which his works every where display? Untouched by gratitude, can you view that profusion of good, which, in this pleasing season of life, his beneficent hand pours around you? Happy in the love and affection of those with whom you are connected, look up to the Supreme Being, as the inspirer of all the friendship which has ever been shown you by others; himself your best and your first friend; formerly, the supporter of your infancy, and the guide of your childhood: now, the guardian of your youth, and the hope of your coming years. View religious homage as a natural expression of gratitude to him for all his goodness. Consider it as the service of the God of your fathers; of him to whom your parents devoted you; of him whom in former ages your ancestors honoured; and by whom they are now rewarded and blessed in heaven. Connected with so many tender sensibilities of soul, let religion be with you, not the cold and barren offspring of speculation, but the warm and vigorous dictate of the heart. *Ibid.*

§ 26. *Religion never to be treated with Levity.*

Impress your minds with reverence for all that is sacred. Let no wantonness of youthful spirits, no compliance with the intemperate mirth of others, ever betray you into profane sallies. Besides the guilt which is thereby incurred, nothing gives a more odious appearance of petulance and presumption to youth, than the affectation of treating religion with levity. Instead of being an evidence of superior understanding, it discovers a pert and shallow mind; which, vain of the first smatterings of knowledge, presumes to make light of what the rest of mankind revere. At the same time, you are not to imagine, that when exhorted to be religious, you are called upon to become more formal and solemn in your manners than others of the same years; or to erect yourselves into supercilious reprovers of those around you. The spirit of true religion breathes gentleness and affability. It gives a native unaffected ease to the behaviour. It is social, kind, and cheerful; far removed from that

gloomy and illiberal superstition which clouds the brows, sharpens the temper, dejects the spirit, and teaches men to fit themselves for another world, by neglecting the concerns of this. Let your religion, on the contrary, connect preparation for heaven with an honourable discharge of the duties of active life. Of such religion discover, on every proper occasion, that you are not ashamed; but avoid making any unnecessary ostentation of it before the world.

Blair.

§ 27. *Modesty and Docility to be joined to Piety.*

To piety join modesty and docility, reverence of your parents, and submission to those who are your superiors in knowledge, in station, and in years. Dependence and obedience belong to youth. Modesty is one of its chief ornaments; and has ever been esteemed a presage of rising merit. When entering on the career of life, it is your part, not to assume the reins as yet into your hands; but to commit yourselves to the guidance of the more experienced, and to become wise by the wisdom of those who have gone before you. Of all the follies incident to youth, there are none which either deform its present appearance, or blast the prospect of its future prosperity, more than self-conceit, presumption, and obstinacy. By checking its natural progress in improvement, they fix it in long immaturity; and frequently produce mischiefs which can never be repaired. Yet these are vices too commonly found among the young. Big with enterprise, and elated by hope, they resolve to trust for success to none but themselves. Full of their own abilities, they deride the admonitions which are given them by their friends, as the timorous suggestions of age. Too wise to learn, too impatient to deliberate, too forward to be restrained, they plunge, with precipitant indiscretion, into the midst of all the dangers with which life abounds. *Ibid.*

§ 28. *Sincerity and Truth recommended.*

It is necessary to recommend to you sincerity and truth. This is the basis of every virtue. That darkness of character, where we can see no heart; those foldings of art, through which no native affection is allowed to penetrate, present an object, unamiable in every season of life, but particularly odious in youth. If, at an age when the heart is warm, when the emotions are strong, and when nature is expected to show herself free and open, you can already smile and deceive, what are we to look for, when you shall be longer hackneyed in the ways of men; when interest shall have completed the obduration of your heart, and experience shall have improved you in all the arts of guile? Dissimulation in youth is the forerunner of perfidy in old age. Its first appearance is the fatal omen of growing depravity and future shame. It degrades parts and learning; obscures the lustre of every accomplishment; and sinks you into contempt with God and man. As you value, therefore, the approbation of Heaven, or the esteem of the world, cultivate the love of truth. In all your proceedings, be direct and consistent. Ingenuity and candour possess the most powerful charm; they bespeak universal favour, and carry an apology for almost every failing. The path of truth is a plain and safe path; that of falsehood is a perplexing maze. After the first departure from sincerity, it is not in your power to stop. One artifice unavoidably leads on to another; till, as the intricacy of the labyrinth increases, you are left entangled in your own snare. Deceit discovers a little mind, which

stops at temporary expedients, without rising to comprehensive views of conduct. It betrays, at the same time, a dastardly spirit. It is the resource of one who wants courage to avow his designs, or to rest upon himself. Whereas, openness of character displays that generous boldness which ought to distinguish youth. To set out in the world with no other principle than a crafty attention to interest, betokens one who is destined for creeping through the inferior walks of life: but to give an early preference to honour above gain, when they stand in competition; to despise every advantage, which cannot be attained without dishonest arts; to brook no meanness, and to stoop to no dissimulation; are the indications of a great mind, the presages of future eminence and distinction in life. At the same time this virtuous sincerity is perfectly consistent with the most prudent vigilance and caution. It is opposed to cunning, not to true wisdom. It is not the simplicity of a weak and improvident, but the candour of an enlarged and noble mind; of one who scorns deceit, because he accounts it both base and unprofitable; and who seeks no disguise, because he needs none to hide him.

Blair.

§ 29. *Benevolence and Humanity.*

Youth is the proper season of cultivating the benevolent and humane affections. As a great part of your happiness is to depend on the connexions which you form with others, it is of high importance that you acquire betimes the temper and the manners which will render such connexions comfortable. Let a sense of justice be the foundation of all your social qualities. In your most early intercourse with the world, and even in your youthful amusements, let no unfairness be found. Engrave on your mind that sacred rule, of "doing in all things to others, according as you wish that they should do unto you." For this end, impress yourselves with a deep sense of the original and natural equality of men. Whatever advantages of birth or fortune you possess, never display them with an ostentatious superiority. Leave the subordinations of rank to regulate the intercourse of more advanced years. At present it becomes you to act among your companions, as man with man. Remember how unknown to you are the vicissitudes of the world; and how often they, on whom ignorant and contemptuous young men once looked down with scorn, have risen to be their superiors in future years. Compassion is an emotion of which you never ought to be ashamed. Graceful in youth is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. Let not ease and indulgence contract your affections, and wrap you up in selfish enjoyment. Accustom yourselves to think of the distresses of human life; of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan. Never sport with pain and distress, in any of your amusements; nor treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty. *Ibid.*

§ 30. *Courtesy and engaging Manners.*

In order to render yourselves amiable in society, correct every appearance of harshness in behaviour. Let that courtesy distinguish your demeanour, which springs not so much from studied politeness, as from a mild and gentle heart. Follow the customs of the world in matters indifferent; but stop when they become sinful. Let your manners be simple and natural; and of course they will be engaging. Affectation is certain deformity. By forming yourselves on fantastic models, and vieing with

one another in every reigning folly, the young begin with being ridiculous, and end in being vicious and immoral. *Blair.*

§ 31. *Temperance in Pleasure recommended.*

Let me particularly exhort youth to temperance in pleasure. Let me admonish them to beware of that rock on which thousands, from race to race, continue to split. The love of pleasure, natural to man in every period of his life, glows at this age with excessive ardour. Novelty adds fresh charms, as yet, to every gratification. The world appears to spread a continual feast; and health, vigour, and high spirits, invite them to partake of it without restraint. In vain we warn them of latent dangers. Religion is accused of insufferable severity, in prohibiting enjoyment; and the old, when they offer their admonition, are upbraided with having forgot that they once were young.—And yet, my friends, to what do the constraints of religion, and the counsels of age, with respect to pleasure, amount? They may all be comprised in a few words—not to hurt yourselves, and not to hurt others, by your pursuit of pleasure. Within these bounds, pleasure is lawful; beyond them it becomes criminal, because it is ruinous. Are these restraints any other than what a wise man would choose to impose on himself? We call you not to renounce pleasure, but to enjoy it in safety. Instead of abridging it, we exhort you to pursue it on an extensive plan. We propose measures for securing its possession, and for prolonging its duration. *Ibid.*

§ 32. *Whatever violates Nature, cannot afford true Pleasure.*

Consult your whole nature. Consider yourselves not only as sensitive, but as rational beings; not only as rational, but social; not only as social, but immortal. Whatever violates your nature in any of these respects, cannot afford true pleasure; any more than that which undermines an essential part of the vital system, can promote health. For the truth of this conclusion, we appeal not merely to the authority of religion, nor to the testimony of the aged, but to yourselves, and your own experience. We ask, whether you have not found, that in a course of criminal excess, your pleasure was more than compensated by succeeding pain? Whether, if not from every particular instance, yet from every habit, at least, of unlawful gratification, there did not spring some thorn to wound you; there did not arise some consequence to make you repent of it in the issue? How long will you repeat the same round of pernicious folly, and tamely expose yourselves to be caught in the same snare? If you have any consideration, or any firmness left, avoid temptations, for which you have found yourselves unequal, with as much care as you would shun pestilential infection. Break off all connexions with the loose and profligate *Ibid.*

§ 33. *Industry and Application.*

Diligence, industry, and proper improvement of time, are material duties of the young. To no purpose are they endowed with the best abilities, if they want activity for exerting them. Unavailing, in this case, will be every direction that can be given them, either for their temporal or spiritual welfare. In youth, the habits of industry are most easily acquired; in youth the incentives to it are strongest, from ambition and from duty, from emulation and hope, from all the prospects which the beginning of life affords. If, dead to these calls, you already languish in slothful in-

action, what will be able to quicken the more sluggish current of advancing years? Industry is not only the instrument of improvement, but the foundation of pleasure. Nothing is so opposite to the true enjoyment of life, as the relaxed and feeble state of an indolent mind. He who is a stranger to industry, may possess, but he cannot enjoy. For it is labour only which gives the relish to pleasure. It is the appointed vehicle of every good man. It is the indispensable condition of our possessing a sound mind in a sound body. Sloth is so inconsistent with both, that it is hard to determine, whether it be a greater foe to virtue, or to health and happiness. Inactive as it is in itself, its effects are fatally powerful. Though it appear a slowly-flowing stream, yet it undermines all that is stable and flourishing. It not only saps the foundation of every virtue, but pours upon you a deluge of crimes and evils. It is like water which first putrefies by stagnation, and then sends up noxious vapours, and fills the atmosphere with death. Fly, therefore, from idleness, as the certain parent both of guilt and of ruin. And under idleness I include, not mere inaction only, but all that circle of trifling occupations, in which too many saunter away their youth; perpetually engaged in frivolous society, or public amusements; in the labours of dress, or the ostentation of their persons—Is this the foundation which you lay for future usefulness and esteem? By such accomplishments do you hope to recommend yourselves to the thinking part of the world, and to answer the expectations of your friends and your country?—Amusements youth requires: it were vain, it were cruel, to prohibit them. But, though allowable as the relaxation, they are most culpable as the business, of the young. For they then become the gulf of time, and the poison of the mind. They foment bad passions. They weaken the manly powers. They sink the native vigour of youth into contemptible effeminacy. *Blair.*

§ 34. *The Employment of Time.*

Redeeming your time from such dangerous waste, seek to fill it with employments which you may review with satisfaction. The acquisition of knowledge is one of the most honourable occupations of youth. The desire of it discovers a liberal mind, and is connected with many accomplishments and many virtues. But though your train of life should not lead you to study, the course of education always furnishes proper employments to a well disposed mind. Whatever you pursue, be emulous to excel. Generous ambition, and sensibility to praise, are, especially at your age, among the marks of virtue. Think not, that any affluence of fortune, or any elevation of rank, exempts you from the duties of application and industry. Industry is the law of our being; it is the demand of nature, of reason, and of God. Remember always, that the years which now pass over your heads, leave permanent memorials behind them. From your thoughtless minds they may escape; but they remain in the remembrance of God. They form an important part of the register of your life. They will hereafter bear testimony, either for or against you at that day when, for all your actions, but particularly for the employments of youth, you must give an account to God. Whether your future course is destined to be long or short, after this manner it should commence; and, if it continue to be thus conducted, its conclusion, at what time soever it arrives, will not be inglorious or unhappy. *Ibid.*

§ 35. *The Necessity of an early and close Application to Wisdom.*

It is necessary to habituate our

minds, in our younger years, to some employment which may engage our thoughts, and fill the capacity of the soul at a riper age. For, however we may roam in youth from folly to folly, too volatile for rest, too soft and effeminate for industry, ever ambitious to make a splendid figure; yet the time will come when we shall outgrow the relish of childish amusements: and, if we are not provided with a taste for manly satisfactions to succeed in their room, we must of course become miserable, at an age more difficult to be pleased. While men, however unthinking and unemployed, enjoy an inexhaustible flow of vigorous spirits; a constant succession of gay ideas, which flatter and sport in the brain, makes them pleased with themselves, and with every frolic as trifling as themselves; but when the ferment of their blood abates, and the freshness of their youth, like the morning dew, passes away, their spirits flag for want of entertainments more satisfactory in themselves, and more suited to a manly age; and the soul, from a sprightly impertinence, from quick sensations, and florid desires, subsides into a dead calm, and sinks into a flat stupidity. The fire of a glowing imagination (the property of youth) may make folly look pleasing, and lend a beauty to objects, which have none inherent in them; just as the sun beams may paint a cloud, and diversify it with beautiful stains of light, however dark, unsubstantial, and empty in itself. But nothing can shine with undiminished lustre, but religion and knowledge, which are essentially and intrinsically bright. Take it therefore for granted, which you will find by experience, that nothing can be long entertaining, but what is in some measure beneficial; because nothing else will bear a calm and sedate review.

You may be fancied for a while, upon the account of good-nature, the inseparable attendant upon a flush of sanguine health, and a fulness of youthful spirits: but you will find, in process of time, that among the wise and good, useless good-nature is the object of pity, ill-nature of hatred; but nature beautified and improved by an assemblage of moral and intellectual endowments, is the only object of a solid and lasting esteem.

Seed.

§ 36. *The Unhappiness consequent on the Neglect of early improving the Mind.*

There is not a greater inlet to misery and vices of all kinds, than the not knowing how to pass our vacant hours. For what remains to be done, when the first part of their lives, who are not brought up to any manual employment, is slipped away without an acquired relish for reading, or taste for other rational satisfactions? That they should pursue their pleasures?—But, religion apart, common prudence will warn them to tie up the wheel as they begin to go down the hill of life. Shall they then apply themselves to their studies? Alas! the seed-time is already past: the enterprising and spirited ardour of youth being over, without having been applied to those valuable purposes for which it was given, all ambition of excelling upon generous and laudable schemes quite stagnates. If they have not some poor expedient to deceive the time, or, to speak more properly, to deceive themselves, the length of a day will seem tedious to them, who, perhaps, have the unreasonableness to complain of the shortness of life in general. When the former part of our life has been nothing but vanity, the latter end of it can be nothing but vexation. In short, we must be miserable, without some employment to fix, or some amusement to dissipate our thoughts: the latter we cannot command in all

places, nor relish at all times; and therefore there is an absolute necessity for the former. We may pursue this or that new pleasure; we may be fond for a while of a new acquisition; but when the graces of novelty are worn off, and the briskness of our first desire is over, the transition is very quick and sudden, from an eager fondness to a cool indifference. Hence there is a restless agitation in our minds, still craving something new, still unsatisfied with it, when possessed; till melancholy increases, as we advance in years, like shadows lengthening towards the close of day.

Hence it is that men of this stamp are continually complaining that the times are altered for the worse: because the sprightliness of their youth represented every thing in the most engaging light; and when men are in high good humour with themselves, they are apt to be so with all around; the face of nature brightens up, and the sun shines with a more agreeable lustre: but when old age has cut them off from the enjoyment of false pleasures, and habitual vice has given them a distaste for the only true and lasting delights; when a retrospect of their past lives presents nothing to view but one wide tract of uncultivated ground; a soul distempered with spleen, remorse, and an insensibility of each rational satisfaction, darkens and discolours every object; and the change is not in the times, but in them, who have been forsaken by those gratifications which they would not forsake.

How much otherwise is it with those who have laid up an inexhaustible fund of knowledge! When a man has been laying out that time in the pursuit of some great and important truth, which others waste in a circle of gay follies, he is conscious of having acted up to the dignity of his nature; and from that consciousness there results that serene complacency, which, though not so violent, is much preferable to the pleasures of the animal life. He can travel on from strength to strength; for, in literature as in war, each new conquest which he gains, empowers him to push his conquests still farther, and to enlarge the empire of reason: thus he is ever in a progressive state, still making new acquirements, still animated with hopes of future discoveries. *Seed.*

§ 37. *Great Talents not requisite for the common Duties of Life.*

Some may allege, in bar to what I have said, as an excuse for their indolence, the want of proper talents to make any progress in learning. To which I answer, that few stations require uncommon abilities to discharge them well; for the ordinary offices of life, that share of apprehension which falls to the bulk of mankind, provided we improve it, will serve well enough. Bright and sparkling parts are like diamonds, which may adorn the proprietor, but are not necessary for the good of the world; whereas common sense is like current coin; we have every day, in the ordinary occurrences of life, occasion for it: and if we would but call it into action, it would carry us much greater lengths than we seem to be aware of. Men may extol, as much as they please, fine, exalted and superior sense; yet common sense, if attended with humility and industry, is the best guide to beneficial truth, and the best preservative against any fatal errors in knowledge, and notorious misconducts in life. For none are, in the nature of the thing, more liable to error, than those who have a distaste for plain sober sense and dry reasoning; which yet is the case of those whose warm and elevated imagination, whose uncommon fire and vivacity, make them in love with nothing but what is striking, marvellous, and dazzling: for

great wits, like great beauties, look upon mere esteem as a flat insipid thing; nothing less than admiration will content them. To gain the good-will of mankind, by being useful to them, is in their opinion, a poor, low, grovelling aim; their ambition is to draw the eyes of the world upon them, by dazzling and surprising them; a temper which draws them off from the love of truth, and consequently subjects them to gross mistakes: for they will not love truth as such; they will love it only when it happens to be surprising and uncommon, which few important truths are. The love of novelty will be the predominant passion; that of truth will only influence them, when it does not interfere with it. Perhaps nothing sooner misleads men out of the road of truth, than to have the wild, dancing light of a bright imagination playing before them. Perhaps they have too much life and spirit to have patience enough to go to the bottom of a subject, and trace up every argument, through a long tedious process, to its original. Perhaps they have that delicacy of make which fits them for a swift and speedy race, but does not enable them to carry a great weight, or to go through any long journey; whereas men of fewer ideas, who lay them in order, compare and examine them, and go on, step by step, in a gradual chain of thinking, make up by industry and caution what they want in quickness of apprehension. Be not discouraged, if you do not meet with success at first. Observe, (for it lies within the compass of any man's observation,) that he who has been long habituated to one kind of knowledge, is utterly at a loss in another, to which he is unaccustomed; till, by repeated efforts, he finds a progressive opening of his faculties; and then he wonders how he could be so long in finding out a connexion of ideas, which to a practised understanding, is very obvious. But by neglecting to use your faculties, you will, in time, lose the very power of using them. *Seed.*

§ 38. *Riches or Fortune no Excuse to exempt any from Study.*

Others there are, who plead an exemption from study, because their fortune makes them independent of the world, and they need not be beholden to it for a maintenance—that is, because their situation in life exempts them from the necessity of spending their time in servile offices and hardships, therefore they may dispose of it just as they please. It is to imagine, because God has empowered them to single out the best means of employing their hours, viz. in reading and meditation; in the highest instances of piety and charity; therefore they may throw them away in a round of impertinence, vanity, and folly. The apostle's rule, "that if any man will not work, neither should he eat," extends to the rich as well as the poor; only supposing, that there are different kinds of work assigned to each. The reason is the same in both cases, viz. that he who will do no good, ought not to receive or enjoy any. As we are all joint traders and partners in life, he forfeits his right to any share in the common stock of happiness, who does not endeavour to contribute his quota or allotted part to it: the public happiness being nothing but the sum total of each individual's contribution to it. An easy fortune does not set men free from labour and industry in general; it only exempts them from some particular kinds of labour: it is not a blessing, as it gives them liberty to do nothing at all; but as it gives them liberty wisely to choose, and steadily to prosecute, the most ennobling exercises, and the most improving employments, the pursuit of truth, the practice of virtue, the ser

vice of God who giveth them all things richly to enjoy, in short, the doing and being every thing that is commendable; though nothing merely in order to be commended. That time which others must employ in tilling the ground (which often deceives their expectation) with the sweat of their brow, they may lay out in cultivating the mind, a soil always grateful to the care of the tiller.—The sum of what I would say, is this: That, though you are not confined to any particular calling, yet you have a general one; which is, to watch over your heart, and to improve your head; to make yourself master of all those accomplishments —an enlarged compass of thought, that flowing humanity and generosity, which are necessary to become a great fortune; and of all those perfections, viz. moderation, humility, and temperance, which are necessary to bear a small one patiently; but especially it is your duty to acquire a taste for those pleasures, which, after they are tasted, go off agreeably, and leave behind them a grateful and delightful flavour on the mind. *Seed.*

§ 39. *The Pleasures resulting from a prudent Use of our Faculties.*

Happy that man, who, unembarrassed by vulgar cares, master of himself, his time, and fortune, spends his time in making himself wiser, and his fortune in making others (and therefore himself) happier: who, as the will and understanding are the two ennobling faculties of the soul, thinks himself not complete, till his understanding be beautified with the valuable furniture of knowledge, as well as his will enriched with every virtue; who has furnished himself with all the advantages to relish solitude, and enliven conversation; when serious, not sullen; and when cheerful, not indiscreetly gay; his ambition, not to be admired for a false glare of greatness, but to be beloved for the gentle and sober lustre of his wisdom and goodness. The greatest minister of state has not more business to do in a public capacity, than he, and indeed every man else, may find in the retired and still scenes of life. Even in his private walks, every thing that is visible convinceth him there is present a Being invisible. Aided by natural philosophy, he reads plain legible traces of the Divinity in every thing he meets: he sees the Deity in every tree, as well as Moses did in the burning bush, though not in so glaring a manner: and when he sees him, he adores him with the tribute of a grateful heart. *Ibid.*

§ 40. *The justly valuing and duly using the Advantages enjoyed in a Place of Education.*

One considerable advantage is, that regular method of study, too much neglected in other places, which obtains here. Nothing is more common elsewhere, than for persons to plunge, at once, into the very depth of science, (far beyond their own,) without having learned the first rudiments: nothing more common, than for some to pass themselves upon the world for great scholars, by the help of universal Dictionaries, Abridgments, and Indexes; by which means they gain an useless smattering in every branch of literature, just enough to enable them to talk fluently, or rather impertinently, upon most subjects; but not to think justly and deeply upon any: like those who have a general superficial acquaintance with almost every body. To cultivate an intimate and entire friendship with one or two worthy persons, would be of more service to them. The true genuine way to make a substantial scholar, is what takes place here,——to begin with

those general principles of reasoning, upon which all science depends, and which give a light to every part of literature, to make gradual advances, a slow but sure process; to travel gently, with proper guides to direct us, through the most beautiful and fruitful regions of knowledge in general, before we fix ourselves in, and confine ourselves to, any particular province of it; it being the great secret of education, not to make a man a complete master of any branch of science, but to give his mind that freedom, openness, and extent, which shall empower him to master it, or indeed any other, whenever he shall turn the bent of his studies that way; which is best done, by setting before him, in his earlier years, a general view of the whole intellectual world: whereas, an early and entire attachment to one particular calling, narrows the abilities of the mind to that degree, that he can scarce think out of that track to which he is accustomed.

The next advantage I shall mention is, a direction in the choice of authors upon the most material subjects. For it is perhaps a great truth, that learning might be reduced to a much narrower compass, if one were to read none but original authors, those who write chiefly from their own fund of sense, without treading servilely in the steps of others.

Here, too, a generous emulation quickens our endeavours, and the friend improves the scholar. The tediousness of the way to truth is insensibly beguiled by having fellow-travellers, who keep an even pace with us: each light dispenses a brighter flame, by mixing its social rays with those of others. Here we live sequestered from noise and hurry, far from the great scene of business, vanity, and idleness; our hours are all our own. Here it is, as in the Athenian torch-race, where a series of men have successively transmitted from one to another the torch of knowledge; and no sooner has one quitted it, but another equally able takes the lamp, to dispense light to all within its sphere. *Seed.*

§ 41. *Diffidence of one's Abilities, an Indication of good Sense.*

Consider, that it is a sure indication of good sense to be diffident of it. We then, and not till then, are growing wise, when we begin to discern how weak and unwise we are. An absolute perfection of understanding is impossible: he makes the nearest approaches to it, who has the sense to discern, and the humility to acknowledge its imperfections. Modesty always sits gracefully upon youth; it covers a multitude of faults, and doubles the lustre of every virtue which it seems to hide: the perfections of men being like those flowers which appear more beautiful when their leaves are a little contracted and folded up, than when they are full blown, and display themselves, without any reserve, to the view.

We are some of us very fond of knowledge, and apt to value ourselves upon any proficiency in the sciences; one science, however, there is, worth more than all the rest, and that is, the science of living well; which shall remain, when, "Whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away." As to new notions, and new doctrines, of which this age is very fruitful, the time will come, when we shall have no pleasure in them: nay, the time shall come, when they shall be exploded, and would have been forgotten, if they had not been preserved in those excellent books, which contain a confutation of them: like insects preserved for ages in amber, which otherwise would soon have returned to the common mass of things. But a firm belief of Christianity, and a

practice suitable to it, will support and invigorate the mind to the last, and most of all at last, at that important hour, which must decide our hopes and apprehensions: and the wisdom, which, like our Saviour, cometh from above, will, through his merits, bring us thither. And indeed, all our other studies and pursuits, however different, ought to be subservient to, and centre in this grand point, the pursuit of eternal happiness, by being good in ourselves, and useful to the world.

Seed.

§ 42. *The Necessity of peculiar Temperance in Places of Education.*

From a thorough insight into human nature, with a watchful eye, and kind attention to the vanity and intemperate heat of youth, with well-weighed measures for the advancement of all useful literature, and the continual support and increase of virtue and piety, have the wise and religious institutors of the rules of conduct and government in places of education, done all that human prudence could do, to promote the most excellent and beneficial design, by the most rational and well-concerted means. They first laid the foundation well, in the discipline and regulation of the appetites. They put them under the restraint of wholesome and frugal rules, to place them out of the reach of intemperance, and to preclude an excess that would serve only to corrupt, inflame, and torment them. They are fed with food convenient for them; with simplicity yet sufficiency; with a kind though cautious hand. By this means, the seeds of vice are stifled in their birth; young persons are here removed from temptations, to which others, from a less happy situation, are too frequently exposed; and by an early habit of temperance and self-command, they may learn either to prevent all irregular solicitations, or with ease to control them. Happy are they who, by a thankful enjoyment of these advantages, and a willing compliance with these rules, lay up in store for the rest of their life, virtue, health, and peace! Vain, indeed, would be the expectation of any real progress in intellectual and moral improvements, were not the foundation thus laid in strict regularity and temperance; were the sensual appetites to be pampered in youth, or even vitiated with that degree of indulgence which an extravagant world may allow and call elegance, but in a place of education would be downright luxury. The taste of sensual pleasures must be checked and abated in them, that they may acquire a relish of the more sublime pleasures that result from reason and religion; that they may pursue them with effect, and enjoy them without avocation. And have they not in this place every motive, assistance and encouragement to engage them in a virtuous and moral life, and to animate them in the attainment of useful learning? What rank or condition of youth is there, that has not daily and hourly opportunities of laying in supplies of knowledge and virtue, that will in every station of life be equally serviceable and ornamental to themselves, and beneficial to mankind? And shall any one dare to convert a house of discipline and learning into a house of dissoluteness, extravagance, and riot? With what an aggravation of guilt do they load themselves, who at the same time that they are pursuing their own unhappiness, sacrilegiously break through all the fences of good order and government, and by their practice, seducement, and example, do what in them lies, to introduce into these schools of frugality, sobriety, and temperance, all the mad vices

and vain gaieties of a licentious and voluptuous age! What have they to answer for, who, while they profligately squander away that most precious part of time, which is the only season of application and improvement, to their own irretrievable loss, encourage one another in an idle and sensual course of life, and by spreading wide the contagion, reflect a scandal upon, and strive to bring into public disesteem, the place of their education, where industry, literature, virtue, decency, and whatever else is praise-worthy, did for ages flourish and abound? Is this the genuine fruit of the pious care of our ancestors, for the security and propagation of religion and good manners, to the latest posterity? Is this at last the reward of their munificence? Or does this conduct correspond with their views, or with the just expectations and demands of your friends and your country?

Tottie.

§ 43. *Valuable Opportunities once lost cannot be recalled.*

Nor let any one vainly imagine, that the time and valuable opportunities which are now lost, can hereafter be recalled at will; or that he who has run out his youthful days in dissipation and pleasure, will have it in his power to stop when he pleases, and make a wiser use of his riper years. Yet this is too generally the fallacious hope that flatters the youth in his sensual indulgences, and leads him insensibly on in the treacherous ways of vice, till it is now too late to return. There are few, who at one plunge so totally immerge in pleasures, as to drown at once all power of reason and conscience; they promise themselves, that they can indulge their appetites to such a point only, and can check and turn them back when they have run their allotted race. I do not indeed say, that there never have been persons in whom the strong ferment of youthful lusts may have happily subsided, and who may have brought forth fruits of amendment, and displayed many eminent virtues. God forbid! that even the most licentious vices of youth should be absolutely incorrigible. But I may venture to affirm, that the instances in this case have been so rare, that it is very dangerous for any one to trust to the experiment, upon a presumption that he shall add to the number. The only sure way to make any proficiency in a virtuous life, is to set out in it betimes. It is then, when our inclinations are trained up in the way that they should lead us, that custom soon makes the best habits the most agreeable; the ways of wisdom become the ways of pleasantness, and every step we advance, they grow more easy and more delightful. But, on the contrary, when vicious, headstrong appetites are to be reclaimed, and inveterate habits to be corrected, what security can we give ourselves, that we shall have either inclination, resolution, or power to stop and turn back, and recover the right way from which we have so long and so widely wandered, and enter upon a new life, when perhaps our strength now faileth us, and we know not how near we may be to our journey's end? These reflections I have suggested principally for the sake of those, who allowing themselves in greater indulgences than are consistent with a liberal and virtuous education, give evident proofs that they are not sufficiently aware of the dangerous encroachments, and the peculiar deceitfulness of pleasurable sin. Happy for them, would they once seriously consider their ways! and no time can be more proper, than when these solemn seasons of recollection and religious discipline should particularly dispose them to seriousness and thought. They would then discover, that

though they are awhile carried gently and supinely down the smooth stream of pleasure, yet soon the torrent will grow too violent to be stemmed; the waves will arise, and dash them upon rocks, or sink them in whirlpools. It is therefore the part of prudence to stop short while they may, and to divert their course into a different channel; which, whatever obstructions and difficulties they may labour with at first, will every day become more practicable and pleasing, and will assuredly carry them to a serene and secure haven.

Tottie.

§ 44. *The Beginnings of Evil to be resisted.*

Think not, as I am afraid too many do, that because your passions have not hurried you into atrocious deeds, they have therefore wrought no mischief, and have left no sting behind them. By a continued series of loose, though apparently trivial gratifications, the heart is often as thoroughly corrupted, as by the commission of any one of those enormous crimes which spring from great ambition, or great revenge. Habit gives the passions strength, while the absence of glaring guilt seemingly justifies them; and, unawakened by remorse, the sinner proceeds in his course, till he wax bold in guilt, and become ripe for ruin: for, by gradual and latent steps, the destruction of our virtues advances. Did the evil unveil itself at the beginning; did the storm which is to overthrow our peace, discover, as it rose, all its horrors, precautions would more frequently be taken against it. But we are imperceptibly betrayed; and from one licentious attachment, one criminal passion, are, by a train of consequences, drawn on to another, till the government of our minds is irrecoverably lost. The enticing and the odious passions are, in this respect, similar in their process; and, though by different roads, conduct at last to the same issue.

Blair.

§ 45. *Order to be observed in Amusements.*

Observe order in your amusements; that is, allow them no more than their proper place; study to keep them within due bounds; mingle them in a temperate succession with serious duties, and the higher business of life. Human life cannot proceed, to advantage, without some measure of relaxation and entertainment. We require relief from care. We are not formed for a perpetual stretch of serious thought. By too intense and continued application, our feeble powers would soon be worn out. At the same time, from our propensity to ease and pleasure, amusement proves, among all ranks of men, the most dangerous foe to order: for it tends incessantly to usurp and encroach, to widen its territories, to thrust itself into the place of more important concerns, and thereby to disturb and counteract the natural course of things. One frivolous amusement indulged out of season, will often carry perplexity and confusion through a long succession of affairs.

Amusements, therefore, though they be of an innocent kind, require steady government, to keep them within a due and limited province But such as are of an irregular and vicious nature, require not to be governed, but to be banished from every orderly society. As soon as a man seeks his happiness from the gaming-table, the midnight revel, and the other haunts of licentiousness, confusion seizes upon him as its own. There will no longer be order in his family, nor order in his affairs, nor order in his time. The most important concerns of life are abandoned.

Even the order of nature is by such persons inverted; night is changed into day, and day into night. Character, honour, and interest itself, are trampled under foot. You may with certainty prognosticate the ruin of these men to be just at hand. Disorder, arisen to its height, has nearly accomplished its work. The spots of death are upon them. Let every one who would escape the pestilential contagion, fly with haste from their company. *Blair.*

§ 46. *Order to be preserved in your Society.*

Preserve order in the arrangement of your society; that is, entangle not yourselves in a perpetual and promiscuous crowd; select with prudence and propriety, those with whom you choose to associate; let company and retreat succeed each other at measured intervals. There can be no order in his life, who allots not a due share of his time to retirement and reflection. He can neither prudently arrange his temporal affairs, nor properly attend to his spiritual interests. He lives not to himself, but to the world. By continual dissipation, he is rendered giddy and thoughtless. He contracts unavoidably from the world that spirit of disorder and confusion which is so prevalent in it.

It is not a sufficient preservation against this evil, that the circles of society in which you are engaged are not of a libertine and vicious kind. If they withdraw you from that attention to yourselves, and your domestic concerns, which becomes a good man, they are subversive of order, and inconsistent with your duty. What is innocent in itself, degenerates into a crime, from being carried to excess; and idle, trifling society, is nearly a-kin to such as is corrupting. One of the first principles of order is, to learn to be happy at home It is in domestic retreat that every wise man finds his chief satisfaction. It is there he forms the plans which regulate his public conduct. He who knows not how to enjoy himself when alone, can never be long happy abroad. To his vacant mind, company may afford a temporary relief; but when forced to return to himself, he will be so much more oppressed and languid. Whereas, by a due mixture of public and private life, we keep free of the snares of both, and enjoy each to greater advantage. *Ibid.*

§ 47. *A due Regard to Order necessary in Business, Time, Expense, and Amusements.*

Throughout your affairs, your time, your expense, your amusements, your society, the principle of order must be equally carried, if you expect to reap any of its happy fruits. For if into any one of those great departments of life you suffer disorder to enter, it will spread through all the rest. In vain, for instance, you purpose to be orderly in the conduct of your affairs, if you be irregular in the distribution of your time. In vain you attempt to regulate your expense, if into your amusements, or your society, disorder has crept. You have admitted a principle of confusion which will defeat all your plans, and perplex and entangle what you sought to arrange. Uniformity is above all things necessary to order. If you desire that any thing should proceed according to method and rule, "let all things be done in order."

I must also admonish you, that in small, as well as in great affairs, a due regard to order is requisite. I mean not, that you ought to look on those minute attentions, which are apt to occupy frivolous minds, as connected either with virtue or wisdom: but I exhort you to remember, that disorder, like other immoralities, frequently takes rise from inconsiderable be-

ginnings. They who, in the lesser transactions of life, are totally negligent of rule, will be in hazard of extending that negligence, by degrees, to such affairs and duties as will render them criminal. Remissness grows on all who study not to guard against it; and it is only by frequent exercise, that the habits of order and punctuality can be thoroughly confirmed. *Blair.*

§ 48. *Idleness avoided by the Observation of Order.*

By attending to order, you avoid idleness, that most fruitful source of crimes and evils. Acting upon a plan, meeting every thing in its own place, you constantly find innocent and useful employment for time. You are never at a loss how to dispose of your hours, or to fill up life agreeably. In the course of human action, there are two extremes equally dangerous to virtue; the multiplicity of affairs, and the total want of them. The man of order stands in the middle between these two extremes, and suffers from neither: he is occupied, but not oppressed. Whereas the disorderly, overloading one part of time, and leaving another vacant, are at one period overwhelmed with business, and at another either idle through want of employment, or indolent through perplexity. Those seasons of indolence and idleness, which recur so often in their life, are their most dangerous moments. The mind, unhappy in its situation, and clinging to every object which can occupy or amuse it, is then aptest to throw itself into the arms of every vice and folly.

Farther, by the preservation of order, you check inconstancy and levity. Fickle by nature is the human heart. It is fond of change; and perpetually tends to start aside from the straight line of conduct. Hence arises the propriety of bringing ourselves under subjection to method and rule; which, though at first it may prove constraining, yet by degrees, and from the experience of its happy effects, becomes natural and agreeable. It rectifies those irregularities of temper and manners to which we give the name of caprice; and which are distinguished characteristics of a disorderly mind. It is the parent of steadiness of conduct. It forms consistency of character. It is the ground of all the confidence we repose in one another. For, the disorderly we know not where to find. In him only can we place any trust, who is uniform and regular; who lives by principle, not by humour; who acts upon a plan, and not by desultory motions. *Ibid.*

§ 49. *Order essential to Self-enjoyment and Felicity.*

Consider also how important it is to your self-enjoyment and felicity. Order is the source of peace; and peace is the highest of all temporal blessings. Order is indeed the only region in which tranquillity dwells. The very mention of confusion imports disturbance and vexation. Is it possible for that man to be happy, who cannot look into the state of his affairs, or the tenor of his conduct, without discerning all to be embroiled? who is either in the midst of remorse for what he has neglected to do, or in the midst of hurry to overtake what he finds, too late, was necessary to have been done? Such as live according to order, may be compared to the celestial bodies, which move in regular courses, and by stated laws; whose influence is beneficent; whose operations are quiet and tranquil. The disorderly resemble those tumultuous elements on earth, which, by sudden and violent irruptions, disturb the course of nature. By mismanagement of affairs, by excess in expense, by irregularity

in the indulgence of company and amusement, they are perpetually creating molestation both to themselves and others. They depart from their road to seek pleasure; and instead of it, they every where raise up sorrows. Being always found out of their proper place, they of course interfere and jar with others. The disorders which they raise, never fail to spread beyond their own line, and to involve many in confusion and distress; whence they necessarily become the authors of tumult and contention, of discord and enmity. Whereas order is the foundation of union. It allows every man to carry on his own affairs without disturbing his neighbour. It is the golden chain which holds together the societies of men in friendship and peace. *Blair.*

§ 50. *Experience to be anticipated by Reflection.*

It is observed, that the young and the ignorant are always the most violent in pursuit. The knowledge which is forced upon them by longer acquaintance with the world, moderates their impetuosity. Study then to anticipate, by reflection, that knowledge which experience often purchases at too dear a price. Inure yourselves to frequent consideration of the emptiness of those pleasures which excite so much strife and commotion among mankind. Think how much more of true enjoyment is lost by the violence of passion, than by the want of those things which give occasion to that passion. Persuade yourselves that the favour of God, and the possession of virtue, form the chief happiness of the rational nature. Let a contented mind, and a peaceful life, hold the next place in your estimation. These are the conclusions which the wise and thinking part of mankind have always formed. To these conclusions, after having run the race of passion, you will probably come at the last. By forming them betimes, you would make a seasonable escape from that tempestuous region, through which none can pass without suffering misery, contracting guilt, and undergoing severe remorse. *Ibid.*

§ 51. *The Beginnings of Passion to be opposed.*

Oppose early the beginnings of passion. Avoid particularly all such objects as are apt to excite passions which you know to predominate within you. As soon as you find the tempest rising, have recourse to every proper method, either of allaying its violence, or of escaping to a calmer shore. Hasten to call up emotions of an opposite nature. Study to conquer one passion by means of some other which is of less dangerous tendency. Never account any thing small or trivial, which is in hazard of introducing disorder into your heart. Never make light of any desire which you feel gaining such progress as to threaten entire dominion. Blandishing it will appear at the first. As a gentle and innocent emotion, it may steal into the heart; but as it advances, is likely to pierce you through with many sorrows. What you indulged as a favourite amusement, will shortly become a serious business, and in the end may prove the burden of your life. Most of our passions flatter us in their rise, but their beginnings are treacherous: their growth is imperceptible; and the evils which they carry in their train, lie concealed, until their dominion is established. What Solomon says of one of them, holds true of them all, "that their beginning is as when one letteth out water" It issues from a small chink, which once might have been easily stopped; but being neglected, it is soon widened by the stream, till the bank is at

last totally thrown down, and the flood is at liberty to deluge the whole plain. *Blair.*

§ 52. *The Government of Temper, as included in the Keeping of the Heart.*

Passions are quick and strong emotions, which by degrees subside. Temper is the disposition which remains after these emotions are past, and which forms the habitual propensity of the soul. The one are like the stream when it is swollen by the torrent, and ruffled by the winds; the other resembles it when running within its bed, with its natural force and velocity. The influence of temper is more silent and imperceptible than that of passion; it operates with less violence; but as its operation is constant, it produces effects no less considerable. It is evident, therefore, that it highly deserves to be considered in a religious view.

Many, indeed, are averse to behold it in this light. They place a good temper upon the same footing with a healthy constitution of body. They consider it as a natural felicity which some enjoy; but for the want of which, others are not morally culpable, nor accountable to God: and hence the opinion has sometimes prevailed, that a bad temper might be consistent with a state of grace. If this were true, it would overturn that whole doctrine, of which the gospel is so full, "that regeneration, or change of nature, is the essential characteristic of a christian." It would suppose, that grace might dwell amidst malevolence and rancour, and that heaven might be enjoyed by such as are strangers to charity and love.—It will readily be admitted that some, by the original frame of their mind, are more favourably inclined than others, towards certain good dispositions and habits. But this affords no justification to those who neglect to oppose the corruptions to which they are prone. Let no man imagine, that the human heart is a soil altogether unsusceptible of culture! or that the worst temper may not, through the assistance of grace, be reformed by attention and discipline. Settled depravity of temper is always owing to our own indulgence. If, in place of checking, we nourish that malignity of disposition to which we are inclined, all the consequences will be placed to our account, and every excuse, from natural constitution, be rejected at the tribunal of Heaven. *Ibid.*

§ 53. *A peaceable Temper and condescending Manners recommended.*

What first presents itself to be recommended, is a peaceable temper; a disposition averse to give offence, and desirous of cultivating harmony, and amicable intercourse in society. This supposes yielding and condescending manners, unwillingness to contend with others about trifles, and, in contests that are unavoidable, proper moderation of spirit. Such a temper is the first principle of self-enjoyment; it is the basis of all order and happiness among mankind. The positive and contentious, the rude and quarrelsome, are the bane of society; they seem destined to blast the small share of comfort which nature has here allotted to man. But they cannot disturb the peace of others, more than they break their own. The hurricane rages first in their own bosom, before it is let forth upon the world. In the tempest which they raise, they are always lost; and frequently it is their lot to perish.

A peaceable temper must be supported by a candid one, or a disposition to view the conduct of others with fairness and impartiality. This stands opposed to a jealous and sus-

picious temper; which ascribes every action to the worst motive, and throws a black shade over every character. As you would be happy in yourselves, or in your connexions with others, guard against this malignant spirit. Study that charity which thinketh no evil; that temper which, without degenerating into credulity, will dispose you to be just; and which can allow you to observe an error, without imputing it as a crime. Thus you will be kept free from that continual irritation which imaginary injuries raise in a suspicious breast; and will walk among men as your brethren, not your enemies.

But to be peaceable, and to be candid, is not all that is required of a good man. He must cultivate a kind, generous, and sympathizing temper, which feels for distress wherever it is beheld; which enters into the concerns of his friends with ardour; and to all with whom he has intercourse, is gentle, obliging, and humane. How amiable appears such a disposition, when contrasted with a malicious or envious temper, which wraps itself up in its own narrow interests, looks with an evil eye on the success of others, and with an unnatural satisfaction feeds on their disappointments or miseries! How little does he know of the true happiness of life, who is a stranger to that intercourse of good offices and kind affections, which, by a pleasing charm, attach men to one another, and circulate joy from heart to heart!

Blair.

§ 54. *Numerous Occasions offer for the Exertion of a benevolent Temper.*

You are not to imagine that a benevolent temper finds no exercise, unless when opportunities offer of performing actions of high generosity, or of extensive utility; these may seldom occur: the condition of the greater part of mankind in a good measure precludes them. But in the ordinary round of human affairs, a thousand occasions daily present themselves of mitigating the vexations which others suffer, of soothing their minds, of aiding their interest, of promoting their cheerfulness, or ease. Such occasions may relate to the smaller incidents of life: but let us remember that of small incidents the system of human life is chiefly composed. The attentions which respect these, when suggested by real benignity of temper, are often more material to the happiness of those around us, than actions which carry the appearance of greater dignity and splendour. No wise or good man ought to account any rules of behaviour as below his regard, which tend to cement the great brotherhood of mankind in comfortable union.

Particularly in the course of that familiar intercourse which belongs to domestic life, all the virtues of temper find an ample range. It is very unfortunate, that within that circle, men too often think themselves at liberty to give unrestrained vent to the caprice of passion and humour. Whereas there, on the contrary, more than any where, it concerns them to attend to the government of their heart; to check what is violent in their tempers, and to soften what is harsh in their manners. For there the temper is formed. There the real character displays itself. The forms of the world disguise men when abroad; but within his own family, every man is known to be what he truly is.—In all our intercourse, then, with others, particularly in that which is closest and most intimate, let us cultivate a peaceable, a candid, a gentle, and friendly temper. This is the temper to which, by repeated injunctions, our holy religion seeks to form us. This was the

temper of Christ. This is the temper of Heaven. *Blair.*

§ 55. *A contented Temper the greatest Blessing, and most material Requisite to the proper Discharge of our Duties.*

A contented temper is one of the greatest blessings that can be enjoyed by man, and one of the most material requisites to the proper discharge of the duties of every station. For a fretful and discontented temper renders one incapable of performing aright any part in life. It is unthankful and impious towards God; and towards men provoking and unjust. It is a gangrene which preys on the vitals, and infects the whole constitution with disease and putrefaction. Subdue pride and vanity, and you will take the most effectual method of eradicating this distemper. You will no longer behold the objects around you with jaundiced eyes. You will take in good part the blessings which Providence is pleased to bestow, and the degree of favour which your fellow-creatures are disposed to grant you. Viewing yourselves, with all your imperfections and failings, in a just light, you will rather be surprised at your enjoying so many good things, than discontented because there are any which you want. From an humble and contented temper, will spring a cheerful one. This, if not in itself a virtue, is at least the garb in which virtue should be always arrayed. Piety and goodness ought never to be marked with that dejection which sometimes takes rise from superstition, but which is the proper portion only of guilt. At the same time, the cheerfulness belonging to virtue is to be carefully distinguished from that light and giddy temper which characterizes folly, and is so often found among the dissipated and vicious part of mankind. Their gaiety is owing to a total want of reflection; and brings with it the usual consequences of an unthinking habit, shame, remorse, and heaviness of heart, in the end. The cheerfulness of a well regulated mind springs from a good conscience and the favour of Heaven, and is bounded by temperance and reason. It makes a man happy in himself, and promotes the happiness of all around him. It is the clear and calm sunshine of a mind illuminated by piety and virtue. It crowns all other good dispositions, and comprehends the general effect which they ought to produce on the heart. *Ibid.*

§ 56. *The Desire of Praise subservient to many valuable Purposes.*

To a variety of good purposes it is subservient, and on many occasions co-operates with the principle of virtue. It awakens us from sloth, invigorates activity, and stimulates our efforts to excel. It has given rise to most of the splendid, and to many of the useful enterprises of men. It has animated the patriot, and fired the hero. Magnanimity, generosity, and fortitude, are what all mankind admire. Hence, such as were actuated by the desire of extensive fame, have been prompted to deeds which either participated of the spirit, or at least carried the appearance, of distinguished virtue. The desire of praise is generally connected with all the finer sensibilities of human nature. It affords a ground on which exhortation, counsel, and reproof, can work a proper effect. Whereas, to be entirely destitute of this passion betokens an ignoble mind, on which no moral impression is easily made. Where there is no desire of praise, there will be also no sense of reproach; and if that be extinguished, one of the principal guards of virtue is removed, and the mind thrown open to many opprobrious pursuits.

He whose countenance never glowed with shame, and whose heart never beat at the sound of praise, is not destined for any honourable distinction; is likely to grovel in the sordid quest of gain; or to slumber life away in the indolence of selfish pleasures.

Abstracted from the sentiments which are connected with it as a principle of action, the esteem of our fellow-creatures is an object which, on account of the advantages it brings, may be lawfully pursued. It is necessary to our success in every fair and honest undertaking. Not only our private interest, but our public usefulness, depends, in a great measure, upon it. The sphere of our influence is contracted or enlarged, in proportion to the degree in which we enjoy the good opinion of the public. Men listen with an unwilling ear to one whom they do not honour; while a respected character adds weight to example, and authority to counsel. To desire the esteem of others for the sake of its effects, is not only allowable, but in many cases is our duty: and to be totally indifferent to praise or censure, is so far from being a virtue, that it is a real defect in character.

Blair.

§ 57. *Excessive Desire of Praise tends to corrupt the Heart, and to create disregard to the Admonitions of Conscience.*

An excessive love of praise never fails to undermine the regard due to conscience, and to corrupt the heart. It turns off the eye of the mind from the ends which it ought chiefly to keep in view; and sets up a false light for its guide. Its influence is the more dangerous, as the colour which it assumes is often fair; and its garb and appearance are nearly allied to that of virtue. The love of glory, I before admitted, may give birth to actions which are both splendid and useful. At a distance they strike the eye with uncommon brightness; but on a nearer and stricter survey, their lustre is often tarnished. They are found to want that sacred and venerable dignity which characterizes true virtue. Little passions and selfish interests entered into the motives of those who performed them. They were jealous of a competitor. They sought to humble a rival. They looked round for spectators to admire them. All is magnanimity, generosity, and courage, to public view. But the ignoble source whence these seeming virtues take their rise, is hidden. Without appears the hero; within, is found the man of dust and clay. Consult such as have been intimately connected with the followers of renown; and seldom or never will you find, that they held them in the same esteem with those who viewed them from afar. There is nothing except simplicity of intention, and purity of principle, that can stand the test of near approach and strict examination.

Ibid.

§ 58. *Sense of Right and Wrong, independent of Religion.*

Mankind certainly have a sense of right and wrong, independent of religious belief; but experience shows, that the allurements of present pleasure, and the impetuosity of passion, are sufficient to prevent men from acting agreeably to this moral sense, unless it be supported by religion, the influence of which upon the imagination and passions, if properly directed, is extremely powerful. We shall readily acknowledge that many of the greatest enemies of religion have been distinguished for their honour, probity, and good nature. But it is to be considered, that many virtues, as well as vices, are constitutional. A cool and equal

temper, a dull imagination, and unfeeling heart, ensure the possession of many virtues, or rather, are a security against many vices. They may produce temperance, chastity, honesty, prudence, and a harmless, inoffensive behaviour. Whereas keen passions, a warm imagination, and great sensibility of heart, lay a natural foundation for prodigality, debauchery, and ambition: attended, however, with the seeds of all the social and most heroic virtues. Such a temperature of mind carries along with it a check to its constitutional vices, by rendering those possessed of it peculiarly susceptible of religious impressions. They often appear indeed to be the greatest enemies to religion, but that is entirely owing to their impatience of its restraints. Its most dangerous enemies have ever been among the temperate and chaste philosophers, void of passion and sensibility, who had no vicious appetites to be restrained by its influence, and who were unsusceptible of its terrors or its pleasures. *Gregory.*

§ 59. *Religion not founded on Weakness of Mind.*

Several of those who have surmounted what they call religious prejudices themselves, affect to treat such as are not ashamed to avow their regard to religion, as men of weak understandings and feeble minds: but this shows either want of candour, or great ignorance of human nature. The fundamental articles of religion have been very generally believed by men the most distinguished for acuteness and accuracy of judgment. Nay, it is unjust to infer the weakness of a person's head on other subjects, from his attachment even to the fooleries of superstition. Experience shows, that when the imagination is heated, and the affections deeply interested, they level all distinctions of understanding; yet this affords no presumption of a shallow judgment in subjects where the imagination and passions have no influence. *Ibid.*

§ 60. *Effects of Religion, Scepticism and Infidelity.*

Feebleness of mind is a reproach frequently thrown, not only upon such as have a sense of religion, but upon all who possess warm, open, cheerful tempers, and hearts peculiarly disposed to love and friendship. But the reproach is ill founded. Strength of mind does not consist in a peevish temper, in a hard and inflexible heart, and in bidding defiance to God Almighty: it consists in an active, resolute spirit; in a spirit that enables a man to act his part in the world with propriety; and to bear the misfortunes of life with uniform fortitude and dignity. This is a strength of mind, which neither atheism nor universal scepticism will ever be able to inspire. On the contrary, their tendency will be found to chill all the powers of imagination; to depress spirit as well as genius; to sour the temper and contract the heart. The highest religious spirit, and veneration for Providence, breathes in the writings of the ancient stoics; a sect distinguished for producing the most active, intrepid, virtuous men, that ever did honour to human nature.

Can it be pretended, that atheism or universal scepticism have any tendency to form such characters? Do they tend to inspire that magnanimity and elevation of mind, that superiority to selfish and sensual gratifications, that contempt of danger and of death, when the cause of virtue, of liberty, or their country, require it which distinguish the characters of patriots and heroes? Or is their influence more favourable on the humbler and gentler virtues of private and domestic life? Do they soften the heart, and render it more delicately

sensible of the thousand nameless duties and endearments of a husband, a father, or a friend? Do they produce that habitual serenity and cheerfulness of temper, that gaiety of heart, which makes a man beloved as a companion? or do they dilate the heart with the liberal and generous sentiments, and that love of human kind, which would render him revered and blessed as the patron of depressed merit, the friend of the widow and orphan, the refuge and support of the poor and the unhappy?

The general opinion of mankind, that there is a strong connexion between a religious disposition and a feeling heart, appears from the universal dislike which all men have to infidelity in the fair sex. We not only look on it as removing the principal security we have for their virtue, but as the strongest proof of their want of that softness and delicate sensibility of heart, which peculiarly endears them to us, and more effectually secures their empire over us, than any quality they can possess.

There are, indeed, some men who can persuade themselves, that there is no supreme intelligence who directs the course of nature; who can see those they have been connected with by the strongest bonds of nature and friendship gradually disappearing; who are persuaded, that this separation is final and eternal; and who expect, that they themselves shall soon sink down after them into nothing; and yet such men appear easy and contented. But to a sensible heart, and particularly to a heart softened by past endearments of love or friendship, such opinions are attended with gloom inexpressible; they strike a damp into all the pleasures and enjoyments of life, and cut off those prospects which alone can comfort the soul under certain distresses, where all other aid is feeble and ineffectual.

Scepticism, or suspense of judgment, as to the truth of the great articles of religion, is attended with the same fatal effects. Wherever the affections are deeply interested, a state of suspense is more intolerable, and more distracting to the mind, than the sad assurance of the evil which is most dreaded.

Gregory.

§ 61. *Religion considered as a Science.*

Religion may be considered in three different views. First, as containing doctrines relating to the being and perfections of God, his moral administration of the world, a future state of existence, and particular communications to mankind, by an immediate supernatural revelation.—Secondly, as a rule of life and manners.—Thirdly, as the source of certain peculiar affections of the mind, which either give pleasure or pain, according to the particular genius and spirit of the religion that inspires them.

In the first of these views, which gives a foundation to all religious belief, and on which the other two depend, Reason is principally concerned. On this subject, the greatest efforts of human genius and application have been exerted, and with the most desirable success, in those great and important articles that seem most immediately to affect the interest and happiness of mankind. But when our inquiries here are pushed to a certain length, we find that Providence has set bounds to our reason, and even to our capacities of apprehension. This is particularly the case with respect to infinity, and the moral œconomy of the Deity. The objects are here, in a great measure, beyond the reach of our conception; and induction, from experience, on which all our other reasonings are founded, cannot be applied to a sub-

ject altogether dissimilar to any thing we are acquainted with.—Many of the fundamental articles of religion are such, that the mind may have the fullest conviction of their truth, but they must be viewed at a distance, and are rather the objects of silent and religious veneration, than of metaphysical disquisition. If the mind attempts to bring them to a nearer view, it is confounded with their strangeness and immensity.

When we pursue our inquiries into any part of nature beyond certain bounds, we find ourselves involved in perplexity and darkness. But there is this remarkable difference between these and religious inquiries: in the investigation of nature, we can always make a progress in knowledge, and approximate to the truth by the proper exertion of genius and observation. But our inquiries into religious subjects are confined within very narrow bounds; nor can any force of reason or application lead the mind one step beyond that impenetrable gulf, which separates the visible and invisible world.

Though the articles of religious belief, which fall within the comprehension of mankind, and seem essential to their happiness, are few and simple, yet ingenious men have contrived to erect them into most tremendous systems of metaphysical subtlety, which will long remain monuments both of the extent and the weakness of human understanding. The pernicious consequences of such systems, have been various. By attempting to establish too much, they have hurt the foundation of the most interesting principles of religion.—Most men are educated in a belief of the peculiar and distinguishing opinions of some one religious sect or other. They are taught, that all these are equally founded on divine authority, or the clearest deductions of reason; by which means their system of religion hangs so much together, that one part cannot be shaken without endangering the whole. But wherever any freedom of inquiry is allowed, the absurdity of some of these opinions, and the uncertain foundation of others, cannot be concealed. This naturally begets a general distrust of the whole, with that fatal lukewarmness in religion, which is its necessary consequence.

The very habit of frequent reasoning and disputing upon religious subjects, diminishes that reverence with which the mind would otherwise consider them. This seems particularly to be the case, when men presume to enter into a minute scrutiny of the views and economy of Providence, in the administration of the world; why the Supreme Being made it as it is; the freedom of his actions; and many other such questions, infinitely beyond our reach. The natural tendency of this, is to lessen that awful veneration with which we ought always to contemplate the Divinity, but which can never be preserved, when men canvass his ways with such unwarrantable freedom. Accordingly we find, amongst those sectaries where such disquisitions have principally prevailed, that he has been mentioned and even addressed with the most indecent and shocking familiarity. The truly devotional spirit, whose chief foundation and characteristic is genuine and profound humility, is not to be looked for among such persons.

Another bad effect of this speculative theology, has been to withdraw people's attention from its practical duties.—We usually find, that those who are most distinguished by their excessive zeal for opinions in religion, show great moderation and coolness as to its precepts; and their great severity in this respect, is commonly exerted against a few vices where the heart is but little concerned and to which their own dispositions preserved them from any temptations.

But the worst effects of speculative and controversial theology, are those which it produces on the temper and affections.—When the mind is kept constantly embarrassed in a perplexed and thorny path, where it can find no steady light to show the way, nor foundation to rest on, the temper loses its native cheerfulness, and contracts a gloom and severity, partly from the chagrin of disappointment, and partly from the social and kind affections being extinguished for want of exercise. When this evil is exasperated by opposition and dispute, the consequences prove very fatal to the peace of society; especially when men are persuaded, that their holding certain opinions entitles them to the divine favour; and that those who differ from them, are devoted to eternal destruction. This persuasion breaks at once all the ties of society. The toleration of men who hold erroneous opinions, is considered as conniving at their destroying not only themselves, but all others who come within the reach of their influence. This produces that cruel and implacable spirit, which has so often disgraced the cause of religion, and dishonoured humanity.

Yet the effects of religious controversy have sometimes proved beneficial to mankind. That spirit of free inquiry, which incited the first Reformers to shake off the yoke of ecclesiastical tyranny, naturally begot just sentiments of civil liberty, especially when irritated by persecution. When such sentiments came to be united with that bold enthusiasm, that severity of temper and manners that distinguished some of the reformed sects, they produced those resolute and inflexible men, who alone were able to assert the cause of liberty, in an age when the Christian world was enervated by luxury or superstition; and to such men we owe that freedom and happy constitution which we at present enjoy.—But these advantages of religious enthusiasm have been but accidental.

In general it would appear, that religion, considered as a science, in the manner it has been usually treated, is but little beneficial to mankind, neither tending to enlarge the understanding, sweeten the temper, or mend the heart. At the same time, the labours of ingenious men, in explaining obscure and difficult passages of sacred writ, have been highly useful and necessary. And though it is natural for men to carry their speculations, on a subject that so nearly concerns their present and eternal happiness, farther than reason extends, or than is clearly and expressly revealed; yet these can be followed by no bad consequences, if they are carried on with that modesty and reverence which the subject requires. They become pernicious only when they are formed into systems, to which the same credit and submission is required as to Holy Writ itself. *Gregory.*

§ 62. *Religion considered as a Rule of Life and Manners.*

We shall now proceed to consider religion as a rule of life and manners. In this respect, its influence is very extensive and beneficial, even when disfigured by the wildest superstition; as it is able to check and conquer those passions, which reason and philosophy are too weak to encounter. But it is much to be regretted, that the application of religion to this end, hath not been attended to with that care which the importance of the subject required.—The speculative part of religion seems generally to have engrossed the attention of men of genius. This has been the fate of all the useful and practical arts of life; and the application of religion, to the regulation of life and manners, must be

considered entirely as a practical art.—The causes of this neglect, seem to be these: men of a philosophical genius have an aversion to all application, where the active powers of their own minds are not immediately employed. But in acquiring any practical art, a philosopher is obliged to spend most of his time in employments where his genius and understanding have no exercise. The fate of the practical arts of medicine and religion have been pretty similar: the object of the one, is to cure the diseases of the body; of the other, to cure the diseases of the mind. The progress and degrees of perfection of both these arts ought to be estimated by no other standard, than their success in the cure of the diseases to which they are severally applied. In medicine, the facts on which the art depends, are so numerous and complicated, so misrepresented by fraud, credulity, or a heated imagination, that there has hardly ever been found a truly philosophical genius who has attempted the practical part of it. There are, indeed, many obstacles of different kinds, which occur to render any improvement in the practice of physic a matter of the utmost difficulty, at least whilst the profession rests on its present narrow foundation. Almost all physicians who have been men of ingenuity, have amused themselves in forming theories, which gave exercise to their invention, and at the same time contributed to their reputation. Instead of being at the trouble of making observations themselves, they culled, out of the promiscuous multitude already made, such as best suited their purpose, and dressed them up in the way their system required. In consequence of this, the history of medicine does not so much exhibit the history of a progressive art, as a history of opinions which prevailed perhaps for twenty or thirty years, and then sunk into contempt and oblivion. The case has been nearly similar in practical divinity: but this is attended with much greater difficulties than the practical part of medicine; in this last, nothing is required but assiduous and accurate observation, and a good understanding to direct the proper application of such observation.

Gregory.

§ 63. *How Religion is to be applied to cure the Diseases of the Mind.*

To cure the diseases of the mind, there is required that intimate knowledge of the human heart, which must be drawn from life itself, and which books can never teach; of the various disguises under which vice recommends herself to the imagination; of the artful association of ideas which she forms there; and of the many nameless circumstances that soften the heart and render it accessible. It is likewise necessary to have a knowledge of the arts of insinuation and persuasion, of the art of breaking false and unnatural associations of ideas, or inducing counter-associations, and opposing one passion to another; and after all this knowledge is acquired, the successful application of it to practice depends, in a considerable degree, on powers, which no extent of understanding can confer.

Vice does not depend so much on a perversion of the understanding, as of the imagination and passions, and on habits originally founded on these. A vicious man is generally sensible enough that his conduct is wrong; he knows that vice is contrary both to his duty and to his interest; and therefore, all laboured reasoning, to satisfy his understanding of these truths, is useless, because the disease does not lie in the understanding. The evil is seated in the heart. The imaginations and passions are engaged on its side; and to them the cure

must be applied. Here has been the general defect of writings and sermons, intended to reform mankind. Many ingenious and sensible remarks are made on the several duties of religion, and very judicious arguments are brought to enforce them. Such performances may be attended to with pleasure, by pious and well disposed persons, who likewise may derive from thence useful instruction for their conduct in life. The wicked and profligate, if ever books of this sort fall in their way, very readily allow, that what they contain are great and eternal truths; but they leave no lasting impression. If any thing can rouse, it is the power of lively and pathetic description, which traces and lays open their hearts through all their windings and disguises, makes them see and confess their own characters in all their deformity and horror, impresses their hearts, and interests their passions by all the motives of love, gratitude, and fear, the prospect of rewards and punishments, and whatever other motives religion or nature may dictate. But to do this effectually, requires very different powers from those of the understanding: a lively and well regulated imagination is essentially requisite.

Gregory.

§ 64. *On Public Preaching.*

In public addresses to an audience, the great end of reformation is most effectually promoted; because all the powers of voice and action, all the arts of eloquence, may be brought to give their assistance. But some of those arts depend on gifts of nature, and cannot be attained by any strength of genius or understanding: even where nature has been liberal of those necessary requisites, they must be cultivated by much practice, before the proper exercise of them can be acquired. Thus, a public speaker may have a voice that is musical and of great compass; but it requires much time and labour to attain its just modulation, and that variety of flexion and tone, which a pathetic discourse requires. The same difficulty attends the acquisition of that propriety of action, that power over the expressive features of the countenance, particularly of the eyes, so necessary to command the hearts and passions of an audience.

It is usually thought that a preacher, who feels what he is saying himself, will naturally speak with that tone of voice and expression in his countenance, that best suits the subject, and which cannot fail to move his audience: thus it is said, a person under the influence of fear, anger, or sorrow, looks and speaks in the manner naturally expressive of these emotions. This is true in some measure; but it can never be supposed, that any preacher will be able to enter into his subject with such real warmth upon every occasion. Besides, every prudent man will be afraid to abandon himself so entirely to any impression, as he must do to produce this effect. Most men, when strongly affected by any passion or emotion, have some peculiarity in their appearance, which does not belong to the natural expression of such an emotion. If this be not properly corrected, a public speaker, who is really warm and animated with his subject, may nevertheless make a very ridiculous and contemptible figure. It is the business of art, to show nature in her most amiable and graceful forms, and not with those peculiarities in which she appears in particular instances; and it is this difficulty of properly representing nature, that renders the eloquence and action both of the pulpit and the stage, acquisitions of such difficult attainment.

But, besides those talents inherent in the preacher himself, an intimate

knowledge of nature will suggest the necessity of attending to certain external circumstances, which operate powerfully on the mind, and prepare it for receiving the designed impressions. Such, in particular, is the proper regulation of church music, and the solemnity and pomp of public worship. Independent of the effect that these particulars have on the imagination, it might be expected, that a just taste, a sense of decency and propriety, would make them more attended to than we find they are. We acknowledge that they have been abused, and have occasioned the grossest superstition; but this universal propensity to carry them to excess, is the strongest proof that the attachment to them is deeply rooted in human nature, and consequently that it is the business of good sense to regulate, and not vainly to attempt to extinguish it. Many religious sects, in their infancy, have supported themselves without any of these external assistances; but when time has abated the fervor of their first zeal, we always find that their public worship has been conducted with the most remarkable coldness and inattention, unless supported by well-regulated ceremonies. In fact, it will be found, that those sects who at their commencement have been most distinguished for a religious enthusiasm that despised all forms, and the genius of whose tenets could not admit the use of any, have either been of short duration, or ended in infidelity.

The many difficulties that attend the practical art of making religion influence the manners and lives of mankind, by acquiring a command over the imagination and passions, have made it too generally neglected, even by the most eminent of the clergy for learning and good sense. These have rather chosen to confine themselves to a track, where they were sure to excel by the force of their own genius, than to attempt a road where their success was doubtful, and where they might be outshone by men greatly their inferiors. It has therefore been principally cultivated by men of lively imaginations, possessed of some natural advantages of voice and manner. But as no art can ever become very beneficial to mankind, unless it be under the direction of genius and good sense, it has too often happened, that the art we are now speaking of has become subservient to the wildest fanaticism, sometimes to the gratification of vanity, and sometimes to still more unworthy purposes.

Gregory.

§ 65. *Religion considered as exciting Devotion.*

The third view of religion considers it as engaging and interesting the affections, and comprehends the devotional or sentimental part of it. —The devotional spirit is in some measure constitutional, depending on liveliness of imagination and sensibility of heart, and, like these qualities, prevails more in warmer climates than it does in ours. What shows its great dependence on the imagination, is the remarkable attachment it has to poetry and music, which Shakspeare calls the food of love, and which may, with equal truth, be called the food of devotion. Music enters into the future paradise of the devout of every sect and of every country. The Deity, viewed by the eye of cool reason, may be said, with great propriety, to dwell in light inaccessible. The mind, struck with the immensity of his being, and with a sense of its own littleness and unworthiness, admires with that distant awe and veneration that almost excludes love. But viewed by a devout imagination, he may become an object of the warmest affection, and even passion.—The philosopher con-

templates the Deity in all those marks of wisdom and benignity diffused through the various works of nature. The devout man confines his views rather to his own particular connexion with the Deity, the many instances of his goodness he himself has experienced, and the many greater he still hopes for. This establishes a kind of intercourse, which often interests the heart and passions in the deepest manner.

The devotional taste, like all other tastes, has had the hard fate to be condemned as a weakness, by all who are strangers to its joys and its influence. Too much and too frequent occasion has been given, to turn this subject into ridicule.—A heated and devout imagination, when not under the direction of a very sound understanding, is apt to run very wild, and is at the same time very impatient to publish all its follies to the world.—The feelings of a devout heart should be mentioned with great reserve and delicacy, as they depend upon private experience, and certain circumstances of mind and situation, which the world can neither know nor judge of. But devotional writings, excuted with judgment and taste, are not only highly useful, but to all who have a true sense of religion, peculiarly engaging.

Gregory.

§ 66. *Advantages of Devotion.*

The devotional spirit, united to good sense and a cheerful temper, gives that steadiness to virtue, which it always wants when produced and supported by good natural dispositions only. It corrects and humanizes those constitutional vices, which it is not able entirely to subdue; and though it too often fails to render men perfectly virtuous, it preserves them from becoming utterly abandoned. It has, besides, the most favourable influence on all the passive virtues: it gives a softness and sensibility to the heart, and a mildness and gentleness to the manners; but above all, it produces an universal charity and love to mankind, however different in station, country, or religion. There is a sublime yet tender melancholy, almost the universal attendant on genius, which is too apt to degenerate into gloom and disgust with the world. Devotion is admirably calculated to sooth this disposition, by insensibly leading the mind, while it seems to indulge it, to those prospects which calm every murmur of discontent, and diffuse a cheerfulness over the darkest hours of human life.—Persons in the pride of high health and spirits, who are keen in the pursuits of pleasure, interest, or ambition, have either no ideas on this subject, or treat it as the enthusiasm of a weak mind. But this really shows great narrowness of understanding; a very little reflection and acquaintance with nature might teach them, on how precarious a foundation their boasted independence on religion is built; the thousand nameless accidents that may destroy it; and that though for some years they should escape these, yet that time must impair the greatest vigour of health and spirits, and deprive them of all those objects for which, at present, they think life only worth enjoying. It should seem, therefore, very necessary to secure some permanent object, some real support to the mind, to cheer the soul, when all others shall have lost their influence.—The greatest inconvenience, indeed, that attends devotion, is its taking such a fast hold of the affections, as sometimes threatens the extinguishing of every other active principle of the mind. For when the devotional spirit falls in with a melancholy temper, it is too apt to depress the mind entirely, to sink it to the weakest superstition, and to produce a total retirement and

abstraction from the world, and all the duties of life. *Gregory.*

§ 67. *The Difference between true and false Politeness.*

It is evident enough, that the moral and Christian duty of preferring one another in honour, respects only social peace and charity, and terminates in the good and edification of our Christian brother. Its use is, to soften the minds of men, and to draw them from that savage rusticity, which engenders many vices, and discredits the virtues themselves. But when men had experienced the benefit of this complying temper, and further saw the ends, not of charity only, but of self-interest, that might be answered by it; they considered no longer its just purpose and application, but stretched it to that officious sedulity, and extreme servility of adulation, which we too often observe and lament in polished life.

Hence, that infinite attention and consideration, which is so rigidly exacted, and so duly paid, in the commerce of the world: hence, that prostitution of mind, which leaves a man no will, no sentiment, no principle, no character; all which disappear under the uniform exhibition of good manners: hence, those insidious arts, those studied disguises, those obsequious flatteries, nay, those multiplied and nicely-varied forms of insinuation and address, the direct aim of which may be to acquire the fame of politeness and good-breeding, but the certain effect, to corrupt every virtue, to sooth every vanity, and to inflame every vice of the human heart.

These fatal mischiefs introduce themselves under the pretence and semblance of that humanity, which the scriptures encourage and enjoin: but the genuine virtue is easily distinguished from the counterfeit, and by the following plain signs.

True politeness is modest, unpretending, and generous. It appears as little as may be; and when it does a courtesy, would willingly conceal it. It chooses silently to forego its own claims, not officiously to withdraw them. It engages a man to prefer his neighbour to himself, because he really esteems him; because he is tender of his reputation; because he thinks it more manly, more Christian, to descend a little himself than to degrade another. It respects, in a word, the credit and estimation of his neighbour.

The mimic of this amiable virtue, false politeness, is, on the other hand, ambitious, servile, timorous. It affects popularity; is solicitous to please, and to be taken notice of. The man of this character does not offer, but obtrude his civilities; because he would merit by this assiduity; because, in despair of winning regard by any worthier qualities, he would be sure to make the most of this; and lastly, because of all things, he would dread, by the omission of any punctilious observance, to give offence. In a word, this sort of politeness respects, for its immediate object, the favour and consideration of our neighbour.

2. Again: the man who governs himself by the spirit of the apostle's precept, expresses his preference of another in such a way as is worthy of himself; in all innocent compliances, in all honest civilities, in all decent and manly condescensions.

On the contrary, the man of the world, who rests in the *letter* of this command, is regardless of the means by which he conducts himself. He respects neither his own dignity, nor that of human nature. Truth, reason, virtue, all are equally betrayed by this supple impostor. He assents to the errors, though the most pernicious; he applauds the follies, though the most ridiculous, he sooths the vices, though the most flagrant, of

other men. He never contradicts, though in the softest form of insinuation; he never disapproves, though by a respectful silence; he never condemns, though it be only by a good example. In short, he is solicitous for nothing, but by some studied devices to hide from others, and, if possible, to palliate to himself, the grossness of his illiberal adulation.

Lastly; we may be sure, that the *ultimate* ends for which these different objects are pursued, and by so different *means*, must also lie wide of each other.

Accordingly, the true polite man would, by all proper testimonies of respect, promote the credit and estimation of his neighbour; *because* he sees that, by this generous consideration of each other, the peace of the world is, in a good degree, preserved; *because* he knows that these mutual attentions prevent animosities, soften the fierceness of men's manners, and disposes them to all the offices of benevolence and charity; *because*, in a word, the interests of society are best served by this conduct; and *because* he understands it to be his duty to love his *neighbour*.

The falsely polite, on the contrary, are anxious, by all means whatever, to procure the favour and consideration of those they converse with; *because* they regard, ultimately, nothing more than their private interest; *because* they perceive that their own selfish designs are best carried on by such practices: in a word, *because* they *love themselves*.

Thus we see, that genuine virtue consults the honour of others by worthy means, and for the noblest purposes; the counterfeit solicits their favour by dishonest compliances, and for the basest end.

Hurd.

§ 68. *On Religious Principles and Behaviour.*

Religion is rather a matter of sentiment than reasoning. The important and interesting articles of faith are sufficiently plain. Fix your attention on these, and do not meddle with controversy. If you get into that, you plunge into a chaos, from which you will never be able to extricate yourselves. It spoils the temper, and, I suspect, has no good effect on the heart.

Avoid all books, and all conversation, that tend to shake your faith on those great points of religion, which should serve to regulate your conduct, and on which your hopes of future and eternal happiness depend.

Never indulge yourselves in ridicule on religious subjects; nor give countenance to it in others, by seeming diverted with what they say. This, to people of good breeding, will be a sufficient check.

I wish you to go no farther than the Scriptures for your religious opinions. Embrace those you find clearly revealed. Never perplex yourselves about such as you do not understand, but treat them with silent and becoming reverence.

I would advise you to read only such religious books as are addressed to the heart, such as inspire pious and devout affections, such as are proper to direct you in your conduct; and not such as tend to entangle you in the endless maze of opinions and systems.

Be punctual in the stated performance of your private devotions, morning and evening. If you have any sensibility or imagination, this will establish such an intercourse between you and the Supreme Being, as will be of infinite consequence to you in life. It will communicate an habitual cheerfulness to your temper, give a firmness and steadiness to your virtue, and enable you to go through all the vicissitudes of human life with propriety and dignity.

I wish you to be regular in your attendance on public worship, and in

receiving the communion. Allow nothing to interrupt your public or private devotions, except the performance of some active duty in life, to which they should always give place. —In your behaviour at public worship, observe an exemplary attention and gravity.

That extreme strictness which I recommend to you in these duties, will be considered by many of your acquaintance as a superstitious attachment to forms; but in the advices I give you on this and other subjects, I have an eye to the spirit and manners of the age. There is a levity and dissipation in the present manners, a coldness and listlessness in whatever relates to religion, which cannot fail to infect you, unless you purposely cultivate in your minds a contrary bias, and make the devotional one habitual.

Gregory's Advice.

§ 69. *On the Beauties of the Psalms.*

Greatness confers no exemption from the cares and sorrows of life: its share of them frequently bears a melancholy proportion to its exaltation. This the Israelitish monarch experienced. He sought in piety, that peace which he could not find in empire, and alleviated the disquietudes of state, with the exercises of devotion. His invaluable Psalms convey those comforts to others, which they afforded to himself. Composed upon particular occasions, yet designed for general use; delivered out as services for Israelites under the Law, yet no less adapted to the circumstances of Christians under the Gospel; they present religion to us in the most engaging dress; communicating truths which philosophy could never investigate, in a style which poetry can never equal; while history is made the vehicle of prophecy, and creation lends all its charms to paint the glories of redemption. Calculated alike to profit and to please, they inform the understanding, elevate the affections, and entertain the imagination. Indited under the influence of Him, to whom all hearts are known, and all events foreknown, they suit mankind in all situations, grateful as the manna which descended from above, and conformed itself to every palate. The fairest productions of human wit, after a few perusals, like gathered flowers, wither in our hands, and lose their fragrancy; but these unfading plants of paradise become, as we are accustomed to them, still more and more beautiful; their bloom appears to be daily heightened; fresh odours are emitted, and new sweets extracted from them. He who hath once tasted their excellencies, will desire to taste them yet again; and he who tastes them oftenest, will relish them best.—And now, could the author flatter himself that any one would take half the pleasure in reading his work which he hath taken in writing it, he would not fear the loss of his labour. The employment detached him from the bustle and hurry of life, the din of politics, and the noise of folly; vanity and vexation flew away for a season, care and disquietude came not near his dwelling. He rose, fresh as the morning, to his task; the silence of the night invited him to pursue it; and he can truly say, that food and rest were not preferred before it. Every Psalm improved infinitely upon his acquaintance with it, and no one gave him uneasiness but the last; for then he grieved that his work was done. Happier hours than those which have been spent in these meditations on the songs of Sion, he never expects to see in this world. Very pleasantly did they pass, and moved smoothly and swiftly along; for when thus engaged, he counted no time. They are gone, but have left a relish and a fragrance upon the mind, and the remembrance of them is sweet.

Horne.

§ 70. *The Temple of virtuous Love.*

The structure on the right hand was (as I afterwards found) consecrated to virtuous Love, and could not be entered, but by such as received a ring, or some other token, from a person who was placed as a guard at the gate of it. He wore a garland of roses and myrtles on his head, and on his shoulders a robe like an imperial mantle white and unspotted all over, excepting only, that where it was clasped at his breast, there were two golden turtle doves that buttoned it by their bills, which were wrought in rubies: he was called by the name of Hymen, and was seated near the entrance of the temple, in a delicious bower, made up of several trees that were embraced by woodbines, jessamines, and amaranths, which were as so many emblems of marriage, and ornaments to the trunks that supported them. As I was single and unaccompanied, I was not permitted to enter the temple, and for that reason am a stranger to all the mysteries that were performed in it. I had, however, the curiosity to observe, how the several couples that entered were disposed of; which was after the following manner: there were two great gates on the back-side of the edifice, at which the whole crowd was let out. At one of these gates were two women, extremely beautiful, though in a different kind; the one having a very careful and composed air, the other a sort of smile and ineffable sweetness in her countenance: the name of the first was Discretion, and of the other Complacency. All who came out of this gate, and put themselves under the direction of these two sisters, were immediately conducted by them into gardens, groves, and meadows, which abounded in delights, and were furnished with every thing that could make them the proper seats of happiness. The second gate of this temple let out all the couples that were unhappily married; who came out linked together by chains, which each of them strove to break, but could not. Several of these were such as had never been acquainted with each other before they met in the great walk, or had been too well acquainted in the thicket. The entrance to this gate was possessed by three sisters, who joined themselves with these wretches, and occasioned most of their miseries. The youngest of the sisters was known by the name of Levity; who, with the innocence of a virgin, had the dress and behaviour of a harlot: the name of the second was Contention, who bore on her right arm a muff made of the skin of a porcupine, and on her left carried a little lap-dog, that barked and snapped at every one that passed by her. The eldest of the sisters, who seemed to have a haughty and imperious air, was always accompanied with a tawny Cupid, who generally marched before her with a little mace on his shoulder, the end of which was fashioned into the horns of a stag: her garments were yellow, and her complexion pale: her eyes were piercing, but had odd casts in them, and that particular distemper which makes persons who are troubled with it see objects double. Upon inquiry, I was informed that her name was Jealousy. *Tatler.*

§ 71. *The Temple of Lust.*

Having finished my observations upon this temple, and its votaries, I repaired to that which stood on the left hand, and was called the temple of Lust. The front of it was raised on Corinthian pillars, with all the meretricious ornaments that accompany that order; whereas that of the other was composed of the chaste and matron-like Ionic. The sides of it were adorned with several grotesque figures of goats, sparrows, heathen

gods, satyrs, and monsters, made up of half men and half beast. The gates were unguarded, and open to all that had a mind to enter. Upon my going in, I found the windows were blinded, and let in only a kind of twilight, that served to discover a prodigious number of dark corners and apartments, into which the whole temple was divided. I was here stunned with a mixed noise of clamour and jollity: on one side of me I heard singing and dancing; on the other, brawls and clashing of swords: in short, I was so little pleased with the place, that I was going out of it: but found I could not return by the gate where I entered, which was barred against all that were come in, with bolts of iron and locks of adamant; there was no going back from this temple through the paths of pleasure which led to it: all who passed through the ceremonies of the place, went out at an iron wicket, which was kept by a dreadful giant called Remorse, that held a scourge of scorpions in his hand, and drove them into the only outlet from that temple. This was a passage so rugged, so uneven, and choked with so many thorns and briars, that it was a melancholy spectacle to behold the pains and difficulties which both sexes suffered who walked through it: the men, though in the prime of their youth, appeared weak and enfeebled with old age: the women wrung their hands, and tore their hair, and several lost their limbs, before they could extricate themselves out of the perplexities of the path in which they were engaged.—The remaining part of this vision, and the adventures I met with in the two great roads of Ambition and Avarice must be the subject of another paper.

Tatler.

§ 72. *The Temple of Virtue.*

With much labour and difficulty I passed through the first part of my vision, and recovered the centre of the wood, from whence I had the prospect of the three great roads. I here joined myself to the middle-aged party of mankind, who marched behind the standard of ambition. The great road lay in a direct line, and was terminated by the temple of Virtue. It was planted on each side with laurels, which were intermixed with marble trophies, carved pillars, and statues of lawgivers, heroes, statesmen, philosophers, and poets. The persons who travelled up this great path, were such whose thoughts were bent upon doing eminent services to mankind, or promoting the good of their country. On each side of this great road, were several paths that were also laid out in straight lines, and ran parallel with it; these were most of them covered walks, and received into them men of retired virtue, who proposed to themselves the same end of their journey, though they chose to make it in shade and obscurity. The edifices, at the extremity of the walk, were so contrived, that we could not see the temple of Honour, by reason of the temple of Virtue, which stood before it: at the gates of this temple, we were met by the goddess of it, who conducted us into that of Honour, which was joined to the other edifice by a beautiful triumphal arch, and had no other entrance into it. When the deity of the inner structure had received us, she presented us in a body, to a figure that was placed over the high altar, and was the emblem of Eternity. She sat on a globe, in the midst of a golden zodiac, holding the figure of a sun in one hand, and a moon in the other: her head was veiled, and her feet covered. Our hearts glowed within us, as we stood amidst the sphere of light which this image cast on every side of it.

Ibid.

§ 73. *The Temple of Vanity.*

Having seen all that happened to this band of adventurers, I repaired to another pile of buildings that stood within view of the temple of Honour, and was raised in imitation of it, upon the very same model; but, at my approach to it, I found that the stones were laid together without mortar, and that the whole fabric stood upon so weak a foundation, that it shook with every wind that blew. This was called the Temple of Vanity. The goddess of it sat in the midst of a great many tapers, that burned day and night, and made her appear much better than she would have done in open day-light. Her whole art was to show herself more beautiful and majestic than she really was. For which reason she had painted her face, and wore a cluster of false jewels upon her breast: but what I more particularly observed, was the breadth of her petticoat, which was made altogether in the fashion of a modern fardingal. This place was filled with hypocrites, pedants, free-thinkers, and prating politicians, with a rabble of those who have only titles to make them great men. Female votaries crowded the temple, choked up the avenues of it, and were more in number than the sand upon the sea-shore. I made it my business, in my return towards that part of the wood from whence I first set out, to observe the walks which led to this temple; for I met in it several who had begun their journey with the band of virtuous persons, and travelled some time in their company: but, upon examination, I found that there were several paths, which led out of the great road into the sides of the wood, and ran into so many crooked turns and windings, that those who travelled through them, often turned their backs upon the temple of Virtue, then crossed the straight road, and sometimes marched in it for a little space, till the crooked path which they were engaged in again led them into the wood. The several alleys of these wanderers, had their particular ornaments: one of them I could not but take notice of, in the walk of the mischievous pretenders to politics, which had at every turn the figure of a person, whom, by the inscription, I found to be Machiavel, pointing out the way, with an extended finger, like a Mercury.

Tatler.

§ 74. *The Temple of Avarice.*

I was now returned in the same manner as before, with a design to observe carefully every thing that passed in the region of Avarice, and the occurrences in that assembly, which was made up of persons of my own age. This body of travellers had not gone far in the third great road, before it led them insensibly into a deep valley, in which they journeyed several days with great toil and uneasiness, and without the necessary refreshments of food and sleep. The only relief they met with, was in a river that ran through the bottom of the valley on a bed of golden sand: they often drank of this stream, which had such a particular quality in it, that though it refreshed them for a time, it rather inflamed than quenched their thirst. On each side of the river was a range of hills full of precious ore; for where the rains had washed off the earth, one might see in several parts of them long veins of gold, and rocks that looked like pure silver. We were told that the deity of the place had forbad any of his votaries to dig into the bowels of these hills, or convert the treasures they contained to any use, under pain of starving. At the end of the valley stood the temple of Avarice, made after the manner of a fortification, and surrounded with a

thousand triple-headed dogs, that were placed there to keep off beggars. At our approach they all fell a barking, and would have much terrified us, had not an old woman, who had called herself by the forged name of Competency, offered herself for our guide. She carried under her garment a golden bow, which she no sooner held up in her hand, but the dogs lay down, and the gates flew open for our reception. We were led through an hundred iron doors before we entered the temple. At the upper end of it, sat the god of Avarice, with a long filthy beard, and a meager starved countenance, enclosed with heaps of ingots and pyramids of money, but half naked and shivering with cold: on his right hand was a fiend called Rapine, and on his left a particular favourite, to whom he had given the title of Parsimony; the first was his collector, and the other his cashier. There were several long tables placed on each side of the temple, with respective officers attending behind them: some of these I inquired into: at the first table was kept the office of Corruption. Seeing a solicitor extremely busy, and whispering every body that passed by, I kept my eye upon him very attentively, and saw him often going up to a person that had a pen in his hand, with a multiplication-table and an almanack before him, which, as I afterwards heard, was all the learning he was master of. The solicitor would often apply himself to his ear, and at the same time convey money into his hand, for which the other would give him out a piece of paper, or parchment, signed and sealed in form. The name of this dexterous and successful solicitor was Bribery.—At the next table was the office of Extortion: behind it sat a person in a bob-wig, counting over a great sum of money: he gave out little purses to several, who, after a short tour, brought him, in return, sacks full of the same kind of coin. I saw, at the same time, a person called Fraud, who sat behind the counter, with false scales, light weights, and scanty measures; by the skilful application of which instruments, she had got together an immense heap of wealth; it would be endless to name the several officers, or describe the votaries that attended in this temple; there were many old men, panting and breathless, reposing their heads on bags of money; nay, many of them actually dying, whose very pangs and convulsions (which rendered their purses useless to them) only made them grasp them the faster. There were some tearing with one hand all things, even to the garments and flesh of many miserable persons who stood before them; and with the other hand throwing away what they had seized, to harlots, flatterers, and panders, that stood behind them. On a sudden the whole assembly fell a trembling; and, upon inquiry, I found that the great room we were in was haunted with a spectre, that many times a day appeared to them, and terrified them to distraction. In the midst of their terror and amazement, the apparition entered, which I immediately knew to be Poverty. Whether it were by my acquaintance with this phantom, which had rendered the sight of her more familiar to me, or however it was, she did not make so indigent or frightful a figure in my eye, as the god of this loathsome temple. The miserable votaries of this place were, I found, of another mind: every one fancied himself threatened by the apparition as she stalked about the room, and began to lock their coffers, and tie their bags, with the utmost fear and trembling. I must confess, I look upon the passion which I saw in this unhappy people, to be of the same nature with those unaccountable antipathies which some persons are

born with, or rather as a kind of frenzy, not unlike that which throws a man into terrors and agonies at the sight of so useful and innocent a thing as water. The whole assembly was surprised, when, instead of paying my devotions to the deity whom they all adored, they saw me address myself to the phantom. "Oh! Poverty! (said I) my first petition to thee is, that thou wouldest never appear to me hereafter; but if thou wilt not grant me this, that thou wouldest not bear a form more terrible than that in which thou appearest to me at present. Let not thy threats or menaces betray me to any thing that is ungrateful or unjust. Let me not shut my ears to the cries of the needy. Let me not forget the person that has deserved well of me. Let me not, from any fear of Thee, desert my friend, my principles, or my honour. If Wealth is to visit me, and come with her usual attendants, Vanity and Avarice, do thou, O Poverty! hasten to my rescue; but bring along with Thee thy two sisters, in whose company thou art always cheerful, Liberty and Innocence."

Tatler.

§ 75. *The Virtue of Gentleness not to be confounded with artificial and insincere Politeness.*

Gentleness corrects whatever is offensive in our manners; and, by a constant train of humane attentions, studies to alleviate the burden of common misery. Its office, therefore, is extensive. It is not, like some other virtues, called forth only on peculiar emergencies: but it is continually in action, when we are engaged in intercourse with men. It ought to form our address, to regulate our speech, and to diffuse itself over our whole behaviour.

I must warn you, however, not to confound this gentle wisdom which is from above, with that artificial courtesy, that studied smoothness of manners, which is learned in the school of the world. Such accomplishments the most frivolous and empty may possess. Too often they are employed by the artful, as a snare; too often affected by the hard and unfeeling, as a cover to the baseness of their minds. We cannot, at the same time, avoid observing the homage which, even in such instances, the world is constrained to pay to virtue. In order to render society agreeable, it is found necessary to assume somewhat that may at least carry its appearance; Virtue is the universal charm; even its shadow is courted, when the substance is wanting: the imitation of its form has been reduced into an art; and, in the commerce of life, the first study of all who would either gain the esteem, or win the hearts of others, is to learn the speech, and to adopt the manners of candour, gentleness, and humanity; but that gentleness which is the characteristic of a good man, has, like every other virtue, its seat in the heart; and, let me add, nothing except what flows from it, can render even external manners truly pleasing; for no assumed behaviour can at all times hide the real character. In that unaffected civility which springs from a gentle mind, there is a charm infinitely more powerful than in all the studied manners of the most finished courtier.

Blair.

§ 76. *Opportunities for great Acts of Beneficence rare, for Gentleness continual.*

But, perhaps, it will be pleaded by some, that this gentleness on which we now insist, regards only those smaller offices of life, which, in their eyes, are not essential to religion and goodness. Negligent, they confess, on slight occasions, of the government of their temper, or the regula-

tion of their behaviour, they are attentive, as they pretend, to the great duties of beneficence; and ready, whenever the opportunity presents, to perform important services to their fellow-creatures. But let such persons reflect, that the occasions of performing those important good deeds very rarely occur. Perhaps their situation in life, or the nature of their connexions, may, in a great measure, exclude them from such opportunities. Great events give scope for great virtues; but the main tenor of human life is composed of small occurrences. Within the round of these, lie the materials of the happiness of most men; the subjects of their duty, and the trials of their virtue. Virtue must be formed and supported, not by unfrequent acts, but by daily and repeated exertions. In order to its becoming either vigorous or useful, it must be habitually active; not breaking forth occasionally with a transient lustre, like the blaze of the comet; but regular in its returns, like the light of day; not like the aromatic gale, which sometimes feasts the sense; but, like the ordinary breeze, which purifies the air, and renders it healthful.

Years may pass over our heads, without affording any opportunity for acts of high beneficence, or extensive utility. Whereas, not a day passes, but in the common transactions of life, and especially in the intercourse of domestic society, gentleness finds place for promoting the happiness of others, and for strengthening in ourselves, the habit of virtue. Nay, by seasonable discoveries of a humane spirit, we sometimes contribute more materially to the advancement of happiness, than by actions which are seemingly more important. There are situations, not a few, in human life, where the encouraging reception, the condescending behaviour, and the look of sympathy, bring greater relief to the heart, than the most bountiful gift: while, on the other side, when the hand of liberality is extended to bestow, the want of gentleness is sufficient to frustrate the intention of the benefit; we sour those whom we meant to oblige; and, by conferring favours with ostentation and harshness, we convert them into injuries. Can any disposition, then, be held to possess a low place in the scale of virtue, whose influence is so considerable on the happiness of the world.

Gentleness is, in truth, the great avenue to mutual enjoyment. Amidst the strife of interfering interests, it tempers the violence of contention, and keeps alive the seeds of harmony. It softens animosities, renews endearments, and renders the countenance of man, a refreshment to man. Banish gentleness from the earth; suppose the world to be filled with none but harsh and contentious spirits, and what sort of society would remain? the solitude of the desert were preferable to it. The conflict of jarring elements in chaos; the cave, where subterraneous winds contend and roar; the den, where serpents hiss, and beasts of the forest howl; would be the only proper representations of such assemblies of men.—Strange! that where men have all one common interest, they should so often absurdly concur in defeating it! Has not nature already provided a sufficient quantity of unavoidable evils for the state of man? As if we did not suffer enough from the storm which beats upon us without, must we conspire also, in those societies where we assemble, in order to find a retreat from that storm, to harass one another?

Blair.

§ 77. *Gentleness recommended on Considerations of our own Interest.*

But if the sense of duty, and of

common happiness, be insufficient to recommend the virtue of gentleness, then let me desire you to consider your own interest. Whatever ends a good man can be supposed to pursue, gentleness will be found to favour them; it prepossesses and wins every heart; it persuades, when every other argument fails; often disarms the fierce, and melts the stubborn. Whereas, harshness confirms the opposition it would subdue; and, of an indifferent person, creates an enemy. He who could overlook an injury committed in the collision of interests, will long and severely resent the slights of a contemptuous behaviour. To the man of gentleness, the world is generally disposed to ascribe every other good quality. The higher endowments of the mind we admire at a distance, and when any impropriety of behaviour accompanies them, we admire without love: they are like some of the distant stars, whose beneficial influence reaches not to us. Whereas, of the influence of gentleness, all in some degree partake, and therefore all love it. The man of this character rises in the world without struggle, and flourishes without envy. His misfortunes are universally lamented; and his failings are easily forgiven.

But whatever may be the effect of this virtue on our external condition, its influence on our internal enjoyment is certain and powerful. That inward tranquillity which it promotes, is the first requisite to every pleasurable feeling. It is the calm and clear atmosphere, the serenity and sunshine of the mind. When benignity and gentleness reign within, we are always least in hazard of being ruffled from without; every person, and every occurrence, are beheld in the most favourable light. But let some clouds of disgust and ill-humour gather on the mind, and immediately the scene changes: Nature seems transformed; and the appearance of all things is blackened to our view. The gentle mind is like the smooth stream, which reflects every object in its just proportion, and in its fairest colours. The violent spirit, like troubled waters, renders back the images of things distorted and broken; and communicates to them all that disordered motion which arises solely from its own agitation. *Blair.*

§ 78. *The Man of gentle Manners is superior to frivolous Offences and slight Provocations.*

As soon may the waves of the sea cease to roll, as provocations to arise from human corruption and frailty. Attacked by great injuries, the man of mild and gentle spirit will feel what human nature feels; and will defend and resent, as his duty allows him. But to those slight provocations, and frivolous offences, which are the most frequent causes of disquiet, he is happily superior. Hence his days flow in a far more placid tenor than those of others; exempted from the numberless discomposures which agitate vulgar minds, inspired with higher sentiments; taught to regard, with indulgent eye, the frailties of men, the omissions of the careless, the follies of the imprudent, and the levity of the fickle, he retreats into the calmness of his spirit, as into an undisturbed sanctuary: and quietly allows the usual current of life to hold its course. *Ibid.*

§ 79. *Pride fills the World with Harshness and Severity.*

Let me advise you to view your character with an impartial eye; and to learn from your own failings, to give that indulgence which in your turn you claim. It is pride which fills the world with so much harshness and severity. In the fulness of self-estimation, we forget what we

are, we claim attentions to which we are not entitled. We are rigorous to offences, as if we had never offended; unfeeling to distress, as if we knew not what it was to suffer. From those airy regions of pride and folly, let us descend to our proper level. Let us survey the natural equality on which Providence has placed man with man, and reflect on the infirmities common to all. If the reflection on natural equality and mutual offences be insufficient to prompt humanity, let us at least consider what we are in the sight of God. Have we none of that forbearance to give one another, which we all so earnestly entreat from Heaven? Can we look for clemency or gentleness from our Judge, when we are so backward to show it to our own brethren?

Blair.

§ 80. *Violence and Contention often caused by Trifles and imaginary Mischiefs.*

Accustom yourselves, also, to reflect on the small moment of those things which are the usual incentives to violence and contention. In the ruffled and angry hour, we view every appearance through a false medium. The most inconsiderable point of interest or honour swells into a momentous object; and the slightest attack seems to threaten immediate ruin. But after passion or pride has subsided, we look round in vain for the mighty mischiefs we dreaded: the fabric, which our disturbed imagination had reared, totally disappears. But though the cause of contention has dwindled away, its consequences remain. We have alienated a friend; we have imbittered an enemy; we have sown the seeds of future suspicion, malevolence, or disgust.—Suspend your violence, I beseech you, for a moment, when causes of discord occur. Anticipate that period of coolness, which, of itself, will soon arrive. Allow yourselves to think, how little you have any prospect of gaining by fierce contention; but how much of the true happiness of life you are certain of throwing away. Easily, and from the smallest chink, the bitter waters of strife are let forth; but their course cannot be foreseen; and he seldom fails of suffering most from the poisonous effect, who first allowed them to flow. *Ibid.*

§ 81. *Gentleness best promoted by religious Views.*

But gentleness will, most of all, be promoted by frequent views of those great objects which our holy religion presents. Let the prospects of immortality fill your minds. Look upon this world as a state of passage. Consider yourselves as engaged in the pursuit of higher interests; as acting now, under the eye of God, an introductory part to a more important scene. Elevated by such sentiments, your minds will become calm and sedate. You will look down, as from a superior station, on the petty disturbances of the world. They are the selfish, the sensual, and the vain, who are most subject to the impotence of passion. They are linked so closely to the world; by so many sides they touch every object, and every person around them, that they are perpetually hurt, and perpetually hurting others. But the spirit of true religion removes us to a proper distance from the grating objects of worldly contentions. It leaves us sufficiently connected with the world, for acting our part in it with propriety; but disengages us from it so far, as to weaken its power of disturbing our tranquillity. It inspires magnanimity; and magnanimity always breathes gentleness. It leads us to view the follies of men with pity, not with rancour; and to treat, with the mildness of a superior nature, what in little minds would call forth all the bitterness of passion. *Ibid*

§ 82. *Gentleness to be assumed, as the Ornament of every Age and Station; but to be distinguished from polished or affected manners.*

Aided by such considerations, let us cultivate that gentle wisdom which is, in so many respects, important both to our duty and our happiness. Let us assume it as the ornament of every age, and of every station. Let it temper the petulance of youth, and soften the moroseness of old age. Let it mitigate authority in those who rule, and promote deference among those who obey. I conclude with repeating the caution, not to mistake for true gentleness, that flimsy imitation of it, called polished manners, which often, among the men of the world, under a smooth appearance, conceals much asperity. Let yours be native gentleness of heart, flowing from the love of God, and the love of man. Unite this amiable spirit, with a proper zeal for all that is right, and just, and true. Let piety be combined in your character with humanity. Let determined integrity dwell in a mild and gentle breast. A character thus supported, will command more real respect than can be procured by the most shining accomplishments, when separated from virtue. *Blair.*

§ 83. *Enthusiasm less pernicious to the Mind, than Coldness and Indifference in Religion.*

But whatever absurdities may arise from the fancied ardours of enthusiasm, they are much less pernicious than the contrary extreme of coldness and indifference in religion. The spirit of chivalry, though it led to many romantic enterprises, was nevertheless favourable to true courage, as it excited and nourished magnanimity and contempt of danger; which, though sometimes wasted in absurd undertakings, were of the greatest use on real and proper occasions. The noblest energies of which we are capable, can scarcely be called out without some degree of enthusiasm, in whatever cause we are engaged; and those sentiments which tend to the exaltation of human nature, though they may often excite attempts beyond the human powers, will, however, prevent our stopping short of them, and losing, by careless indolence and self-desertion, the greatest part of that strength with which we really are endued.

How common is it for those who profess (and perhaps sincerely) to believe with entire persuasion the truth of the gospel, to declare that they do not pretend to frame their lives according to the purity of its moral precepts! "I hope," say they, "I am guilty of no great crimes: but the customs of the world in these times will not admit of a conduct agreeable either to reason or revelation. I know the course of life I am in is wrong; I know that I am engrossed by the world—that I have no time for reflection, nor for the practice of many duties which I acknowledge to be such. But I know not how it is—I do not find that I can alter my way of living."—Thus they coolly and contentedly give themselves up to a constant course of dissipation, and a general worthlessness of character, which, I fear, is as little favourable to their happiness here or hereafter, as the occasional commission of crimes at which they would start and tremble. The habitual neglect of all that is most valuable and important, of children, friends, servants—of neighbours and dependants—of the poor—of God—and of their own minds, they consider as an excusable levity, and satisfy themselves with laying the blame on the manners of the times.

If a modern lady of fashion was to be called to account for the disposition of her time, I imagine her de-

fence would run in this style:—"I can't, you know, be out of the world, nor act differently from every body in it. The hours are every where late—consequently I rise late. I have scarce breakfasted before morning visits begin, or 'tis time to go to an auction, or a concert, or to take alittle exercise for my health. Dressing my hair is a long operation, but one can't appear with a head unlike every body else. One must sometimes go to a play, or an opera; though I own it hurries one to death. Then what with necessary visits—the perpetual engagements to card-parties at private houses—and attendance on public assemblies, to which all people of fashion subscribe, the evenings, you see, are fully disposed of. What time then can I possibly have for what you call domestic duties?—You talk of the offices and enjoyments of friendship—alas! I have no hours left for friends! I must see them in a crowd, or not at all. As to cultivating the friendship of my husband, we are very civil when we meet: but we are both too much engaged to spend much time with each other. With regard to my daughters, I have given them a French governess, and proper masters—I can do no more for them. You tell me, I should instruct my servants—but I have not time to inform myself, much less can I undertake any thing of that sort for them, or even be able to guess what they do with themselves the greatest part of the twenty-four hours. I go to church, if possible, once on a Sunday, and then some of my servants attend me; and if they will not mind what the preacher says, how can I help it?—The management of our fortune, as far as I am concerned, I must leave to the steward and housekeeper; for I find I can barely snatch a quarter of an hour just to look over the bill of fare when I am to have company, that they may not send up any thing frightful or old-fashioned—As to the christian duty of charity, I assure you I am not ill natured; and (considering that the great expense of being always dressed for company, with losses at cards, subscriptions, and public spectacles, leave me very little to dispose of) I am ready enough to give my money when I meet with a miserable object. You say I should inquire out such, inform myself thoroughly of their cases, make an acquaintance with the poor of my neighbourhood in the country, and plan out the best methods of relieving the unfortunate and assisting the industrious. But this supposes much more time, and much more money, than I have to bestow.—I have had hopes indeed that my summers would have afforded me more leisure; but we stay pretty late in town; then we generally pass several weeks at one or other of the water-drinking places, where every moment is spent in public; and, for the few months in which we reside at our own seat, our house is always full, with a succession of company, to whose amusement one is obliged to dedicate every hour of the day."

So here ends the account of that time which was given you to prepare and educate yourself for eternity!—Yet you believe the immortality of the soul, and a future state of rewards and punishments. Ask your own heart what reward you deserve, or what kind of felicity you are fitted to enjoy?—Which of those faculties or affections, which heaven can be supposed to gratify, have you cultivated and improved?——If, in that eternal world, the stores of knowledge should be laid open before you, have you preserved that thirst of knowledge, or that taste for truth, which is now to be indulged with endless information?—If, in the society of saints and angels, the purest benevolence and most cordial love is to constitute your happiness, where

is the heart which should enjoy this delightful intercourse of affection?—Has yours been exercised and refined to a proper capacity of it during your state of discipline, by the energies of generous friendship, by the meltings of parental fondness, or by that union of heart and soul, that mixed exertion of perfect friendship and ineffable tenderness, which approaches nearest to the full satisfaction of our nature, in the bands of conjugal love?—Alas! you scarce knew you had a heart, except when you felt it swell with pride, or flutter with vanity!—Has your piety and gratitude to the Source of all Good, been exercised and strengthened by constant acts of praise and thanksgiving?—Was it nourished by frequent meditation, and silent recollection of all the wonders he hath done for us, till it burst forth in fervent prayer?—I fear it was rather decency than devotion, that carried you once a week to the place of public worship—and for the rest of the week, your thoughts and time were so very differently filled up, that the idea of a Ruler of the universe could occur but seldom, and then, rather as an object of terror, than of hope and joy. How then shall a soul so dead to divine love, so lost to all but the most childish pursuits, be able to exalt and enlarge itself to a capacity of that bliss which we are allowed to hope for, in a more intimate perception of the divine presence, in contemplating more nearly the perfections of our Creator, and in pouring out before his throne our ardent gratitude, love, and adoration?—What kind of training is the life you have passed through, for such an immortality?

And dare you look down with contempt on those whom strong temptation from natural passions, or a train of unfortunate circumstances, have sunk into the commission of what you call great crimes?—Dare you speak peace to your own heart, because by different circumstances you have been preserved from them?—Far be it from me to wish to lessen the horror of crimes; but yet, as the temptations to these occur but seldom, whereas the temptations to neglect, and indifference towards our duty, for ever surround us, it may be necessary to awaken ourselves to some calculation of the proportions between such habitual omission of all that is good, and the commission of more heinous acts of sin; between wasting our own life in what is falsely called innocent amusement, and disgracing it by faults which would alarm society more, though possibly they might injure it less.

Mrs. Chapone.

§ 84. *Of the Difference between the Extreme of Negligence and Rigour in Religion.*

How amazing is the distance between the extreme of negligence and self-indulgence in such nominal Christians, and the opposite excess of rigour which some have unhappily thought meritorious! between a Pascal (who dreaded the influence of pleasure so much, as to wear an iron, which he pressed into his side whenever he found himself taking delight in any object of sense) and those who think life lent them only to be squandered in senseless diversions, and the frivolous indulgence of vanity!—what a strange composition is man! ever diverging from the right line—forgetting the true end of his being—or widely mistaking the means that lead to it.

If it were indeed true that the Supreme Being had made it the condition of our future happiness, that we should spend the days of our pilgrimage here on earth in voluntary suffering and mortification, and a continual opposition to every inclination of nature, it would surely be worth

while to conform even to these conditions, however rigorous: and we see, by numerous examples, that it is not more than human creatures are capable of, when fully persuaded that their eternal interests demand it. But if, in fact, the laws of God are no other than directions for the better enjoyment of our existence—if he has forbidden us nothing that is not pernicious, and commanded nothing that is not highly advantageous to us—if, like a beneficent parent, he inflicts neither punishment nor constraint unnecessarily, but makes our good the end of all his injunctions—it will then appear much more extraordinary that we should perversely go on in constant and acknowledged neglect of those injunctions.

Is there a single pleasure worthy of a rational being, which is not, within certain limitations, consistent with religion and virtue?—And are not the limits, within which we are permitted to enjoy them, the same which are prescribed by reason and nature, and which we cannot exceed without manifest hurt to ourselves, or others?—It is not the life of a hermit that is enjoined us: it is only the life of a rational being, formed for society, capable of continual improvement, and consequently of continual advancement in happiness.

Sir Charles and Lady Worthy are neither gloomy ascetics, nor frantic enthusiasts; they married from affection, on long acquaintance, and perfect esteem; they therefore enjoy the best pleasures of the heart in the highest degree. They concur in a rational scheme of life, which, whilst it makes them always cheerful and happy, renders them the friends of human kind, and the blessing of all around them. They do not desert their station in the world, nor deny themselves the proper and moderate use of their large fortune; though that portion of it, which is appropriated to the use of others, is that from which they derive their highest gratifications. They spend four or five months of every year in London, where they keep up an intercourse of hospitality and civility with many of the most respectable persons of their own, or of higher rank; but have endeavoured rather at a select than a numerous acquaintance; and as they never play at cards, this endeavour has the more easily succeeded. Three days in the week, from the hour of dinner, are given up to this intercourse with what may be called the world. Three more are spent in a family way, with a few intimate friends, whose tastes are conformable to their own, and with whom the book and working-table, or sometimes music, supply the intervals of useful and agreeable conversation. In these parties their children are always present, and partake of the improvement that arises from such society, or from the well-chosen pieces which are read aloud. The seventh day is always spent at home, after the due attendance on public worship; and is peculiarly appropriated to the religious instruction of their children and servants, or to other works of charity. As they keep regular hours, and rise early, and as Lady Worthy never pays or admits morning visits, they have seven or eight hours in every day, free from all interruption from the world, in which the cultivation of their own minds, and those of their children, the due attention to health, to economy, and to the poor, are carried on in the most regular manner.

Thus, even in London, they contrive, without the appearance of quarrelling with the world, or of shutting themselves up from it, to pass the greatest part of their time in a reasonable and useful, as well as an agreeable manner. The rest of the year they spend at their family seat in the country, where the happy effects of their example, and of their

assiduous attention to the good of all around them, are still more observable than in town. Their neighbours, their tenants, and the poor, for many miles about them, find in them a sure resource and comfort in calamity, and a ready assistance to every scheme of honest industry. The young are instructed at their expense, and under their direction, and rendered useful at the earliest period possible; the aged and the sick have every comfort administered that their state requires; the idle and dissolute are kept in awe by vigilant inspection; the quarrelsome are brought, by a sense of their own interest, to live more quietly with their family and neighbours, and amicably to refer their disputes to Sir Charles's decision.

This amiable pair are not less highly prized by the genteel families of their neighbourhood, who are sure of finding in their house the most polite and cheerful hospitality, and in them a fund of good sense and good humour, with a constant disposition to promote every innocent pleasure. They are particularly the delight of all the young people, who consider them as their patrons and their oracles, to whom they always apply for advice and assistance in any kind of distress, or in any scheme of amusement.

Sir Charles and Lady Worthy are seldom without some friends in the house with them during their stay in the country; but, as their methods are known, they are never broken in upon by their guests, who do not expect to see them till dinner-time, except at the hour of prayer and of breakfast. In their private walks or rides, they usually visit the cottages of the labouring poor, with all of whom they are personally acquainted; and by the sweetness and friendliness of their manner, as well as by their beneficent actions, they so entirely possess the hearts of these people, that they are made the confidants of all their family grievances, and the casuists to settle all their scruples of conscience or difficulties in conduct. By this method of conversing freely with them, they find out their different characters and capacities, and often discover and apply to their own benefit, as well as that of the person they distinguish, talents which would otherwise have been for ever lost to the public.

From this slight sketch of their manner of living, can it be thought that the practice of virtue costs them any great sacrifices? Do they appear to be the servants of a hard master? —It is true, they have not the amusement of gaming, nor do they curse themselves in bitterness of soul, for losing the fortune Providence had bestowed upon them: they are not continually in public places, nor stifled in crowded assemblies; nor are their hours consumed in an insipid interchange of unmeaning chat with hundreds of fine people who are perfectly indifferent to them; but then, in return, the Being whom they serve indulges them in the best pleasures of love, of friendship, of parental and family affection, of divine beneficence, and a piety, which chiefly consists in joyful acts of love and praise! —not to mention the delights they derive from a taste uncorrupted and still alive to natural pleasures; from the beauties of nature, and from cultivating those beauties joined with utility in the scenes around them; and above all, from that flow of spirits, which a life of activity, and the constant exertion of right affections, naturally produce. Compare their countenances with those of the wretched slaves of the world, who are hourly complaining of fatigue, of listlessness, distaste, and vapours; and who, with faded cheeks and worn-out constitutions, still continue to haunt the scenes where once their vanity found gratification, but where they now meet only with mortification and

disgust; then tell me, which has chosen the happier plan, admitting for a moment that no future penalty was annexed to a wrong choice? Listen to the character that is given of Sir Charles Worthy and his lady, wherever they are named, and then tell me, whether even your idol, the world, is not more favourable to them than to you.

Perhaps it is vain to think of recalling those whom long habits, and the established tyranny of pride and vanity, have almost precluded from a possibility of imitating such patterns, and in whom the very desire of amendment is extinguished; but for those who are now entering on the stage of life, and who have their parts to choose, how earnestly could I wish for the spirit of persuasion—for such a "warning voice" as should make itself heard amidst all the gay bustle that surrounds them! it should cry to them without ceasing, not to be led away by the crowd of fools, without knowing whither they are going—not to exchange real happiness for the empty name of pleasure—not to prefer fashion to immortality—and, not to fancy it possible for them to be innocent, and at the same time useless. *Mrs. Chapone.*

§ 85. *On Gratitude.*

There is not a more pleasing exercise of the mind than gratitude.

It is accompanied with such inward satisfaction, that the duty is sufficiently rewarded by the performance. It is not like the practice of many other virtues, difficult and painful, but attended with so much pleasure, that were there no positive command which enjoined it, nor any recompense laid up for it hereafter—a generous mind would indulge in it, for the natural gratification that accompanies it.

If gratitude is due from man to man—how much more from man to his Maker?—The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us those bounties which proceed more immediately from his hand, but even those benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Every blessing we enjoy, by what means soever it may be derived upon us, is the gift of Him who is the great Author of good, and Father of mercies.

If gratitude, when exerted towards one another, naturally produces a very pleasing sensation in the mind of a grateful man; it exalts the soul into rapture, when it is employed on this great object of gratitude, on this beneficent Being, who has given us every thing we already possess, and from whom we expect every thing we yet hope for.

Most of the works of the Pagan poets were either direct hymns of their deities, or tended indirectly to the celebration of their respective attributes and perfections. Those who are acquainted with the works of the Greek and Latin poets which are still extant, will, upon reflection, find this observation so true, that I shall not enlarge upon it. One would wonder that more of our Christian poets have not turned their thoughts this way, especially if we consider, that our idea of the Supreme Being is not only infinitely more great and noble than could possibly enter into the heart of a heathen, but filled with every thing that can raise the imagination, and give an opportunity for the sublimest thoughts and conceptions.

Plutarch tells us of a heathen who was singing a hymn to Diana, in which he celebrated her for her delight in human sacrifices, and other instances of cruelty and revenge; upon which a poet who was present at this piece of devotion, and seems to have had a truer idea of the divine nature, told the votary, by way of reproof, that in recompense for his hymn, he heartily wished he

might have a daughter of the same temper with the goddess he celebrated.—It was indeed impossible to write the praises of one of those false deities, according to the Pagan creed, without a mixture of impertinence and absurdity.

The Jews, who before the time of Christianity were the only people who had the knowledge of the true God, have set the Christian world an example how they ought to employ this divine talent, of which I am speaking. As that nation produced men of great genius, without considering them as inspired writers, they have transmitted to us many hymns and divine odes, which excel those that are delivered down to us by the ancient Greeks and Romans, in the poetry as much as in the subject to which it is consecrated. This, I think, might be easily shown, if there were occasion for it.

Spectator.

§ 86. *Religion the Foundation of Content: an Allegory.*

Omar, the hermit of the mountain Aubukabis, which rises on the east of Mecca, and overlooks the city, found one evening a man sitting pensive and alone, within a few paces of his cell. Omar regarded him with attention, and perceived that his looks were wild and haggard, and that his body was feeble and emaciated: the man also seemed to gaze steadfastly on Omar; but such was the abstraction of his mind, that his eye did not immediately take cognizance of its object. In the moment of recollection he started as from a dream, he covered his face in confusion, and bowed himself to the ground. "Son of affliction," said Omar, "who art thou, and what is thy distress?" "My name," replied the stranger, "is Hassan, and I am a native of this city: the Angel of adversity has laid his hand upon me, and the wretch whom thine eye compassionates, thou canst not deliver." "To deliver thee," said Omar, "belongs to Him only, from whom we should receive with humility both good and evil: yet hide not thy life from me; for the burthen which I cannot remove, I may at least enable thee to sustain." Hassan fixed his eyes upon the ground and remained some time silent; then fetching a deep sigh, he looked up at the hermit, and thus complied with his request.

It is now six years since our mighty lord the Caliph Almalic, whose memory be blessed, first came privately to worship in the temple of the holy city. The blessings which he petitioned of the prophet, as the prophet's vicegerent, he was diligent to dispense: in the intervals of his devotion, therefore, he went about the city relieving distress and restraining oppression: the widow smiled under his protection, and the weakness of age and infancy was sustained by his bounty. I, who dreaded no evil but sickness, and expected no good beyond the reward of my labour, was singing at my work, when Almalic entered my dwelling. He looked round with a smile of complacency; perceiving that though it was mean it was neat, and though I was poor I appeared to be content. As his habit was that of a pilgrim, I hastened to receive him with such hospitality as was in my power; and my cheerfulness was rather increased than restrained by his presence. After he had accepted some coffee, he asked me many questions; and though by my answers I always endeavoured to excite him to mirth, yet I perceived that he grew thoughtful, and eyed me with a placid but fixed attention. I supected that he had some knowledge of me, and therefore inquired his country and his name. "Hassan," said he, "I have raised thy curiosity, and it shall be satisfied; he

who now talks with thee, is Almalic, the sovereign of the faithful, whose seat is the throne of Medina, and whose commission is from above." These words struck me dumb with astonishment, though I had some doubt of their truth: but Almalic, throwing back his garment, discovered the peculiarity of his vest, and put the royal signet upon his finger. I then started up, and was about to prostrate myself before him, but he prevented me: "Hassan," said he, "forbear: thou art greater than I, and from thee I have at once derived humility and wisdom." I answered, "Mock not thy servant, who is but a worm before thee: life and death are in thy hand, and happiness and misery are the daughters of thy will." "Hassan," he replied, "I can no otherwise give life or happiness, than by not taking them away: thou art thyself beyond the reach of my bounty, and possessed of felicity which I can neither communicate nor obtain. My influence over others fills my bosom with perpetual solicitude and anxiety; and yet my influence over others extends only to their vices, whether I would reward or punish. By the bow-string, I can repress violence and fraud; and by the delegation of power, I can transfer the insatiable wishes of avarice and ambition from one object to another: but with respect to virtue, I am impotent; if I could reward it, I would reward it in thee. Thou art content, and hast therefore neither avarice nor ambition: to exalt thee would destroy the simplicity of thy life, and diminish that happiness which I have no power either to increase or to continue."

He then rose up, and commanding me not to disclose his secret, departed.

As soon as I recovered from the confusion and astonishment in which the Caliph left me, I began to regret that my behaviour had intercepted his bounty; and accused that cheerfulness of folly, which was the concomitant of poverty and labour. I now repined at the obscurity of my station, which my former insensibility had perpetuated: I neglected my labour, because I despised the reward; I spent the day in idleness, forming romantic projects to recover the advantages which I had lost: and at night, instead of losing myself in that sweet and refreshing sleep, from which I used to rise with new health, cheerfulness, and vigour, I dreamed of splendid habits and a numerous retinue, of gardens, palaces, eunuchs, and women, and waked only to regret the illusions that had vanished. My health was at length impaired by the inquietude of my mind; I sold all my moveables for subsistence; and reserved only a mattress upon which I sometimes lay from one night to another.

In the first moon of the following year, the Caliph came again to Mecca, with the same secrecy, and for the same purposes. He was willing once more to see the man, whom he considered as deriving felicity from himself. But he found me, not singing at my work, ruddy with health, vivid with cheerfulness; but pale and dejected, sitting on the ground, and chewing opium, which contributed to substitute the phantoms of imagination for the realities of greatness. He entered with a kind of joyful impatience in his countenance, which, the moment he beheld me, was changed to a mixture of wonder and pity. I had often wished for another opportunity to address the Caliph; yet I was confounded at his presence, and, throwing myself at his feet, I laid my hand upon my head and was speechless. "Hassan," said he, "what canst thou have lost, whose wealth was the labour of thine own hand; and what can have made thee sad, the spring of whose joy was in thy own bosom?

What evil hath befallen thee? Speak, and if I can remove it, thou art happy." I was now encouraged to look up, and I replied, "Let my Lord forgive the presumption of his servant, who rather than utter a falsehood would be dumb for ever. I am become wretched by the loss of that which I never possessed: thou hast raised wishes, which indeed I am not worthy thou shouldst satisfy; but why should it be thought, that he who was happy in obscurity and indigence, would not have been rendered more happy by eminence and wealth?"

When I had finished this speech, Almalic stood some moments in suspense, and I continued prostrate before him. "Hassan," said he, "I perceive, not with indignation but regret, that I mistook thy character; I now discover avarice and ambition in thy heart, which lay torpid only because their objects were too remote to rouse them. I cannot therefore invest thee with authority, because I would not subject my people to oppression; and because I would not be compelled to punish thee for crimes which I first enabled thee to commit. But as I have taken from thee that which I cannot restore, I will at least gratify the wishes that I excited, lest thy heart accuse me of injustice, and thou continue still a stranger to thyself. Arise, therefore, and follow me."—I sprung from the ground as it were with the wings of an eagle; I kissed the hem of his garment in an ecstasy of gratitude and joy; and when I went out of my house, my heart leaped as if I had escaped from the den of a lion. I followed Almalic to the caravansera in which he lodged: and after he had fulfilled his vows, he took me with him to Medina. He gave me an apartment in the seraglio; I was attended by his own servants; my provisions were sent from his own table; I received every week a sum from his treasury, which exceeded the most romantic of my expectations. But I soon discovered, that no dainty was so tasteful, as the food to which labour procured an appetite; no slumbers so sweet as those which weariness invited; and no time so well enjoyed, as that in which diligence is expecting its reward. I remembered these enjoyments with regret; and while I was sighing in the midst of superfluities, which though they encumbered life, yet I could not give up, they were suddenly taken away.

Almalic, in the midst of the glory of his kingdom, and in the full vigour of his life, expired suddenly in the bath: such thou knowest was the destiny which the Almighty had written upon his head.

His son Aububekir, who succeeded to the throne, was incensed against me, by some who regarded me at once with contempt and envy; he suddenly withdrew my pension, and commanded that I should be expelled the palace; a command which my enemies executed with so much rigour, that within twelve hours I found myself in the streets of Medina, indigent and friendless, exposed to hunger and derision, with all the habits of luxury, and all the sensibility of pride. O! let not thy heart despise me, thou whom experience has not taught, that it is misery to lose that which it is not happiness to possess. O! that for me this lesson had not been written on the tablets of Providence! I have travelled from Medina to Mecca; but I cannot fly from myself. How different are the states in which I have been placed! The remembrance of both is bitter! for the pleasures of neither can return.—Hassan having thus ended his story, smote his hands together; and, looking upward, burst into tears.

Omar, having waited till this agony was past, went to him, and taking

him by the hand, "My son," said he, "more is yet in thy power than Almalic could give, or Aububekir take away. The lesson of thy life the prophet has in mercy appointed me to explain.

"Thou wast once content with poverty and labour, only because they were become habitual, and ease and affluence were placed beyond thy hope; for when ease and affluence approached thee, thou wast content with poverty and labour no more. That which then became the object, was also the bound of thy hope; and he, whose utmost hope is disappointed, must inevitably be wretched. If thy supreme desire had been the delights of Paradise, and thou hadst believed that by the tenor of thy life these delights had been secured, as more could not have been given thee, thou wouldst not have regretted that less was not offered. The content which was once enjoyed, was but the lethargy of thy soul; and the distress which is now suffered, will but quicken it to action. Depart, therefore, and be thankful for all things; put thy trust in Him, who alone can gratify the wish of reason, and satisfy thy soul with good; fix thy hope upon that portion, in comparison of which the world is as the drop of the bucket, and the dust of the balance. Return, my son, to thy labour; thy food shall be again tasteful, and thy rest shall be sweet; to thy content also will be added stability, when it depends not upon that which is possessed upon earth, but upon that which is expected in Heaven."

Hassan, upon whose mind the Angel of instruction impressed the counsel of Omar, hastened to prostrate himself in the temple of the Prophet. Peace dawned upon his mind like the radiance of the morning: he returned to his labour with cheerfulness; his devotion became fervent and habitual; and the latter days of Hassan were happier than the first.

Adventurer.

§ 87. *Bad company—meaning of the phrase—different classes of bad company—ill chosen company—what is meant by keeping bad company—the danger of it, from our aptness to imitate and catch the manners of others—from the great power and force of custom—from our bad inclinations.*

"Evil communication," says the text, "corrupts good manners." The assertion is general, and no doubt all people suffer from such communication; but above all, the minds of youth will suffer; which are yet unformed, unprincipled, unfurnished, and ready to receive any impression.

But before we consider the danger of keeping bad company, let us first see the meaning of the phrase.

In the phrase of the world, good company means fashionable people. Their stations in life, not their morals are considered: and he, who associates with such, though they set him the example of breaking every commandment of the decalogue, is still said to keep good company.—I should wish you to fix another meaning to the expression; and to consider vice in the same detestable light, in whatever company it is found; nay, to consider all company in which it is found, be their station what it will, as bad company.

The three following classes will perhaps include the greatest part of those, who deserve this appellation

In the first, I should rank all who endeavour to destroy the principles of Christianity—who jest upon Scripture—talk blasphemy—and treat revelation with contempt.

A second class of bad company are those, who have a tendency to destroy in us the principles of com-

mon honesty and integrity. Under this head we may rank gamesters of every denomination; and the low and infamous characters of every profession.

A third class of bad company, and such as are commonly most dangerous to youth, includes the long catalogue of men of pleasure. In whatever way they follow the call of appetite, they have equally a tendency to corrupt the purity of the mind.

Besides these three classes, whom we may call bad company, there are others who come under the denomination of ill chosen company: trifling, insipid characters of every kind; who follow no business—are led by no ideas of improvement—but spend their time in dissipation and folly—whose highest praise it is, that they are only not vicious.—With none of these, a serious man would wish his son to keep company.

It may be asked what is meant by keeping bad company? The world abounds with characters of this kind: they meet us in every place; and if we keep company at all, it is impossible to avoid keeping company with such persons.

It is true if we were determined never to have any commerce with bad men, we must, as the apostle remarks, "altogether go out of the world." By keeping bad company, therefore, is not meant a casual intercourse with them, on occasion of business, or as they accidentally fall in our way; but having an inclination to consort with them—complying with that inclination—seeking their company when we might avoid it—entering into their parties—and making them the companions of our choice. Mixing with them occasionally cannot be avoided.

The danger of keeping bad company, arises principally from our aptness to imitate and catch the manners and sentiments of others—from the power of custom—from our own bad inclinations—and from the pains taken by the bad to corrupt us.

In our earliest youth, the contagion of manners is observable. In the boy, yet incapable of having any thing instilled into him, we easily discover from his first actions, and rude attempts at language, the kind of persons with whom he has been brought up: we see the early spring of a civilized education, or the first wild shoots of rusticity.

As he enters farther into life, his behaviour, manners, and conversation, all take their cast from the company he keeps. Observe the peasant, and the man of education; the difference is striking. And yet God hath bestowed equal talents on each. The only difference is, they have been thrown into different scenes of life; and have had commerce with persons of different stations.

Nor are manners and behaviour more easily caught, than opinions and principles. In childhood and youth, we naturally adopt the sentiments of those about us. And as we advance in life, how few of us think for ourselves? How many of us are satisfied with taking our opinions at second hand?

The great power and force of custom forms another argument against keeping bad company. However seriously disposed we may be; and however shocked at the first approaches of vice; this shocking appearance goes off, upon an intimacy with it. Custom will soon render the most disgustful thing familiar. And this is indeed a kind provision of nature, to render labour, and toil, and danger, which are the lot of man, more easy to him. The raw soldier, who trembles at the first encounter, becomes a hardy veteran in a few campaigns. Habit renders danger familiar, and of course indifferent to him.

But habit, which is intended for our good, may, like other kind ap-

pointments of nature, be converted into a mischief. The well-disposed youth, entering first into bad company, is shocked at what he hears, and what he sees. The good principles which he had imbibed, ring in his ears an alarming lesson against the wickedness of his companions. But, alas! this sensibility is but of a day's continuance. The next jovial meeting makes the horrid picture of yesterday more easily endured. Virtue is soon thought a severe rule; the gospel, an inconvenient restraint; a few pangs of conscience now and then interrupt his pleasures; and whisper to him, that he once had better thoughts: but even these by degrees die away; and he who at first was shocked even at the appearance of vice, is formed by custom into a profligate leader of vicious pleasures—perhaps into an abandoned tempter to vice.—So carefully should we oppose the first approaches of sin; so vigilant should we be against so insidious an enemy!

Our own bad inclinations form another argument against bad company. We have so many passions and appetites to govern; so many bad propensities of different kinds to watch, that amidst such a variety of enemies within, we ought at least to be on our guard against those without. The breast even of a good man is represented in scripture, and experienced in fact to be in a state of warfare. His vicious inclinations are continually drawing him one way; while his virtue is making efforts another. And if the scriptures represent this as the case even of a good man, whose passions, it may be imagined, are become in some degree cool, and temperate, and who has made some progress in a virtuous course; what may we suppose to be the danger of a raw unexperienced youth, whose passions and appetites are violent and seducing, and whose mind is in a still less confirmed state? It is his part surely to keep out of the way of temptation; and to give his bad inclinations as little room as possible to acquire new strength.

Gilpin.

§ 88. *Ridicule one of the chief arts of corruption—bad company injures our characters as well as manners—presumption the forerunner of ruin—the advantages of good company equal to the disadvantages of bad—cautions in forming intimacies.*

These arguments against keeping bad company, will still receive additional strength, if we consider farther, the great pains taken by the bad to corrupt others. It is a very true, but lamentable fact, in the history of human nature, that bad men take more pains to corrupt their own species, than virtuous men do to reform them. Hence those specious arts, that show of friendship, that appearance of disinterestedness, with which the profligate seducer endeavours to lure the unwary youth; and, at the same time, yielding to his inclinations, seems to follow rather than to lead him. Many are the arts of these corrupters; but their principal art is ridicule. By this they endeavour to laugh out of countenance all the better principles of their wavering proselyte; and make him think contemptibly of those, whom he formerly respected; by this they stifle the ingenuous blush, and finally destroy all sense of shame. Their cause is below argument. They aim not therefore at reasoning. Raillery is the weapon they employ; and who is there, that hath the steadiness to hear persons and things, whatever reverence he may have had for them, the subject of continual ridicule, without losing that reverence by degrees?

Having thus considered what principally makes bad company danger-

ous, I shall just add, that even were your morals in no danger from such intercourse, your characters would infallibly suffer. The world will always judge of you by your companions: and nobody will suppose, that a youth of virtuous principles himself, can possibly form a connexion with a profligate.

In reply to the danger supposed to arise from bad company, perhaps the youth may say, he is so firm in his own opinions, so steady in his principles, that he thinks himself secure; and need not restrain himself from the most unreserved conversation.

Alas! this security is the very brink of the precipice: nor hath vice in her whole train a more dangerous enemy to you, than presumption. Caution, ever awake to danger, is a guard against it. But security lays every guard asleep. "Let him who thinketh he standeth," saith the apostle, "take heed, lest he fall." Even an apostle himself did fall, by thinking that he stood secure. "Though I should die with thee," said St. Peter to his master, "yet will I not deny thee." That very night, notwithstanding this boasted security, he repeated the crime three several times. And can we suppose, that presumption, which occasioned an apostle's fall, shall not ruin an unexperienced youth? The story is recorded for our instruction; and should be a standing lesson against presuming upon our own strength.

In conclusion, such as the dangers are, which arise from bad company, such are the advantages which accrue from good. We imitate, and catch the manners and sentiments of good men, as we do of bad. Custom, which renders vice less a deformity, renders virtue more lovely. Good examples have a force beyond instruction, and warm us into emulation beyond precept; while the countenance and conversation of virtuous men encourage, and draw out into action every kindred disposition of our hearts.

Besides, as a sense of shame often prevents our doing a right thing in bad company, it operates in the same way in preventing our doing a wrong one in good. Our characters become a pledge; and we cannot, without a kind of dishonour, draw back.

It is not possible, indeed, for a youth, yet unfurnished with knowledge (which fits him for good company) to choose his companions as he pleases. A youth must have something peculiarly attractive to qualify him for the acquaintance of men of established reputation. What he has to do, is, at all events, to avoid bad company; and to endeavour, by improving his mind and morals, to qualify himself for the best.

Happy is that youth, who, upon his entrance into the world, can choose his company with discretion. There is often in vice, a gaiety, an unreserve, a freedom of manners which are apt at sight to engage the unwary; while virtue on the other hand is often modest, reserved, diffident, backward, and easily disconcerted. That freedom of manners, however engaging, may cover a very corrupt heart: and this awkwardness, however unpleasing, may veil a thousand virtues. Suffer not your mind, therefore, to be easily either engaged, or disgusted, at first sight. Form your intimacies with reserve: and if drawn unawares into an acquaintance you disapprove, immediately retreat. Open not your hearts to every profession of friendship. They, whose friendship is worth accepting, are, as you ought to be, reserved in offering it. Choose your companions, not merely for the sake of a few outward accomplishments—for the idle pleasure of spending an agreeable hour; but mark their disposition to virtue or vice; and, as much as possible,

choose those for your companions, whom you see others respect: always remembering, that upon the choice of your company depends in a great measure the success of all you have learned; the hopes of your friends; your future characters in life; and, what you ought above all other things to value, the purity of your hearts.

Gilpin.

§ 89. *Religion the best and only Support in Cases of real Stress.*

There are no principles but those of religion to be depended on in cases of real stress; and these are able to encounter the worst emergencies; and to bear us up under all the changes and chances to which our life is subject.

Consider then what virtue the very first principle of religion has, and how wonderfully it is conducive to this end: that there is a God, a powerful, a wise and good Being, who first made the world, and continues to govern it;—by whose goodness all things are designed—and by whose providence all things are conducted to bring about the greatest and best ends. The sorrowful and pensive wretch that was giving way to his misfortunes, and mournfully sinking under them, the moment this doctrine comes into his aid, hushes all his complaints—and thus speaks comfort to his soul,—"It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good. —Without his direction, I know that no evil can befal me,—without his permission, that no power can hurt me;—it is impossible a Being so wise should mistake my happiness—or that a Being so good should contradict it.—If he has denied me riches or other advantages—perhaps he foresees the gratifying my wishes would undo me, and by my own abuse of them be perverted to my ruin.—If he has denied me the request of children—or in his providence has thought fit to take them from me—how can I say whether he has not dealt kindly with me, and only taken that away which he foresaw would imbitter and shorten my days? —It does so to thousands, where the disobedience of a thankless child has brought down the parents, grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Has he visited me with sickness, poverty, or other disappointments?—can I say but these are blessings in disguise?—so many different expressions of his care and concern to disentangle my thoughts from this world, and fix them upon another—another, a better world beyond this!" —This thought opens a new face of hope and consolation to the unfortunate:—and as the persuasion of a Providence reconciles him to the evils he has suffered,—this prospect of a future life gives him strength to despise them, and esteem the light afflictions of this life, as they are, not worthy to be compared to what is reserved for him hereafter.

Things are great or small by comparison—and he who looks no farther than this world, and balances the accounts of his joys and sufferings from that consideration, finds all his sorrows enlarged, and at the close of them will be apt to look back, and cast the same sad reflection upon the whole, which the Patriarch did to Pharoah, "That few and evil had been the days of his pilgrimage." But let him lift up his eyes towards heaven, and steadfastly behold the life and immortality of a future state,—he then wipes away all tears from off his eyes for ever; like the exiled captive, big with the hopes that he is returning home, he feels not the weight of his chains, or counts the days of his captivity; but looks forward with rapture towards the country where his heart is fled before.

These are the aids which religion offers us towards the regulation of our spirit under the evils of life,—

but like great cordials, they are seldom used but on great occurrences. In the lesser evils of life, we seem to stand unguarded—and our peace and contentment are overthrown, and our happiness broke in upon, by a little impatience of spirit, under the cross and untoward accidents we meet with. These stand unprovided for, and we neglect them as we do the slighter indispositions of the body —which we think not worth treating seriously, and so leave them to nature. In good habits of the body, this may do,—and I would gladly believe, there are such good habits of the temper, such a complexional ease and health of heart, as may often save the patient much medicine.—We are still to consider, that however such good frames of mind are got, they are worth preserving by all rules:—Patience and contentment, —which like the treasure hid in the field for which a man sold all he had to purchase—is of that price, that it cannot be had at too great a purchase; since without it, the best condition of life cannot make us happy; and with it, it is impossible we should be miserable even in the worst.

Sterne's Sermon.

§ 90. *Ridicule dangerous to Morality and Religion.*

The unbounded freedom and licentiousness of raillery and ridicule, is become of late years so fashionable among us, and hath already been attended with such fatal and destructive consequences, as to give a reasonable alarm to all friends of virtue. Writers have rose up within this last century, who have endeavoured to blend and confound the colours of good and evil, to laugh us out of our religion, and undermine the very foundations of morality. The character of the Scoffer hath, by an unaccountable favour and indulgence, met not only with pardon, but approbation, and hath therefore been almost universally sought after and admired. Ridicule hath been called (and this for no other reason but because Lord Shaftesbury told us so) the test of truth, and, as such, has been applied indiscriminately to every subject.

But in opposition to all the puny followers of Shaftesbury and Bolingbroke, all the laughing moralists of the last age, and all the sneering satirists of this, I shall not scruple to declare, that I look on ridicule as an oppressive and arbitrary tyrant, who like death throws down all distinction; blind to the charms of virtue, and deaf to the complaints of truth; a bloody Moloch, who delights in human sacrifice; who loves to feed on the flesh of the poor, and to drink the tear of the afflicted; who doubles the weight of poverty by scorn and laughter, and throws the poison of contempt into the cup of distress to imbitter the draught.

Truth, say the Shaftesburians, cannot possibly be an object of ridicule, and therefore cannot suffer by it:—to which the answer is extremely obvious: Truth, naked, undisguised, cannot, we will acknowledge with them, be ridiculed; but Truth, like every thing else, may be misrepresented: it is the business of ridicule therefore to disguise her; to dress her up in a strange and fantastic habit; and when this is artfully performed, it is no wonder that the crowd should smile at her deformity.

The noblest philosopher and the best moralist in the heathen world, the great and immortal Socrates, fell a sacrifice to this pernicious talent: ridicule first misrepresented and afterwards destroyed him: the deluded multitude condemned him, not for what he was, but for what he appeared to be, an enemy to the religion of his country.

The folly and depravity of mankind will always furnish out a suffi-

cient fund for ridicule; and when we consider how vast and spacious a field the little scene of human life affords for malice and ill-nature, we shall not so much wonder to see the lover of ridicule rejoicing in it. Here he has always an opportunity of gratifying his pride, and satiating his malevolence: from the frailties and absurdities of others, he forms a wreath to adorn his own brow; gathers together, with all his art, the failings and imperfections of others, and offers them up a sacrifice to self-love. The lowest and most abandoned of mankind can ridicule the most exalted beings; those who never could boast of their own perfection,

Nor raise their thoughts beyond the earth they tread,
Even these can censure, those can dare deride
A Bacon's avarice, or a Tully's pride.

It were well indeed for mankind, if ridicule would confine itself to the frailties and imperfections of human nature, and not extend its baleful influence over the few good qualities and perfections of it: but there is not perhaps a virtue to be named, which may not, by the medium through which it is seen, be distorted into a vice. The glass of ridicule reflects things not only darkly, but falsely also: it always discolours the objects before it ventures to represent them to us. The purest metal, by the mixture of a base alloy, shall seem changed to the meanest. Ridicule, in the same manner, will clothe prudence in the garb of avarice, call courage rashness, and brand good-nature with the name of prodigality; will laugh at the compassionate man for his weakness, the serious man for his preciseness, and the pious man for his hypocrisy.

Modesty is one of virtue's best supports; and it is observable, that wherever this amiable quality is most eminently conspicuous, ridicule is always ready to attack and overthrow it. The man of wit and humour is never so happy as when he can raise the blush of ingenuous merit, or stamp the marks of deformity and guilt on the features of innocence and beauty. Thus may our perfections conspire to render us both unhappy and contemptible!

The lover of ridicule will, no doubt, plead in the defence of it, that his design is to reclaim and reform mankind; that he is listed in the service of Virtue, and engaged in the cause of Truth;—but I will venture to assure him, that the allies he boasts of disclaim his friendship and despise his assistance. Truth desires no such soldier to fight under his banner; Virtue wants no such advocate to plead for her. As it is generally exercised, it is too great a punishment for small faults, too light and inconsiderable for great ones: the little foibles and blemishes of a character deserve rather pity than contempt; the more atrocious crimes call for hatred and abhorrence. Thus, we see, that in one case the medicine operates too powerfully, and in the other is of no effect.

I might take this opportunity to add, that ridicule is not always contented with ravaging and destroying the works of man, but boldly and impiously attacks those of God; enters even into the sanctuary, and profanes the temple of the Most High. A late noble writer has made use of it to asperse the characters and destroy the validity of the writers of both the Old and New Testament; and to change the solemn truths of Christianity into matter of mirth and laughter. The books of Moses are called by him fables and tales, fit only for the amusement of children: and St. Paul is treated by him as an enthusiast, an idiot, and an avowed enemy to that religion which he professed. One would not surely think that there was any thing in Christianity so ludicrous as to raise laughter, or to excite contempt; but on the contrary, that the nature of its pre-

cepts, and its own intrinsic excellence, would at least have secured it from such indignities.

Nothing gives us a higher opinion of those ancient heathens whom our modern bigots are so apt to despise, than that air of piety and devotion which runs through all their writings; and though the Pagan theology was full of absurdities and inconsistencies, which the more refined spirits among their poets and philosophers must have doubtless despised, rejected, and contemned; such was their respect and veneration for the established religion of their country, such their regard to decency and seriousness, such their modesty and diffidence in affairs of so much weight and importance, that we very seldom meet with jest or ridicule on subjects which they held thus sacred and respectable.

The privilege of publicly laughing at religion, and the profession of it, of making the laws of God, and the great concerns of eternity, the objects of mirth and ridicule, was reserved for more enlightened ages; and denied the more pious heathens, to reflect disgrace and ignominy on the Christian æra.

It hath indeed been the fate of the best and purest religion in the world, to become the jest of fools; and not only, with its Divine Founder, to be scourged and persecuted, but with him to be mocked and spit at, trampled on and despised. But to consider the dreadful consequences of ridicule on this occasion, will better become the divine than essayist; to him therefore I shall refer it, and conclude this essay by observing, that after all the undeserved encomiums so lavishly bestowed on this child of wit and malice, so universally approved and admired, I know of no service the pernicious talent of ridicule can be of, unless it be to raise the blush of modesty, and put virtue out of countenance; to enhance the miseries of the wretched, and poison the feast of happiness; to insult man, and affront God; to make us, in short, hateful to our fellow-creatures, uneasy to ourselves, and highly displeasing to the Almighty.

Smollet.

§ 91. *On Prodigality.*

It is the fate of almost every passion, when it has passed the bounds which nature prescribes, to counteract its own purpose. Too much rage hinders the warrior from circumspection; and too much eagerness of profit hurts the credit of the trader. Too much ardour takes away from the lover that easiness of address with which ladies are delighted. Thus extravagance, though dictated by vanity, and incited by voluptuousness, seldom procures ultimately either applause or pleasure.

If praise be justly estimated by the character of those from whom it is received, little satisfaction will be given to the spendthrift by the encomiums which he purchases. For who are they that animate him in his pursuits, but young men, thoughtless and abandoned like himself, unacquainted with all on which the wisdom of nations has impressed the stamp of excellence, and devoid alike of knowledge and of virtue? By whom is his profusion praised, but by wretches who consider him as subservient to their purposes; Syrens that entice him to shipwreck; and Cyclops that are gaping to devour him?

Every man whose knowledge, or whose virtue, can give value to his opinion, looks with scorn or pity (neither of which can afford much gratification to pride) on him whom the panders of luxury have drawn into the circle of their influence, and whom he sees parcelled out among the different ministers of folly, and about to be torn to pieces by tailors and jockies, vintners and attornies;

who at once rob and ridicule him, and who are secretly triumphing over his weakness, when they present new incitements to his appetite, and heighten his desires by counterfeited applause.

Such is the praise that is purchased by prodigality. Even when it is yet not discovered to be false, it is the praise only of those whom it is reproachful to please, and whose sincerity is corrupted by their interest; men who live by the riots which they encourage, and who know, that whenever their pupil grows wise, they shall lose their power. Yet with such flatteries, if they could last, might the cravings of vanity, which is seldom very delicate, be satisfied: but the time is always hastening forward, when this triumph, poor as it is, shall vanish, and when those who now surround him with obsequiousness and compliments, fawn among his equipage, and animate his riots, shall turn upon him with insolence, and reproach him with the vices promoted by themselves.

And as little pretensions has the man, who squanders his estate by vain or vicious expenses, to greater degrees of pleasure than are obtained by others. To make any happiness sincere, it is necessary that we believe it to be lasting; since whatever we suppose ourselves in danger of losing, must be enjoyed with solicitude and uneasiness, and the more value we set upon it, the more must the present possession be imbittered. How can he, then, be envied for his felicity, who knows that its continuance cannot be expected, and who is conscious that a very short time will give him up to the gripe of poverty, which will be harder to be borne, as he has given way to more excesses, wantoned in greater abundance, and indulged his appetite with more profuseness.

It appears evident, that frugality is necessary even to complete the pleasure of expense; for it may be generally remarked of those who squander what they know their fortune not sufficient to allow, that in their most jovial expense there always breaks out some proof of discontent and impatience; they either scatter with a kind of wild desperation and affected lavishness, as criminals brave the gallows when they cannot escape it; or pay their money with a peevish anxiety, and endeavour at once to spend idly, and to save meanly; having neither firmness to deny their passions, nor courage to gratify them, they murmur at their own enjoyments, and poison the bowl of pleasure by reflection on the cost.

Among these men there is often the vociferation of merriment, but very seldom the tranquillity of cheerfulness; they inflame their imaginations to a kind of momentary jollity, by the help of wine and riot; and consider it as the first business of the night to stupify recollection, and lay that reason asleep, which disturbs their gaiety, and calls upon them to retreat from ruin.

But this poor broken satisfaction is of short continuance, and must be expiated by a long series of misery and regret. In a short time the creditor grows impatient, the last acre is sold, the passions and appetites still continue their tyranny, with incessant calls for their usual gratifications; and the remainder of life passes away in vain repentance, or impotent desire. *Rambler*

§ 92. *On Honour.*

Every principle that is a motive to good actions ought to be encouraged, since men are of so different a make, that the same principle does not work equally upon all minds. What some men are prompted to by conscience, duty, or religion, which are only different names for the same thing, others are prompted to by honour.

The sense of honour is of so fine and delicate a nature, that it is only to be met with in minds which are naturally noble, or in such as have been cultivated by great examples, or a refined education. This essay therefore is chiefly designed for those, who by means of any of these advantages are, or ought to be, actuated by this glorious principle.

But as nothing is more pernicious than a principle of action, when it is misunderstood, I shall consider honour with respect to three sorts of men. First of all, with regard to those who have a right notion of it. Secondly, with regard to those who have a mistaken notion of it. And thirdly, with regard to those who treat it as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule.

In the first place, true honour, though it be a different principle from religion, is that which produces the same effects. The lines of action, though drawn from different parts, terminate in the same point. Religion embraces virtue as it is enjoined by the laws of God; honour, as it is graceful and ornamental to human nature. The religious man fears, the man of honour scorns, to do an ill action. The latter considers vice as something that is beneath him; the other, as something that is offensive to the Divine Being: the one, as what is unbecoming; the other, as what is forbidden. Thus Seneca speaks in the natural and genuine language of a man of honour, when he declares "that were there no God to see or punish vice, he would not commit it, because it is of so mean, so base, and so vile a nature."

I shall conclude this head with the description of honour in the part of young Juba:

> Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
> The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
> That aids and strengthens virtue when it meets her,
> And imitates her actions where she is not;
> It ought not to be sported with. *Cato.*

In the second place, we are to consider those, who have mistaken notions of honour. And these are such as establish any thing to themselves for a point of honour, which is contrary either to the laws of God, or of their country; who think it more honourable to revenge, than to forgive an injury; who make no scruple of telling a lie, but would put any man to death that accuses them of it; who are more careful to guard their reputation by their courage than by their virtue. True fortitude is indeed so becoming in human nature, that he who wants it scarce deserves the name of a man; but we find several who so much abuse this notion, that they place the whole idea of honour in a kind of brutal courage: by which means we have had many among us, who have called themselves men of honour, that would have been a disgrace to a gibbet. In a word, the man who sacrifices any duty of a reasonable creature to a prevailing mode or fashion; who looks upon any thing as honourable that is displeasing to his Maker, or destructive to society; who thinks himself obliged by this principle to the practice of some virtues, and not of others, is by no means to be reckoned among true men of honour.

Timogenes was a lively instance of one actuated by false honour. Timogenes would smile at a man's jest who ridiculed his Maker, and at the same time run a man through the body that spoke ill of his friend. Timogenes would have scorned to have betrayed a secret that was intrusted with him, though the fate of his country depended upon the discovery of it. Timogenes took away the life of a young fellow in a duel, for having spoken ill of Belinda, a lady whom he himself had seduced in her youth, and betrayed into want and ignominy. To close his character, Timogenes, after having ruined several poor tradesmen's families who

had trusted him, sold his estate to satisfy his creditors; but, like a man of honour, disposed of all the money he could make of it, in paying off his play debts, or, to speak in his own language, his debts of honour.

In the third place, we are to consider those persons, who treat this principle as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule. Men who are professedly of no honour, are of a more profligate and abandoned nature than even those who are actuated by false notions of it; as there is more hope of an heretic than of an atheist. These sons of infamy consider honour, with old Syphax in the play before-mentioned, as a fine imaginary notion that leads astray young inexperienced men, and draws them into real mischiefs, while they are engaged in the pursuit of a shadow. These are generally persons who, in Shakespeare's phrase, "are worn and hackneyed in the ways of men;" whose imaginations are grown callous, and have lost all those delicate sentiments which are natural to minds that are innocent and undepraved. Such old battered miscreants ridicule every thing as romantic, that comes in competition with their present interest; and treat those persons as visionaries, who dare to stand up, in a corrupt age, for what has not its immediate reward joined to it. The talents, interest, or experience of such men, make them very often useful in all parties, and at all times. But whatever wealth and dignities they may arrive at, they ought to consider, that every one stands as a blot in the annals of his country, who arrives at the temple of honour by any other way than through that of virtue.

Guardian.

§ 93. *On Modesty.*

I know no two words that have been more abused by the different and wrong interpretations, which are put upon them, than these two, Modesty and Assurance. To say such a one is a modest man, sometimes indeed passes for a good character; but at present is very often used to signify a sheepish, awkward fellow, who has neither good-breeding, politeness, nor any knowledge of the world.

Again: A man of assurance, though at first it only denoted a person of a free and open carriage, is now very usually applied to a profligate wretch, who can break through all the rules of decency and morality without a blush.

I shall endeavour, therefore, in this essay, to restore these words to their true meaning, to prevent the idea of Modesty from being confounded with that of Sheepishness, and to hinder Impudence from passing for Assurance.

If I was put to define modesty, I would call it, the reflection of an ingenuous mind, either when a man has committed an action for which he censures himself, or fancies that he is exposed to the censure of others.

For this reason a man, truly modest, is as much so when he is alone as in company; and as subject to a blush in his closet as when the eyes of multitudes are upon him.

I do not remember to have met with any instance of modesty with which I am so well pleased, as that celebrated one of the young prince, whose father, being a tributary king to the Romans, had several complaints laid against him before the senate, as a tyrant and oppressor of his subjects. The prince went to Rome to defend his father; but coming into the senate, and hearing a multitude of crimes proved upon him, was so oppressed when it came to his turn to speak, that he was unable to utter a word. The story tells us, that the fathers were more moved at this instance of modesty and ingenu-

ity, than they could have been by the most pathetic oration; and, in short, pardoned the guilty father for this early promise of virtue in the son.

I take Assurance to be, the faculty of possessing a man's self, or of saying and doing indifferent things without any uneasiness or emotion in the mind. That which generally gives a man assurance, is a moderate knowledge of the world; but above all, a mind fixed and determined in itself to do nothing against the rules of honour and decency. An open and assured behaviour is the natural consequence of such a resolution. A man thus armed, if his words or actions are at any time misinterpreted, retires within himself, and from a consciousness of his own integrity, assumes force enough to despise the little censures of ignorance or malice.

Every one ought to cherish and encourage in himself the modesty and assurance I have here mentioned.

A man without assurance is liable to be made uneasy by the folly or ill-nature of every one he converses with. A man without modesty is lost to all sense of honour and virtue.

It is more than probable, that the prince above-mentioned possessed both those qualifications in a very eminent degree. Without assurance, he would never have undertaken to speak before the most august assembly in the world; without modesty, he would have pleaded the cause he had taken upon him, though it had appeared ever so scandalous.

From what has been said, it is plain that modesty and assurance are both amiable, and may very well meet in the same person. When they are thus mixed and blended together, they compose what we endeavour to express, when we say, a modest assurance; by which we understand, the just mien between bashfulness and impudence.

I shall conclude with observing, that as the same man may be both modest and assured, so it is also possible for the same person to be both impudent and bashful.

We have frequent instances of this odd kind of mixture in people of depraved minds and mean education; who, though they are not able to meet a man's eyes, or pronounce a sentence without confusion, can voluntarily commit the greatest villanies or most indecent actions.

Such a person seems to have made a resolution to do ill, even in spite of himself, and in defiance of all those checks and restraints his temper and complexion seem to have laid in his way.

Upon the whole, I would endeavour to establish this maxim, that the practice of virtue is the most proper method to give a man a becoming assurance in his words and actions. Guilt always seeks to shelter itself in one of the extremes; and is sometimes attended with both.

Spectator.

§ 94. *On disinterested Friendship.*

I am informed that certain Greek writers (Philosophers, it seems, in the opinion of their countrymen) have advanced some very extraordinary positions relating to friendship; as, indeed, what subject is there, which these subtle geniuses have not tortured with their sophistry?

The authors to whom I refer, dissuade their disciples from entering into any strong attachments, as unavoidably creating supernumerary disquietudes to those who engage in them; and, as every man has more than sufficient to call forth his solicitude in the course of his own affairs, it is a weakness they contend, anxiously to involve himself in the concerns of others. They recommend it also, in all connexions of this kind, to hold the bands of union extremely loose; so as always to have it in one's power to straiten or relax them, as

circumstances and situations shall render most expedient. They add, as a capital article of their doctrine, that "to live exempt from cares, is an essential ingredient to constitute human happiness: but an ingredient, however, which he, who voluntarily distresses himself with cares in which he has no necessary and personal interest, must never hope to possess."

I have been told likewise, that there is another set of pretended philosophers, of the same country, whose tenets, concerning this subject, are of a still more illiberal and ungenerous cast.

The proposition they attempt to establish, is, that "friendship is an affair of self-interest entirely, and that the proper motive for engaging in it, is, not in order to gratify the kind and benevolent affections, but for the benefit of that assistance and support which is to be derived from the connexion." Accordingly they assert, that those persons are most disposed to have recourse to auxiliary alliances of this kind, who are least qualified by nature or fortune, to depend upon their own strength and powers: the weaker sex, for instance, being generally more inclined to engage in friendships, than the male part of our species; and those who are depressed by indigence, or labouring under misfortunes, than the wealthy and the prosperous.

Excellent and obliging sages, these, undoubtedly! To strike out the friendly affections from the moral world, would be like extinguishing the sun in the natural; each of them being the source of the best and most grateful satisfactions that Heaven has conferred on the sons of men. But I should be glad to know what the real value of this boasted exemption from care, which they promise their disciples, justly amounts to? an exemption flattering to self-love, I confess; but which, upon many occurrences in human life, should be rejected with the utmost disdain. For nothing, surely, can be more inconsistent with a well-poised and manly spirit, than to decline engaging in any laudable action, or to be discouraged from persevering in it, by an apprehension of the trouble and solicitude with which it may probably be attended. Virtue herself, indeed, ought to be totally renounced, if it be right to avoid every possible means that may be productive of uneasiness: for who, that is actuated by her principles, can observe the conduct of an opposite character, without being affected with some degree of secret dissatisfaction? Are not the just, the brave, and the good, necessarily exposed to the disagreeable emotions of dislike and aversion, when they respectively meet with instances of fraud, of cowardice, or of villany? It is an essential property of every well constituted mind, to be affected with pain, or pleasure, according to the nature of those moral appearances that present themselves to observation.

If sensibility, therefore, be not incompatible with true wisdom (and it surely is not, unless we suppose that philosophy deadens every finer feeling of our nature) what just reason can be assigned, why the sympathetic sufferings which may result from friendship, should be a sufficient inducement for banishing that generous affection from the human breast? Extinguish all emotions of the heart, and what difference will remain, I do not say between man and brute, but between man and a mere inanimate clod? Away then with those austere philosophers, who represent virtue as hardening the soul against all the softer impressions of humanity! The fact, certainly, is much otherwise: a truly good man is, upon many occasions, extremely susceptible of tender sentiments; and his heart expands with joy, or shrinks with sorrow, as good or ill fortune

accompanies his friend. Upon the whole, then, it may fairly be concluded, that, as in the case of virtue, so in that of friendship, those painful sensations, which may sometimes be produced by the one, as well as by the other, are equally insufficient grounds for excluding either of them from taking possession of our bosoms.

They who insist that "utility is the first and prevailing motive, which induces mankind to enter into particular friendships," appear to me to divest the association of its most amiable and engaging principle. For, to a mind rightly disposed, it is not so much the benefits received, as the affectionate zeal from which they flow, that gives them their best and most valuable recommendation. It is so far indeed from being verified by fact, that a sense of our wants is the original cause of forming these amicable alliances; that, on the contrary, it is observable, that none have been more distinguished in their friendships than those whose power and opulence, but, above all, whose superior virtue (a much firmer support) have raised them above every necessity of having recourse to the assistance of others.

The true distinction, then, in this question is, that, "although friendship is certainly productive of utility, yet utility is not the primary motive of friendship." Those selfish sensualists, therefore, who, lulled in the lap of luxury, presume to maintain the reverse, have surely no claim to attention; as they are neither qualified by reflection nor experience to be competent judges of the subject.

Good Gods! is there a man upon the face of the earth, who would deliberately accept of all the wealth and all the affluence this world can bestow, if offered to him upon the severe terms of his being unconnected with a single mortal whom he could love, or by whom he should be beloved? This would be to lead the wretched life of a detested tyrant, who, amidst pepetual suspicions and alarms, passes his miserable days a stranger to every tender sentiment, and utterly precluded from the heart-felt satisfactions of friendship.

Melmoth's Tran. of Cicero's Lælius.

§ 95. *The Art of Happiness.*

Almost every object that attracts our notice has its bright and its dark side. He who habituates himself to look at the displeasing side, will sour his disposition, and consequently impair his happiness: while he, who constantly beholds it on the bright side, insensibly meliorates his temper, and, in consequence of it, improves his own happiness, and the happiness of all about him.

Arachne and Melissa are two friends. They are, both of them, women in years, and alike in birth, fortune, education, and accomplishments. They were originally alike in temper too; but, by different management, are grown the reverse of each other. Arachne has accustomed herself to look only on the dark side of every object. If a new poem or play makes its appearance, with a thousand brilliancies, and but one or two blemishes, she slightly skims over the passages that should give her pleasure, and dwells upon those only that fill her with dislike.—If you show her a very excellent portrait, she looks at some part of the drapery which has been neglected, or to a hand or finger which has been left unfinished.—Her garden is a very beautiful one, and kept with great neatness and elegancy; but if you take a walk with her in it, she talks to you of nothing but blights and storms, of snails and caterpillars, and how impossible it is to keep it from the litter of falling leaves and worm-casts.—If you sit down in one of her temples, to enjoy a delightful prospect, she observes to you, that

there is too much wood, or too little water; that the day is too sunny, or too gloomy; that it is sultry, or windy; and finishes with a long harangue upon the wretchedness of our climate.—When you return with her to the company, in hope of a little cheerful conversation, she casts a gloom over all, by giving you the history of her own bad health, or of some melancholy accident that has befallen one of her daughter's children. Thus she insensibly sinks her own spirits, and the spirits of all around her; and, at last, discovers, she knows not why, that her friends are grave.

Melissa is the reverse of all this. By constantly habituating herself to look only on the bright side of objects, she preserves a perpetual cheerfulness in herself, which, by a kind of happy contagion, she communicates to all about her. If any misfortune has befallen her, she considers it might have been worse, and is thankful to Providence for an escape. She rejoices in solitude, as it gives her an opportunity of knowing herself; and in society, because she can communicate the happiness she enjoys. She opposes every man's virtue to his failings, and can find out something to cherish and applaud in the very worst of her acquaintance. She opens every book with a desire to be entertained or instructed, and therefore seldom misses what she looks for. Walk with her, though it be on a heath or a common, and she will discover numberless beauties, unobserved before, in the hills, the dales, the brooms, the brakes, and the variegated flowers of weeds and poppies. She enjoys every change of weather and of season, as bringing with it something of health or convenience. In conversation, it is a rule with her, never to start a subject that leads to any thing gloomy or disagreeable. You therefore never hear her repeating her own grievances, or those of her neighbours; or, (what is worst of all) their faults and imperfections. If any thing of the latter kind be mentioned in her hearing, she has the address to turn it into entertainment, by changing the most odious railing into a pleasant raillery. Thus Melissa, like the bee, gathers honey from every weed; while Arachne, like the spider, sucks poison from the fairest flowers. The consequence is, that, of two tempers once very nearly allied, the one is ever sour and dissatisfied, the other always gay and cheerful; the one spreads an universal gloom, the other a continual sunshine.

There is nothing more worthy of our attention, than this art of happiness. In conversation, as well as life, happiness very often depends upon the slightest incidents. The taking notice of the badness of the weather, a north-east wind, the approach of winter, or any trifling circumstance of the disagreeable kind, shall insensibly rob a whole company of its good-humour, and fling every member of it into the vapours. If, therefore, we would be happy in ourselves, and are desirous of communicating that happiness to all about us, these minutiæ of conversation ought carefully to be attended to. The brightness of the sky, the lengthening of the day, the increasing verdure of the spring, the arrival of any little piece of good news, or whatever carries with it the most distant glimpse of joy, shall frequently be the parent of a social and happy conversation. Good manners exact from us this regard to our company. The clown may repine at the sunshine that ripens the harvest, because his turnips are burnt up by it; but the man of refinement will extract pleasure from the thunder-storm to which he is exposed, by remarking on the plenty and refreshment which may be expected from the succeeding shower

Thus does politeness, as well as good sense, direct us to look at every object on the bright side; and, by thus acting, we cherish and improve both. By this practice it is that Melissa is become the wisest and best bred woman living; and by this practice, may every person arrive at that agreeableness of temper, of which the natural and never-failing fruit is happiness. *Harris.*

§ 96. *Happiness is founded in Rectitude of Conduct.*

All men pursue good, and would be happy, if they knew how: not happy for minutes, and miserable for hours; but happy, if possible, through every part of their existence. Either, therefore, there is a good of this steady, durable kind, or there is none. If none, then all good must be transient and uncertain; and if so, an object of the lowest value, which can little deserve either our attention or inquiry. But if there be a better good, such a good as we are seeking; like every other thing, it must be derived from some cause; and that cause must be either external, internal, or mixed; in as much as, except these three, there is no other possible. Now a steady, durable good cannot be derived from an external cause; by reason, all derived from externals must fluctuate as they fluctuate. By the same rule, not from a mixture of the two; because the part which is external will proportionably destroy its essence. What then remains but the cause internal; the very cause which we have supposed, when we place the Sovereign Good in Mind—in Rectitude of Conduct? *Ibid.*

LETTERS ON THE CHOICE OF COMPANY.

§ 97. *Letter I.*

SIR,

As you are now no longer under the eye of either a parent, or a governor, but wholly at liberty to act according to your own inclinations; your friends cannot be without their fears, on your account; they cannot but have some uneasy apprehensions, lest the very bad men with whom you may converse, should be able to efface those principles, which so much care was taken at first to im print, and has been since to preserve in you.

The intimacy in which I have, for many years, lived with your family, suffers me not to be otherwise than a *sharer* of their concern, on this occa sion; and you will permit me, as such, to lay before you those considerations, which, while they show you your danger, and excite your caution, may not be without their use in promoting your safety.

That it should be the endeavour of our parents, to give us just apprehensions of things, as soon as we are capable of receiving them; and, in our earlier years, to stock our minds with useful truths—to accustom us to the use of our reason, the restraint of our appetites and the government of our passions, is a point, on which I believe, all are agreed, whose opinions about it you would think of any consequence.

From a neglect in these particulars, you see so many of one sex, as much girls at sixty as they were at sixteen—their follies only varied—their pursuits, though differently, yet equally, trifling; and you thence, likewise, find near as many of the other sex, boys in their advanced years—as fond of feathers and toys in their riper age, as they were in their childhood—living as little to any of the purposes of reason, when it has gained its full strength, as they did when it was weakest. And, indeed, from the same source all those vices proceed, which most disturb and distress the world.

When no pains are taken to cor rect our bad *inclinations*, before they

become confirmed and fixed in us; they acquire, at length, that power over us, from which we have the worst to fear—we give way to *them* in the instances where we see plainest, how grievously we must suffer by our compliance—we know not how to resist *them*, notwithstanding the obvious ruin which will be the consequence of our yielding to them.

I don't say, that a right *education* will be as beneficial as a wrong one is hurtful: the very best may be disappointed of its proper effects.

Though the tree you set be put into an excellent soil, and trained and pruned by the skilfulest hand; you are not, however, sure of its thriving: vermin may destroy all your hopes from it.

When the utmost care has been taken to send a young man into the world well principled, and fully apprised of the reasonableness of a religious and virtuous life; he is, yet, far from being temptation proof—he even then may fall, may fall into the worst both of principles and practices; and he is very likely to do so, in the place where you are, if he will associate with those who speak as freely as they act; and who seem to think, that their understanding would be less advantageously shown, were they not to use it in defence of their vices.

That we may be known by our company, is a truth become proverbial. The ends we have to serve may, indeed, occasion us to be often with the persons, whom we by no means resemble; or, the place, in which we are settled, keeping us at a great distance from others, if we will converse at all, it must be with some whose manners we least approve. But when we have our choice—when no valuable interest is promoted by associating with the corrupt—when, if we like the company of the wise and considerate, we may have it; that we then court the one, and shun the other, seems as full a proof, as we can well give, that, if we avoid vice, it is not from the sense we have of the amiableness of virtue.

Had I a large collection of books, and never looked into any that treated on grave and useful subjects, that would contribute to make me wiser or better; but took those frequently, and those only, into my hands, that would raise my laughter, or that would merely amuse me, or that would give me loose and impure ideas, or that inculcated atheistical or sceptical notions, or that were filled with scurrility and invective, and therefore could only serve to gratify my spleen and ill nature; they, who knew this to be my practice, must certainly form a very unfavourable opinion of my capacity, or of my morals. If nature had given me a good understanding, and much of my time passed in reading were I to read nothing but what was trifling, it would spoil that understanding, it would make me a trifler: and though formed with commendable dispositions, or with none very blameable; yet if my *favourite authors* were—*such* as encouraged me to make the most of the *present hour;* not to look beyond *it*, to taste every pleasure that offered itself, to forego no advantage that I could obtain—*such* as gave vice nothing to fear, nor virtue any thing to hope, in a future state; you would not, I am sure, pronounce otherwise of those writers, than that they would hurt my natural disposition, and carry me *lengths of guilt*, which I should not have gone, without this encouragement to it.

Nor can it be allowed, that *reading* wrong things would thus affect me, but it must be admitted, that *hearing* them would not do it less. *Both* fall under the head of *Conversation;* we fitly apply that term alike to *both;* and we may be said with equal propriety, to converse with books, and

to converse with men. The impression, indeed, made on us by what we hear, is, usually, much stronger than that received by us from what we read. That which passes in our usual intercourse is listened to, without fatiguing us: each, then, taking his turn in speaking, our attention is kept awake: we mind throughout what is said, while we are at liberty to express our own sentiments of it; to confirm it, or to improve upon it, or to object to it, or to hear any part of it repeated, or to ask what questions we please concerning it.

Discourse is an application to our eyes, as well as ears; and the one organ is here so far assistant to the other, that it greatly increases the force of what is transmitted to our minds by it. The air and action of the speaker give no small importance to his words: the very tone of his voice, adds weight to his reasoning; and occasions that to be attended to throughout, which, had it come to us from the pen or the press, we should have been asleep, before we had read half of it.

That bad companions will make us as bad as themselves, I don't affirm. When we are not kept from their vices by our principles, we may be so by our constitution; we may be less profligate than they are, by being more cowardly: but what I advance as *certain* is, that we cannot be safe among them—that they will, in some degree, and may in a very great one, hurt our morals. You may not, perhaps, be unwilling to have a distinct view of the reasons, upon which I assert this.

I will enter upon them in my next.

I was going to write adieu, when it came into my thoughts, that though you may not be a stranger to the much censured doctrine of our countryman *Pelagius*—a stranger to his having denied *original* sin; you may, perhaps, have never heard how he accounted for the depravity, so manifest in the whole of our race—He ascribed it to *imitation*. Had he said, that imitation makes some of us very bad, and most of us worse than we otherwise should have been; I think he would not have passed for a heretic.

Dean Bolton.

§ 98. *Letter II.*

SIR,

I promised you, that you should have the reasons, why I think that there is great danger of your being hurt by vicious acquaintance. The first thing I have here to propose to your consideration is, what I just mentioned at the close of my last—our aptness to imitate.

For many years of our life we are forming ourselves upon what we observe in those about us. We do not only learn their phrase, but their manners. You perceive among whom we were educated, not more plainly by our idiom, than by our behaviour. The cottage offers you a brood, with all the rusticity and savageness of its grown inhabitants. The civility and courtesy, which, in a well-ordered family, are constantly seen by its younger members, fail not to influence their deportment: and will, whatever their natural *brutality* may be, dispose them to check its appearance, and express an averseness from what is rude and disgusting. Let the descendant of the meanest be placed, from his infancy, where he perceives every one mindful of decorum; the marks of his *extraction* are soon obliterated; at least his carriage does not discover it: and were the heir of his *Grace* to be continually in the kitchen or stables, you would soon only know the young lord by his clothes, and title: in other respects, you would judge him the son of the groom or the scullion.

Nor is the disposition to imitate confined to our childhood; when

this is past, and the man is to show himself, he takes his colours, if I may so speak, from those he is near—he copies their appearance—he seldom is, what the use of his reason, or what his own inclinations would make him.

Are the opinions of the generality, in most points, any other, than what they hear advanced by this or that person high in their esteem, and whose judgment they will not allow themselves to question? You well know, that one could not lately go into company, but the first thing said was—You have, undoubtedly, read ——What an excellent performance it is! The fine imagination of its noble author discovers itself in every line. As soon as this noble author seriously disowned it, all the admiration of it was at an end. Its merit, with those who had most commended it, appeared to be wholly the name of its supposed writer. Thus we find it throughout. It is not *what* is written, or said, or acted, that we examine; and approve or condemn, as it is, in itself, good or bad: our concern is, who writes, who says, or does it; and we, accordingly, regard, or disregard it.

Look round the kingdom. There is, perhaps, scarce a village in it, where the seriousness or dissoluteness of the squire, if not quite a driveller, is not more or less seen in the manners of the rest of its inhabitants. And he, who is thus a pattern, takes his pattern——fashions himself by some or other of a better estate, or higher rank, with whose character he is pleased, or to whom he seeks to recommend himself.

In what a short space is a whole nation metamorphosed! Fancy yourself in the middle of the last century. What grave faces do you every where behold? The most dissolutely inclined suffers not a libertine expression to escape him. He who least regards the practice of virtue, assumes its appearance.

None claim, from their stations, a privilege for their vices. The greatest strangers to the *influence* of religion observe its *form*. The soldier not only forbears an oath, but reproves it; he may possibly make free with your goods, as having more grace than you, and, therefore, a better title to them; but you have nothing to fear from his lewdness, or drunkenness.

The Royal Brothers at length land —The monarchy is restored. How soon then is a grave aspect denominated puritanical; decorum, preciseness; seriousness, fanaticism! He, who cannot *extinguish* in himself *all sense* of religion, is industrious to conceal his having *any—appears* worse than he *is*—would be thought to favour the crime that he dares not commit. The lewdest conversation is the politest. No representation pleases in which decency is consulted. Every favourite drama has its hero a libertine—introduces the magistrate, only to expose him as a knave, or a cuckold; and the priest, only to describe him a profligate or hypocrite.

How much greater the power of fashion is, than that of any laws, by whatsoever penalties enforced, the experience of all ages and nations concurs in teaching us. We readily imitate, where we cannot be constrained to obey; and become by example what our rule seeks in vain to make us.

So far we may be all truly styled players, as we all personate—borrow our characters—represent some other —act a part—exhibit those who have been most under our notice, or whom we seek to please, or with whom we are pleased.

Dean Bolton.

§ 99. *Letter III.*

SIR,

My last endeavoured to show you, how apt we are to imitate. Let me

now desire you to consider the disposition you will be under to recommend yourself to those whose company you desire, or would not decline.

Conversation, like marriage, must have consent of parties. There is no being intimate with him, who will not be so with you; and, in order to contract or support an intimacy, you must give the pleasure which you would receive. This is a truth, that every man's experience must force him to acknowledge: we are sure to seek in vain a familiarity with any, who have no interest to serve by us, if we disregard their humour.

In courts, indeed, where the art of pleasing is more studied than it is elsewhere, you see people more dexterously accommodating themselves to the turn of those, for whose favour they wish; but wherever you go, you almost constantly perceive the same *end* pursued by the same *means*, though there may not be the same adroitness in applying them. What a proof have you in your own neighbourhood, how effectual these means are!

Did you ever hear *Charles*—tell a good story—make a shrewd observation—drop an expression, which bordered either on wit or humour? Yet he is welcome to all tables—he is much with those who have wit, who have humour, who are, really, men of abilities. Whence is this, but from the approbation he shows of whatever passes? A story he cannot *tell*, but he has a laugh in readiness for every one he *hears:* by his admiration of wit, he supplies the want of it; and they, who have *capacity*, find no objection to the meanness of *his*, whilst he appears always to think as they do. Few have their looks and tempers so much at command as this man; and few, therefore, are so happy in recommending themselves; but as in *his way* of doing it, there is, obviously, the greatest likelihood of success, we may be sure that it will be *the way* generally taken.

Some, I grant, you meet with, who by their endeavours, on all occasions, to show a superior discernment, may seem to think, that to gain the favour of any one, he must be brought to their sentiments, rather than they adopt his; but I fear these persons will be found only giving too clear a proof, either how absurdly self-conceit sometimes operates, or how much knowledge there may be, where there is very little common sense.

Did I, in describing the creature called MAN, represent him as having, in proportion to his bulk, more brains than any other animal we know of; I should not think this description false, though it could be proved that *some* of the species had scarce any brains at all.

Even where favour is not particularly sought, the very civility, in which he, who would be regarded as a well-bred man, is never wanting, must render him unwilling to avow the most just disapprobation of what his companions agree in acting, or commending. He is by no means to give disgust, and, therefore, when he hears the worst principles vindicated, and the best ridiculed; or when he sees what ought to be matter of the *greatest shame*, done without *any;* he is to acquiesce, he is to show no token, that what passes is at all offensive to him.

Consider yourself then in either of these situations—desirous to engage the favour of the bad man, into whose company you are admitted—or, only unwilling to be thought by him deficient in good manners; and, I think, you will plainly see the danger you should apprehend from him—the likelihood there is, that you should at length lose *the abhorrence* of his crimes, which, when with him, you never express.

Will you ask me, why it is not as *probable*—that you should reform your vicious acquaintance, as that they should corrupt you? Or, why may I not as well suppose—that they will avoid speaking and acting what will give you offence, as that you will be averse from giving them any—that they will consult your inclinations, as that you will theirs?

To avoid the length, which will be equally disagreeable to both of us, I will only answer—Do you know any instance, which can induce you to think this *probable?* Are not you apprised of many instances, that greatly weaken the probability of it?

The vast disproportion, which there is between the numbers of the serious and the dissolute, is so notorious, as to render it unquestionable—that the influence of the latter far exceeds the influence of the former—that a vicious man is much more likely to corrupt a virtuous, than to be reformed by him.

An answer of the same kind I should have judged satisfactory; if, with respect to what I had urged in my former letter, you questioned me—why the readiness to imitate those, with whom we are much conversant, might not as justly encourage you to *hope*, when you associated with the less sober, that they might be won to your regularity, as occasion you to *fear*, that you should be brought to join in their excesses? The good have been for so long a space losing ground among us, and the bad gaining it; and these are now become such a prodigious multitude; that it is undeniable, how much more apt we are to form ourselves on the manners of those who disregard their duty, than on theirs, who are attentive to it.

You will here be pleased to remark, that I do not consider you as setting out with any reforming views—as conversing with the *immoral*, in order to dispose them to reasonable pursuits; but that I only apply to you, as induced to associate with them from the easiness of their temper, or the pleasantry of their humour, or your common literary pursuits, or their skill in some of your favourite amusements, or on some such-like account: and then, what I have observed may not appear a weak argument, that they are much more likely to hurt you, than you are to benefit them.

I will close my argument and my letter, with a passage from a very good historian, which will show you the sense of one of the ablest of the ancient legislators on my present subject.

This writer, mentioning the laws which *Charondas* gave the *Thurians*, says—"He enacted a law with reference to an *evil*, on which former lawgivers had not animadverted, that of keeping bad company. As he conceived that the morals of the good were sometimes quite ruined by their dissolute acquaintance—that vice was apt, like an infectious disease, to spread itself, and to extend its contagion even to the best disposed of our species. In order to prevent this mischief, he expressly enjoined, that none should engage in any intimacy or familiarity with immoral persons—he appointed that an accusation might be exhibited for keeping bad company, and laid a heavy fine on such as were convicted of it."

Dean Bolton.

§ 100. *Letter IV.*

SIR,

Sir *Francis Walsingham*, in a letter to Mr. *Anthony Bacon*, then a very young man and on his travels, expresses himself thus—"The danger is great that we are subject to, in lying in the company of the worser sort. In natural *bodies*, evil

airs are avoided, and infection shunned of them, that have any regard to their health. There is not so *probable* a *reason* for the corruptions that may grow to the *mind* of one from the *mind* of another; but the *danger* is far *greater*, and the *effects*, we see more *frequent:* for the number of evil-disposed in mind is greater than the number of sick in body ..... Though the well-disposed will remain some good space without corruption, yet *time*, I know not how, worketh a wound into him. ..... Which weakness of ours considered, and easiness of nature, apt to be deceived, looked into; they do best provide for themselves, that *separate themselves*, as far as they can, from the bad, and draw as nigh to the good, as *by any possibility* they can attain to."

To what I have already said, in proof that we should thus *separate ourselves*, I shall now add two further reasons for our doing it: 1. The wrong inclinations, the proneness to violate some or other part of our duty, which we all find in ourselves. 2. The power which custom hath, to reconcile us to what we, at first, most dreaded.

Need I tell you, that our natural depravity has not only been the theme of christian writers; but that the most eminent heathen authors, poets, historians, philosophers, join in confessing it?

Where, alas! is the man, who has not his wrong tendencies to lament? Whom do you know able to conceal them, to prevent a clear discovery of them in his practice?

According as we are liable to act amiss, we, certainly, must be in more or less danger from associating with those, who either will seek to draw us into guilt—or will countenance us in it—or will diminish our abhorrence of it. Some danger from such company there must be even to him, whose *inclinations* are least faulty; since they may be made worse—they may produce bad actions, the repetition of which would form bad habits; and nothing could be so likely to heighten any depravity of disposition, and carry it to the most fatal lengths of misconduct, as a familiarity with those who have no dread of guilt, or none that restrains them from complying with the temptations they meet with to guilt.

You may, perhaps, think, that you could be in no danger from any companion, to whose excesses you found not in yourself the least propensity: but believe me, my friend, this would by no means warrant your safety.

Though such a companion might not induce you to offend in the very same way, that he doth; he would, probably, make you the offender, that you otherwise never would have been If he did not bring you to conform to his practice, would he not be likely to insinuate his principles? His disregard to *his duty* would tend to render you indifferent to *yours:* and, while he lessened your general regard to virtue, he might make you a very bad man, though you should continue wholly to avoid his particular crimes.

1. The unconcernedness, with which he gave his worst inclinations their scope, could hardly be day after day observed, without making you less solicitous to restrain your own wrong tendencies, and strongly urging you to a compliance with them.

2. The danger there is in conversing with the immoral will be yet more apparent; if you will, next, attend to the power of custom in reconciling us to that, which we, at first, most dreaded.

Whence is it, that veteran troops face an enemy, with almost as little concern as they perform their exercise? The man of the greatest courage among them felt, probably, in the first battle wherein he was, a ter-

ror that required all his courage to surmount. Nor was this terror, afterwards, overcome by him, but by degrees; every succeeding engagement abated it: the oftener he fought, the less he feared: by being habituated to danger, he learned, at length, to despise it.

An ordinary swell of the ocean alarms the youth who has never before been upon it; but he, whose *fears* are now raised, when there is nothing that ought to excite them, becomes soon without *any*, even when in a situation, that might justly dismay him; he is calm, when the storm is most violent; and discovers no uneasy apprehensions, while the vessel, in which he sails, is barely not sinking.

You cannot, I am persuaded, visit an hospital—survey the variety of distress there—hear the complaints of the sick—see the sores of the wounded, without being yourself in pain, and a sharer of their sufferings.

The constant attendants on these poor wretches have no such concern: with dispositions not less humane than yours, they do not feel the emotions, that you would be under, at this scene of misery; their frequent view of it has reconciled them to it—has been the cause, that their minds are no otherwise affected by it, than yours is by the objects ordinarily before you.

From how many other instances might it be shown, that the things, which, at their first appearance, strike us with the greatest terror, no sooner become familiar, than they cease to discompose us? Let, therefore, our education have been the carefulest and wisest; let there have been used therein all the means likeliest to fix in us an abhorrence of vice; we, yet, cannot be frequently among those, who allow themselves in it, and have as few scruples about the concealment of any crime they are disposed to, as about its commission, without beholding it with abundantly less uneasiness than its first view occasioned us.

When it is so beheld; when what is very wrong no more shocks us—is no longer highly offensive to us; the natural and necessary progress is to a still farther abatement of our aversion from it: and what is of force enough to conquer a strong dislike, may be reasonably concluded well able to effect some degree of approbation. How far this shall proceed, will, indeed, depend, in a good measure upon our temper, upon our constitutional tendencies, upon our circumstances: but surely we are become bad enough, when it is not the consideration of what is amiss in any practice that withholds us from it—when we only avoid it, because it is not agreeable to our humour; or, because the law punishes it; or because it interferes with some other criminal gratification, which better pleases us.

I began this with an extract from a letter of *Walsingham:* I will end it with one from a letter of *Grotius*, when ambassador in *France*, to his brother, concerning his son, whom he had recommended to that gentleman's care.

After having expressed his wishes that the young man might be formed a complete advocate, he concludes thus—"Above all things I entreat you to cultivate those seeds of knowledge, sown by me in him, which are productive of piety; and to recommend to him, for companions, such persons as are themselves careful to make a proficiency therein."

GROT. EP 426.
Dean Bolton.

§ 101. *Letter V.*

SIR,

When I ended my last I continued in my chair, thinking of the *objections* which might be made to what I had

written to you. The following then occurred to me.

That, when we are in possession of truth, from fair examination and full evidence, there can be very little danger of our being induced to quit it, either by repeatedly hearing the weak objections of any to it, or by remarking them to *act* as wrongly as they *argue*—That, as in *mathematics* the proposition, which we had once demonstrated, would always have our assent, whomsoever we heard cavilling at it, or ridiculing our judgment concerning it: so in *morals*, when once a due consideration of the essential and unchangeable differences of things hath rendered us certain of what is right and our duty; we can never be made less certain thereof, whatever errors, in judgment or practice, we may daily observe in our associates, or daily hear them absurd enough to defend—That, when we not only plainly *perceive* the practice of virtue to be most becoming us—to be what the nature and reason of things require of us; but actually *feel*, likewise, the satisfaction which it affords, the solid pleasure which is its inseparable attendant; there can be *no more ground* to *suppose*, that our having continually before us the follies and vices of any would lead us to depart from what we know to be fittest, and have experienced to be best for us, than there can be to *believe*, that a man in his wits would leave the food, which his judgment approved and his palate relished, for another sort, which he saw, indeed, pleasing to his companions, but which he was certain would poison them.

How little weight there is in this kind of arguing, I think every one might be convinced, who would attend to his own practice, who would consider the *numerous instances* in which he cannot but condemn it—in which he cannot but acknowledge it contrary to what his present welfare requires it should be.

Let us think the most justly of our duty, and shun, with the greatest care, all who would countenance us in a *departure* from it; we still shall find *that departure too frequent*—we shall experience it so, even when it is truly lamented; and when, to avoid it, is both our wish and our endeavour. And if the influence of truth may receive such hindrance from our *natural depravity*, from this *depravity*, even when we have kept out of the way of all, who would encourage us to favour it, there, surely, must be a high degree of probability, that we shall be less mindful of our obligations, when we are not only prompted by our own appetites to violate them, but moved thereto by the counsel and example of those, whose conversation best pleases us; and whose opinions and actions will, therefore, come with a more than ordinary recommendation to us.

The assent, which we give, upon sufficient evidence, to *moral* truths, could no more be unsettled by ridicule and sophistry, than that which we give to *mathematical* truths, did our minds always retain the same disposition with respect to the one, that they do, as to the other.

With regard to the latter, we are never willing to be deceived—we always stand alike affected towards them: our *conviction* about them was obtained, *at first*, upon such grounds, as must *always* remain our inducements to preserve it: no lust could be gratified, no interest served, by its acting less forcibly upon us: in its defence the credit of our understanding is greatly concerned. And how vain must ridicule and sophistry be necessarily thought, where their only aim is, that we should acknowledge a superior discernment in those persons, whose opposition increases our contempt of their *ignorance*, by making a plainer discovery of it?

As for *moral* truths, they are often disagreeable to us—when we have

had the fullest *evidence* of them, we want not, occasionally, the inclination to overlook it: if, under *some circumstances*, we are ready to acknowledge *its force;* there are *others*, when we will not give it any attention. Here fancy and hope interpose: a *governing passion* allows us only a faint view of, or wholly diverts our notice from, whatever should be our inducement to restrain it; and suffers us to dwell on nothing but what will justify, or excuse, us in giving way to it. Our reluctance to admit, that we have not *judged* as we ought to have done, is strangely abated, when we thereby are set at liberty to *act* as we please.

When the endeavour is to laugh us, or to argue us, out of those principles that we, with much *self-denial* adhere to; we shall but feebly oppose its success. He has a strong party on his side within our bosoms, who seeks to make us quit *opinions*, which are still controlling our *affections*. If we are not secure from acting contrary to our *duty*, what cogent proofs soever we have of its being such, and what satisfaction soever we have had in its discharge; we are highly concerned to avoid every *temptation* to offend: and it, undoubtedly, is a very strong one, to *hear* continually what is likeliest to remove the fear of indulging our appetites; and continually to *see*, that they who apply to us *act* as they *advise*—allow themselves in the liberties, they would have us to take; and are under none of the checks, which they prompt us to throw off.

Though what we did not relish, and what we thought would speedily destroy us, we might not eat, when our *companions* showed themselves fond of it, and pressed us to taste it; yet if we apprehended no *immediate danger* from their meal—if we were eye-witnesses of its being attended with *none*—if they were continually expressing their high delight in it, and repeating their assurances, that all, either our indifference towards, or disrelish of it, was only from prejudice and prepossession; we, very probably, should at length yield, and quit both our disgust of their repast, and our dread of its consequences. And if this might ensue, when we were invited to partake of that, which was less agreeable to our palates, what should be feared, when our company tempted us to *that*, which we could be pleased with, and were only withheld from by such an *apprehension of danger*, as nothing could sooner remove, than our observing those, with whom we most conversed, to be without it?

Reason is, certainly, always on the side of duty. Nor is there, perhaps, any man, who, when he seriously considers what is best for him to do, will not purpose to do that which is right. But, since we can act without consideration in the most important articles, and nothing is less likely to be considered, than what we find quite customary with others—what we see them act without remorse or scruple; when we are, day after day, eye-witnesses of our associates allowing themselves in a wrong practice, persisting in it without expressing the least dread of its consequences; it is as absurd to think, that our moral feeling should not be injured thereby, as it is to suppose, that our hands would preserve the same softness, when they had been for years accustomed to the oar, which they had when they first took it up; or, that hard labour would affect us as much when inured to it, as when we entered upon it.

I will, for the present, take my leave of you with an *Italian* proverb, and an *English* one exactly answerable to it—

Dimmi con chi tu vai, sapro chel che fai.

Tell me with whom thou goest, and I'll tell thee what thou doest.

Dean Bolton.

§ 102. *Letter VI.*

SIR,

I know not what I can add on the present subject of our correspondence, that may be of greater service to you than the following short relation.—I may not, indeed, be exact in every particular of it, because I was not at all acquainted with the *gentleman*, whom it concerns; and because many years have passed since I received an account of *him;* but as my information came from persons, on whose veracity I could depend, and as what they told me much affected me when I heard it, and has, since, been very often in my thoughts; I fear that the melancholy description, which you will here have of human frailty, is but too true in every thing material therein.

At the first appearance of ——— in town, nothing, perhaps, was more the topic of conversation, than his merit. He had read much: what he had read, as it was on the most useful subjects, so he was thoroughly master of it; gave an exact account of it, and made very wise reflections upon it. During his long residence at a distance from our metropolis, he had met with few, to whom he was not greatly superior, both in capacity and attainments: yet this had not in the least disposed him to dictate, to be positive and assuming, to treat any with contempt or neglect.

He was obliging to all who came near him; talked on the subjects which they best understood, and which would be likeliest to induce them to take their full share of the conversation.

They, who had spent every winter near the *court*, saw nothing in his behaviour, that showed how far he had lived from *it*—nothing which was less suitable to any civility, that could be learned in *it*.

His manners were only less courtly, in their simplicity and purity. He did not, often, directly reprove the *libertine discourse* of his equals; but would recommend himself to none, by expressing the slightest approbation of *such discourse:* he *showed* it did not please him, though he declined *saying* so.

He forebore that invective against the manners of the age, which could only irritate; and thought that, at his years, the fittest censure he could pass on them, would be to avoid them. It seemed, indeed, his particular care, that he might not be represented either as a bigot, or a cynic; but yet, as he knew how to defend his principles, so he showed himself, on every proper occasion, neither afraid nor ashamed to engage in their defence.

His conversation was among *persons* of his own *rank*, only so far as decorum required it should be: *their* favourite topics were so little to his taste, that his leisure hours, where he could have his choice, were passed among those, who had the most learning and virtue, and, whether distinguished, or not, by their ancestors' worth, would be so by their own.

He had high notions of his duty to his country; but having seen what self-interestedness, at length, showed itself, where he had heard the strongest professions of patriotism, it made him very cautious with whom he engaged, and utterly averse from determining of any as friends to the public, merely because they were opposers of the court.

No one judged more rightly of the hurt that must ensue, from irreligion spreading itself among the common people; and, therefore, where his example was most remarked, and could be most efficacious, he took particular care, that it should promote a just reverence of the Deity.

Thus did *A. A.* set out in the world, and, thus behaved, for some years, notwithstanding the bad examples he had every where before him, among those of his own station.

In one of the accomplishments of a gentleman (though, surely, one of the very meanest of them) he was thought to excel; and many fine speeches were made him upon that account. They were but too much regarded by him; and, gradually, drew him often into the company that he would have despised, had he heard less of his own praise in it. The compliments so repeatedly paid him by the frivolous, reconciled him, at length, to them. As his attachment to them got ground, his seriousness lost it. The patriot was no more—The zeal he had for the morals of his countrymen abated.—

The tragical conclusion of his story, let those tell you, who would not feel that concern at the relation of it, which I should do: this you certainly may learn from it—that, as the constant dropping of water wears away the hardest stone, so the continual *solicitations* of the vicious are not to be withstood by the firmest mind—all, who are in the way of them, will be hurt by them—wheresoever they are used, they will make an impression—he only is secure from their force, who will not hazard its being tried upon him.

In what you have hitherto received from me, I have argued wholly from *your own dispositions*, and endeavoured to show you, from thence, the danger of having bad companions. See now your danger from *their dispositions*. And, first, let these persons be considered only, in general, as partial to their notions and practices, and eager to defend them.

Whatever our *persuasion* or *conduct* is, we are usually favourable to it; we have our plea for it: very few of us can bear, with any patience, that it should be judged irrational: The approbation of it is a compliment to our understanding, that we receive with pleasure; and to censure it, is such a disparagement of us, as doth not fail to disgust us. I will not say, there are *none* to be found, that give themselves little or no concern who thinks or acts as they do; but it is certain, that, ordinarily, we are desirous to be joined in the cause we espouse—we are solicitous to vindicate and spread our opinions, and to have others take the same courses with us. Should I allow you to be as intent on this, as any of your acquaintance are; yet, pray, consider what you may expect, when you stand alone, or when a majority is against you—when each of them relieves the other in an attack upon you—when this attack is, day after day, repeated—when your numerous opponents join in applauding, or strengthening, or enlivening their several objections to your sentiments, and in treating whatever you can urge in your defence, as absurd, or weak and impertinent—when your peace can only be purchased by your silence—when you find, that there is no hope of bringing those you delight to be with into your opinions, that they confirm each other in opposition to you, and that you can only be agreeable to them, by adopting their maxims, and conforming to their manners.

It is next to be considered what you may fear from an intimacy with the immoral, when they must look upon themselves to be *reproached* by such of their acquaintance, as will not concur with them in their excesses. They cannot but do this; because all who seek either to make them alter their manners, or to weaken their influence upon others, charge them with what is, really, the highest *reproach* to them; and because they are sensible, that the arguments likeliest to be used by any one for his not complying with them, are grounded on the *mischief* of their conduct, or on its *folly*. Regard then yourself, as in their place. Reflect how you would behave towards the man whose opinion of you was,

that you acted either a very criminal, or a very imprudent part: reflect, I say, how you would behave towards the person thus judging of you, if you wished to preserve a familiarity with him, but yet was resolved to persist in your notions and practice. You, certainly, would try every method to remove his distaste of them; you would colour them as agreeably as you possibly could: you would spare no pains to weaken every objection, he could have to them—you would, in your turn, attack his maxims and manners; you would seek to convince him upon what slight grounds he preferred them to yours—you would apply to every artifice, that could give them the appearance of being less defensible, or that could incline him to overlook what might be urged in their defence.

And if this might naturally be supposed the part you would act towards others; you ought to expect that they, in the same circumstances, would behave alike towards you. But can you think it prudent to let them try, with what success they may proceed? Would not caution be your most effectual security? Would it not be the wisest method of providing for your safety, to keep out of the way of danger?

You are, further, to look upon those, from associating with whom I would dissuade you, as extremely solicitous to be kept in countenance. The vicious well know, to how many objections their conduct is liable: they are sensible, to what esteem *good morals* are entitled, what *praise* they *claim*, and what they in the most corrupt times, *receive*.

Virtue is so much for the interest of mankind, that there can never be a general agreement, to deny all manner of applause to the practice of *it:* such numbers are made sufferers by a departure from *its* rules, that there are few crimes, which meet not with an extensive censure.

You have long since learned it to be the language of paganism itself, that

"All, who act contrary to what the reason of things requires—who do what is hurtful to themselves or others, must stand self-condemned:" and you cannot want to be informed, in what light they are seen by those who do not share their guilt. The *endeavour*, therefore, of such men, while they are without any purpose of amendment, will, unquestionably, be, to make their cause as specious as possible, by engaging many in its defence, and to silence censure, by the danger, that would arise from the numbers it would provoke. The motives to this endeavour, when duly reflected on, will fully satisfy us, with what zeal it must be accompanied; and it may well, therefore, alarm all, on whom its power is likely to be tried—may well induce them to consider seriously, what they have to fear from it, how much their virtue may suffer by it.

I will conclude this with a short story of the Poet *Dante*, for which *Bayle* quotes *Petrarch*. Among other visits made by *Dante*, after his banishment from *Florence*, one was to the then much-famed *Can*, Prince of *Verona*.

Can treated him, at first with great civility; but this did not last: and, by the little complaisance at length shown the Poet, he plainly perceived that he ceased to be an acceptable guest.

Scholars, it seems, were not *Can's* favourites—he liked those much better, who studied to divert him; and ribaldry was by no means the discourse that least pleased him. Suspecting that this did not raise *Dante's* opinion of him, he one day took occasion to single out the most obnoxious of the libertine crew, that he entertained; and, after high praises given the man, turning to *Dante*, he said, I *wonder* how it is, that this

mad fellow is *beloved* by us all, as giving us the pleasure which, really, we do not find in your company, wise as you are thought to be.

Sir, answered the Poet, you would not *wonder* at this, if you considered, that our love of any proceeds from their manners being suitable, and their dispositions similar, to our own.

Dean Bolton.

§ 103. *Letter VII.*

SIR,

I have but one thing more to propose to your consideration, as a dissuasive from associating with the vicious: and it is—the way in which they ordinarily seek to corrupt those, with whom they converse.

The *logic* of the immoral contributes but little to increase their numbers, in comparison of what they effect by *raillery* and *ridicule*. This is their *strength;* they are sensible of its being so; and you may be assured that it will be exerted against you. There is nothing that cannot be jested with; and there is nothing that we, universally, bear worse, than to be made the jest of any.

What reasoning on moral subjects may not have its force evaded by a man of wit and humour; and receive a turn, that shall induce the less considerate to slight it, as weak and inconclusive? The most becoming practice—that which is most our duty, and the importance of which to our present welfare is most evident, a lively fancy easily places in a ridiculous view, and thereby brings it into an utter neglect.

That reverence of the Deity, which the best both ancient and modern writers have so strongly recommended—which the worthiest men in every age have so carefully expressed—which any observation of nature, any atention to our own frame fails not to inculcate, is yet, by being represented under the garb of superstition, or fanaticism, seen among us to such disadvantage, that many, our military gentlemen especially, appear to take a pride in showing themselves divested of it.

Conjugal fidelity, though of such moment to the peace of families—to their interest—to the prosperity of the commonwealth, that, by the laws of the wisest and best regulated states, the severest punishment has been inflicted on the violation of it, is, nevertheless, by the levity with which some have treated it, so much, at present, slighted, that the *adulterer* is well received: women, who would think it the grossest affront to have their virtue questioned, who affect the character of the strictest observers of decorum, shun *him* not—show *him* the utmost complaisance. Whatever dishonour, in this case, falls on any, it accrues wholly to the injured person.

Can you assign a better reason, why the intemperate, among the meaner people, have so prodigiously increased their numbers, than the banter they use towards such as they meet with disposed to sobriety,—the mockery with which they treat it,—the songs and catches with which they are so plentifully provided, in derision of it?

I cannot give you the very terms of Lord *Shaftesbury*, as I have not his works; but I think I may be certain there is an observation in them to this effect—that, "had the enemies to Christianity exposed its first professors, not to wild beasts, but to ridicule, their endeavours to stop its progress might have had very different *success* from what they experienced."

Had the wit of man been only concerned in the spreading that *religion*, I believe the conjecture well founded. But this success could no more have affected the truth of that *religion*, than it lessens the worth of a public spirit, of honesty, of tem-

perance, that so many have been laughed out of them—that the jest made of them has occasioned their being so rare among us.

The author of the *Beggars' Opera* gives the true character of his *Newgate* tribe, when he exhibits them ludicrous on all pretences to virtue, and thus hardening each other in their crimes. It was the most effectual means to keep up *their* spirits under *their* guilt, and may well be judged the likeliest method of bringing *others* to share it.

"The Duke of Buckingham," says a late writer, "had the art of turning persons or things into ridicule, beyond any man of the age. He possessed the young king [*Charles II.*] with very ill principles, both as to religion and morality, and with a very mean opinion of his father, whose stiffness was, with him, a subject of raillery." It is elsewhere observed, that, to make way for the ruin of the Lord *Clarendon*, "he often acted and mimicked him in the King's presence, walking stately with a pair of bellows before him, for the purse, and Colonel *Titus* carrying a fire-shovel on his shoulder, for the mace; with which sort of banter and farce the king was too much delighted."

Such are the impressions, to the disparagement of the best things, and of the best men, that may be made by burlesque and buffoonery; they can destroy the efficacy of the wisest precepts, and the noblest examples.

The monarch here spoken of may, perhaps, be thought as ill-disposed as the worst of his favourites; and rather humoured, than corrupted, by the sport they made with all that is, ordinarily, held serious. Were this admitted to be true of him—were we to suppose his natural depravity not heightened by any thing said or done before him, in derision of virtue or the virtuous; yet the effects of his being accustomed to such representations may be looked upon as extremely mischievous; when we may, so probably, attribute to them the loose he gave to his natural depravity—the little decorum he observed—that utter carelessness to save appearances, whence so much hurt ensued to the morals of his people, and whereby he occasioned such distraction in his affairs, so weakened his authority, so entirely lost the affections of the best of his subjects; and whence that he did not experience still worse consequences, may be ascribed to a concurrence of circumstances, in which his prudence had no share.

The weakness of an argument may be clearly shown—the arts of the sophister may be detected, and the fallacy of his reasoning demonstrated—to the most subtile objections there may be given satisfactory answers: but there is no confuting raillery—the acutest logician would be silenced by a *Merry Andrew*.

It is no manner of purpose that we have *reason* on our side, when the *laugh* is against us: and how easy is it, by playing with our words—by a quibble—by the lowest jest, to excite that *laugh!*

When the company is disposed to attack your principles with drollery, no plea for them is attended to; the more serious you show yourself in their defence, the more scope you give to the mirth of your opponents.

How well soever we have informed ourselves of the motives to a right conduct, these motives are not attended to, as often as we act: our ordinary practice is founded on the impression, that a former consideration of them has made; which impression is very liable to be weakened—wants frequently to be renewed in the same way, that it was at first produced.

When we continually hear our virtue bantered as mere prejudice, and our notions of honour and decorum treated as the sole effects of our pride

being dexterously flattered—when our piety is frequently subjecting us to be derided as childishly timorous, or absurdly superstitious; we soon know not how to persuade ourselves, that we are not more scrupulous than we need to be; we begin to question, whether, in settling the *extent* of our *obligations*, we have sufficiently consulted the *imperfections* of our *nature*—whether our *judgment* is without its bias from our *fears*.

Let our seriousness be exhibited to us in that odd figure, which wit and humour can easily give it; we shall be insensibly led to judge of it, according to its appearance, as thus overcharged; and under the disadvantage, in which it is shown us, we shall, first, seem unconcerned at the greater liberties that others take, and, by degrees, proceed to take the very same ourselves.

The person, whom we most highly and justly honoured, if the buffoonery of our companions were constantly levelled at him, would soon have his worth overlooked by us; and, though we might not be brought to think of him as contemptibly as they appeared to do, our reverence of him would certainly, at length, abate, and both his advice and example have much less influence upon us.

Of this you shall have an instance in my next.

I will here only add what *Jamblichus* mentions as practised by *Pythagoras*, before he admitted any into his school:—he inquired, "Who were their intimates"—justly concluding, that they, who could like bad companions, would not be much profited by his instructions.

Dean Bolton.

§ 104. *Letter VIII.*

SIR,

What follows will discharge the promise which I made you at the conclusion of my last.

S was the oracle of his county; to whatever point he turned his thoughts, he soon made himself master of it. He entered, indeed, so early upon business, that he had little time for books; but he had read those which best deserved his perusal, and his memory was the faithful repository of their contents.

The helps, that he had not received from reading, he had abundantly supplied the want of, by observation and conversation.

The compass of his knowledge was amazing. There was scarce any thing, of which one in his station ought to be informed, wherein he appeared to be ignorant. Long experience, great sagacity, a ready apprehension, a retentive memory, the resort to him of all sorts of people, from whom any thing could be learned, and an intimacy with some of the worthiest persons of every profession, enabled him to speak on most points with such justness and copiousness, as might induce you to conclude, upon first being with him, that the topic, on which his discourse turned, was what he had particularly and principally attended to. Though he owned himself never to have so much as looked into the writings of atheists or deists; yet, from the promiscuous company he had been obliged to keep, and the freedom with which all spoke their sentiments to him, there was not, perhaps, a material objection to the Christian religion, of which he was not apprised, and which he had not well considered.

Sensible of his strength, and ever desirous to use it in the best of causes—in the service of that truth, which operates on men's practice, and would, if attended to, rectify it throughout, he did not discourage the most free speakers; he calmly and willingly heard what they could say against his faith, while they used reason and argument; but drollery

and jest he failed not, though with great good-humour, to reprove, as a species of misrepresentation—as a sure evidence, that truth was not sought—as an artifice, to which none would apply, who were not conscious of their weakness, who did not despair of supporting their notions by rational proofs.

Virtue and true religion had not, perhaps, an abler advocate than this gentleman; but whatever service his tongue might do them, his manners, certainly, did them far greater; he convinced you of their *excellency*, by exhibiting to your senses their *effects*——he left you no room to question how amiable they were when it was from *their* influence upon him, that *he* so much engaged your esteem and affection; he proved undeniably, how much they should be our *care*, by being himself an instance, how much they contributed to our *happiness*.

Never, certainly, did piety sit easier upon any man——never, perhaps, was any man more esteemed by the very persons, between whose practice and his there was the widest difference.

The superior talents he discovered, and his readiness to employ them for the benefit of all, who applied to him, engaged alike their admiration and their love.

The obligations, conferred by *him*, obtained the height of complaisance towards his *son*. Invitations were made the youth from all quarters; and there was not a young man of any figure near him, who was not introduced to him, and directed to pay him particular civility. They, who sought to attach him closest to them by *consulting* his humour, were never without their arguments for *licensing* it. "True it was, this or that *pursuit* might not be to the taste of his *father;* but neither did it suit his years—when he was a *young man*, he, undoubtedly, acted as *one;* he took the diversions, allowed himself in the gratifications, to which youth inclines: no wonder that he should now censure what he could not relish—that he should condemn the draught, which his head could not bear, and be indifferent to the features, which he could not distinguish without his spectacles."

When this kind of language had abated the reverence due to so excellent an instructer, the buffoon interposed still farther to weaken his influence; gave an air of affectation to his decorum—of hypocrisy to his seriousness—of timorousness to his prudence—of avarice to his wise economy—burlesqued the *advice*, that he might be supposed to give, the arguments with which he was likely to support *it*, and the reproof he would naturally use, when he did not see a disposition to follow *it*.

Soon as the young man had attained the age, at which the law supposes us *sufficiently discreet*, he expressed a most earnest desire to have an opportunity of appearing *so*. Repeated promises were made, that if a proper allowance was settled on him, and leave given him to choose a place of abode, there should not be the least mismanagement; the income assigned him should answer every article of expense.

The son's importunity was seconded by the fond mother's, and their joint solicitations prevailed. The youth was now accessible, at all times, to the most profligate of his acquaintance; and one part of their entertainment usually was, to set his excellent father's maxims and manners in the most disadvantageous light. This failed not to bring on a disregard to both—so entire a disregard to them that the whore and the card-table took up all the hours which the bottle relieved not.

Thus fell the heir of one of the worthiest of our countrymen!—It was to no purpose, that such an admirable example had been set him by

the person he was most likely to regard—that such particular care had been taken to reason him into a discharge of his duty—that he had been present, when the most subtile advocates for irreligion either were silenced, or induced to acknowledge their principles to be much less defensible, than they had hitherto thought them. None of the impressions of what had been done for him, or said to him, or had passed before him, could hold out against ridicule; it effaced every trace of them, and prepared him to be as bad, as his worst companions could be inclined to make him. How great a neglect of him ensued! They who had laughed him out of the reverence due to his parent's worth, rendered him soon despised by all whose esteem could profit or credit him; and he died in the 70th year of his constitution, when but in the 25th of his age.

Dean Bolton.

§ 105. *Letter IX.*

SIR,

My last gave you a melancholy instance of the hurt done by *ridicule* to the heir of a most worthy man, not many miles from you. What influence it had towards the condemnation of him, to whom the epithet of *divine* might, perhaps, be more properly applied, than to any one who ever lived under the sole guidance of reason, has long, you know, been matter of dispute. I will only observe, concerning the comic writer's ridicule of *Socrates*—

1. That, when such a representation could be made of so *excellent* a *person*, it demonstrates, that no degree of *worth* can secure *any person* from an attempt to destroy his credit; and that they, whose capacities fully enable them to discern this *worth*, may be its spitefulest enemies, and bend their wits to disparage it——

2. That, when such a representation could be made by a man of good parts, with any confidence of success, it is, farther, an evidence of the probability, that the highest and most just reputation may suffer from ridicule, and that it may bring into contempt what is entitled to the greatest esteem and honour——

3. That if the *Athenians* were so well pleased with the means used to lessen the character of this ornament, not only to his country, but his species, as to render the interposition of a powerful party in the state necessary, to prevent the poet's abuse from meeting with all the success he promised himself in it; we are fully taught, what may be the pernicious effects of ingenious drollery—how much it may weaken the force of any instruction, or any example

Where violent methods are pursued, in order to withdraw us from any religious *practice* or *opinion*; they who thus oppose it showing thereby, that *they* look upon *it* as somewhat of great importance, teach *us* to do the same; and often increase our attachment to *it*—render us more earnest about *it*, than we otherwise should have been. But where such *practice* or *opinion* is treated as a matter of jest—where it meets with all the slight that scoffing and laughter can express, we scarcely know how to preserve our regard to it, as a thing of much consequence; and from esteeming it of little moment, we easily proceed to judge it of none at all.

The *force* that is offered us, on account of our persuasion, either occasions such an aversion from him, who applies to it, as prevents his having any influence upon us; or engages us in so careful an attention to the grounds, upon which we formed our judgment, as fixes us in the resolution not to alter it. But when all passes under the appearance of good humour—when only mirth and

pleasantry are exerted against us, we neither contract that hatred towards those, by whom we are thus treated, which will be our security from any bad impressions they can make upon us; nor are we excited to any examination of our *principles* that can confirm us in *them*. The freedom which our companions use, in sporting with what we have hitherto reverenced, will tempt us to conclude, that its importance is far from being obvious; nor, indeed, can it fail, unless our minds have a more than ordinary firmness, to raise at length some doubt in us, whether we have not been too fanciful or too credulous. And as

"The woman, who deliberates, is lost,"

we may fear the man will be so likewise, who suffers himself to question how well founded his seriousness is, merely because his associates are continually deriding it.

Would you not, industriously, keep out of the way of those who had power to torture you, and whom you knew ready to do it, if you would not be guided by them, but was determined to think and act as your own reason should direct? Believe me, Sir, the scoffer should be as much shunned by the friend of virtue, as the inquisitor by the friend of truth. Whoever would attain or preserve a just sense of his duty, should have as little intercourse as possible with those who would discourage sincerity—who would oppose it, either by the fagot, or the fair,* of *Smithfield*. A very uncommon resolution is required to be steady to the principles, from avowing which we must expect to be the heroes in a farce; though we need not apprehend that it will make us victims to the flames.

What *your* temper may be, I cannot affirm; but I really think that, with great numbers, drollery is not only a species of persecution, but the most dangerous kind of it; they would as soon be scourged, as mocked; be burthened with the cross, as habited with the purple. You can scarcely be enough aware of the risk you run from being jested with, as a visionary or a bigot—as one of much whim, or very little penetration.

But enough of the inducements, that vicious companions would be under to corrupt you, and the means they would use to do it.

The care you should take, in the choice of your company, will be the subject of but one letter more from

Dean Bolton.

* *Bartholomew* fair, during which plays and farces were formerly, from morning to night, the entertainment of the populace.

§ 106. *Letter X.*

SIR,

All I have to add, on what has lately been the subject of my correspondence with you, will be contained in this letter. I will not lengthen it by apologizing for it.

Might I suppose you so fortified by a right disposition, a wise education, good sense, and a thorough knowledge of the reasonableness of the practice enjoined by your religion, that every attempt to corrupt your morals would miscarry; this hurt, however, you would be sure to find from being much in the company of vicious men, that you would be less careful to become *eminently virtuous*—you would be less careful to fulfil your obligations, than you otherwise would be. While you saw *others* so much worse than yourself, you would not consider how much better you ought to be, than you at present are—while *their* gross faults were avoided, you would not consider, how much there is in *you* that ought to be amended.

We measure what is, in any way, commendable, by comparing our share of it with that of our neighbour: we do not regard in what degree, as to itself, we possess the good,

but in how greater a degree it is possessed by us, than by others.

Among a very ignorant people, a scholar of the lowest form will pass, both in their and his own judgment, for an adept.

You would, I am sure, pronounce of any gentleman, who kept mean company, that there was little hope of his ever acting a part, which would greatly credit him: while he loved to be chiefly with those, who would own, and do homage to, his superiority; you would think him by no means likely to cultivate much real worth. And were it to be said, that you should make such a judgment of him, not because of any impression he would receive *from his companions*, but because of the disposition he showed in the choice *of them;* I should be glad to know, how that man must be thought affected towards religion and virtue, who could be willingly present, where he was sure that they would be grossly depreciated. Whoever could bear a disparagement of them, must have so little sense of their worth, that we must justly conclude him ill prepared for resisting the attempt to deprive them wholly of their influence upon him. And, therefore, we may as fitly determine, from the disposition evidenced by him who keeps *bad* company, what his morals will at length be; as we can determine from the turn of mind, discovered by one who keeps *mean* company, what his figure in the world is likely to be.

Those among us, whose capacities qualify them for the most considerable attainments—who might raise themselves to an equality with the heroes in literature of the last century, sit down contented with the superiority they have over their contemporaries—acquiesce in furnishing a bare specimen of what they could do, if their genius were roused, if they were to *exert* their abilities. They regard only the advantage they possess over the idle and illiterate, by whom they are surrounded; and give way to their ease, when they may take it; and yet appear as considerable in *their* times, as the learned men, we most admire, did in *their respective* ages.

How many could I mention, to whom nature has been most liberal of her endowments, who are barely in the list of authors, who have only written enough to show how much honour they would have done their country, had their application been called out, and yet their names must have been no better known than those of their acquaintance, unless their diligence had equalled their capacity.

What is thus notoriously true of literary desert, is equally so of moral: the persons, to whom we allot a greater share of it, than has long been found in any in their stations, how have they their sense of right withheld from exerting itself, by the few they meet with disposed to animate them to any endeavour towards correcting the general depravity—by the connexions they have with such numbers, whose rule is their inclination—by that utter disregard to duty, which they see in most of those with whom they have an intercourse.

Alas! in the very best of us, a conviction of what becomes us goes but a little way in exciting us to practise it. Solicitations to be less observant of it are, from some or other quarter, perpetually offering themselves; and are by no means likely to be withstood, if our resolutions are not strengthened by the wise counsels and correspondent examples of our associates.

"Behold! young man—you live in an age, when it is requisite to fortify the mind by examples of constancy."

This *Tacitus* mentions as the speech of the admirable *Thrasea* to the quæstor, sent to tell him he must die; and by whom he would have it

remarked, with what composure he died.

Nor is it only when our virtue endangers our life, as was then the case, that such examples are wanted. Wherever there is a prevailing corruption of manners: they who would act throughout the becoming part, must be animated to it by what they hear from, and see in others, by the patterns of integrity which they have before them.

We are easily induced to judge some deviation from our rule very excusable; and to allow ourselves in it: when our thoughts are not called off from our own weakness and the general guilt: but while we are conversant with those, whose conduct is as unsuitable, as our own, to that of the multitude, we are kept awake to a sense of our obligations—our spirits are supported—we *feel* the courage that we *behold*—we see what can be done by such as share our frail nature; and *we* are ashamed to *waver*, where *they persevere*.

Aristotle considers friendship as of three kinds; one arising from virtue, another from pleasure, and another from interest; but justly determines, that there can be no true friendship, which is not founded in virtue.

The friendship contracted from pleasure or profit, regards only the pleasure or profit obtained thereby; and ceases, when these precarious motives to it fail: but that, to which virtue gives birth, not having any accidental cause—being without any dependence on humour or interest—arising wholly from intrinsic worth, from what we are in ourselves, never fluctuates, operates steadily and uniformly, remains firm and uninterrupted, is lasting as our lives. That which is the essential qualification of a *friend*, should be the chief recommendation in a *companion*. If, indeed, we have any concern for real worth; with whom should we be more desirous to converse, than with those who would accompany us and encourage us in the pursuit of it.

The same writer, mentioning the use that friends are of to us in every part of life, remarks the benefit which young men find from them to be—"That they keep them in their duty."

Had he thought, that any thing could have been urged more in behalf of friendship; he, undoubtedly, would have observed it. And when such is the language of so able an instructer, and of one who guided himself in his instructions only by the certain, the present advantage, that would attend a conformity to them; the lesson we have here for the choice of company must appear worthy the notice even of those, who will have no other guides but reason and nature.

If to keep us steady to our duty be the best office that can be done us—if they, who are our friends, will be thus serviceable to us—if the virtuous alone can be our friends, our conversation should be chiefly with the virtuous; all familiarity with the vicious should be avoided; we should consider those, who would destroy our virtue, as our enemies—our very worst enemies, whilst endeavouring to deprive us of the greatest blessing, that it is in our power to obtain.

Dean Bolton.

§ 107. *On Pleasure.*

Section I.

To ———

While you are constantly engaged in the pursuit of knowledge, or in making what you have acquired of use to your fellow creatures—while information is *your* amusement, and to become wiser is as much your aim, in all the company you keep, as in all the books you read; may I not justly think it matter of astonishment to you, that such numbers of your

species should be quite unmindful of all rational improvement—solely intent on schemes of mirth and diversion—passing their lives in a round of sporting and trifling.

If every age has its madness, and one is distinguished by its warlike humour, a second by its enthusiasm, a third by its party and political rage; the distraction of the present may truly be pronounced, its turn to pleasure, so sadly possessing those of each sex and of all ages—those of every profession and employment—the several ranks and orders of men; that they, who are strangers to the sudden changes in human dispositions, are apt to think, that all seriousness and application—all the valuable attainments, which are the reward only of our pains, must, inevitably, be soon lost among us.

I am not out of hopes, that what thus threatens, in the opinion of some, our speedy ruin, and has its very great mischief denied by none, who give it the least attention, will one day receive as remarkable an opposition from your *pen*, as it now does a discouragement from your *example*.

Let, in the mean time, a sincere well-wisher to his countrymen interpose his mean endeavours to serve them—offer to their consideration some, perhaps not wholly contemptible, arguments against the pursuit, to which they are so blameably attached—show them pleasure in that true light in which they are unwilling to see it—teach them, not that it should be always declined, but that they should never be enslaved to it—represent the dangers, to which it exposes them, yet point out how far it may be enjoyed with innocence and safety.

Every man seems to be so far free, as he can dispose of himself—as he can maintain a due subordination in the parts of his frame, use the deliberation proper to acquaint him with what is most for his advantage, and, according to the result thereof, proceed to action. I consider each hindrance to the knowledge of our true happiness, or to its pursuit, as, according to its degree, an abridgment of our liberty; and, I think that he may be truly styled a slave to pleasure, who follows it, wheresoever directed to it by appetite, passion, or fancy. When we listen to their suggestions in the choice of good, we allow them an authority, that our Creator never intended they should have; and when their directions in that choice are actually complied with, a lawless sway ensues—the use of our nobler faculties becomes obstructed—our ability to deliberate, as we ought, on our conduct, gradually fails, and to alter it, at length wholly ceases.

Our sensual and rational parts are almost in continual opposition: we add to the power of the former, by a thoughtless, idle, voluptuous life; and to that of the latter by reflection, industry, continence.

As you cannot give way to appetite, but you increase its restlessness, you multiply its demands, and become less able to resist them; so the very same holds true of every principle that opposes reason; if capable to influence you in one instance, it will more easily do it in a second, gaining ground, till its dominion over you becomes absolute.

When the question concerns our angry passions, all are ready to acknowledge the danger of not restraining them, the terrible subjection to which such remissness exposes us. These falling more under the general notice, from the apparency of the disorder, and extent of the mischief which they occasion, a better judgment is ordinarily made of them, than of affections less tumultuous, less dangerous to our associates: but there can be no reason imaginable why anger, if less carefully watched and resisted, should

exercise, at length, the most unhappy tyranny over us, which will not hold as to any passion or lust whatsoever. And as with respect to violent resentment, we are ready to gratify it, whatever it costs us: so let what will be the passion or lust that governs us, no prudential considerations are a counterpoise for it.

With regard to pleasure, the fallacy of our reasoning upon it lies here; we always look upon the enjoyment of it as a single act, as a compliance with our liking in this or that instance: the repetition of that indulgence is not seen under a dependence on any former, or under the least connexion with any future. That such a pursuit should engage us seems to be wholly from our choice; and this choice is thought to be as free, at the second time of our making it, as at the first, and at the twentieth, as at the second. Inclination is never beheld as possible to become constraint—is, I mean, never regarded as capable of being indulged, till it cannot be resisted. No man ever took the road of pleasure, but he apprehended that he could easily leave it: had he considered his whole life likely to be passed in its windings, the preference of the ways of virtue would have been indisputable.

But as sensual pursuits could not engage so many, if something very delightful were not expected in them; it will be proper to show how unlikely they are to answer such an expectation—what there is to discourage us from attaching ourselves to them.

Consider sensual pleasure under the highest possible advantages, it will yet be found liable to these objections.

First, That its *enjoyment* is fleeting, expires soon, extends not beyond a few moments: our spirits sink instantly under it, if in a higher degree: nor are they long without being depressed, when it less powerfully affects them. A review here affords me no comfort: I have here nothing delightful to expect from reflection. The gratifications, in which I have allowed myself, have made me neither wiser nor better. The fruit was relished while upon my tongue, but when passed thence I scarcely retain the idea of its flavour.

How transitory our pleasures are, we cannot but acknowledge, when we consider, how many we, in different parts of our lives, eagerly pursue, and then wholly decline.

That, which is the high *entertainment* of our infancy, doth not afford us the least, when this state is passed; what then delights us much in our youth, is quite tasteless to us, as we approach manhood; and our engagements at this period give way to some others, as we advance in age.

Nor do our pleasures thus pass only with our years, but, really, those which best suit our time of life, and on the pursuit of which we are most intent, must be interrupted in order to be enjoyed.

We can no more long bear pleasure, than we can long endure fatigue; or, rather, what we call pleasure, after some continuance, becomes fatigue.

We want relief in our diversions, as well as in our most serious employments.

When *Socrates* had observed, "of how unaccountable a nature that thing is, which men call Pleasure, since, though it may appear to be contrary to Pain, as never being with it in the same person, yet they so closely follow each other, that they may seem linked, as it were, together." He then adds—"If *Æsop* had attended to this, he would, I think, have given us a fable, in which the Divinity, willing to reconcile these two enemies, but yet unable to do it, had, nevertheless, so connect-

ed them in their extremities, that where the one comes, the other shall be sure to succeed it."

From the excess of joy, how usual is the transition to that of dejection! Laughter, as well as grief, calls for tears to ease us under it; and it may be even more dangerous to my life to be immoderately delighted, than to be severely afflicted.

Our pleasures then soon pass; and, *secondly*, their repetition certainly cloys.

As the easiness of posture and agreeableness of place wear off by a very short continuance in either; it is the same with any sensual gratifications which we can pursue, and with every enjoyment of that kind, to which we can apply. What so delights our palate, that we should relish it, if it were our constant food? What juice has nature furnished, that, after being a frequent, continues to be a pleasing draught? Sounds, how artfully soever blended or successive, tire at length the ear; and odours, at first the most grateful, soon either cease to recreate us, or become offensive to us. The finest prospect gives no entertainment to the eye that has been long accustomed to it. The pile, that strikes with admiration each casual beholder, affords its royal inhabitant no comfort, but what the peasant has in his cottage.

That love of variety and change, to which none of our kind are strangers, might be a lesson to us, where our expectations are ill grounded, where they must necessarily be disappointed; for if no man ever yet lived, who could say of any of the pleasures of sense—on this I repose myself—it quite answers my hopes from it—my wishes rove not beyond it: if none could ever affirm this, it is most evident, that we in vain search after permanent delight from any of the objects, with which we are now conversant—that the only difference between the satisfactions we pursue, and those we quit, is, that we are already tired of the one, and shall soon be of the other.

Hear the language of him, who had tried the extent of every sensual pleasure, and must have found the uncloying, had any such existed: "I said in my heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth. I gave myself to wine, I made me great works, I builded me houses, I planted me vineyards, I made me gardens, I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruit. I made me pools of water, I amassed gold and silver, I had possessions, above all that were in *Jerusalem* before me. I tried what love, what music, what all the delights of the sons of men could effect: whatsoever mine eyes desired I kept not from them, I withheld not my heart from any joy. Then I looked on all my works, on all my pursuits, and behold! all was vanity and vexation of spirit."

Tully mentions *Xerxes* as having proposed a reward to the man who could make known to him some new pleasure. The monarch of the East, it seems, met with nothing within the bounds of his mighty empire that could fix his inclinations. The most voluptuous people on earth had discovered no delight, that their sovereign could acknowledge otherwise than superficial. Happy! had it been a lesson to their prince, or could it be one to us, where our good should be sought—what pursuits were likely to bring us blessings certain to improve, as well as endure.

§ 108. *On Pleasure.*

SECTION II.

A *third* disadvantage ensuing to us from our attachment to the delights, which appetite and fancy purvey, is, that it indisposes us for useful inquiries, for every endeavour worthy of our nature, and suiting the relations in which we are placed.

The disappointment, which the *Persian* emperor met with in all his schemes of the voluptuous kind, did not put him on applying to those of a different one. Experience showed him his folly, but could not teach him wisdom—it could not, when it had convinced him of the vanity of his pursuits, induce him to relinquish them.

We find a *Solomon*, indeed, discovering his error, acknowledging that he had erred, and bearing testimony to religion and virtue as alone productive of true happiness; but where are we to look for another among the votaries to sensuality, thus affected, thus changed?

As some have observed of *courts*, that such, who live in them, are always uneasy there, yet always unwilling to retreat; the very same holds true of the licentious practice, which they too generally countenance: fully convinced of its vanity and folly, we continue to our last moments attached to it—averse from altering the conduct, which we cannot but disapprove. Our faculties are, indeed, so constituted, that our capacity for many enjoyments extends not beyond such a period in our being: if we will not quit them, they will us—will depart, whatever our eagerness may be for their continuance. But let us not deceive ourselves; when they are gone as to their sense, they are not as to their power. He who says to his youth, eat, drink, and be merry—who thinks of nothing else at that season, will hanker after delicacies, when he has neither teeth to chew, nor palate to distinguish them; will want the cup, which he cannot lift; and seek for mirth, when he will thereby become the object of it. The habit operates, when none of the inducements for our contracting it remain; and when the days of pleasure are past, those of wisdom and virtue are not the nearer. Our dispositions do not decay with our strength. The prudence, which should attend grey hairs, doth not necessarily come to us with them. The young rake is a lascivious obscene wretch, when he owes his warmth to his flannel; delights in the filthy tale, when his hearers are almost poisoned by the breath, with which he utters it; and when least able to offend in act, he does it in desire.

That the humour for fighting or racing, or whatever inclination governed us in this world, accompanies us to the other, is not an entire fiction of the poet, but, assuredly, has thus much truth in it, that whatever humour we indulge, it accompanies us to the close of life. There is a time, when our manners are pliant, when the counsels of the sober operate upon us as successfully, as the insinuations of the corrupt; but when that time is passed, our customs are, daily, working themselves into our *constitution*, and want not many years to become scarce distinguishable from it. God, I am persuaded, has formed us all with such apprehensions of what is right, as, if a proper care were taken to preserve and improve them, would have the happiest influence upon our practice; but when the season for extending this care to them has been neglected, they are in most of us greatly impaired, and in some appear almost wholly lost.

Let the *understanding* remain uninformed, till half the age of man is past, and what *improvement* is the best then likely to make? how irksome would it seem to be put upon any? It is with our will the very same; turned for half or three parts of our life to sloth and wantonness, to riot and excess, any correction of it, any alteration to the pursuits becoming us, may seem quite hopeless. While we are devoting ourselves to pleasure, we are weakening every principle whereby virtue can engage

us, we are extinguishing within us all sense of true desert—subduing conscience—divesting ourselves of shame—corrupting our natural notions of good and evil; and so indisposing ourselves for consideration, that our constant endeavour will be to decline it. Thus when our *follies* are a *burden* to us, their correction seems a greater; and we try what ease may be found by varying, rather than seek any from quitting, them.

Fourthly, The larger our share is of outward enjoyments, and the dearer they are to us; so much the more afflicting our concern will be to *leave* this *scene* of them—so much the greater terror and torment shall we receive from the apprehension, how soon we may be obliged to do it.

Let the man of pleasure colour it the most agreeably, place it in the fairest point of view, this objection will remain in its full strength against him: "you are not master of the continuance of the good, of which you boast; and can you avoid thinking of its removal, or bear the thoughts thereof, with any calmness and composure?" But what kind of happiness is that, which we are in hourly fears of losing, and which, when lost, is gone for ever?

If I am here only for a few days, the part I ought to act is, certainly, that of a traveller on his journey, making use, indeed, of such conveniences as the road affords him, but still regarding himself as upon his road—never so incumbering himself that he shall be unwilling to advance, when he knows he must do it—never so diverting himself at any resting place, that it shall be painful to him to depart thence.

When we are accustomed to derive all our comforts from sense, we come to want the very idea of any other: this momentary part of our existence is the full extent we give to our joys; and we have the mortifying reflection continually before us, that their conclusion is nearer every hour we are here, and may possibly take place the very next. Thus each accession of delight will really be but a new source of affliction, become an additional motive for complaint of the short space allowed for its enjoyment.

The mind of man is so disposed to look forward, so fitted to extend its views, that, as much as it is contracted by sensuality, it cannot be fixed thereby to the instant moment: we can never, like the beasts, be so far engrossed by the satisfaction before us, but the thoughts will occur, how often may we hope to repeat it—how many distant hours it is likely to relieve—how much of our duration can it advantage? and the scanty continuance which our most sanguine hopes can assign it, must, therefore, be in some degree its abatement—must be an ingredient in our draught sure to imbitter the many pleasing ones which compound it. And what a wise part are we then acting, when we are taking the brutes' portion for ours, and cannot have all the benefits even of that! cannot remove the inconveniences of reason, when we forego its comforts!

These are some of the many disadvantages inseparable from pleasure, and from the expectation of which none of its votaries are exempt. We cannot attach ourselves to any of the delights, which appetite or fancy provides, but we shall be sure to find them quickly passing—when repeated, cloying—indisposing us for worthy pursuits—rendering us averse from quitting the world, and uneasy as often as it occurs to our thoughts, how soon our summons may be to depart.

§ 109. *On Pleasure.*

SECTION III.

But what, you'll say, must all then commence philosophers? Must every gay amusement be banished the

world? Must those of each sex and of all ages have their looks ever in form, and their manners under the regulation of the severest wisdom? Has nature given us propensities only to be resisted? Have we ears to distinguish harmony, and are we never to delight them with it? Is the food which our palate best relishes, to be therefore denied it? Can odours recreate our brain, beauty please our eye, and the design of their structure be, that we should exclude all agreeable sensation from either? Are not natural inclinations nature's commands? Are they not its declarations whence we may obtain our good, and its injunctions to seek it thence? Is any thing more evident, than that serious applications cannot long be sustained—that we must sink under their weight—that they soon stupify or distract us? The exercise of our intellectual part is the fatigue of our corporeal, and cannot be carried on, but by allowing us intervals of relaxation and mirth. Deny us pleasure, and you unfit us for business; and destroy the man, while you thus seek to perfect him.

A full answer might, I should think, be given to whatever is here alleged, by enlarging on the following observations.

1. Pleasure is only so far censured, as it costs us more than it is worth—as it brings on a degree of uneasiness, for which it doth not compensate.

2. It is granted, that we are licensed to take all that pleasure, which there is no reason for our declining. So much *true pleasure*, or so much pleasure, as is not counterbalanced by any inconveniences attending it, is so much happiness accruing to him who takes it, and a part of that general good, which our Creator designed us.

3. As the inclinations, with which mankind were originally formed, were, certainly, very different from those, which guilt has since propagated; *many restraints* must, therefore, be necessary, which would not have been so, had our primitive rectitude been preserved.

4. Bad education, bad example, increase greatly our natural depravity, before we come to reason at all upon it; and give the appearance of good to many things, which would be seen in a quite different light, under a different education and intercourse.

These particulars let it suffice barely to mention; since, it is here admitted, that when there is no reason for our declining any pleasure, there is one for our taking it, I am more especially concerned to show, when there is a reason, why pleasure should be declined—what those limits are, which ought to be prescribed to our pleasures, and which when any, in themselves the most innocent, pass, they necessarily become immoral and culpable. A minute discussion of this point is not here proposed: such observations only will be made upon it, as appear to be of more general use, and of greatest importance.

What I would, first, consider as rendering any pleasure blameable is,

When it raises our Passions.

As our greatest danger is from them, their regulation claims our constant attention and care. *Human laws* consider them in their effects, but the *divine law* in their aim and intention. To render me obnoxious to men, it is necessary that my impure lust be gratified, or an attempt be made to gratify it; that my anger operate by violence, my covetousness by knavery: but my duty is violated, when my heart is impure, when my rage extends not beyond my looks and my wishes, when I invade my neighbour's property but in desire. The man is guilty the moment his affections become so, the instant that any dishonest thought finds him approving and indulging it.

The inquiry, therefore, what is a fit amusement, should always be preceded by the consideration of what is our disposition. For, it is not greater madness to suppose, that equal quantities of food or liquor may be taken by all with equal temperance, than to assert, that the same pleasure may be used by all with the same innocence. As, in the former case, what barely satisfies the stomach of one, would be a load insupportable to that of another; and the draught, that intoxicates me, may scarcely refresh my companion: so in the latter, an amusement perfectly warrantable to this sort of constitution, will to a different become the most criminal. What liberties are allowable to the calm, that must not be thought of by the choleric! how securely may the cold and phlegmatic roam, where he, who has greater warmth and sensibility, should not approach! what safety attends the contemner of gain, where the most fatal snares await the avaricious! some less *governable passion* is to be found in them, whose resolution is steadiest, and virtue firmest: upon *that* a constant guard must be kept; by any relaxation, any indulgence, it may be able to gain that strength, which we shall afterwards fruitlessly oppose. When all is quiet and composed within us, the discharge of our duty puts us to little trouble; the performance thereof is not the heavy task, that so many are willing to represent it: but to restore order and peace is a work very different from preserving them, and is often with the utmost difficulty effected. It is with the natural body, as with the politic; rebellion in the members is much easier prevented than quelled; confusion once entered, none can foresee to what lengths it may proceed, or of how wide a ruin it may be productive.

What, likewise, renders any pleasure culpable, is its making a large, or an unseasonable, demand upon our time.

No one is to live to himself, and much less to confine his care to but one, and that the worst, part of himself. Man's proper employment is to cultivate right dispositions in his own breast, and to benefit his species—to perfect himself, and to be of as much use in the world, as his faculties and opportunities will permit. The satisfactions of sense are never to be pursued for their own sake: their enjoyment is none of our end, is not the purpose, for which God created us; amuse, refresh us it may, but when it busies, when it chiefly engages us, we act directly contrary to the design, for which we were formed; making that our *care*, which was only intended to be our *relief*.

Some, destitute of the necessaries, others, of the conveniencies of life, are called to labour, to commerce, to literary application, in order to obtain them; and any remissness of these persons, in their respective employments or professions, any pursuit inconsistent with a due regard to their maintenance, meets ever with the harshest censure, is universally branded, as a failure in common prudence and discretion: but what is this animal life, in comparison with that to which we are raised by following the dictates of reason and conscience? how despicable may the man continue, when all the affluence to which his wishes aspire, is obtained?

Can it then be so indiscreet a part, to follow *pleasure*, when we should mind our *fortune?* do all so clearly see the blame of this? and may we doubt how guilty that attachment to it is, which lays waste our understanding—which entails on us ignorance and error—which renders us even more useless than the beings whom instinct alone directs? all capacity for improvement is evidently a call to it. The neglect of our powers is their abuse; and the slight

of *them* is that of their giver. Whatever talents we have received, we are to account for: and it is not from revelation alone that we learn this: no moral truth commands more strongly our assent, than that the qualifications bestowed upon us, are afforded us, in order to our cultivating them—to our obtaining from them the advantages they can yield us; and that foregoing such advantages, we become obnoxious to him, who designed us them, as we misapply his gift, and knowingly oppose his will. For, the surest token we can have, that any perfections ought to be pursued, is, that they may be attained: our ability to acquire them is the voice of God within us to endeavour after them. And would we but ask ourselves the question, did the Creator raise us above the herd, and doth he allow us to have no aims nobler than those of the herd—to make its engagements the whole of ours? we could not possibly mistake in the answer. All, who have reason given them, know that they may and ought to improve it, ought to cultivate it at some seasons, and ever to conform to it.

Greater privileges call us but to more important cares. You are not placed above your fellow-creatures, you have not the leisure which they want, that you may be more idle and worthless, may devote more of your time to vanity and folly, but that you may become more eminent in the perfections you acquire, and the good you do. He, who has all his hours at command, is to consider himself as favoured with those opportunities to increase in wisdom and virtue, which are vouchsafed to few; if no good effect follows; if having them, he only misapplies them; his guilt is according to what his advantage might have been.

The dispensations of heaven are not so unequal, as that some are appointed to the heaviest toil for their support, and others left to the free, unconstrained enjoyment of whatever gratifications their fancy suggests. The distinction between us is not that of much business and none at all; it is not, that I may live as I can, and you as you please; a different employment constitutes it. The mechanic has his part assigned him, the scholar his, the wealthy and powerful theirs, each has his task to perform, his talent to improve,—has barely so much time for his pleasure, as is necessary for recruiting himself—as is consistent with habitual seriousness, and may rather qualify than interrupt it.

We are furnished with numerous arguments, why the graver occupations should be remitted—why the humour for gaiety and mirth should be allowed its place; and no man in his right mind ever taught the contrary. Let the delights of sense have their season, but let them stand confined to it; the same absurdity follows the excess on either side, our never using, and our never quitting them.

Be not *over wise*, is an excellent rule; but it is a rule full as good, and much more wanted—That *some wisdom* should be sought—That dress and diversion should not take up all our hours—That more time should not be spent in adorning our persons, than in improving our minds—That the beautified sepulchre should not be our exact resemblance, much show and ornament without, and within nothing but stench and rottenness—That barely to pass our time should not be all the account we make of it, but that some profit should be consulted as well as some delight.

§ 110. *On Pleasure.*

SECTION IV.

Again, no pleasure can be innocent, from which our health is a sufferer. You are no more to shorten

your days, than *with one stroke to end them;* and we are suicides but in a different way, if wantonness and luxury be our gradual destruction, or despair our instant. It is self-murder, to take from our continuance here any part of that term, to which the due care of ourselves would have extended it; and our life, probably falls a more criminal sacrifice to our voluptuousness, than to our impatience.

When we throw off the load, which Providence has thought fit to lay upon us, we fail greatly in a proper deference to its wisdom, in a due submission to its will; but then we have to plead, sufferings too grievous to be sustained——a distress too mighty to be contended with; a plea, which can by no means justify us; yet how preferable to any, that he can allege, who, in the midst of all things that can give a relish to his being, neglects the preservation of it—who abuses the conveniences of life to its waste, and turns its very comforts to its ruin? or, could we suppose our pleasures disordering our constitution, after a manner not likely to contribute to its decay, they would not even then be exempted from guilt: to preserve yourself should not solely be your concern, but to maintain your most perfect state: every part and every power of your frame claims your regard; and it is great ingratitude towards him, who gave us our faculties, when we *in any wise* obstruct their free use. The proper thankfulness to God for our life is to be expressed by our care about it; both by keeping it, till he pleases to require it; and by so preserving it, that it may be fit for all those purposes, to which he has appointed it.

Further, the pleasure is, undoubtedly, criminal, which is not adapted to our fortune—which either impairs it, or hinders an application of it to what has the principal claim upon it.

If actions, otherwise the most commendable, lose their merit, when they disqualify us for continuing them—if generosity changes its name, when it suits not our circumstances; and even alms are culpable, when by bestowing them we come to want them—if the very best uses, to which we can put our wealth, are not so to draw off, as to dry the stream; we can by no means suppose, that our amusements are not to be limited, as by other considerations, so by this in particular—the expense which they create: we cannot imagine, that the restraints should not lie upon our wantonness, which lie upon our beneficence.

Be our possessions the largest, it is but a very small part of them that we have to dispose of as we think fit, on what conduces solely to our mirth and diversion. Great affluence, whatever we may account it, is really but a greater trust; the means committed to us of a more extensive provision for the necessities of our fellow-creatures; and when our maintenance—our convenience—an appearance suitable to our rank have been consulted, all that remains is the claim of others, of our family, our friends, our neighbours, of those who are most in need of us, and whom we are most obliged to assist.

In the figure we make, in our attendants, table, habit, there may be a very culpable parsimony: but in the expense which has nothing but self-gratification in view, our thrift can never transgress: here our abstinence is the most generous and commendable, as it at once qualifies us to relieve the wants of others, and lessens our own—as it sets us above the world, at the time that it enables us to be a blessing to it.

There is not a nobler quality to distinguish us, than that of an indifference to ourselves—a readiness to forego our own liking for the ease and advantage of our fellow-crea-

tures. And it is but justice, indeed, that the conveniences of many should prescribe to those of one: whatever his fortune may be, as he owes all the service he has from it to the concurrence of numbers, he ought to make it of benefit to them, and by no means to conclude, that what they are not to take from him, they are not to share.

Nor should it be unremarked, that the gratifications, best suited to nature, are of all the cheapest: she, like a wise parent, has not made those things needful to the well-being of any of us, which are prejudicial to the interests of the rest. We have a large field for enjoyment, at little or no charge, and may very allowably exceed the bounds of this; but we should always remember, that the verge of right is the entrance upon wrong—that the indulgence, which goes to the full extent of a lawful expense, approaches too near a criminal one, to be wholly clear from it.

Again, care should be taken that our pleasures be in character.

The *station* of some, the *profession* of others, and an *advanced age* in all, require that we should decline many pleasures allowable to those of an inferior rank—of a different profession—of much younger years.

Do your *decisions* constitute the *law*—does your *honour* balance the plebeian's *oath?* how very fitting is it that you should never be seen eager on trifles—intent on boyish sports—unbent to the lowest amusements of the populace—solicitous after gratifications, which may show, that neither your sagacity is greater, nor your scruples fewer than what are found in the very meanest of the community!

Am I set apart to recommend a reasonable and useful life—to represent the world as a scene of vanity and folly, and propose the things above as only proper to engage our affections? how ungraceful a figure do I then make, when I join in all the common amusements—when the world seems to delight *me* full as much as my hearers, and the only difference between us is, that their words and actions correspond, and mine are utterly inconsistent!

Have you attained the years, which extinguish the relish of many enjoyments—which bid you expect the speedy conclusion of the few remaining, and ought to instruct you in the emptiness of all those of the sensual kind? we expect you should leave them to such who can taste them better, and who know them less. The massy vestment ill becomes you, when you sink under its weight; the gay assembly, when your dim eyes cannot distinguish the persons composing it: your feet scarcely support you; attend not, therefore, where the contest is, whose motions are the gracefulest: fly the representation designed to raise the mirth of the spectators, when you can only remind them of their coffins.

Lastly, every pleasure should be avoided, that is an offence to the scrupulous, or a snare to the indiscreet. I ought to have nothing more at heart than my brother's innocence, except my own; and when there are so many ways of entertaining ourselves, which admit of no misconstruction, why should I choose such as afford occasion for any?

To be able greatly to benefit our fellow creatures is the happiness of few, but not to hurt them is in the power of all; and when we cannot do the world much good, we must be very unthinking indeed, if we endeavour not to do it the least possible mischief.

How this action will appear, to what interpretation it is liable, ought to be our consideration in whatever we engage. We are here so much interested in each other's morals, that, if we looked not beyond our present being, it should never be a

point indifferent to us, what notions our conduct may propagate, and for what corruptions it may be made the plea: but professing the doctrine of *Christ* as our rule, we can in nothing more directly oppose it, than in taking those liberties, by which the virtue of any is endangered. Which of our pleasures have this pernicious tendency, it will be more proper for my readers to recollect, than for me to describe. To those who are in earnest I have said enough; to the insincere more would be fruitless. What has been said deserves, I think, some consideration, and that it may have a serious one, is the most earnest wish of,

Dear Sir,
Yours, &c.

§ 111. *Three Essays on the Employment of Time.*

PREFACE.

The *essays* I here publish, though at first penned for the benefit of some of the author's neighbours in the country, may, it is hoped, from the alterations since made in them, be of more general use. *The subject* of them is, in itself of the highest importance, and could, therefore never be unseasonably considered; but the general practice, at present, more especially entitles it to our notice. The principles on which *their argumentative part* proceeds, are denied by none whose conviction it consults. Such as regard the human frame as only in its mechanism excelling that of beasts——such as would deprive man's breast of social affections, exempt him from all apprehensions of a deity, and confine his hopes to his present existence, are not the *persons* whom any thing here said proposes to affect. They are not, I mean, directly applied to in this *work;* but even their benefit *it* may be said consequentially to intend, as *it* would certainly contribute thereto, could *it* properly operate on those whose advantage is its immediate aim.

We have been told, by very good judges of human nature, how engaging virtue would be, if it came under the notice of sense. And what is a right practice, but virtue made, in some measure, the object of our sense? What is a man ever acting reasonably, but, if I may so speak, impersonated virtue——Virtue in a visible shape, brought into view, presenting itself to the sight, and through the sight as much affecting the mind, as it could be affected by any elegance of form, by any of the beauties of colouring or proportion.

The notions most dishonourable to the *deity*, and to the *human species*, are often, I suspect, first taken up, and always, certainly, confirmed by remarking how they act whose speculations express the greatest honour towards *both*.

When the strongest sense of an all powerful and wise, a most holy and just Governor of the world, is professed by those who show not the least concern to please him—— When reason, choice, civil obligations, a future recompense, have for their advocates such as are governed by humour, passion, appetite; or who deny themselves no present pleasure or advantage, for any thing that an hereafter promises; it naturally leads others, first, to think it of little moment which *side* is taken on these points, and then, to take *that* which suits the manners of them who, in their declarations, are *its* warmest opposers.

Whereas, were the *apprehensions* that do justice to a superintending providence——an immaterial principle in man——his liberty——his duties in society——his hopes at his dissolution, to be universally evidenced by a suitable practice; the great and manifest advantage arising from them would be capable of suppress-

ing every *doubt* of their truth, would prevent the entrance of any, or would soon remove it.

As, indeed, all that we are capable of knowing in our present state, appears either immediately to regard its wants, or to be connected with what regards them, it is by no means a slight confirmation of the truth of a doctrine, that the persuasion thereof is of the utmost consequence to our present well being. And thus the great advantages that are in this life derivable from the belief of a future retribution——that are here the proper fruits of such a belief, may be considered as evidencing how well it is founded——how reasonably it is entertained. On this it may be of some use more largely to insist.

What engagements correspond to the conviction that the state in which we now are is but the passage to a better, is considered in the last of these essays: and that, when so engaged, we are acting the *part* befitting our nature and our situation, seems manifest both on account of the approbation it has from our calmest hours, our most serious deliberation and freest judgment, and likewise on account of the testimony it receives even from them who act a quite contrary one. What they conform not to, they applaud; they acknowledge their failures to be such; they admire the worth, which they cannot bring themselves to cultivate.

If we look into the writers who supposed all the pleasures of man to be those of his body, and all his views limited to his present existence; we find them, in the rule of life they gave, deserting the necessary consequences of their *supposition*, and prescribing a morality utterly inconsistent with *it*. Even when they taught that what was good or evil was to be determined by our feeling only——that right or wrong was according to the pleasure or pain that would ensue to us during the continuance of our present frame, since after its dissolution we have nothing to hope or fear; their practical directions were, however, that we ought to be strictly just, severely abstinent, true to our friendships, steady in the pursuit of honour and virtue, attentive to the public welfare, and willing to part with our lives in its defence.

Such they admitted man ought to be—such they exhorted him to be, and, therefore, when they would allow him to act only upon *motives* utterly incongruous to his being this person, it followed either that these were wrongly assigned, or that a conduct was required from him unsuitable to his nature.

That his obligations were rightly stated was on all hands agreed. The mistake was in the inducements alleged for discharging them. Nothing was more improbable than his fulfilling the duties this *scheme* appointed him, if he was determined by it in judging of the consequences of his actions———what good or hurt they would do him——what happiness or misery would be their result.

While the Epicureans admitted justice to be preferable to injustice ——a public spirit, to private selfish views; while they acknowledged it more fitting that we should sacrifice life to the good of our country, than preserve it by deserting the common welfare; they must, I think, be regarded as authorizing a preference of the principles which will make man just and public spirited, to those which will dispose him to be unjust, and wholly attentive to his own little interests.

Let us see, then, what will be the practical consequences of adopting or rejecting the *Epicurean* tenet of our having nothing to hope for beyond the grave.

The value we set on life is shown by what we do to preserve it, and what we suffer rather than part with

it. We support ourselves by the hardest labour, the severest drudgery, and we think death a much greater evil, than to struggle for years with disease and pain, despairing of cure, and even of any long intervals of ease. Such, ordinarily, is our love of life. And this desire to keep it cannot but be greatly increased, when we are induced to think that once lost it is so for ever. To be without all hope of again enjoying the blessing we thus highly prize, must naturally disincline us to hazard it, and indispose us for what will endanger its continuance. He who is persuaded that *corporeal pleasure* is all he has to expect, and that *it* is confined to his present existence, must, *if he acts agreeably to such a persuasion*, be wholly intent on the pursuit of that pleasure, and dread nothing more than its coming to an end, or being interrupted. Hence, if his term of life would be shorter, or any greater distress would accrue to him by adhering to truth and justice, than by departing from them ——if he were to be at present more a loser by assisting his friend, than by forsaking him——if he could promise himself a larger share of sensual gratifications from betraying his country, than from serving it faithfully, he would be false and unjust, he would be perfidious to his friend, and a traitor to his country. All those sentiments and actions that express an entire attachment to the *delights of sense*, and the strongest reluctance to forego *them*, are strictly in character when we look not beyond them——when we acknowledge not any higher *satisfactions*, and behold *these* as expiring with us, and sure never to be again tasted.

Whereas the prospect of a returning life, and of enjoyments in it far superior to any we now experience, or promise ourselves, has a necessary tendency to lessen our solicitude about the existence here appointed us. We cannot well be reconciled to the *loss* of our being, but are easily so to its *change;* and death considered as only its change, as the passage from a less to a more desirable state, will, certainly, have the terror of its appearance much abated. The conviction that there is a greater good in reserve for us than any pleasure which earth can afford, and that there is something far more to be feared by us than any pain we can now be made to suffer, will, in proportion to its strength, render us indifferent to the delights and conveniences of our abode on earth, and dispose us to qualify ourselves for obtaining that greater good, and avoiding that so much more to be dreaded evil. In these *considerations* of life and death, of happiness and misery, virtue has its proper support. We are by *them* brought to judge rightly of the part becoming us, and to adhere to it immoveably: *they* furnish sufficient inducements to avoid falsehood and injustice, of whatever immediate advantage we may be thereby deprived——*they* encourage us to serve our friends and country with the utmost fidelity, notwithstanding all the inconveniences that can be supposed to attend it——they are, indeed, proper incitements to prefer the public welfare to our own safety, while *they* represent to us how much our gain thereby would overbalance our loss.

Brutes in our end and expectations, how can we be otherwise in our pursuits? But if the reasoning principle in us be an incorruptible one, and its right or wrong application in its embodied state affect the whole of our future existence; we have, in that apprehension, the most powerful motive to act throughout in conformity to our rational nature, or, which is the same thing in other words, never to swerve from virtue ——to despise alike danger and

pleasure when standing in competition with our duty.

Thus, when *Socrates*, in *Plato's Phædo*, has proved the immortality of our soul, he considers it as a necessary consequence of the belief thereof, "That we should be employed in the culture of our minds ——in such care of them as shall not only regard that term, to which we give the name of life, but the whole which follows it—in making ourselves as wise and good as may be, since on it our safety entirely depends, the soul carrying hence nothing with it, but its good or bad actions, its virtues or vices, and these constituting its happiness or misery to all eternity."

So, when the elder *Scipio* is introduced by *Tully*, apprising the younger, "That what is called our life, may be more properly styled our death—that we truly live when we are freed from the fetters of our body;" he proceeds to observe how much it then concerned him "to be just—to promote the public welfare —to make true glory his aim, doing what is right without regard to any advantage it will now yield him, despising popular opinion, adhering to virtue for its real worth." And the youth thus instructed, professes, "That after such information into what state he is to pass, he would not be wanting to himself; unmindful he had not been of his ancestor's worth, but to copy it should now be his more especial care, since encouraged thereto by so great a reward."

Lucan, representing the inhabitants of this part of Europe as persuaded that the soul survived the dissolution of the body, congratulates them, indeed, only on the happiness they enjoyed in an opinion that freed them from the most tormenting of all fears, the dread of death—that made them act with so much bravery and intrepidity. But when he admits a contempt of death to be the proper effect of this *opinion*, he must be considered as allowing it all that practical influence which as naturally results from it, as such an indifference to life doth, and has the same connexion with it.

If, therefore, the persuasion that death renders us utterly insensible, be a persuasion that unmans us quite —that disposes to a course of action most unworthy of us—that is extremely prejudicial to society, and tends, in every way, to our own greatest hurt or debasement, we may well suppose it an erroneous one; since it is in the highest degree improbable, that there should be any truth in a notion the reception of which so far operates to the prejudice of mankind—so necessarily contributes to introduce a general disorder.

On the other hand, if, from the conviction that there is a recompense for us beyond the grave, we derive sentiments most becoming us—if from it the worthiest actions proceed—if it be the source of the greatest both private and public good—if with it be connected the due discharge of our duty in the several relations in which we are placed—if it alone can lead us to perfect our nature, and can furnish our state with satisfactory enjoyments; there may seem sufficient grounds to conclude that there is such a recompense; the persuasion thereof, thus affecting us, may well appear most reasonably entertained.

When all those principles, of whose truth we have the greatest certainty, conduct us to happiness, it is natural to think that the influence of any principle upon our happiness, should be no improper test of its truth.

If there be no surer token of a right practice, than its tendency to promote the common good, can we but judge that to be a right opinion, which has undeniably, in an eminent degree, such a tendency?

When the difficulties that, under a general corruption, attend our adherence to virtue, are only to be surmounted by the prospect of future reward; one knows not how to believe that the proper inducement to our acting a part so becoming us—so much our praise, should be no other than a chimerical view, a romantic and utterly vain expectation.

When error is manifestly the cause of whatever ill we do or suffer, it is extremely improbable, that to an erroneous notion we must stand indebted for the best use of life, and its most solid satisfactions.

But it may be asked—where does this opinion produce these boasted effects? among them who profess it their firmest belief that there is a future recompense, how few do we find better men for it—more regular in their manners, or more useful to the world, than they would have been without any such persuasion?

How far any truth shall operate upon us—how far it shall influence us, depends upon our application of it, upon our attention to it. Experience furnishes the utmost certainty of a vast variety of *particulars* highly interesting our present welfare, which yet we overlook, we give ourselves little or no concern about, though we thereby make ourselves the severest sufferers; and may be almost as sure as we can be of any thing, that our unconcernedness about them must be attended with consequences thus fatal to us. The several rules which regard the lengthening of life—the preservation of health—the enjoyment of ease, though they carry with them the clearest evidence of their importance, how very little weight have they with the generality of mankind—how unheeded are they when opposing an eager appetite, a strong inclination! while yet these rules are acknowledged to remain as true, as worthy of our notice, as certain in their salutary effects when observed, as if all that practical regard to which they are entitled, was paid them; and we may be as justly thought endowed with a capacity of discovering those effects in order to their profiting us, as if they universally took place.

What benefit was intended in qualifying us for the discernment of any truth, is by no means to be inferred from what *ordinarily ensues* to us when discerning it. A just inference as to this can only be made from regarding the dictates of reason upon such a truth being discerned by us; or, what use of its discernment reason directs us to make.

When we are less wicked than very bad principles prompt us to be, which is often the case; these are, nevertheless, full as blameable as they would be if we were to act consistently with them. That they are not *pursued*, is, as to them, quite an accidental point; in reason and nature they should be; and therefore are fitly chargeable with all the consequences that acting according to them would produce.

So, on the other hand, though it must be confessed, that, with the best *principles*, our course of life is, frequently, very faulty; the objection must lie not to the nature or kind of their influence, but to a weakness of it, which is *our* crime, and not *their* defects. We will not let them act upon us; as they are qualified to do. Their worth is to be estimated by the worth they are suited to produce. And it would be full as absurd, when we will not mind our way, to deny that the light can be of any help to us in seeing it; as to deny the serviceableness of any principle, because we fail in its application.

Nor, is it, indeed, only our unhappiness that we are inattentive to what *the belief of a future recompense* requires from us; religion itself, is, alas! every where abused to the obstructing the proper effects of this belief. I mean, that whatever re-

ligion is any where professed, some or other rite or doctrine of it *does* favour, as in Paganism and Mohammedism; or *is so construed*, as in Judaism and Christianity, that *it is made* to favour a departure from the practice which suits the persuasion of a future reward. The reproach that belonged to the Jews in our Saviour's time, they have, as far as appears, deserved ever since; that by their scrupulous regard to the lesser points of their law, they think they make amends for the grossest neglect of its most important precepts. And with respect to us Christians,* whence is it, that there is so little virtue among us—that we are throughout so corrupt, but from taking sanctuary for our crimes in our very religion,—from perverting its most holy institutions and doctrines to be our full security whatsoever are our vices?†

Thus, we are either of a church in which we can be absolved of *all* our *sins;* or we are of the number of the elect, and cannot commit *any;* or the merits of Christ atone for our not having the merit even of honesty and sincerity; or a right faith makes amends for our most corrupt practice.‡

We have prayers, sacraments, fasts, that are never thought of to improve us in virtue, but to supply the want of it—to quiet our consciences under the most culpable gratifications of our lusts.

How the belief of a future recompense should, in reason, affect our practice—what its proper and natural influence is, solely concerns the present argument. It seems enough, in the case before us, that no one can be consistent with himself, but, if he has any hopes of happiness in another world, his conduct will be regular, becoming, rational: and, that where we find these hopes entertained on mature consideration, justly reasoned upon, duly attended to, there we certainly find great purity of morals, a strict regard to the part befitting a reasonable creature, and every other advantage ascribed to *them*. If I cannot be allowed to infer from hence that they are well founded, they have still for their support all those arguments in favour of a final retribution, with which I have not at all meddled, nor in the least weakened by any thing I may have less pertinently observed. The subject of the third of the following essays led me to the remarks here made; and to me they appear not immaterial. I cannot, indeed, bring myself to think but that the hopes which induce me to act most agreeably to my Creator's will, he has formed me to entertain; and will not let me be disappointed in them.

Of one thing I am sure, that they who suffer the persuasion of a future happiness to operate, as it ought, on their practice, constantly experience their practice adding strength to

* Sir *Isaac Newton* having observed, *That the prophecies concerning Christ's first coming were for setting up the Christian religion*, adds, *which all nations have since corrupted*, &c. Observ. upon the Proph. of Dan. &c. p. 252.

† The *general* and great *defect* in those that profess the Christian faith is, that they hope for life eternal, without performing those conditions, whereupon it is promised in the Gospel, namely, repentance and reformation.—They will trust to a *fruitless, lifeless faith*, or to some *penances*, and *satisfactions*, and *commutations* made with God, doing what he hath not required instead of what he hath commanded. No persuasions shall prevail to move and excite them to do this, no reasons, arguments, or demonstration, no, not the express words of God, that it is necessary to be done; or to forbear to censure them as *Enemies to the grace of God*, who do with clear and express Scripture show the absolute necessity of it. *Owtram's Sermons*, p. 166, 167.

‡ I heartily wish, that by public authority it were so ordered, that no man should ever preach or print this doctrine, That Faith alone justifies, unless he joins this together with it, That universal obedience is necessary to salvation. *Chillingworth's Relig. of Prot.* p. 362.

By our zeal in our opinions we grow cool in our piety and practical duties. *Epist. Dedicat. prefixed to the Discourse of Liberty of Proph.*

their persuasion; the better they become by their belief, the more confirmed they become in it. This is a great deal to say on its behalf. What weightier recommendation to our assent can any *doctrine* have, than that, as *it* tends to improve us in virtue, so the more virtuous we are, the more firmly we assent to *it;* or, the better judges we are of truth, the fuller assurance we have of *its* truth?

§ 112. *On the Employment of Time.*

ESSAY THE FIRST.

"Amazing! that a creature, so warm in the pursuit of her pleasures, should never cast one thought towards her happiness."—A reflection this, made indeed by a comic writer, but not unworthy the most serious.

To be intent on pleasure, yet negligent of happiness, is to be careful for what will ease us a few moments of our life, and yet, without any regard to what will distress us for many years of it.

When I study my happiness, I consult the satisfaction of the whole continuance of my being—I endeavour, that throughout it I may suffer as little, and enjoy myself as much, as my nature and situation will admit. Happiness is lasting pleasure; its pursuit is, really, that of pleasure, with as small an allay as possible of pain. We cannot, therefore, provide for our happiness, without taking our share of pleasure; though, as is every where but too evident, our eagerness after Pleasure may plunge us into the misery we are unable to support.

Nothing, indeed, is more specious than the general term Pleasure. It carries with it the idea of something which must be permitted us by our Maker; since we know not how to suppose him forbidding us to taste what he has disposed us to relish. His having formed us to receive pleasure, is our license to take it. This I will admit to be true, under proper restrictions.

It is true, that from our nature and constitution we may collect wherein we act agreeably to our Creator's will, and wherein we act contrary to it; but the mischief is, we commonly mistake our nature, we miscall it; we call that it which is but a part of it, or the corruption of it; and we thence make conclusions, by which when we govern our practice, we soon find ourselves in great difficulties and distress.

For instance, we call our passions our nature; then infer, that, in gratifying them, we follow nature: and, being thus convinced that their gratification must be quite lawful, we allow ourselves in it, and are undone by it. Whereas, the body is as much the man, as his passions are his nature; a part of it, indeed, they are, but the lowest part: and which, if more regarded than the higher and nobler, it must be as fatal to us, as to be guided rather by what is agreeable to our appetite, than conducive to our health. Of this more hereafter.

The call of nature being the favourite topic of all the men of pleasure—of all who act the most in contradiction to nature, I will confine the whole of the following essay to the consideration of it, so far as it relates to the employment of our time: and show how our time should be employed, if we have a just regard to our nature—if what it requires be consulted by us.

That man is the work of a wise agent, is in the clearest manner discovered by the marks of wisdom, that show themselves in his frame—by the contrivance and skill, that each part of it expresses—by the exact proportion and suitable disposition, that the several parts of it have to each other, and by their respective

fitness to promote the well-being of the whole.

When we must thus acknowledge the great wisdom exerted in our structure; when we are so capable of discerning its beauties and advantages, and so fully know their preservation and improvement to depend upon ourselves, upon our own endeavours, care, and pains: we cannot possibly be at a loss to discover what our wise Maker must, in this particular, expect from us. The duty of man is as certainly known from his nature—what he ought to do for himself is as fully understood from what he can do, as the uses of any machine are understood by a thorough acquaintance with its powers.

I can no more doubt for what I am intended—what must be required of me, when I see plainly what I am able to effect; than I can question for what purposes a watch or a clock is designed, when I am duly apprised how the different parts of it act upon each other, to what they all concur, and to what only.

We want no reasoning to convince us, that a frame so curious as the human, must be made in order to its continuance, as long as the materials composing it will admit; and that we ourselves must give it such continuance: how this is shortened, how it is prolonged, we are likewise all of us fully sensible. There is no man but perceives what will hasten his dissolution, and what will probably retard it; by what management of himself he is sure to pass but few years in the world; and by what he is likely to be upheld in it for many. Here then our rule is obvious; these notices afforded us to make it so: when we are taught, that the support of our life must be agreeable to him from whom we received it, and that *we* are appointed to give it this support, that it must come from *ourselves*, from what *we* do in order to it; we are at the same time instructed to regard all things contributing to it as enjoined us, and all things detrimental to, and inconsistent with it, as forbidden us; we have it suggested to us, that we are properly employed, when we consult the due preservation of life, and that the engagements are improper, are blameable, that hinder it.

Thus, to spend our time well, we must give our bodies such exercise, such rest, and other refreshments, as their subsistence demands; and we mis-spend it, when we are lazy and slothful, when we are less sober, chaste, and temperate; when we proceed to excesses of any kind, when we let our passions and appetites direct us: every thing in this way tends to hasten our dissolution; and therefore must be criminal, as opposing that continuance here, which our very composition shows our Maker to have designed us.

But that our frame should be barely upheld, cannot be all we are to do for it; we must preserve it in its most perfect state, in a state in which its several powers can be best exerted.

To take this care about it, is evidently required of us. Any unfitness for the functions of life is a partial death. I don't see of what we can well be more certain, than that all the health and strength, of which our constitution admits, were intended us in it; and they must, therefore, be as becoming our concern, as it is to hinder the ruin of our constitution: we know not how sufficiently to lament the loss of them, even from the advantage of which they are to us in themselves, not only from their preventing the uneasiness, the pains, and the numerous inconveniences with which the sickly and infirm have to struggle, but likewise from the satisfaction they give us in our being, from what we feel, when our blood flows regularly, our nerves have their due tone, and our vigour is entire.

Yet these are but the least of the benefits we have from them.

We consist of two parts, of two very different parts; the one inert, passive, utterly incapable of directing itself, barely ministerial to the other, moved, animated by it. When our body has its full health and strength, the mind is so far assisted thereby, that it can bear a closer and longer application, our apprehension is readier, our imagination is livelier, we can better enlarge our compass of thought, we can examine our perceptions more strictly, and compare them more exactly; by which means we are enabled to form a truer judgment of things—to remove more effectually the mistakes into which we have been led by a wrong education, by passion, inattention, custom, example—to have a clearer view of what is best for us, of what is most for our interest, and thence determine ourselves more readily to its pursuit, and persist therein with greater resolution and steadiness.

The soundness of the body can be thus serviceable to the *mind*, and when made so, may in its turn be as much profited by *it*. The poet's observation is no less true of them, than it is of nature and art, each wants, each helps the other;

> "Mutually they need each other's aid."
> *Roscom.*

The mind, when not restrained by any thing deficient in its companion, and having from it all the assistance it is adapted to afford, can with much greater facility prevent that discomposure and trouble, by which our bodily *health* is ever injured, and preserve in us that quiet and peace, by which *it* is always promoted. Hence we are to conclude, that we should forbear, not only what necessarily brings on disease and decay, but whatever contributes to enfeeble and enervate us; not only what has a direct tendency to hasten our end, but likewise what lessens our activity, what abates of our vigour and spirit. —That we should also avoid whatever is in any wise prejudicial to a due consideration of things, and a right judgment of them; whatever can hinder the understanding from properly informing itself, and the will from a ready compliance with its directions. We must be intent on such a discipline of ourselves as will procure us the fullest use of our frame, as will capacitate us to receive from it the whole of the advantage it is capable of yielding us; so exercising the members of our body, consulting its conveniences, supplying its wants, that it may be the least burthensome to us, may give us the least uneasiness——that none of its motions may, through any fault of ours, be obstructed, none of its parts injured——that it may be kept in as unimpaired, as athletic a state as our endeavours can procure, and all its functions performed with the utmost exactness and readiness; so guarding, likewise, against the impressions of sense, and delusiveness of fancy, so composing our minds, purifying them, divesting them of all corrupt prejudices, that they may be in a disposition equally favourable to them, and to our bodies—that they may not be betrayed into mistakes dangerous to the welfare of either—that they may be in a condition to discern what is becoming us, what is fittest for us; desirous of discovering it, and preparing to be influenced by it.

We are thus to seek our most perfect state, such as allows us the freest use of our several powers a full liberty *for the due application of them*. And the ability thus to apply them, must be in order to our doing it, to our receiving from them whatever service they can effect.

As what is corporeal in us is of least excellence and value, our care in general about it, should bear a proportion to the little worth it has in it-

self—should chiefly regard the reference it has to our understanding, the assistance that it may afford our intellectual faculties.

Merely to preserve our being—to possess our members entire——to have our senses perfect——to be free from pain——to enjoy health, strength, beauty, are but very low aims for human creatures. The most perfect state of animal life can never becomingly engross the concern of a rational nature: fitted for much nobler and worthier attainments, we are by that fitness for them called to pursue them.

Ask those of either sex, who rate highest the recommendation of features, complexion, and shape—— who are most intent on adorning their persons——who study most the accomplishments of an outward appearance; ask them, I say, which they think their chief endowment, and what it is that does them the highest honour? You will find them with one consent pronouncing it *their reason.* With all their folly they will not defend it as such; with their little sense, they will prefer that little to their every other fancied perfection. The finest woman in the world would rather make deformity her choice than idiocy, would rather have ugliness than incapacity her reproach.

Thus, likewise, whom do we perceive so fond of life, so desirous of reaching its longest term, that he would be willing to survive his understanding; that he would choose to live after he ceased to reason? The health and ease, the vigour and cheerfulness that are often the lunatic's portion, would not induce the most infirm, sickly, and complaining among us, to wish himself in his stead; to wish an exchange of his own distempered body, for the other's disordered mind.

Nor does the mind only claim our chief regard, as it is thus universally acknowledged, and as it really is the principal, the most excellent, the presiding part of us, but as our well-being is necessarily connected with giving it this preference, with bestowing the most of our care and pains upon it.

What is best for the body, what is best for the whole man, can only be discovered and provided for, by our rational faculties, by them assiduously cultivated, diligently exerted, and thence strengthened and enlarged.

Our well being wholly depends upon the sufficient information of our understanding, upon the light in which we see things, upon the knowledge we have how far they can profit or hurt us, how the benefit they can be of to us may be derived from them, and how the hurt they can do us may be escaped.

If I think that to be good, or that to be evil, which is not such———or if I know not that to be good, or that to be evil, which is really such——— or if I think there is more or less good, or more or less evil in any thing than there really is———or if what, by a proper application, might be made of very great advantage to me, I am ignorant how to make of any, or of as much as it would yield me —or if I am ignorant how to render that very little, or not at all, hurtful to me, which might have its evil either greatly lessened or wholly avoided: in all these instances, my well being must of necessity be a sufferer; my ignorance must greatly abate of the satisfaction of my life, and heighten its uneasiness.

No one is prejudiced by his not desiring what he conceives to be good, by his disinclination towards it, by his unwillingness to embrace it. So far is this from being our case, that we are always pursuing it. The source of all our motions, the design of all our endeavours is to better ourselves, to remove from us that which is really, or comparatively evil.

What alone hurts us is our misapprehension of good, our mistakes about, our ignorance of, it. Let us fully understand it——have just conceptions of it, we then shall never deserve the blame of its being less earnestly sought after, and therefore unattained by us. The excess of our earnestness after it, is, indeed, usually the occasion of missing it. Our solicitude, our eagerness and impatience are here so great, that they won't allow us time to examine appearances——to distinguish between them and realities———to weigh what is future against what is present——to deliberate whether we do not forego a much greater advantage hereafter, by closing with that which immediately offers; or shall not have it abundantly overbalanced, by its mischievous consequences.

We want not to be put on the pursuit of happiness, but we want very much to have that pursuit rightly directed; and as this must be done by the improvement of our rational powers, we can be interested in nothing more than in improving them, than in such an application of them, as will contribute most to perfect them.

We are so placed, that there are very few of the *objects* surrounding us, which may not be serviceable or hurtful to us; nor is that service to be obtained, or detriment avoided, otherwise than by our acquaintance with *them* and with ourselves; the more exact our knowledge of this kind is, the more we lessen the calamities, and add to the comforts of life: and it certainly must be as much the intention of our Creator, that we should attain the *utmost* good which we are capable of procuring ourselves, as that we should attain *any* for which he has qualified us.

Nor is the benefit arising to us from an enlarged understanding, rendered less certain, by the uneasiness that we find to be the share of the studious, the contemplative, and learned—of them whose intellectual attainments we chiefly admire.

The philosopher's observation to his friend on *books*, that it signifies nothing *how many*, but *what* he had, is applicable to the knowledge they communicate; what it is, and not how various is the thing that concerns us. It may extend to a prodigious number of particulars of no moment, or of very little; and that extent of it gain us all the extravagance of applause, though we have the ignorance of the vulgar, where it must be of the worst consequence.

Crowding our memory is no more improving our understanding, than filling our coffers with pebbles is enriching ourselves:* and what is commonly the name of learning, what usually denominates us *very learned* is, really, no more than our memory heavily and uselessly burthened.

How high is the desert, in the more eastern parts, of him who can but read and write the language of his country? A life spent in the study of *it alone* shall be there judged an exercise of reason most worthy of applause. And are we in these so enlightened regions, in this school of science, as we are apt to fancy it, at all more just to rational improvements? we have, indeed, no encomiums for him who is not at a loss for the meaning of any word that his native tongue furnishes; but he who is well skilled in two or three ancient ones, will have the highest applause for that skill, and be considered as among them, who have distinguished themselves, by a right application of their capacities. In this number we, likewise, generally agree to place such as have passed years in

* There is nothing almost has done more harm to men dedicated to letters, than giving the name of study to reading, and making a man of great reading to be the same with a man of great knowledge. *Locke, of the Conduct of the Understanding.*

only qualifying themselves either to cavil and dispute, or to disguise their ignorance on any subject, or to colour strongly, and command the passions of their hearers. We are equally favourable to them, who busy their minds on discoveries that have no foundation but in fancy and credulity——or whose whole endeavour it has been to learn what this or that man has determined on a point, wherein he was as ill qualified as themselves to make a right determination,——or who amuse themselves with theories, with trifling and vain speculations.

Let a just allowance be made for these and such like persons, whose reputation for learning is only built on the generality miscalling it, on the prevailing mistakes about it, and who have really hurt their understandings by what is thus falsely esteemed improving them; we shall have proceeded a great way in removing the objection to the pursuit of knowledge, from the little service it is of, to such whose attainments in it we concur in acknowledging and admiring.

When our intellectual pursuits *are* useful, they are often limited to what is of least use. How few of us are prompted to our researches from the consideration of the degree or extent of the good derivable from them? It is humour, fancy, or sordid gain alone, that ordinarily gives rise to the very inquiries which are of advantage to the world; they seldom are made from a regard to their proper worth, from the influence they can have upon our own or others' happiness.

That the better our understanding is informed, the better it can direct us, must be as evident to all, as that we want to be directed by it. The mind of man is as much assisted by knowledge, as his eye by light. Whatever his intellectual powers may be in themselves, they are to him according to his application of them: as the advantage he receives from his sight is according to the use he makes of it. That ignorance of his good which he might, but will not, remove, deprives him of it as certainly as an utter inability to acquaint himself with it.

In what is the improvement of our understandings, we may, indeed, be mistaken, as we may in what constitutes our true happiness; but in each case we must be wilfully so, we must be so by refusing to attend, to consider.

Could we by instinct discover our own good, as the brute distinguishes its good, all concern on our part to increase our discernment might be needless; but the endeavour after this must be in the highest degree necessary, when the more clearly we discern things, the more we are benefited, and the less hurt by them. Where is the man who is not made happier by inquiries that are rightly directed, and when he can say with the poet,

> The search of truth
> And moral decency hath fill'd my breast;
> Hath every thought and faculty possest!

Of knowledge as distinct from true wisdom, it may be not unjustly observed, that the increase of it is only the increase of sorrow; but of that knowledge, the pursuit of which expresses our wisdom, we may confidently assert, that our satisfaction must advance with it. All will admit it a proof of wisdom, to judge rightly of what is most for our interest, and take such measures as suit it: and as we are qualified for this by our knowledge, by the knowledge of our own nature, and of the properties of the things without us, so far as they can contribute to our better or worse state; in the degree we are thus knowing we can only be wise, determine rightly of what is best, and use the fittest means to procure it. Attainments that serve not to this purpose may be slighted; but for

such as are requisite to it, if they principally deserve not *our concern*, I see not what can have any title to it.*

We are, indeed, startled at the very terms, of deliberating, weighing, considering, comparing; we have affixed such ideas to them, to make them appear rather hindering the true enjoyment of ourselves than promoting it: but if we would not share the uneasiness that so many of our fellow-creatures lament, we must not adopt their prejudices. In every point of consequence we use more or less consideration; and in all the pleasures that allure, in all the trifles that amuse us, we are still making comparisons, preferring one to the other, pronouncing this less, and that more worthy of our choice. Though none, if the philosopher may be believed, deliberate on the whole of life, all do on the parts of it: and if we fail not to compare and reason upon our *lower* enjoyments, I see not what there can be forbidding in the advice to attend seriously, to examine fairly, and to delay our choice till we have gained the instruction requisite to determine it, when the object thereof is what can be *most* for our ease and satisfaction.

But it is not, perhaps, all exercise of our reason, in a way so well deserving it, that disgusts us; it is *the degree* of application required from us, that we relish not.

1. We know not how to be reconciled to so much trouble about enlarging our discernment, and refining our judgment.

2. We do not see how such a task can suit them whose whole provision for the day is from the labour of it.

3. We find no small part of mankind so easy under their ignorance and mistakes, that they will not advance a step to remove them: and what greater recommendation can there be of any situation, than that they who are in it are entirely satisfied with it?

1. The pains that we are to take in order to an advantage that must infinitely overbalance them, we can have no excuse for omitting: and we are called to no pains for the improvement of our reason, but such as cannot be declined without lessening our happiness—without incurring some evil we should otherwise have escaped, or wanting some good we should otherwise have obtained: whatever has its neglect attended with these consequences, must be expected from us.†

2. That they are to seek knowledge who are to get their bread, might seem a harsh lesson, if the endeavour to inform, hindered that to maintain themselves; if the *knowledge* they were to seek was any other but *of what is best for them*, of what can give them all the happiness that

* Since our faculties plainly discover to us the being of a God, and the knowledge of ourselves, enough to lead us into a full and clear discovery of our duty, and great concernment; it will become us, as rational creatures, to employ those faculties we have, about what they are most adapted to, and follow the direction of nature, where it seems to point us out the way. For it is rational to conclude that our proper employment lies in those inquiries, and in that sort of knowledge which is most suited to our natural capacities, and carries in it our greatest interest, the condition of our eternal state. Hence, I think, I may conclude, that morality is the proper science and business of mankind in general. *Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding.*

† How men, whose plentiful fortunes allow them leisure to improve their understandings, can satisfy themselves with a lazy ignorance, I cannot tell: but methinks they have a low opinion of their souls, who lay out all their incomes in provision for the body, and employ none of it to procure the means and helps of knowledge; who take great care to appear always in a neat and splendid outside, and would think themselves miserable in coarse clothes, or a patched coat, and yet contentedly suffer their minds to appear abroad in a pie-bald livery of coarse patches, and borrowed shreds, such as it has pleased chance or their country tailor (I mean the common opinion of those they have conversed with) to clothe them in. I will not here mention how unreasonable this is for men that ever think of a future state, and their concernment in it, which no rational man can avoid to do sometimes. *Locke's Essay on Human Understanding*, B. iv. Ch. 20

creatures so constituted can receive. For *this* every one must have leisure;* it should be judged our chief business; it directs us to that very employment from which we have our support—is carried on with it—assists us in it—gives it every consideration that can make it easy and satisfactory to us. The peasant or mechanic is not advised to spend fewer hours at labour, that he may have more for study, for reading, and contemplating—to leave his spade or his tools for a pen or a book. No, the advice to him is, observe what passes, and what good or hurt accompanies or follows it.

Remark what it is that pleases you only for a few moments, and then either brings immediate uneasiness, or lays a foundation for some future.

You find several things of service to you, observe which is of most, which has no sort of inconvenience attending it, or very little in comparison of its advantage; and, if there are none of them without some inconveniences, which has the fewest —which does you good in a higher degree, or for a longer term.

You are continually with those of the same nature with yourself; take notice what is serviceable or prejudicial to them; you may learn from their experience what your own teaches you not. Every day will furnish some or other occurrence that may be a profitable lesson to you, make it such; overlook nothing that affects your well-being; attend chiefly to what concerns it.

Go over frequently in your thoughts the observations you have made on what will more or less benefit you; let them be so deeply imprinted upon your mind, make them so familiar to yourself, that the offer of a less good may never surprise and betray you into the neglect, and, by that means, the loss of a greater.

You are at all times at liberty to consider your own nature, be acquainted with it, see what you can do for yourself, what share of your happiness has no dependence on the things without you; what blessings may be secured to you by your own dispositions.

You necessarily shun evil: don't mistake it; be sure of what is so; be apprised of the degrees of it; be thoroughly instructed in these, that a desire to escape what you could easily bear, may never occasion you a distress which you would pronounce insupportable. Endeavour to inform yourself what evil you cannot too industriously avoid—what you should readily submit to—what you may change into good.

He, to whose situation terms like these would be unsuitable, must have *reason to* seek, as well as a *livelihood*. Our natural understanding fits all of us for a task like this; nor can it be inconsistent with any the hardest labour to which our support will oblige us.

The whole of this so severe a lesson is this brief one; do your best for yourself; be as happy as the right use of the abilities God has given you can make you.

3. As for the unconcernedness of so great a part of our species at their ignorance and errors—the entire

* Are the greatest part of mankind, by the necessity of their condition, subjected to unavoidable ignorance in those things which are of greatest importance to them? have the bulk of mankind no other guide but accident and blind chance, to conduct them to their happiness or misery?—God has furnished men with faculties sufficient to direct them in the way they should take, if they will but seriously employ them that way, when their ordinary vocations allow them the leisure. No man is so wholly taken up with the attendance on the means of living, as to have no spare time to think at all of his soul, and inform himself in matters of Religion. Were men as intent on this, as they are on things of lower concernment, there are none so enslaved to the necessities of life, who might not find many vacancies that might be husbanded to this advantage of their knowledge. *Locke's Essay on Human Understanding.*

satisfaction they express under them: with regard to this, let it be considered, that we are no more to judge of good from the practice of numbers, than of truth from their opinions.

They thoroughly enjoy themselves, you say, with their little knowledge, and many mistakes.

And are any of us in our younger years better pleased than when we are suffered to sport away our time—to pass it without the least control and instruction? but because we are thus pleased, are we rightly so? could worse befal us, than to be permitted to continue thus agreeably unrestrained and uninstructed?

The man in a lethargy desires you would let him dose on: he apprehends no danger, when you see the greatest: you grieve and vex him, when you attempt to cure him.

Does any one who has more sense than the bulk of his fellow-creatures, wish for their dulness, that he might share their diversions—wish for their thoughtlessness, that he might join in their mirth?

Could the neglect of our rational faculties be accompanied, throughout our continuance in being, with the satisfaction at present expressed by so many under it, this indeed might be something in its favour; but this is by no means the case. He who gave us these faculties, and the ability to improve them, must intend that we should improve them: by frustrating his intention, we incur his displeasure; if we incur it, we may justly expect, sooner or later, to feel the effects thereof.

Nor is it to be thought that the neglect of our reason is, from the good we hereby forego, its own sufficient punishment, and therefore not likely to expose us to any other. We cannot rightly think thus, because of the extensive mischief occasioned by this neglect. It is very far from terminating in ourselves, from making us the only sufferers. Were it so confined, some pretence there might be for considering our mere crime as our ample punishment. But such it cannot appear, when it does infinite hurt to others—to our neighbourhood—to our friends—to our family—to the whole community of which we are members.

What is enough for myself, what I can do without, should be the least of my concern. My duty is to reflect what I can do for others; how I may make myself of greatest use. We stand all largely indebted to our fellow-creatures; and, owing them so much, if we neglect to qualify ourselves for serving them, we greatly injure them. But as this is not the place for pursuing these reflections, I will now only remark, of what deplorable consequence it is to our children (whose title to our endeavours for their benefit, all acknowledge) that the culture of our minds is so little our care—that we slight the rational improvements, with a capacity for which our Creator has so graciously favoured us.

Unapprehensive of the mischief our offspring must necessarily receive from our sloth, our intemperance, and other criminal gratifications, we impair their frame before it is yet completed; we entail on them misery, before we give them life.

Their reason seems to be watched in its appearance, only that it may be applied to for its speedier corruption. Every thing they are at first taught to value, is what they cannot enough despise; and all the pains that should be taken to keep their minds from vain fears, are employed to introduce them.

The chief of what our memory receives in our childhood, is what our maturer age most wishes to forget.

While we are ignorant how hurtful it is to be governed by our passions, our wise directors permit them to govern us, and thereby give them a strength which we afterwards fruit-

lessly lament and oppose. To save our tears, we are to have our will; and, for a few moments of present quiet, be condemned to years of distress. Imaginary evils we are bid to regard as the principal real ones; and what we should most avoid, we are, by examples of greatest weight with us, encouraged to practise.

How much indeed both the bodies and minds of children suffer from the ill-informed understanding of their parents, is scarcely to be conceived—what advantages they lose by it—what misery they feel: and therefore, as they are the immediate objects of our care—as nature has made them such, and all the prejudice they receive from any failure of ours, from any neglect on our part in qualifying ourselves to assist them in the way we ought to do it, is really an injury done them by us; we cannot think, that if we won't endeavour to have just notions of things, we are sufficiently punished by being without them—we can, with no probability, suppose, that, if we are content to be losers ourselves, it will be satisfaction enough for any distress that our carelessness or supineness brings on others, even on them whose welfare we ought most to consult.

Of what advantage it is to both sexes that *the parent*, under whose guidance they are in their tender years, should not have confined her thoughts to the recommendations of apparel, furniture, equipage—to the amusements in fashion—to the forms of good breeding—to the low topics of female conversation, we have the most remarkable instances in the family of *Emilia*. She has for many years been the wife of one, whose rank is the least part of his merit: made by him the mother of a numerous offspring, and having from his important and uninterrupted avocations, their education left entirely to her, till they were qualified for a more extensive instruction; it was her study how she might be of the greatest use to them: they were ever under her eye: her attention to forming their manners could be diverted by none of the pleasures, by none of the engagements that claim so many of the hours of a woman of quality. She did not awe, but reason her children into their duty; they showed themselves to practise it not from constraint, but conviction. When they were absent from her—when they were in company, where they might have been as free as they pleased, I have, with astonishment, observed them as much influenced by what their wise mother had advised, as they could have been by any thing she would have said had she been present. In her conversation with them she was perpetually inculcating useful truths; she talked them into more knowledge, by the time that they were six or seven years old, than is usually attained at, perhaps, twice that age.

Let me indulge my imagination, and, by its aid, give a sample of her instructions; first to one of the females of her family, and then, to one of the males. *Leonora*, her eldest daughter, has, among her many accomplishments, great skill in painting. When her mother and she stood viewing the pictures, that crowded each side of the room in which they were, *Emilia* desired to hear what the pupil of so eminent a master had to observe on the works before them. *Leonora* began; praised the bold and animated manner in this piece, the softness and delicacy of that. Nothing could be more graceful than the attitude of this figure; the expression in that was so happy, the colouring so beautiful, that one might truly say of it, to make it alive, speech alone is wanted; nor would you think even that wanting, were you to trust wholly to your eyes. Here she admired the skilful distribution of light and shade: there the perspective was so wonderfully exact,

that in the great number of objects presented to the eye, it could fix on none but what had its proper place, and just dimensions. How free is that drapery? what a variety is there in it, yet how well adjusted is the whole to the several figures in the piece? does not that group extremely please your ladyship? the disposition is quite fine, the association of the figures admirable; I know not which you could pitch upon to have absent or altered. *Leonora* pursuing this strain, *Emilia* interrupted her: have we nothing, child, but exactness here? is every thing before us quite finished and faultless? you will be pleased, madam, to reflect on what you have so often inculcated, That one would always choose to be sparing in censure, and liberal of praise—that commendation, freely bestowed on what deserves it, credits alike our temper and our understanding.

This I would have you never forget. But I'm here a learner; in that light you are now to consider me; and as your French master taught you pronunciation, not only by using a right, but by imitating your wrong one; making you by that means more sensible where the difference lay; so to qualify me for a judge in painting, it will not suffice to tell me where the artist has succeeded, if you observe not, likewise, where he has miscarried.

Leonora then proceeded to show where the drawing was incorrect—the attitude ungraceful—the *costume* ill presumed—the ordonnance irregular—the contours harsh—the light too strong—the shade too deep; extending her remarks in this way to a great number of pieces in the collection. You have been thus far, interposed *Emilia*, my instructor, let me now be yours. Suppose your own portrait here. In the same manner that you would examine it, judge of the original. This *you* ought to do, since it will be done by *others*; and the more blemishes *you* discover, the fewer you will probably leave for *them* to reproach you with. The faults in the picture may be known to him who drew it, and yet be suffered to appear from his inability to correct them; but when you discern what is faulty in yourself, if you cannot amend, you can, often, conceal it. Here you have the advantage of the painter; in another respect he has it greatly of you. Not one in a thousand is a judge of the *failures* in his performance; and therefore even when *many* may be objected to him, he shall pass, in common esteem, for an excellent artist. But let the woman, unconscious of her imperfections, be at no pains to remedy or hide them, all who converse with her are judges of them; when she permits them to be seen, they are certain to be censured.

You have sufficiently convinced me, to how many things the painter must attend—against what various mistakes he has to guard: each of your criticisms on him may be a lesson to yourself; every blemish or beauty in any part of his works has something correspondent to it in human life.

The design is faulty, not only when the end we propose to ourselves is confessedly criminal, but when it is low and mean; when, likewise, we let our time pass at random without any concern for what reason and duty require, but as caprice, or humour, or passion suggests.

We offend against proportion, when we arrogate to ourselves the desert we want, or over-rate what may be allowed us—when we hate not what is really evil; or when our affections are placed on what is not our proper good. You remember the dissection of a female heart in the *Spectator*; I refer you to it, that I may spare my own reflections, on what would furnish copious matter for no very pleasing ones.

Your ladyship will pardon me for interrupting you; but I can't help thinking, that the head and heart of a beau or country 'squire would furnish as much folly and corruption, as the head and heart of any woman in the kingdom.

We shall never, child, become better, by thinking who are worse than ourselves. If the charge upon us be just, we should consider how to get clear of it, and not who are liable to one equally reproachful. Were I to bid you wash your face, would you think yourself justified in not doing it, because you could show me a woman of rank with a dirtier? But to the purpose.

That expression, any failure in which you would, as a judge of painting, treat without mercy, is, in morals, violated by whatever is out of character. All inconsistency in practice—in profession and practice; every thing unbecoming your sex—your education—your capacity—your station, deserves the same censure that the pencil meets with, when it errs in expression.

Skill in the distribution of light and shade, or the *clair-obscure*, as, I think, the term of art is, I should apprehend resembled by prudence; which teaches us to show ourselves in the most advantageous point of view—brings forward and brightens our good qualities, but throws back and obscures our defects—suffers nothing to distinguish itself that will be to our disparagement, nor shades any thing that will credit us.

By *ordonnance* is meant, I apprehend, the manner of placing the several objects in a piece, or the disposition of them with respect to the whole composure. And what can be fitter for us, than to consider where we are, and to appear accordingly? The civilities that are less decently shown in the church, it would be a great indecorum to neglect in the drawing-room. The freedom that will gain you the hearts of your inferiors, shall, if used towards those of a higher rank, make you be thought the worst-bred woman in the world. Let the season for it be disregarded, your cheerfulness shall be offensive, your gravity seem ridiculous, your wit bring your sense into question, and your very friendliest interposition be thought not so much a proof of your affection as of your impertinence. Tis the right placing of things that shows our discretion—that keeps us clear of difficulties—that raises our credit—that principally contributes to give any of our designs success.

To beauty in colouring corresponds, perhaps, good nature improved by good breeding. And, certainly, as the canvass could furnish no design so well fancied, no draught so correct, but what would yet fail to please, and would even disgust you, were the colours of it ill-united—not sustained by each other—void of their due harmony; so both sense and virtue go but a little way in our recommendation, if they appear not to their proper advantage in an easiness of behaviour—in soft and gentle manners, and with all the graces of affability, courtesy, and complaisance. I see, by your smiling, you are satisfied you cannot be accused of being a bad colourist. Believe me, you have then gained a very material point; and the more concerns you have in the world, the more proofs you will find of its importance. I'll drop this subject when I have said to you, that if to make a good picture is such a complicated task, requires so much attention, such extensive observation—if an error in any of the principal parts of painting so offends, takes off so greatly from the merit of the piece——if he, who is truly an artist, overlooks nothing that would be at all a blemish to his performance, and would call each trivial indecorum a fault, think, child, what care about the original

ought to equal this for the portrait—of what infinitely greater consequence it must be, to have every thing right within ourselves, than to give a just appearance to the things without us; and how much less pardonably any violation of decorum would be charged on your life, than on your pencil.

The most finished representation only pleases by its correspondence to what it represents, as nature well imitated; and if justness in mere representation and imitation can have the charms you find in it, you may easily conceive the still greater delight that must arise from beholding the beauties of nature itself; such, particularly, as the pencil cannot imitate—the beauties of rational nature, those which the possessor gives herself—which are of ten thousand times the moment of any in her outward symmetry—which, how highly soever they may adorn her, profit her still more, and are not only to her own advantage, but to that of the age in which she lives, and possibly, of remotest generations.

My concern to see you this fair unblemished original makes me strangely unmindful on what topic I am got. There, surely, can be no proof wanting, how much a wise and good woman excels any portrait or any woman, who has but the merit of a portrait, a fine appearance.

In this way *Emilia* takes each opportunity to form the manners of her daughter—to give her throughout just and reasonable sentiments, and dispose her to the exact discharge of her duty in every relation.

Leonora, thus educated, has the fools and the follies of the age in their due contempt—judges wisely—acts prudently—is ever usefully or innocently employed—can pass her evenings very cheerfully without a card in her hand—can be perfectly in humour when she is at home, and with all her acquaintance at the assembly; and seems likely to borrow no credit from her family, which she will not fully repay.

We will dismiss the daughter, and represent *Emilia* parting with her son in terms like these. I am now to take my leave of you, for one campaign at least. It is the first you ever served; let me advise, and do you act, as if it would be your last; the dangers, to which you will be exposed, give both of us reason to fear it: if it please God that it should be so, may you not be found unprepared, nor I unresigned! This I am the less likely to be, when *you* have had *my* best counsel, and *I your* promise to reflect upon it. He bowing, and assuring her, that whatever she should be pleased to say to him, it would be carefully remembered; she proceeded—I could never conceive, what induced the soldier to think that he might take greater liberties than the rest of mankind. He is, 'tis true, occasionally subjected to greater hardships, and he runs greater hazards; but by a lewd and vicious life, he makes these hardships abundantly more grievous than they otherwise would be—he disqualifies himself to bear them. What would you think of his wits, who, because he is to be much in the cold, sits, as often as he can, close to the fire? An habitual sobriety and regularity of manners is, certainly, the best preservative of that vigorous constitution, which makes it least uneasy to endure fatigue and cold, hunger and thirst.

The dangers to which the soldier is exposed, are so far from excusing his licentiousness, when he has no enemy near him, that they ought to be considered as the strongest motive to conform himself, at all times, to the rules of reason and religion. A practice agreeable to them is the best support of his spirits, and the surest provision for his safety—it will effectually remove his fears, and can

alone encourage his hopes : nothing but it can give him any comfortable expectation, if what threatens him should befal him. He who is so much in danger, ought to be properly *armed* against it, and this he can never be by reflecting on the women he has corrupted—on his hours of intemperance, or on any other of his extravagances. You won't, perhaps, allow that he wants the *armour* I would provide him, because he never knows the apprehensions that require it. But I am considering what his apprehensions ought to be, not what they are. The nature of things will not be altered by our opinion about them.

It is granted, that a soldier's life is, frequently, in the utmost *hazard;* and the question is not, how a thoughtless, stupid, absurd creature should behave in such a situation ; but, what should be done in it by a man of prudence and sense ? I say, he will attend to the value of what he *hazards*—to the consequence of its loss ; and, if found of very great, he will so act, that the loss thereof may be, if possible, some or other way made up to him, or accompanied with the fewest inconveniences. Insensibility of danger is the merit of a bull-dog. True courage sees danger, but despises it only from rational motives—from the considerations of duty. There can be no virtue in exposing life, where there is no notion of its value; you are a brave man, when you fully understand its worth, and yet in a good cause disregard death.

If, thus to be ready to die is commendable, wholly from the cause that makes us so, which is, unquestionably, the case ; I don't see how such an indifference to life, when honour calls you to risk it, can consist with passing it, at any season, immorally and dissolutely.

Here is a gallant officer who will rather be killed than quit his post—than be wanting in the defence of his country ! Is not this a fine resolution in one who, by his excesses, makes himself every day less able to serve his country; or who sets an example, which, if followed, would do his country as much mischief as it could have to fear from its most determined enemy ?

The inconsiderate and thoughtless may laugh at vice—may give soft terms to very bad actions, or speak of them, as if they were rather matter of jest than abhorrence : but whoever will reflect whence all the misery of mankind arises—what the source is of all the evils we lament ; he cannot but own, that if any thing ought to make us serious—if we ought to detest any thing, it should be *that*, from which such terrible effects are derived.

For the very same reason that we prefer health to sickness—ease to pain, we must prefer virtue to vice. Moral evil seems to me to have a necessary connexion with natural. According to my notion of things, there is no crime but what creates pain, or has a tendency to create it to others or ourselves : every criminal is such, by doing something that is directly, or in its consequences, hurtful to himself, or to a fellow creature.

Is not here a foundation of religion that no objections can affect ? Deprive us of it, you deprive us of the only effectual restraint from those practices, which are most detrimental to the world—you deprive us of virtue, and thereby of all the true happiness we have here to expect.

To charge religion with the mischief occasioned by mistakes about it, I think full as impertinent, as to decry reason for the wrong use that has been made of it; or government, for the bad administration of *every kind of it, in every part of the world.* What shall prove to the advantage of mankind, will, *in all cases*, depend upon themselves ; that which is, con-

fessedly, most for it, in every instance you can think of, you see, occasionally, abused; and by that abuse becoming as hurtful, as it would, otherwise, have been beneficial. Controversy I hate; and to read books of it as ill suits my leisure as my inclination: yet I do not profess a religion, the grounds of which I have never considered. And upon the very same grounds that I am convinced of the truth of religion in general, I am so of the truth of christianity. The good of the world is greatly promoted by it. If we would take christianity for our guide throughout, we could not have a better—we could not have a surer to all the happiness of which our present state admits. Its simplicity may have been disguised—its intention perverted—its doctrines misrepresented, and conclusions drawn, suiting rather the interest or ambition of the expositor, than the directions of the text; but when I resort to the rule itself;—when I find it asserting, that the whole of my duty is to love God above all things, and my neighbour as myself—to live always mindful by whom I am sent into, and preserved in, the world, and always disposed to do in it the utmost good in my power; I can no more doubt, whether this is the voice of my Creator, than I can doubt, whether it must be his will, that, when he has made me a reasonable creature, I should act like one. But I will drop a topic, on which I am sure your father must have sufficiently enlarged: I can only speak to it more generally: *difficulties* and *objections* I must leave him to obviate: yet thus much confidently affirming, that if you won't adopt an irreligious scheme, till you find one clear of them, you will continue as good a christian, as it has been our joint care to make you. I pray God you may do so. He that would corrupt your principles, is the enemy you have most to fear; an enemy who means you worse, than any you will draw your sword against.

When you are told, that the soldier's religion is his honour, observe the practice of them from whom you hear it; you'll soon then have proof enough, they mean little more by honour, than what is requisite to keep or advance their commissions—that they are still in their own opinion men of nice honour, though abandoned to the grossest sensuality and excess—though chargeable with acts of the foulest perfidy and injustice—that the honour by which they govern themselves differs as widely from what is truly such, as humour from reason. True honour is to virtue what good breeding is to good nature, the polishing, the refinement of it. And the more you think of christianity, the more firmly you will be persuaded, that in its precepts *the strictest rules of honour* are contained. By these I, certainly, would have you always guided, and, on that very account, have reminded you of the religion, which not only shows you them, but proposes the reward likeliest to attach you to them. I have done. Take care of yourself. You won't fly danger, don't court it. If the one would bring your courage into question, the other will your sense. The rash is as ill qualified for command, as the coward. May every blessing attend you! And to secure your happiness, live always attentive to your duty; reverence and obey Him to whom you owe your being, and from whom must come whatever good you can hope for in it. Adieu. I can't say it would sufficiently comfort me for your loss, that you died with honour; but it would infinitely less afflict me to hear of you among the dead, than among the profligate.

What has been the issue of instructions like these from both parents? *Scipio*, for so we will call the worthy man, from the time he re-

ceived his commission, has alike distinguished himself by his courage and conduct. The greatest dangers have not terrified, the worst examples have not corrupted him. He has approved himself disdaining by cowardice to keep *life*, and abhorring to shorten *it* by excess: the bravery with which he has hazarded *it*, is equalled by the prudence with which he passes *it*.

§ 113. *On the Employment of Time.*

ESSAY THE SECOND.

Among the *Indians* there is an excellent set of men, called *Gymnosophists:* these I greatly admire, not as skilled in propagating the vine—— in the arts of grafting or agriculture. They apply not themselves to till the ground——to search after gold—— to break the horse——to tame the bull——to shear or feed sheep or goats. What is it then that engages them? one thing preferable to all these. Wisdom is the pursuit as well of the old men, the teachers, as of the young, their disciples. Nor is there any thing among them that I so much praise, as their aversion to sloth and idleness.

When the tables are spread, before the meat is set on them, all the youth, assembling to their meal, are asked by their masters——In what useful task they have been employed from sun-rising to that time.—One represents himself as having been chosen an arbitrator, and succeeded by his prudent management in composing a difference——in making them friends who were at variance. A second had been paying obedience to his parents' commands. A third had made some discovery by his own application, or learned something by another's instruction. The rest give an account of themselves in the same way.

He who has done nothing to deserve a dinner, is turned out of doors without one.

Dipping into *Apuleius* for my afternoon's amusement, the foregoing passage was the last I read, before I fell into a slumber, which exhibited to me a vast concourse of the fashionable people at the court-end of the town, under the examination of a Gymnosophist, how they had passed their morning. He began with the men.

Many of them acknowledged, that the morning, properly speaking, was near gone, before their eyes were opened.

Many of them had only risen to dress—to visit—to amuse themselves at the drawing-room or coffee-house.

Some had by riding or walking been consulting that health at the beginning of the day, which the close of it would wholly pass in impairing.

Some from the time they had got on their own clothes, had been engaged in seeing others put on theirs ——in attending levees——in endeavouring to procure, by their importunity, what they had disqualified themselves for by their idleness.

Some had been early out of their beds, but it was because they could not, from their ill-luck the preceding evening, rest in them; and when risen, as they had no spirits, they could not reconcile themselves to any sort of application.

Some had not had it in their power to do what was of much consequence; in the former part of the morning, they wanted to speak with their tradesmen; and in the latter, they could not be denied to their friends.

Others, truly, had been reading, but reading what could make them neither wiser nor better, what was not worth their remembering, or what they should wish to forget.

It grieved me to hear so many of eminent rank, both in the sea and land service, giving an account of themselves that levelled them with

the meanest under their command.

Several appeared with an air expressing the fullest confidence that what they had to say for themselves would be to the philosopher's entire satisfaction. They had been employed as Virtuosi should be——had been exercising their skill in the liberal arts, and encouraging the artists. Medals, pictures, statues had undergone their examination, and been their purchase. They had been inquiring what the literati of *France*, *Germany*, *Italy*, had of late published; and they had bought what suited their respective tastes.

When it appeared, that the completing a *Roman* series had been their concern, who had never read over, in their own language, a *Latin* historian——that they who grudged no expense for originals, knew them only by hearsay from their worst copies——that the very persons who had paid so much for the labour of *Rysbrack*, upon Sir *Andrew's judgment*, would, if they had followed their *own*, have paid the same sum for that of *Bird's*——That the book-buyers had not laid out their money on what they ever proposed to read, but on what they had heard commended, and what they wanted to fit a shelf, and fill a library that only served them for a breakfast-room; this class of men the Sage pronounced the idlest of all idle people, and doubly blameable, as wasting alike their time and their fortune.

The follies of one sex had so tired the philosopher, that he would suffer no account to be given him of those of the other. It was easy for him to guess how the females must have been employed, where such were the examples in those they were to *honour and obey*.

For a short space there was a general silence. The Gymnosophist at length expressed himself to this effect: You have been represented to me as a people who would use your own reason——who would think for yourselves——who would freely inquire, form your opinions on evidence, and adopt no man's sentiments merely because they were his. A character, to which, for aught I can find, you are as ill entitled as, perhaps, most nations in the universe. The freedom with which great names are opposed, and received opinions questioned by *some* among you, is, probably, no other than what is used by *some* of every country in which liberal inquiries are pursued. The difference is, *you* safely publish your sentiments on every subject; to *them* it would be penal to avow any notions that agree not with those of their superiors. But when you thus pass your days, as if you thought not at all, have you any pretence to freedom of thought? can they be said to love truth, who shun consideration? when it seems your study to be useless, to be of no service to others or yourself——when you treat your time as a burthen, to be eased of which is your whole concern——when that situation, those circumstances of life are accounted the happiest, which most tempt you to be idle and insignificant; human nature is as much dishonoured by you, as it is by any of those people, whose savageness or superstition you have in the greatest contempt.

Let me not be told, how well you approve your reason by your arguments or your sentiments. The proper use of reason, is to act reasonably. When you so grossly fail in this, all the just apprehensions you may entertain, all the right things you may say, only prove with what abilities you are formed, and with what guilt you misapply them.

The Sage here raising his arm with his voice, I concluded it adviseable not to stand quite so near him. In attempting to remove, I awoke, and hastened to commit to writing a dream that had so much truth in it,

and therefore expressed how seasonable it will be to consider to what use of our time we are directed.

First, By our present state and condition;

Secondly, By the relation we bear to each other;

Thirdly, By that in which we stand towards the Deity.

If we are raised above the brutes ——if we are undeniably of a more excellent kind, we must be made for a different purpose; we cannot have the faculties they want, but in order to a life different from theirs; and when our life is not such——when it is but a round of eating, drinking, and sleeping, as theirs is——when, by our idleness and inattention, we are almost on a level with them, both as to all sense of duty, and all useful knowledge that we possess, our time must have been grievously misemployed; there is no surer token of its having been so, than that we have done so little to advance ourselves above the herd, when our Creator had vouchsafed us so far superior a capacity.

The creatures below us are wholly intent on the pleasures of sense, because they are capable of no other: but as man is capable of much higher and nobler, he must have this privilege, that his pursuits may be accordingly——that his better nature should be better employed.

Were we born only to satisfy the appetites we have in common with the brute kind, we should, like it, have no higher principle to direct us ——to furnish us with other delights. All the distinction between us that this principle *can* make, was, undoubtedly, intended by our Creator to *be* made; and the less any appears, our abuse of this principle, and consequently our opposition to our Maker's will, is the more notorious and blameable.

It may seem then plain, that there are advantages to be pursued, and a certain degree of excellence to be attained by us, according to the powers that we have, and the creatures below us want. How industrious we should be to improve each opportunity for this, we may learn by attending, in the next place, to our *uncertain*, and, at all events, *short* continuance on earth.

We are fully apprised, that by the pains of a few hours or days, no progress can be made in any thing, that has the slightest pretence to commendation. Those accomplishments, that are confined to our fingers' ends, what months, what years of application do they cost us! and, alas! what trifles are the most admired of them, in comparison of a great number of others for which we are qualified; and which, as they are so infinitely preferable to these, ought to be so much the more earnestly sought! when, therefore, the whole term allowed for gaining and using them, is thus precarious and short, we can have but a very small portion of it to dispose of as we please——to pass entirely as mere fancy or humour suggests. If much is to be done in a very short time, the good husbandry of it must be consulted: and there is no one, who considers what we, universally, may effect—in how many particulars we may be of service to ourselves——how much depends upon our endeavours——how necessary they are for our attaining what should be most valued by us, what is of greatest consequence to us; there is, I say, no one, who considers these things, but must admit, that we have much to do, and therefore, that the scanty term we have for it ought to be carefully managed—can only by a prudent management suffice for the despatch of such a task.

And our opportunities, for making attainments thus desirable, should be so much the more diligently watched and readily embraced, as they meet with many unavoidable interruptions even in our short life.

How great a part of our time is *necessarily* lost to us—is consumed by, that shorter death, our sleep! we are really better economists than ordinary in this instance, if only a third part of our life thus passes: and on the rest of it what a large demand is made by our meals——by our justifiable recreations——by the forms and civilities, to which a proper correspondence with our fellow-creatures obliges us? add to these necessary deductions, the many casual ones with which we all, unavoidably, meet, and it will soon appear, what an exceeding small part of our short continuance on earth, we have to bestow on such purposes of living, as alone can be of credit to us.

We are further to reflect, that in the small part of our life, in which we can be employed like reasonable creatures, opportunities, for doing what may be of greatest moment, do not always serve us: and with some of them, if lost we never again meet.

We depend very much on things without us, and over which we have no sort of command. There may be an extraordinary advantage derived to us from them; but, if the first offer of this be neglected, we may never have a second.

Nor is it only the dependence we have on things without us, that requires us so carefully to watch our opportunities; we have a still more awakening call, if possible, to this from within ourselves——from the restraints to which the exercise of our powers is subjected. We cannot use these when and as we please——we cannot choose the time of life wherein to avail ourselves of our natural endowments, and to reap all the advantage designed us in them.

When we are in our youth, our bodies easily receive whatever mien or motion can recommend us: where is the sound so difficult, which our tongue cannot be then taught to express? to what speed may our feet then be brought, and our hands to what dexterity? but if we are advanced to manhood before the forming us in any of these ways is attempted, all endeavour after it will then either be quite fruitless, or, probably, less successful than it would have been in our earlier years; and whatever its success be, a much greater might have formerly been obtained with half the pains.

The very same is it with our understanding, with our will and our passions. There is a certain season when our minds may be enlarged——when a vast stock of useful truths may be acquired——when our passions will readily submit to the government of reason—when right principles may be so fixed in us, as to influence every important action of our future lives: but the season for this extends neither to the whole, nor to any considerable length of our continuance upon earth; it is limited to a few years of our term; and, if throughout these we neglect it, error or ignorance are, according to the ordinary course of things, entailed upon us. Our will becomes our law——our lusts gain a strength that we afterwards vainly oppose——wrong inclinations become so confirmed in us, that they defeat all our endeavours to correct them.

II. Let me proceed to consider what directions are furnished us for the employment of our time, by the relation we bear to each other.

Society is manifestly upheld by a circulation of kindness: we are all of us, in some way or other, wanting assistance, and, in like manner, qualified to give it. None are in a state of independency on their fellow-creatures. The most slenderly endowed are not a mere burthen on their kind; even they can contribute their share to the common good, and may be to the political body, what those parts of us, in which we least pride ourselves, are to the natural, not

greatly indeed its ornaments, but much for its real use.

We learn what are justly our natural claims, from this mutual dependency: that on its account, as well as for other reasons, our life is not to pass in a round of pleasure or idleness, or according to the suggestions of mere humour and fancy, or in sordid or selfish pursuits.

There can be nothing more evidently my duty than that I should return the kindness I receive—than that, if many are employed in promoting my interest, I should be as intent on furthering theirs.

All men are by nature equal. Their common passions and affections, their common infirmities, their common wants give such constant remembrances of this equality, even to them who are most disposed to forget it, that they cannot, with all their endeavours, render themselves wholly unmindful thereof——they cannot become *insensible*, how unwilling soever they may be to *consider*, that their debt is as large as their demands——that they owe to others, as much as they can reasonably expect from them.

But are all then upon a level—must those distinctions be thrown down, which, being the chief support of the order and peace of society, are such of its happiness; and which nature herself may be judged to appoint, by the very dispositions and abilities with which she forms us; qualifying some for rule, and fitting some for subjection?

That, in many instances, we are all upon a level, none can deny, who regard the materials of our bodies—the diseases and pain to which we are subject—our entrance into the world, the means of preserving us in it—the length of our continuance therein—our passage out of it. But then as it will not follow, that, because we are made of the same materials—are liable to the same accidents and end, we, therefore, are the same throughout; neither is it a just conclusion, that, because we are levelled in our dependence, we should be so in our employments.

Superiority will remain——distinctions will be preserved, though all of us must serve each other, while that service is differently performed.

Superiority has no sort of connexion with idleness and uselessness: it may exempt us from the bodily fatigue of our inferiors, from their confinement and hardships—it may entitle some to the deference and submission of those about them; but it by no means exempts any of us from all attention to the common good, from all endeavours to promote it—by no means does it entitle any of us to live, like so many drones, on the industry of others, to reap all the benefit we can from them, and be of none to them.

The distinctions of prince and subject—noble and vulgar—rich and poor, consist not in this, that the one has a great deal to do, and the other nothing—that the one must be always busied, and the other may be always taking his pleasure, or enjoying his ease. No, in this they consist, that these several persons are differently *busied*—assist each other in different ways.

The sovereign acquaints himself with the true state of his kingdom—directs the execution of its laws—provides for the exact administration of justice—secures the properties of his people—preserves their peace. These are his cares; and that they may be the more assured of success, and have their weight more easily supported, his commands find the readiest obedience—a large revenue is assigned him—the highest honours are paid him. It is not, in any of these instances, the man who is regarded, but the head of the community; and that for the benefit of the community—for the security of its

quiet, and the furtherance of its prosperity.

The nobility have in their task, to qualify themselves for executing the more honourable and important offices of the commonwealth, and to execute these offices with diligence and fidelity. The very station, to which they are advanced, is supposed either the recompense of great service done the public, or of the merit of an uncommon capacity to serve it.

The richer members of the state, as they have all the helps that education can give them—as in their riper age they have all the opportunity they can wish for to improve upon these helps—as their circumstances exempt them from the temptations, to which poverty is exposed; to them is committed the discharge of those offices in the commonwealth, which are next to the highest, and sometimes even of these—they either concur in making laws for the society, or are chiefly concerned in executing them—commerce, arts, science, liberty, virtue, whatever can be for the credit and peace—for the ease and prosperity of a nation, depends on the part they act——on their conduct.

Let them be a supine, indolent race, averse to rational inquiries—to all serious application—let it be their business to divert themselves, to give a loose to fancy and appetite—let all their schemes be those of self-indulgence, and their life a round of vanity and sensuality; sad must be the condition of the nation to which they belong! throughout it must be disorder and confusion—it must have the worst to fear from its more powerful neighbours.

And as, in all countries, *they* who are distinguished by *their* rank or fortune, have *their* post, *their* duty, *their* task for the common good—as to discharge this requires many accomplishments, the attainment of which, is matter of much attention and pains, requires an improved understanding, command of passions, an integrity and resolution, which only can be preserved by an habitual seriousness and reflection—as *they* cannot fail in *their* parts, cannot misemploy *their* leisure, and unfit themselves for, or be negligent in the service appointed *them*, but *their* country must suffer grievously in its most valuable interests; the diligence *they* should use, the little time *they* have to trifle away is evident: it is most evident under what obligations *they* are, not to abandon themselves to merely animal gratifications, and the pleasures of sense—to sloth and inactivity.

Nor is it only from the omission of what *they* ought to perform, that the public will in this case suffer, but from the example *they* set. An insensibility that they are to live to any useful purposes—a thoughtlessness of their having any thing to mind but their humour and liking—a gross carelessness how their days pass, cannot appear amongst those of higher rank, but the infection will spread itself among those of a lower; these will desire to be as lazy and worthless as their superiors—to have the same share of mirth and jollity—to be of as little consequence to the public.

That this will be the case, is as certain, as experience can make any thing. It has been, and is, every where, found, that where they, who have the wealth, and are therefore supposed, though very unreasonably, to have the sense of a nation, treat their time as of no account, only think of making it subservient to their excesses, their vanity, or their sports; the same wrong notions soon spread among their inferiors.

The populace, indeed, cannot be quite so dissolute—they cannot be so immersed in sloth and sensuality, as the richer part of a nation, be-

cause their circumstances permit it not: their maintenance must cost them some care and pains, but they will take as little as they can—they will, as far as is in their power, have their fill of what their betters teach them to be the comforts of life, the enjoyments proper for reasonable creatures—they cannot debauch themselves in the more elegant and expensive ways, but they will in those which suit their education and condition——they cannot be wholly useless, but if they make themselves of any service, it shall only be, because they are paid for it, because they cannot be supported without it.

And how can we expect that things should be otherwise? It is not, upon the lowest computation, one in a hundred who forms his manners upon the principles of reason. Example, customary practice govern us. And, as they, who are more especially dependent upon others, have it taught them, from their very infancy, to respect those on whom they depend—to observe them—to be directed by them; no wonder that they should be fond of imitating them as far as their situation admits; no wonder that they should copy their follies, since *that* they can do most easily, and *that* most suits their natural depravity.

But to him, whose industry is his support, I would observe; he should not think, that, if they, who enjoy the plenty he wants, are prodigal of their time—misemploy it—waste it; *their* abuse of it will at all excuse *his*. He cannot possibly be ignorant how unfitting such a waste of time is—how much good it hinders—how much evil it occasions—and how much a greater sufferer he will be from it, than those who are in more plentiful circumstances.

And let it be considered, by both high and low, rich and poor, that there can be nothing so becoming them, there can be nothing that will give them so solid, so lasting a satisfaction, as to be employed in serving mankind—in furthering their happiness. What thought can we entertain more honourable with respect to God himself, than that "his mercy is over all his works"—that his goodness is continually displaying itself through the whole extent of being—that the unthankful and the evil he not only forbears, but still seeks to awaken to a due acknowledgment of him—to a just sense of their true interest, by persevering in his kindness towards them, by continuing to them the blessings they so ill deserve?

And if the consideration of the universal Creator as thus acting be really that which makes him appear most amiable to us—which affects us with the most profound veneration of him, and chiefly renders it pleasing to us to contemplate his other perfections; what worth do we evidence, how highly do we recommend ourselves, when employed either in qualifying ourselves for doing good, or in doing it,——when we have the common advantage our constant pursui‘ —when we seek for pleasure in mak ing ourselves of use, and feel happiness in the degree in which we communicate it?

III. What employment of our time the relation in which we stand to God suggests to us, I am next to show.

Every one who reads this, I may justly suppose sensible that there is a nature superior to his own, and even possessed of the highest excellencies —that to it we owe our existence, owe the endowments which place us at the head of all the creatures upon earth, owe whatever can make us desire to have our existence continued to us—that by this superior nature *alone*, many of our wants can be supplied—that on it we entirely depend—that from its favour the whole of our increasing happiness can be expected.

From what we thus know of God and ourselves, there must arise cer-

tain duties towards him, the performance of which will have its demand on our time. His perfections require our highest veneration; this cannot be exercised or preserved without our serious attention to and recollection of them. His mercies demand our most humble and grateful acknowledgments; proper acts of thanksgiving are therefore what we should be blameable to omit; they daily become us, and should be made with all the solemnity and fervour, that suit the kindness vouchsafed us, and the majesty of him to whom we address ourselves.* A due sense of our weakness and wants is a constant admonition to us to look up to that Being whose power and goodness are infinite, and to cherish such dispositions as are most likely to recommend us to him: hence it is evident what stress we should lay upon those awful invocations of the divine interposition in our favour, and upon that devout confession of our unworthiness of it, which have a natural tendency to keep the Deity present to our remembrance, and to purify our hearts.

Public acknowledgments of the goodness of God, and application for his blessings, contribute to give a whole community suitable apprehensions of him; and these, if it be my duty to entertain, it is equally my duty to propagate; both as the regard I pay the divine excellencies is hereby fitly expressed, and as the same advantage, that I receive from such apprehensions, will be received by all whom they affect in the same manner with me. Hence it is clearly our duty to join in the public worship—to promote by our regular attendance upon it, a like regularity in others.

These observations will, I hope, be thought sufficient proofs, that, from the relation we bear to God, a certain portion of our time is his claim—ought to be set apart for meditation upon him, for prayer to him, and for such other exercise of our reason as more immediately respects him, and suits our obligations towards him.

Dean Bolton.

§ 114. *On the Employment of Time.*

ESSAY THE THIRD.

"Since all things are uncertain, favour yourself." Where have I met with it? Whose soever the advice is, it proceeds upon a supposition absolutely false, that there is an uncertainty in all things: and were the supposition true, the inference would be wrong; did we allow, that there was such an uncertainty in all things, it would be wrongly concluded from thence, that we should favour ourselves.

First, there is not the uncertainty here supposed. With regard to those things which call us to thoughts very different from that of *favouring* ourselves—which should withdraw our attention from our own will, our own liking—which suggest to us quite other considerations than of taking our ease, and indulging our appetites—which should make the animal life the least of our concern—which should render us only solicitous to purify ourselves, and be useful to our fellow creatures; with regard to

* Never to acknowledge the enjoyments and privileges we have received, and hold, of God, is in effect to *deny* that we received them from him: not to apply to him for a supply of our wants, is to *deny*, either our wants, or his power of helping us. *Religion of Nature delineated*, p. 121.

If I should never pray to God, or worship him at all, such a total omission would be equivalent to this assertion, there is no God, who governs the world, to be adored; which, if there is such a Being, must be contrary to truth. Also *generally* and *notoriously* to neglect this duty, though not always, will favour, if not directly proclaim, the same untruth. For certainly to worship God after this manner, is only to worship him accidentally, which is to declare it a great accident that he is worshipped at all, and this approaches as near as possible to a *total* neglect. Besides, such a sparing and unfrequent worshipper of the Deity, betrays such an habitual disregard of him, as will render every religious act insignificant and null. *Ib.* p. 18.

these things, I say, we have either absolute certainty, or the highest degree of probability.

To have produced so much beauty and order, as every where discover themselves, intelligence was not only *requisite*, but great wisdom and power. The beneficial effects naturally resulting from the things thus beautifully formed and orderly disposed, *demonstrate* the goodness, as well as the wisdom and power of their author.

That the benefits he designed, should constantly take place, *must*, as he is a good being, *be agreeable to his will;* and whatever hinders their taking effect, *must be disagreeable to it.*

We *cannot have a surer mark* of what pleases him, than its being productive of happiness; and whatever has misery accompanying it, *carries with it the clearest proof* of its displeasing him.

A virtuous practice greatly furthering the happiness of mankind, *must be pleasing to their Maker;* a vicious one *must displease him*, as it necessarily obstructs their happiness.

If from any accidental indisposition of things, as from the number of the criminal, virtue should *here* miss its reward, there is *great likelihood* that it will *elsewhere* receive it; and, if vice, by a like accident, should, in particular instances, not carry with it those marks of its offending the Governor of the world, which it in most cases bears, there is the *highest probability* that it will have its punishment in some future state. There is that probability in favour of *virtue*, not only from what our reasonings on the justice and goodness of God induce us to think *it* has to expect from him, but also from the visible manner in which he signifies his approbation of *it*. He has impressed a sense of *its* worth on the minds of all mankind—he has made satisfaction inseparable from a conformity to *it*—he has appointed many advantages, in the ordinary course of things, *its* attendants: which seem concurring *assurances*, that to whatsoever disadvantages *it* may now occasionally expose us, they will be at length fully recompensed. And there is the *probability* I have mentioned, that the guilty will not be always without a punishment adequate to their crimes, not only from the apprehensions we may fitly entertain of a just Governor of the universe; but, also, from the manner in which he, to the notice of all men, expresses his abhorrence of vice: annexing to *many* crimes immediate inconveniences—giving *others* a very short respite from the severest distress, the painfulest diseases—allowing *none* to have our reason and conscience on their side, to be approved by us in our hours of seriousness and calm reflection.

Virtue is, *evidently*, preserved and promoted by frequent consideration —by diligence and application—by the denial of our appetites—by the restraint of our inclinations—by a constant watchfulness over our passions —by cherishing in ourselves sentiments of humanity and benevolence. Vice is, as *manifestly*, produced, and confirmed by inattention—by supineness and carelessness—by favouring our appetites—by consulting rather what we are disposed to, than what is best for us, rather what inclination, than what reason suggests—by an attachment to the satisfaction of the present moment, to our immediate profit or convenience—by adopting narrow, selfish principles.

Thus it will appear, that there is by no means an uncertainty in all things. Most certain it is from whence virtue has its security and improvement. Equally certain is it how we become bad, and how we are made worse. Virtue has, in the nature of things, a reward of which it cannot be deprived, and vice as sure a punishment. All those accidents

which obstruct either the advantages suiting a virtuous practice, or the sufferings that a vicious one ought to feel, may *fitly* carry our thoughts to some future state, when each will have its full desert from that Being, who has so clearly expressed as well his approbation of virtue, as his abhorrence of vice; and whose goodness, wisdom, and power, as they admit of *demonstration*, so *they cannot but be believed* to concur in bestowing those rewards and punishments, which will be most for the welfare of the noblest part of the creation, the intelligent part of it.

But if there were the uncertainty that is not; the right consequence would not be, favour yourself: it would be secure yourself: provide against the worst. Let your present enjoyments be directed by the influence they may have on your future happiness: consider the whole possible extent of your existence, and forego the satisfaction of a few moments, rather than hazard the loss of a good that may continue for endless ages.

Such seem the proper inferences in this case; and the security of ourselves is very unlikely to be effected by favouring ourselves: the result of this, in a remoter period, may, with the highest degree of probability, be conjectured from what is, every day, experienced.

Bear and forbear, is the lesson for him who merely seeks to give his present life all the comfort in his power. Great inconveniences we cannot even here avoid, but by submitting to lesser.

Freedom from pain is the price of the enjoyments we deny ourselves; and strength of body purchased by the exercise that so severely fatigues it.

To what sleepless nights would he be condemned, whose ease throughout the day was to have no interruption? How little relish should we have of our food, were we to know nothing of the disquiet of hunger? The man who would most taste the gratifications of sense, must be the most sparing in his application to them; *thence it is* they not only are heightened, but continued to us. It seems the condition of our being, that we should have no pleasure *gratis*—that we should pay for each, before or after its enjoyment. To decline whatever we could be less pleased with, is the surest way to increase both the number of our sufferings, and their weight.

What can be more precarious than the continuance of human life? Who in his twentieth year acknowledges not how uncertain it is whether he shall see his fortieth? Yet no one of common prudence seeks barely to crowd as much satisfaction into his life, as can consist with his reaching that period: there is no prudent man but denies himself many things, in hopes of attaining a much longer term.

We must unusually fail in the love of our children, if we would not pursue their welfare, in the same way by which we judge our own best consulted. But where is the advocate for "favour yourself, since all things are uncertain," who, if discretion makes any part of his character, governs himself by that principle in their education—who does not restrain them in a thousand instances? while yet the uneasiness it gives, and the tears it costs them, may probably never find that very small recompense, which must be the utmost he can propose from it. I say, this recompense may, *probably*, never be found; a late eminent mathematician having, upon an exact calculation, observed, that one half of those that are born, are dead in seventeen years time.

Some claim to a public spirit, to a love of their country, we find made by the generality of us, even in this very profligate age. But from him, whose rule it is to favour himself, the

public can have nothing to expect. Were this the prevailing principle among us, it is obvious how little regard would be shown to the common welfare.

All of the learned professions would regulate their application, by its subserviency to their maintenance, and think they had nothing so much to study, as how to make their fortune.

Soldier and sailor would have no notion of any honour distinct from their advantage—of any obligation they could be under, when their pay might be safe, to endanger their persons.

The people would judge none so fit to represent them, as they who had been at the greatest expense in corrupting them: and the representatives of the people would see no reason why the whole of what was to be gained should go to their constituents.

In short, nothing but supineness and sloth—an attachment to their ease, and the gratification of their senses—low, unmanly views—pursuits throughout the most selfish and sordid could prevail, among all orders and degrees of men, in any country, where the received doctrine was, *favour yourself*.

Hence certainly is it, that not only the better constituted governments, but even the nations of a less refined policy, have encouraged so much an indifference to the scanty portion of life here allotted us—to the continuance, the ease, the conveniences of it; exciting, by various methods, each member of the community, to have chiefly at heart the public interest—to be ever diligent and active in promoting it—to submit to any difficulties for the service of his country, and to despise death in its defence.

Nor do we, universally, esteem any characters more, than those of the persons who have distinguished themselves by their disinterestedness—by their zeal for the common good—by their slighting all private advantages that came in competition with it.

What has been the language of the more generous Heathen, but the very reverse of favour thyself? *Plato* advises his friend *Archytas* to consider "that we are not born for ourselves alone—that our country, our parents, our friends have their respective claims upon us." *Epist.* ix. p. 358. vol. 3.

Aristotle, in settling the true difference between the lawful and culpable love of ourselves, observes, that such love of ourselves is, undoubtedly, blameable, as induces us to seek as large a share as may be, of wealth, honour, and sensual pleasure. He, afterwards, considers a life of reason and virtue, as the proper life of a man, and pronounces him the true lover of himself, who makes such a life his care.

He goes on, "when all are intent on the practice of what is right, and each lays himself out on the worthiest actions, the public welfare will, thereby, be effectually provided for, and every private person consult his own greatest happiness. It is most truly said, of the good man, that he will serve his friends and his country—will do it, even at the expense of his own life. For, as to wealth, honour, and all those other goods about which there is so much stir in the world, he will have *no* regard to them, when they come into competition with the discharge of his duty.

He will rather choose to live one year well, than many at random. He is justly thought the good man, who has nothing so much at heart, as how to act rightly."

To mention another *Greek* writer;

We are born, says the excellent emperor *Antoninus*, to assist each other, l. 2. § 1. His counsel is, "whatsoever you do, do it with a view to your being a good man;

good, not in the ordinary, but in the strict and proper sense of the word." l. iv. § 10. "In this delight, in this repose yourself, in passing from one useful action to another; still mindful of the Deity." l. vi. § 7.

"Whatsoever I do," says he, "by myself, or the assistance of others, ought wholly to be directed by what the common advantage requires." l. vii. § 5.

He, elsewhere, censures every action of ours, that has no reference either immediately, or more remotely, to the duties of social life, l. ix. § 23. To despise, says *Tully*, and make no account of pleasure, life, wealth, in comparison of the public welfare, is the part of a great and generous mind.—A life of toil and trouble in order to promote, if possible, the good of all mankind, would be much more agreeable to nature, than to pass one's days in solitude, not only without any care, but enjoying the greatest pleasures, and having every thing that could be wanted at command. *De Off.* l. iii. 283, 284.

We are all, according to *Seneca*, members of one great body, Ep. 95. We must consult the happiness of others, if we would our own. In his treatise *of a Happy Life*, mentioning what the man must be, who may hope to pass hence to the abodes of the celestial beings; part of his description of him is, "that he lives as if he knew himself born for others—consults in all he does the approbation of his conscience—regulates his every action by considering it as well known to the public, as it is to himself—treats the whole world as his country—regards the gods as present wherever he is, and as remarking whatever he acts and speaks."

True happiness is, throughout this author's works, considered as derived from virtue—from the steady pursuit of what is right and our duty.

These reflections will, I hope, appear not improperly introducing the consideration of the part we have to act as expectants of happiness in a future state,—the subject of the following essay.

This expectation does not indeed furnish any employment of our time that would not be comprehended under the heads on which I have already enlarged; but it is the strongest possible enforcement of what they teach us.

Can I suppose that beyond the grave there is any happiness prepared for me, if I live unmindful of the privileges here vouchsafed me—if, when I am placed above the beasts, I will put myself upon a level with them—if that spiritual part of me, which makes me a fit subject for this happiness, be neglected, and all my care and pains laid out on my body, on what was earth so lately, and must so speedily be earth again?

Are there certain dispositions which prepare us for, and which, by being perfected, probably constitute the happiness of another life; and may we hope to obtain it, when our pursuits contributed to suppress these dispositions, or when we are wholly regardless of cultivating them?

Whatever I hope for in a future abode, I ought to think the reward of something here done by me; and when the time for action here is so short, even in its longest continuance—when likewise our opportunities are so few, and so irrecoverably lost, we must conclude it most fitting, in order to the success of our hopes, to embrace the opportunity before us; not to neglect it from a presumption of finding others which perhaps may never come, or, if they do come, may be less favourable to us than the present; but to derive from this every advantage it is capable of yielding us.

Further, if according to the greater or less use of which we make ourselves to our fellow-creatures, we more or less answer the end of our

creation, we must conceive this to be a point, our special regard to which will be the necessary consequence of the views we have beyond the grave. The bliss we then promise ourselves cannot be thought a likelier reward of any practice, than of that which aims at the most extensive good; nor can one of common sense think such happiness likely to be our portion, after a life spent as unprofitably, as that of those creatures, the whole of whose satisfactions we all confine to those they at present enjoy—to their present existence. Hence our hopes after death will be perpetually urging us to what we can do most for the good of mankind, and must be a motive to it of the greatest weight.

Thus, likewise, when I contemplate a more desirable state of being, than what I am now granted, awaiting me at my departure hence; as it is impossible that I should not at the same time take into my consideration, to whom I must owe this blessing, from whom it can be received; I must hereby be necessarily led to a great desire of pleasing him from whom it is to come, and therefore to all such application to him, and acknowledgment of his excellences, as can be supposed due from and required of me.

To all the several tasks I have mentioned, we are thus particularly directed by attending to the happiness reserved for us; the consideration of it thus strongly enforces their performance.

How far it must in general contribute to the best employment of our time, the following observations may, I hope, fully convince us.

If we survey the things, on the value of which we are universally agreed, we shall perceive few, if any, of them obtained or secured without more or less care on our part, and some of them only the recompense of our painfulest endeavour. The long enjoyment of health is in vain expected, if we wholly decline the fatigue of exercise, and the uneasiness of self-denial. The greatest estate must at length be wasted by him, who will be at no trouble in the management of it, who cannot torment his brains with examining accounts, and regulating the various articles of a large expense. Whose power is so established that the preservation of it costs him not much solicitude—many anxious thoughts; and compels him not to mortify himself in numerous instances? This is the case of them whom *we esteem* the most fortunate of their kind. As to the generality, how difficult do they find the acquisition of the meanest of these advantages? what years of diligence does it cost them to raise but a moderate fortune? vast numbers we find struggling throughout their lives for a bare support.

The chief blessings of life—the goods most worthy our pursuit, are not only *for the most part*, but *altogether*, the fruits of long and unwearied endeavours after them. Where is the very useful art that can be learned without a close and tedious application—that we can make any tolerable progress in, before many of our days are passed? how much, and what an attentive experience—what repeated observations, and how exact a reasoning upon them, are necessary to form us to any degree of wisdom?—duly to regulate our passions—to have them under command—rightly directed, and more or less warm proportionably to the influence their object has upon our happiness, will cost us, as every one is sensible, a watchfulness and care of such continuance, as is submitted to by few even of those, who best know how far it would be overpaid by the good it purchases.

If then we pay so dear for every satisfaction we now enjoy—if there be nothing desirable on earth but what has its price of labour set upon

it, and what is most desirable comes to us by the most labour; who in his wits can believe that happiness far exceeding the utmost in our present state, will at length be our portion without any solicitude we need be at about it—without any qualifications we have to acquire in order to it—without any pains we are to take after it? Nothing in Paganism or *Mahommedism*, nothing in *Popery* is so absurd as this supposition.

There is an uniformity in all the proceedings of God. As they are all grounded on an unerring wisdom, they must testify their correspondence to *it*, by what they have to *each other:* and so we find they do in all cases wherein we can fathom them. We know not, indeed, *in what way* we are to be made happy in another life; but *with what* our being so is connected—*on what* it must depend, we are sufficiently instructed. The means of making ourselves thus happy, which are put in our power, plainly teach, that by *their* use it must be effected. Lesser goods, derived to us only by our care and industry, demonstrate how we are to secure greater. The chief blessings, that are now within our reach, being never vouchsafed but to our extraordinary efforts—to our most earnest endeavours to gain them, lead us to the fullest conviction, that the same must be the condition of whatever enjoyments we can promise ourselves after our death—that they will only be the reward of the diligence with which they have been sought—of the difficulties their pursuit has occasioned us.

The Atheist himself—he who having no views beyond this world, gives his lusts their full range in it, acts with abundantly more sense and consistency, than he who, full of the hopes of immortality, yet consults his humour or his ease, his pleasure or his profit, regardless of any understanding he has to improve, or any progress in virtue he has to make. Nor is there any thing that so much confirms the irreligious man in his bad principles, as his observing this conduct in them who profess to believe a God and another life. He thinks, and, I must own, but too justly, that it is the same thing not to be influenced by such a belief, and not to have it—that it is even much more reasonable to give up all expectations of future happiness, than to expect it, and yet do nothing in order to it—do nothing that can appear at all qualifying us for, or entitling us to it: in a word, he rightly thinks that, supposing there be a God of that perfect justice and wisdom which he is represented, he cannot make any difference hereafter between them who have absolutely denied his justice—his wisdom—nay his very being, and them who, with all their acknowledgments of him and his perfections, would yet never sacrifice any of their inclinations to him—would not be at any pains to know his will, or, if they did know it, would only so far obey it, as it was agreeable to their own.

I hardly can quit this subject. So great is the danger—so certain, I may say, is the mischief of persuading ourselves, that an eternal happiness will recompense the little we do to secure it, that I scarcely know when I have said enough to evince what conduct alone it can reward.

As the visible world is the only universal guide to our conjectures on the invisible, and therein, as I have observed, the method of Providence in dispensing its blessing, is manifest to every eye; all those which can most engage our wishes depending wholly on what we do to obtain them: as, likewise, whether we consider the wisdom of God, or his truth, or his justice, they all concur in teaching us this lesson, that an ever-continuing felicity can only be prepared for a distinguished virtue.

As things, I say, are thus, may it not properly be asked, what can it be that so strangely infatuates us—that possesses us with hopes so extravagantly absurd—that makes a pursuit so lazy and remiss, which ought to be so vigorous and uninterrupted? I know not what this possibly can be, but, either the numbers that countenance our practice, or, the reliance we have on the Deity's unbounded goodness.

As to the former, how little stress we should lay on numbers, will be evident from these four considerations.

First, they, who in every age, are most commended for their wisdom and prudence, never take the multitude for their pattern; but, on the other hand, constantly live in a direct opposition to its practices, and dissuade all, to whom they are well-wishers, from them.

Secondly, Those follies and vices, which are the reproach of numbers, are not, therefore, the less mischievous in their consequences. The increasing multitudes of the lewd and drunken do not, in any instance, occasion lewdness and drunkenness to have more favourable circumstances attending them, either with respect to the persons, or the posterity of the guilty; and if God be, in no instance, more favourable to the vicious in this world, because of their numbers; we have hence too sad a proof that they have not the least ground to expect he should be so in the next.

Thirdly, What we call great numbers, are, probably in respect of the whole creation of rational beings, extremely few; perhaps no more than some few grains of sand, in comparison of those amazing heaps that spread the deserts of the earth, and shores of the ocean. Supposing, therefore, all offenders among the human kind, punished by God according to their deserts; that punishment might be making examples of a very small, of the very smallest part of his creatures, for the good of the rest—for preserving innumerable millions—an infinite race in their due obedience.

Fourthly, An established order taking place in all the works of God that we are acquainted with; every thing in the natural world being subjected to certain laws; and in the moral world, good having still a tendency to produce good, nor ever failing to do it, unless from some accidental hindrances; and evil, when things are in their proper course, producing evil: we have very strong reason to believe, that an unchangeable God—he whose wisdom uniformly displays itself—has fixed things thus, that thus they will proceed to all eternity; good following from good, evil from evil; with this difference alone, with respect to us, in another state, that all hindrances of the natural consequences of things will there be removed—nothing will prevent the virtuous man's reaping the fruits of his virtue, nor will any thing hinder the whole of the dismal effects of vice from being felt by them, who have here allowed themselves in it. And, if this be the case, than which nothing is more probable, it is then quite clear, that all the hopes of the guilty from their numbers must be utterly vain—that it would be full as reasonable to think a plague could not be a dangerous distemper, because it is so infectious a one; as to think that we shall be safe amidst our crimes, because of the multitude that share them.

With regard to the goodness of God, how groundless our reliance must be upon it, when we act contrary to the ends for which we were made—when we neglect our opportunities, and abuse our capacities, will, I hope, be sufficiently plain to us, if we attend to the following short remarks.

1. We ascribe goodness to God as a perfection; but nothing can be a

perfection in him, which has, morally speaking, a necessary tendency to make his creatures less perfect—less careful to answer the ends of their creation; and this the divine goodness would certainly do, if it were indeed such as allowed us nothing to fear, though we neglected to use rightly the abilities and opportunities afforded us.

2. As God is the Governor of the world—is acknowledged so by all who own his being; we must, therefore, consider his goodness, as that of a governor, or as consistent with, and agreeable to, a wise government: but can this be said of his goodness, if it exempt from all punishment our wilful and continued disobedience to his laws, and thereby encourage us to disobey them?

3. One attribute or perfection of the Deity cannot clash with another: his goodness, for instance, with his justice: but the punishment of evil is as much a part of justice, as the rewarding of good. To treat evil, as if it were not evil, can neither be agreeable to justice nor truth; and this would be the case—evil would be regarded as if it were not evil, did the goodness of God so favour the wilful offender, that his crimes would never receive their desert.

4. To restrain evil, to obstruct its progress, must be the care of a good Governor, nay, would be the surest proof of his goodness. To punish, therefore, such as act contrary to the law of their nature—contrary to the well-being of society, and therein contrary to their own and the common happiness, is not only a part of justice, but even of goodness itself. We could not consider God as good, had he not properly guarded against his creatures corrupting themselves, and against that corruption extending itself: and what are the discouragements to this, but in the way of punishment—but by the sufferings the guilty have to fear? The more there are who act in defiance of these sufferings, the more necessary it becomes to inflict them: and offenders can have no reason to think that the mercy of God will spare them, when the greatest mercy is shown in obviating the mischief of such examples, by treating them according to what they have deserved.

Let us behold the goodness of God in this light, and this is that in which we ought to see it—this is its true representation; and thus seen, it cannot but convince us how impossible it is that we should have any thing to hope after a life unprofitably, vainly spent—how much such a life has necessarily to fear.

Dean Bolton.

§ 115. *A serious Expostulation with Unbelievers.*

It were to be wished, that the enemies of religion would at least bring themselves to apprehend its nature, before they opposed its authority. Did religion make its boast of beholding God with a clear and perfect view, and of possessing him without covering or veil, the argument would bear some colour, when men should allege, that none of these things about them, do indeed afford this pretended evidence, and this degree of light. But since religion, on the contrary, represents men as in a state of darkness, and of estrangement from God; since it affirms him to have withdrawn himself from their discovery, and to have chosen, in his word, the very style and appellation of *Deus absconditus;* lastly, since it employs itself alike in establishing these two maxims, that God has left, in his church, certain characters of himself, by which they who sincerely seek him, shall not fail of a sensible conviction; and yet that he has, at the same time, so far shaded and obscured these characters, as to render them imperceptible to those who

do not seek him with their whole heart, what advantage is it to men, who profess themselves negligent in the search of truth to complain so frequently, that nothing reveals and displays it to them? For this very obscurity, under which they labour, and which they make an exception against the church, does itself evince one of the two grand points which the church maintains (without affecting the other,) and is so far from overthrowing its doctrines, as to lend them a manifest confirmation and support.

If they would give their objections any strength, they ought to urge, that they have applied their utmost endeavour, and have used all means of information, even those which the church recommends, without satisfaction. Did they express themselves thus, they would indeed attack religion in one of its chief pretensions: but I hope to show, in the following papers, that no rational person can speak after this manner; and I dare assert, that none ever did. We know very well, how men under this indifferency of spirit, behave themselves in the case: they suppose themselves to have made the mightiest effort towards the instruction of their minds, when they have spent some hours in reading the scriptures, and have asked some questions of a clergyman concerning the articles of faith. When this is done, they declare to all the world, that they have consulted books and men without success. I shall be excused, if I refrain not from telling such men, that this neglect of theirs is insupportable. It is not a foreign or a petty interest, which is here in debate; we are ourselves the parties, and all our hopes and fortunes are the depending stake.

The immortality of the soul is a thing which so deeply concerns, so infinitely imports us, that we must have utterly lost our feeling, to be altogether cold and remiss in our inquiries about it. And all our actions or designs ought to bend so very different a way, according as we are either encouraged or forbidden to embrace the hope of eternal rewards, that it is impossible for us to proceed with judgment and discretion, otherwise than as we keep this point always in view, which ought to be our ruling object, and final aim.

Thus is it our highest interest, no less than our principal duty, to get light into a subject on which our whole conduct depends. And, therefore, in the number of wavering and unsatisfied men, I make the greatest difference imaginable between those who labour with all their force to obtain instruction, and those who live without giving themselves any trouble, or so much as any thought in this affair.

I cannot but be touched with a hearty compassion for those who sincerely groan under this dissatisfaction; who look upon it as the greatest of misfortunes, and who spare no pains to deliver themselves from it, by making these researches their chief employment, and most serious study. But as for those, who pass their life without reflecting on its issue, and who, for this reason alone, because they find not in themselves a convincing testimony, refuse to seek it elsewhere, and to examine to the bottom, whether the opinion proposed be such as we are wont to entertain by popular simplicity and credulity, or as such, though obscure in itself, yet is built on solid and immoveable foundations, I consider them after quite another manner. The carelessness which they betray in an affair, where their person, their interest, their whole eternity is embarked, rather provokes my resentment than engages my pity. Nay, it strikes me with amazement and astonishment; it is a monster to my apprehension. I speak not this as transported with the pious zeal of a spiritual and rap-

turous devotion: on the contrary, I affirm, that the love of ourselves, the interest of mankind, and the most simple and artless reason, do naturally inspire us with these sentiments; and that to see thus far, is not to exceed the sphere of unrefined, uneducated men.

It requires no great elevation of soul, to observe, that nothing in this world is productive of true contentment; that our pleasures are vain and fugitive, our troubles innumerable and perpetual: and that, after all, death, which threatens us every moment, must, in the compass of a few years (perhaps of a few days,) put us into the eternal condition of happiness, or misery, or nothing. Between us and these three great periods, or states, no barrier is interposed, but life, the most brittle thing in all nature; and the happiness of heaven being certainly not designed for those who doubt whether they have an immortal part to enjoy it, such persons have nothing left, but the miserable chance of annihilation, or of hell.

There is not any reflection which can have more reality than this, as there is none which has greater terror. Let us set the bravest face on our condition, and play the heroes as artfully as we can; yet see here the issue which attends the goodliest life upon earth.

It is in vain for men to turn aside their thoughts from this eternity which awaits them, as if they were able to destroy it by denying it a place in their imagination: it subsists in spite of them; it advanceth unobserved; and death, which is to draw the curtain from it, will in a short time infallibly reduce them to the dreadful necessity of being for ever nothing, or for ever miserable.

We have here a doubt of the most affrighting consequence, and which, therefore, to entertain, may be well esteemed the most grievous of misfortunes: but, at the same time, it is our indispensable duty not to lie under it, without struggling for deliverance.

He, then, who doubts, and yet seeks not to be resolved, is equally unhappy and unjust: but if withal he appears easy and composed, if he freely declares his indifference, nay, if he takes a vanity in professing it, and seems to make this most deplorable condition the subject of his pleasure and joy, I have not words to fix a name on so extravagant a creature. Where is the very possibility of entering into these thoughts and resolutions? What delight is there in expecting misery without end? What vanity in finding one's self encompassed with impenetrable darkness? Or what consolation in despairing for ever of a comforter?

To sit down with some sort of acquiescence under so fatal an ignorance, is a thing unaccountable beyond all expression; aad they who live with such a disposition, ought to be made sensible of its absurdity and stupidity, by having their inward reflections laid open to them, that they may grow wise by the prospect of their own folly. For behold how men are wont to reason, while they obstinately remain thus ignorant of what they are, and refuse all methods of instruction and illumination.

Who has sent me into the world I know not; what the world is I know not, nor what I am myself. I am under an astonishing and terrifying ignorance of all things. I know not what my body is, what my senses, or my soul; this very part of me which thinks what I speak, which reflects upon every thing else, and even upon itself, yet is as mere a stranger to its own nature, as the dullest thing I carry about me. I behold these frightful spaces of the universe with which I am encompassed, and I find myself chained to one little corner of the vast extent, without under

standing why I am placed in this seat, rather than in any other; or why this moment of time given me to live, was assigned rather at such a point, than at any other of the whole eternity which was before me, or of all that which is to come after me. I see nothing but infinities on all sides, which devour and swallow me up like an atom, or like a shadow, which endures but a single instant, and is never to return. The sum of my knowledge is, that I must shortly die: but that which I am most ignorant of is this very death, which I feel unable to decline.

As I know not whence I came, so I know not whither I go; only this I know, that at my departure out of the world, I must either fall for ever into nothing, or into the hands of an incensed God, without being capable of deciding, which of these two conditions shall eternally be my portion. Such is my state full of weakness, obscurity, and wretchedness. And from all this I conclude, that I ought, therefore, to pass all the days of my life, without considering what is hereafter to befall me; and that I have nothing to do, but to follow my inclinations without reflection or disquiet, in doing all that, which, if what men say of a miserable eternity prove true, will infallibly plunge me into it. It is possible I might find some light to clear up my doubts; but I shall not take a minute's pains, nor stir one foot in the search of it. On the contrary, I am resolved to treat those with scorn and derision who labour in this inquiry and care; and, so to run without fear or foresight, upon the trial of the grand event; permitting myself to be led softly on to death, utterly uncertain as to the eternal issue of my future condition.

In earnest, it is a glory to religion to have so unreasonable men for its professed enemies; and their opposition is of so little danger, that it serves to illustrate the principal truths which our religion teaches. For the main scope of Christian faith is to establish those two principles, the corruption of nature, and the redemption by Jesus Christ. And these opposers, if they are of no use towards demonstrating the truth of the redemption, by the sanctity of their lives, yet are at least admirably useful in showing the corruption of nature, by so unnatural sentiments and suggestions.

Nothing is so important to any man as his own estate and condition; nothing so great, so amazing, as eternity. If, therefore, we find persons indifferent to the loss of their being, and to the danger of endless misery, it is impossible that this temper should be natural. They are quite other men in all other regards, they fear the smallest inconveniences, they see them as they approach, and feel them if they arrive, and he who passeth days and nights in chagrin or despair, for the loss of an employment, or for some imaginary blemish in his honour, is the very same mortal who knows that he must lose all by death, and yet remains without disquiet, resentment, or emotion. This wonderful insensibility, with respect to things of the most fatal consequence, in a heart so nicely sensible of the meanest trifles, is an astonishing prodigy, and unintelligible enchantment, a supernatural blindness and infatuation.

A man in a close dungeon, who knows not whether sentence of death has passed upon him, who is allowed but one hour's space to inform himself concerning it, and that one hour sufficient, in case it have passed, to obtain its reverse, would act contrary to nature and sense, should he make use of this hour not to procure information, but to pursue his vanity or sport. And yet such is the condition of the persons whom we are now describing; only with this difference,

that the evils with which they are every moment threatened, do infinitely surpass the bare loss of life, and that transient punishment which the prisoner is supposed to apprehend: yet they run thoughtlessly upon the precipice, having only cast a veil over their eyes, to hinder them from discerning it, and divert themselves with the officiousness of such as charitably warn them of their danger.

Thus not the zeal alone of those who heartily seek God, demonstrates the truth of religion, but likewise the blindness of those who utterly forbear to seek him, and who pass their days under so horrible a neglect. There must needs be a strange turn and revolution in human nature, before men can submit to such a condition, much more ere they can applaud and value themselves upon it. For supposing them to have obtained an absolute certainty, that there was no fear after death, but of falling into nothing, ought not this to be the subject rather of despair, than of jollity? And is it not therefore the highest pitch of senseless extravagance, while we want this certainty, to glory in our doubt and distrust?

And yet, after all, it is too visible, that man has so far declined from his original nature, and as it were departed from himself, to nourish in his heart a secret seed-plot of joy, springing up from the libertine reflections. This brutal ease, or indolence, between the fear of hell, and annihilation, carries somewhat so tempting in it, that not only those who have the misfortune to be sceptically inclined, but even those who cannot unsettle their judgment, do yet esteem it reputable to take up a counterfeit diffidence. For we may observe the largest part of the herd to be of this latter kind, false pretenders to infidelity, and mere hypocrites in atheism. There are persons whom we have heard declare, that the genteel way of the world consists in thus acting the bravo. This is that which they term throwing off the yoke, and which the greater number of them profess, not so much out of opinion, as out of gallantry and complaisance.

Yet, if they have the least reserve of common sense, it will not be difficult to make them apprehend, how miserably they abuse themselves by laying so false a foundation of applause and esteem. For this is not the way to raise a character, even with worldly men, who, as they are able to pass a shrewd judgment on things, so they easily discern that the only method of succeeding in our temporal affairs, is to prove ourselves honest, faithful, prudent, and capable of advancing the interest of our friends; because men naturally love nothing but that which some way contributes to their use and benefit. But now what benefit can we any way derive from hearing a man confess that he has eased himself of the burden of religion; that he believes no God, as the witness and inspector of his conduct; that he considers himself as absolute master of what he does, and accountable for it only to his own mind? Will he fancy that we shall be hence induced to repose a greater degree of confidence in him hereafter? or to depend on his comfort, his advice, or assistance, in the necessities of life? Can he imagine us to take any great delight or complacency when he tells us, that he doubts whether our very soul be any thing more than a little wind and smoke? Nay, when he tells it us with an air of assurance, and a voice that testifies the contentment of his heart? Is this a thing to be spoken of with pleasantry? Or ought it not rather be lamented with the deepest sadness, as the most melancholic reflection that can strike our thoughts.

If they would compose themselves to serious consideration, they must perceive the method in which they

are engaged to be so very ill chosen, so repugnant to gentility, and so remote even from that good air and grace which they pursue, that, on the contrary, nothing can more effectually expose them to the contempt and aversion of mankind, or mark them out for persons defective in parts and judgment. And, indeed, should we demand from them an account of their sentiments, and of the reasons which they have to entertain this suspicion in religious matters, what they offered would appear so miserably weak and trifling, as rather to confirm us in our belief. This is no more than what one of their own fraternity told them, with great smartness, on such an occasion. If you continue (says he) to dispute at this rate, you will infallibly make me a Christian. And the gentleman was in the right: for who would not tremble to find himself embarked in the same cause, with so forlorn, so despicable companions?

And thus it is evident, that they who wear no more than the outward mask of these principles, are the most unhappy counterfeits in the world; inasmuch as they are obliged to put a continual force and constraint on their genius, only that they may render themselves the most impertinent of all men living.

If they are heartily and sincerely troubled at their want of light, let them not dissemble the disease. Such a confession cannot be reputed shameful; for there is really no shame, but in being shameless. Nothing betrays so much weakness of soul, as not to apprehend the misery of man, while living without God in the world: nothing is a surer token of extreme baseness of spirit, than not to hope for the reality of eternal promises: no man is so stigmatized a coward, as he that acts the bravo against heaven. Let them therefore leave these impieties to those who are born with so unhappy a judgment, as to be capable of entertaining them in earnest. If they cannot be Christian men, let them, however, be men of honour: and let them, in conclusion, acknowledge, that there are but two sorts of persons who deserve to be styled reasonable, either those who serve God with all their heart, because they know him; or those who seek him with all their heart, because as yet they know him not.

If then there are persons who sincerely inquire after God, and who, being truly sensible of their misery, affectionately desire to be rescued from it; it is to these alone that we can in justice afford our labour and service, for their direction in finding out that light of which they feel the want.

But as for those who live without either knowing God, or endeavouring to know him, they look on themselves as so little deserving their own care, that they cannot but be unworthy the care of others: and it requires all the charity of the religion which they despise, not to despise them to such a degree, as even to abandon them to their own folly: but since the same religion obliges us to consider them, while they remain in this life, as still capable of God's enlightening grace; and to acknowledge it as very possible, that, in the course of a few days, they may be replenished with a fuller measure of faith than we now enjoy; and we ourselves, on the other side, fall into the depths of their present blindness and misery; we ought to do for them, what we desire should be done to us in their case; to entreat them that they would take pity on themselves, and would at least advance a step or two forward, if perchance they may come into the light. For which end it is wished, that they would employ, in the perusal of this piece, some few of those hours, which they spend so unprofitably in other pursuits. It is possible they may gain somewhat by

the reading; at least, they cannot be great losers: but if any shall apply themselves to it, with perfect sincerity, and with an unfeigned desire of knowing the truth, I despair not of their satisfaction, or of their being convinced by so many proofs of our divine religion, as they will here find laid together. *Mons. Pascal.*

§ 116. *On the degree of Evidence that ought to be expected in Religion.*

As, on the one side, it is a great error, in all cases, to expect such evidence, as the nature of the subject renders impossible; so it is as weak, on the other side, to lay the stress of important truths on such evidence, as is in its own nature unsatisfactory and precarious: or to assert, with great assurance, what can no way be proved, even by that sort of evidence which is proper for the subject in debate. An instance of the first sort we have in Autolicus, an heathen, in his debates with Theophilus of Antioch; who appears weakly to have insisted upon seeing the God of the Christians, ere he would believe his existence; while one of the known attributes of that God is, that he is invisible. And almost equally preposterous would any philosophic sceptic now be, who should require the sight of the air in which we breathe, before he would believe that there was such an element at all. Whereas it is clear, that the air may be demonstrated to be sufficiently sensible and real, by a thousand experiments; while yet none of those experiments can render it visible to us: just as the existence of a supreme Being may be demonstrated by innumerable arguments, although none of those arguments imply even the possibility of his being properly seen by any of his creatures. But then, that we may keep a mean here, and may neither on one side, expect in our religious inquiries, overbearing, or strictly mathematic evidence, such as is impossible to be denied or doubted of by any; which would render the constant design of Providence, already stated, entirely ineffectual, and force both good and bad to be believers, without any regard to their qualifications and temper of mind: nor, on the other side, may we depend on such weak and precarious arguments, as are not really sufficient or satisfactory to even fair, honest, and impartial men. I intend here to consider what that degree of evidence is which ought to be insisted on; without which we are not, and with which we are obliged to acquiesce in divine matters. Now this degree of evidence I take to be that, and no other, which upright judges are determined by in all the important affairs of estate and life, that come before them; and according to which, they ever aim to give sentence in their courts of judicature. I choose to instance in this judicial evidence, and these judicial determinations especially, because the persons concerned in such matters are, by long use, and the nature of their employment, generally speaking, the best and most sagacious discoverers of truth, and those that judge the most unbiassedly and fairly, concerning sufficient or insufficient evidence, of all others. Such upright judges then never expect strictly undeniable or mathematic evidence; which they know is, in human affairs, absolutely impossible to be had: they do not require that the witnesses they examine should be infallible, or impeccable, which they are sensible would be alike wild and ridiculous; yet do they expect full, sufficient, or convincing evidence; and such as is plainly superior to what is alleged on the other side: and they require that the witnesses they believe, be, so far as they are able to discover, of a good character, upright, and faithful. Nor do they think it too much trouble

to use their utmost skill and sagacity in discovering where the truth lies; how far the witnesses agree with or contradict each other; and which way the several circumstances may be best compared, so as to find out any forgery, or detect any knavery which may be suspected in any branches of the evidence before them. They do not themselves pretend to judge of the reality or obligation of any ancient laws, or acts of parliament, from their own mere guesses or inclinations, but from the authenticness of the records which contain them; and though they are not able always to see the reason, or occasion, or wisdom of such laws, or acts of parliament; yet do they, upon full external evidence that they are genuine, allow and execute the same, as considering themselves to be not legislators, but judges; and owning that ancient laws, and ancient facts, are to be known not by guesses or supposals, but by the production of ancient records, and original evidence for their reality. Nor in such their procedure do they think themselves guilty in their sentences, if at any time afterwards they discover that they have been imposed upon by false witnesses, or forged records; supposing, I mean, that they are conscious, that they did their utmost to discover the truth, and went exactly by the best evidence that lay before them; as knowing they have done their duty, and must in such a case be blameless before God and man, notwithstanding the mistake in the sentences themselves. Now this is that procedure which I would earnestly recommend to those that have a mind to inquire to good purpose into revealed religion; that after they have taken care to purge themselves from all those vices which will make it their great interest that religion should be false; after they have resolved upon honesty, impartiality, and modesty, which are virtues by the law of nature; after they have devoutly implored the divine assistance and blessing on this their important undertaking; which is a duty likewise they are obliged to by the same law of nature; that after all this preparation, I say, they will set about the inquiry itself, in the very same manner that has been already described, and that all our upright judges proceed by in the discovery of truth. Let them spare for no pains, but consult all the originals, whenever they can come at them; and let them use all that diligence, sagacity, and judgment, which they are masters of, in order to see what real external evidence there is for the truth of the facts on which the Jewish and Christian religions do depend. I here speak of the truth of facts, as the surest way to determine us in this inquiry; because all the world, I think, owns, that if those facts be true, these institutions of religion must also be true, or be derived from God; and that no particular difficulties, as to the reasons of several laws, or the conduct of Providence in several cases, which those institutions no where pretend to give us a full account of, can be sufficient to set aside the convincing evidence which the truth of such facts brings along with it. For example: those who are well satisfied of the truth of the Mosaic history; of the ten miraculous plagues with which the God of Israel smote the Egyptians; of the drowning of the Egyptians in the Red Sea, while the Israelites were miraculously conducted through the same; and of the amazing manner wherein the decalogue was given by God to that people at Mount Sinai; will, for certain, believe that the Jewish religion was in the main derived from God, though he should find several occasional passages in the Jewish sacred books, which he could not account for, and several ritual laws given that nation,

which he could not guess at the reasons why they were given them. And the case is the very same as to the miraculous resurrection, and glorious ascension of our blessed Saviour, Jesus Christ, with regard to the New Testament; on which account I reckon that the truth of such facts is to be principally inquired into, when we have a mind to satisfy ourselves in the verity of the Jewish and Christian religions. And if it be alleged that some of these facts are too remote to afford us any certain means of discovery at this distance of time; I answer, that then we are to select such of those facts as we can examine, and to search into the acknowledgment or denial of those that are ancienter, in the oldest testimonies now extant; into the effects and consequences, and standing memorials of such facts in after ages, and how far they were real, and allowed to be so; and, in short, we are to determine concerning them, by the best evidence we can now have; and not let a bare suspicion, or a wish that things had been otherwise, overbalance our real evidence of facts in any case whatsoever. I do not mean that our inquirer is to have no regard to internal characters, or the contents of the Jewish and Christian revelations; or that he is not to examine into that also in the general, before he admits even the proof from miracles themselves; because what pretended miracles soever are wrought for the support of idolatry or wickedness, for the establishment of notions contrary to the divine attributes, or of an immoral, or profane, or cruel religion, though they may prove such a religion to be supernatural, yet will they only prove that it comes from wicked demons, or evil spirits, and not from a God of purity and holiness, and so will by no means prove it divine, or worthy of our reception. But then it is, for the main, so well known, that the Jewish and Christian institutions do agree to the divine attributes, and do tend to purity, holiness, justice, and charity; and are opposite to all immorality, profaneness, and idolatry, that I think there will not need much examination in so clear a case; and that, by consequence, our main inquiry is to be as to the truth of the facts thereto relating. And in this case, I fear not to invite all our sceptics and unbelievers, to use their greatest nicety, their entire skill, their shrewdest abilities, and their utmost sagacity in this inquiry; being well assured, from my own observations in this matter, that the proper result of such an exact historical inquiry will be as plainly and evidently on the side of revealed religion. *Whiston.*

§ 117. *Reasons for believing the Book of Revelation to be True.*

Some of the principal reasons which make me believe the Bible to be true, are the following:

1. The Bible lays the law of nature for its foundation; and all along supports and assists natural religion; as every true revelation ought to do.

2. Astronomy, and the rest of our certain mathematic sciences, do confirm the accounts of Scripture, so far as they are concerned.

3. The most ancient and best historical accounts now known, do, generally speaking, confirm the accounts of Scripture, so far as they are concerned.

4. The more learning has increased, the more certain in general do the Scripture accounts appear, and its difficult places are more cleared thereby.

5. There are, or have been generally, standing memorials preserved, of the certain truths of the principal historical facts, which were constant evidences for the certainty of them.

6. Neither the Mosaical law, nor the Christian religion, could possibly have been received and established without such miracles as the sacred history contains.

7. Although the Jews all along hated and persecuted the prophets of God, yet were they forced to believe they were true prophets, and their writings of divine inspiration.

8. The ancient and present state of the Jewish nation, are strong arguments for the truth of their law, and of the Scripture prophecies relating to them.

9. The ancient and present states of the Christian church are also strong arguments for the truth of the gospel, and of the Scripture prophecies relating thereto.

10. The miracles whereon the Jewish and Christian religion are founded, were of old owned to be true by their very enemies.

11. The sacred writers, who lived in times and places so remote from one another, do yet all carry on one and the same grand design, viz. that of the salvation of mankind, by the worship of, and obedience to the one true God, in and through the King Messiah; which, without a divine conduct, could never have been done.

12. The principal doctrines of the Jewish and Christian religion are agreeable to the most ancient traditions of all other nations.

13. The difficulties relating to this religion are not such as affect the truth of the facts, but the conduct of Providence, the reasons of which the sacred writers never pretended fully to know, or to reveal to mankind.

14. Natural religion, which is yet so certain in itself, is not without such difficulties, as to the conduct of Providence, as are objected to revelation.

15. The sacred history has the greatest marks of truth, honesty, and impartiality, of all other histories whatsoever; and withal has none of the known marks of knavery and imposture.

16. The predictions of Scripture have been still fulfilled in the several ages of the world whereto they belong.

17. No opposite systems of the universe, or schemes of divine revelation, have any tolerable pretences to be true, but those of the Jews and Christians.

These are the plain and obvious arguments which persuade me of the truth of the Jewish and Christian revelations. *Whiston.*

§ 118. *The divine Legation of Moses.*

The evidence the Jews had to believe the several matters related by Moses, preceding the deliverance from Egypt, was, so far as we know, no more than Moses's word; whose credit was sufficiently established, by the testimonies given to him by the Deity; but, at the same time, it is not certain that they had not some distinct tradition concerning these things. But, as to his authority, and the authority of the laws and institutions given by him, they had, and their children, and we who take it from their children, have the strongest evidence the nature of the thing is capable of. For,

1. The whole people, an infinite multitude, were witnesses of all the miracles wrought preceding the deliverance from Egypt, and of the final miracle that achieved their deliverance; in memory whereof, the passover, an annual solemnity, was instituted, with the strongest injunctions to acquaint their children with the cause of that observance, and to mark that night throughout all their generations for ever.

2. The whole people were witnesses to the miracle in passing the Red Sea, and sung that hymn which Moses composed on that occasion,

which was preserved for the use of their children.

3. The whole people were witnesses to the dreadful promulgation of the law from Sinai, with which they were also to acquaint their children; and the feast of Pentecost was annually to be observed on the day on which that law was given; besides that the very tables in which the ten commands were written, were deposited in the Ark, and remained, at least, till the building of Solomon's temple, and probably till the destruction of it.

4. The whole people were witnesses to the many miracles wrought, during the space of forty years, in the wilderness: to the pillar of fire and cloud, to the manna, quails, &c. a sample of the manna remained to future generations: and they were directed to relate what they saw to their children.

5. The whole people were witnesses to the framing and building of the Ark and Tabernacle; they were all contributors to it; they saw the cloud fill and rest upon it, and they assisted at the services performed there; and, to commemorate this, as well as their sojourning in tents in the wilderness, the annual Feast of Tabernacles was appointed, which in succeeding years, they were to explain to their children.

As these things were absolutely sufficient to satisfy the children of Israel, then in being, touching the authority and obligation of this law, several things were added to enforce the observance, and to preserve the memory and evidence of what was to be observed.

1. The law was by Moses, at the command of God, put into writing, for the greater certainty, as well as all the directions for making the Ark, the Cherubim, the Tabernacle, the priest's garments, &c. and all the rules of government, judicature, &c. with every other circumstance revealed, for directing the faith and the conduct of the nation.

2. The law was to be preserved, perused, and attended to, in the most careful manner; the priests, who were to judge in questions relating to it, must be well versed in it; the king, who was to rule over the nation, was to write out a copy of it for himself, and to peruse it continually; and the people were to write out passages of it, and to wear them by way of signs, upon their hands, and of frontlets, between their eyes, and to write them upon the post of their doors, &c. And they were to teach their children the most notable parts of it, and particularly to instruct them in the miracles attending the deliverance from Egypt, as they sat in their house, as they walked by the way, as they lay down, and as they rose up, &c.

3. Besides the authority that promulgated the law, there was a solemn covenant and agreement between God and the people, whereby the people became bound to keep, preserve, and observe this law, and all that was contained in it: and God became bound to be the God of the Israelitish people, to protect, and prosper them; and this covenant, towards the end of their sojourning in the wilderness, was solemnly renewed.

4. The particulars of this covenant, upon God's part, were, to give the people the good land of Canaan, a land flowing with milk and honey, to preserve, and protect them in it; to give them perpetual endurance, and victory over their and his enemies; to prosper them in all their labours; to give them the increase of their fields, and flocks; and to make them a great, a happy, and a flourishing people; on condition that they kept and obeyed his law.

5. The particulars on the part of the people, were, to serve Jehovah, and no other god, in the way directed by the law; to preserve, observe,

and obey the law carefully, and exactly; and if they failed or transgressed, to submit and consent to the severe sanction of the law and covenant, which, in many instances, was, to individuals transgressing, death (to be cut off from the people,) and to the bulk of the people, destruction, captivity, dispersion, blindness, madness, &c. besides the forfeiture of all the good promises.

6. Besides the other blessings, and pre-eminences, God was, by some special visible symbol of his presence, to reside continually with the people; first, in the Tabernacle, which was made in the wilderness for that end, and afterwards in the temple; whence he was to give judgment and directions, and to answer prayers, and accept of vows.

7. This covenant was also reduced into writing, and was the tenure by which the Israelites held the land of Canaan, and on which all their hopes were founded: wherefore it must in all generations be considered by them as a thing of no small moment.

As God was the head of this state, and as the people held immediately their land of him; so he made several regulations for holding that property, that are very remarkable.

1. The land was by his command divided into twelve lots, one for each tribe; and they were put in possession accordingly, to the exclusion of the tribe of Levi, who for their portion had no more than what attended the service of God's house, and some cities with suburbs, dispersed amongst other tribes.

2. Not only were the descendants of each tribe to enjoy, in exclusion of other tribes, their own lot, but the particular fields and parcels, within each tribe, were to remain for ever with the respective families that first possessed them, and on failure of the issue of the possessor, to the nearest of that family: hence all lands sold returned at the jubilee to the proprietor, or his nearest a-kin; he who had a right to revenge blood might redeem.

3. This right of blood, depending upon knowledge of descent and genealogy, made it absolutely necessary for the children of Israel to keep very exact records and proofs of their descent; not to mention the expectation they had of something surprisingly singular from the many promises made to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, that the blessing to mankind should spring from their Seed; and, in tracing their genealogy, we see they were very critical upon their return from Babylon: so that, before their records were disturbed by the captivity, it could not well be otherwise, but that every body of any note amongst the Jews could tell you the name of his ancestor, who first had the family-possession, in the days of Joshua, and how many degrees, and by what descent he was removed from him. And as these first possessors, pursuant to the custom of the nation, must have been described by their father's name, it is highly probable, they could have quoted by name that ancestor who saw the miracles in Egypt, who saw the law given, who entered into the covenant, and who contributed to the setting up the Ark and Tabernacle.

4. The very surprising care taken by the Deity to keep the breed of the Jews pure and genuine, by the proofs of virginity, and by the miraculous waters of jealousy, is a circumstance that merits attention, and will easily induce a belief that descent and birth was a matter much minded amongst them. And,

5. The appointment and observance of the sabbatical year, and, after the seventh sabbatical year, a year of jubilee, for the general release of debts, lands, &c. is a circumstance of great moment, not only as these notable periods were useful towards the easy computation of

time, but as it made inquiry into titles, and consequently genealogy, necessary every fiftieth year; and as the cessation from culture every seventh year gave continual occasions for the Deity's displaying his power in increasing the crop of the sixth, pursuant to his promise.

Now, taking these circumstances together under consideration, could any human precaution have provided more means to keep up the memory and evidence of any fact? Could this have been done by human foresight or force? Has any thing like to it ever been in the world besides?

What could tend more to perpetuate the memory of any event, than to deliver a whole people, by public glorious miracles, from intolerable slavery? To publish a very extraordinary system of laws immediately from heaven? To put this law in writing together with the covenant for the obeying it? To make the tenure of the estates depend on the original division of the land, to men who saw the miracles, and first took possession, and on the proximity of relation, by descent to them? To appoint a return of lands every fiftieth year, which should give perpetual occasion to canvass those descents? To order a sabbath every seventh year for the land, the loss of which should be supplied by the preceding year's increase? And to select a whole tribe consisting of many thousands, to be the guardians, in some degree the judges and the executors of this law; who were barred from any portion of the land, in common with their brethren, and were contented with the contributions that came from the other tribes, without any fixed portion amongst them. This must keep up the belief and authority of that law amongst the descendants of that people, or nothing could: and if such a belief, under all these circumstances, prevailed amongst a people so constituted, that belief could not possibly proceed from imposture; because the very means provided, for proof of the truth, are so many checks against any possibility of imposition.

If any man will suggest that the law of the Jews is no more than human invention, and that the book of the law is a forgery; let him say when it was imposed upon that people, or at what period it could have possibly been imposed upon them, so as to gain belief, later than the period they mention, and under other circumstances than those they relate.

Could the whole people have been persuaded at any one period, by any impostor, that they were told severally by their fathers, and they by theirs, that the law was given with such circumstances, and under such promises and threats, if they were not really told so; or that they, throughout all their generations, had worn certain passages of the law by way of frontlets and signs, if it had not really been so?

Could the whole people have been persuaded to submit to the pain of death, upon all the offences which the law makes capital, unless their fathers had done so, upon the evidence of the authority of that law?

Could the whole people have been persuaded that they had kept exact genealogies, in order to entitle them to the blessing, and to the inheritances severally, unless they actually had done so?

Could the whole people believe that they had kept Passovers, Feasts of Tabernacles, &c. down from the date of the law, commemorative of the great events they relate to, unless they had really done so?

Could the children of Israel have been imposed on to receive an Ark, and a Tabernacle, then forged, and a complete set of service and liturgy, as descending from Moses by the direction of God, unless that Ark and that service had come to them

from their ancestors, as authorized by God?

Could the whole people have submitted to pay tithe, first fruits, &c. upon any feigned revelation? Or, could the tribe of Levi, without divine authority, have submitted, not only to the being originally without a portion in Israel, but to the being incapable of any, in hopes of the contributions of the people; which, however large when the whole twelve tribes served at the same temple, became very scanty when ten of them withdrew their allegiance from heaven?

Could ever the book of the law, if consigned to the Levites, and promulgated, have been lost, so as to give room for new fictions? Or could a book of the law have been forged, if there was none precedent, and put upon the people, as a book that had been delivered to the Levites by Moses? If no book at all ever was delivered by him to them, what authority could be pretended for such a book?

Had a book been to be forged, in order to be received by the people, could it have contained so many scandalous reflections and accusations against the people, and so many fatal threats and predictions concerning them? And, if it had been so framed, could it have been received as authentic?

If the law, &c. was forged, it must have been before the days of David: because by the sacred hymns, in his time, the publication of the law is celebrated, and the law was observed: and yet the time between the entry of Israel into the land, and the reign of David, being but about four hundred years, is too short a space for forgetting the real manner of the entry, and forging another, to be received by a people, whose genealogy was so fixed, and whose time was reckoned by such periods.

If the book of the law was not forged before the reign of David, it could not possibly be forged after, unless the whole history of the kingdom, the Tabernacle, the Temple, and all the sacred hymns and prophecies, are looked upon as one complete fiction; because the Tabernacle, the Temple, the economy of the kingdom, the sacred hymns, and all the other writings said to be sacred, bear formal relation to the law.

But, that all these things were not supposititious, is evident from the anxious zeal that possessed the Jews who returned from the captivity; from their solicitude to restore the city, the Temple and the sacred service; from their strict examination of their genealogies, and scrupulous care to comply with the law.

The space between the captivity and the return was so short that some who saw the first Temple, saw also the second, and many who were themselves, or at least whose fathers had been, officers in the first Temple, returned to the service of the second: so that it is utterly impossible that the history, the liturgy, the service of the Jews, preceding the return, should be a fiction, at least that it should be a fiction earlier than the return.

And the story of this nation, from that period, falls in so much with the history of the rest of the world; their sacred books have been so soon after that translated, and they have been so famous for the tenaciousness of their laws, that there is no possibility of suspecting that their law and history was forged later than the return. And, if it is granted, that the devotions, the precepts, the institutions, and rites and ceremonies of this law, and the great lines of their history, are not forged; one needs as to the present consideration, be but little solicitous concerning the accuracy of the copy of the books of the law, and of the other sacred books; and whether there may not

have been some mistake and interpolations. It is not with one or one hundred words or sentences we have to do; it is with the system of the sacrificature, and the other religious laws and services of the Jews, and with the political establishment of their theocratical government, and the authority for the establishment of both, that we have, at present, concern.

For, if such a system of religious services and ceremonies was revealed and commanded by God; if, for the greater certainty, it was reduced into writing by Moses, by divine direction; if such a model of government was framed, as is manifestly calculated for keeping up the observance of those services, and preserving the memory of the institution, and keeping up the authority of the book wherein it was recorded; and if the nation, to whom this institution was delivered, have preserved it accordingly: complete evidence thence arises to us of the divinity of the institution; and leads to a demonstrative proof of the truth of the Christian religion, to which all the emblematical institutions tend, and in which they centre.

Lord Forbes.

§ 119. *On the Old and New Testament.*

The Old Testament hath, by the general consent of learned men, all the marks of purest antiquity; there being nothing in the world which in this respect is equal to it, or which may pretend to be compared with it; all other the most ancient monuments of antiquity coming short of it by many ages. It was written in the first and most ancient language; from which the very alphabets and letters of all other languages were derived.

This book contains, as the most ancient, so the most exact story of the world, the propagation of men, and the dispersing of families into the several parts of the earth.

And though this book were written in several ages and places, by several persons; yet doth the doctrine of it accord together, with a most excellent harmony, without any dissonance or inconsistency.

And for the manner of delivering the things contained in it, it is so solemn, reverend, and majestic, so exactly suited to the nature of things, as may justly provoke our wonder and acknowledgment of its divine original.

And as for the New Testament; those various correspondences, which it bears to the chief things of the Old Testament, may sufficiently evidence that mutual relation, dependence, and affinity which there is between them. That in such an age there was such a man as Christ, who preached such a doctrine, wrought many miracles, suffered an ignominious death, and was afterwards worshipped as God, having abundance of disciples and followers, at first chiefly amongst the vulgar, but awhile after, amongst several of the most wise and learned men; who in a short space of time did propagate their belief and doctrine into the most remote parts of the world: I say, all this is for the truth of the matter of fact, not so much as doubted or called into question, by Julian, or Celsus, or the Jews themselves, or any other of the most avowed enemies of Christianity. But we have it by as good certainty as any rational man can wish or hope for, that is, by universal testimony, as well of enemies as friends.

And if these things were so, as to the matter of fact, the common principles of nature will assure us, that it is not consistent with the nature of the Deity, his truth, wisdom, or justice, to work such miracles in confirmation of a lie or imposture.

Nor can it be reasonably objected

that these miracles are now ceased; and we have not any such extraordinary way to confirm the truth of our religion. It is sufficient that they were upon the first plantation of it, when men were to be instituted and confirmed in that new doctrine. And there may be as much of the wisdom of providence in the forbearing them now, as in working them then; it being not reasonable to think that the universal laws of nature, by which things are to be regularly guided in their natural course, should frequently, or upon every little occasion, be violated or disordered.

To which may be added that wonderful way whereby this religion hath been propagated in the world, with much simplicity and infirmity in the first publishers of it; without arms, or faction, or favour of great men, or the persuasions of philosophers or orators; only by the naked proposal of plain evident truth, with a firm resolution of suffering and dying for it, by which it hath subdued all kind of persecutions and oppositions, and surmounted whatever discouragement or resistance could be laid in its way, or made against it.

The excellency of the things contained in the Gospel are also so suitable to a rational being, as no other religion or profession whatsoever hath thought of, or so expressly insisted upon.

Some of the learned Heathens have placed the happiness of man in the external sensual delights of this world.

Others of the wiser Heathens have spoken sometimes doubtfully concerning a future state, and therefore have placed the reward of virtue, in the doing of virtuous things. Virtue is its own reward. Wherein, though there be much of truth, yet it doth not afford encouragement enough for the vast desires of a rational soul.

Others who have owned a state after this life, have placed the happiness of it in gross and sensual pleasures, feasts and gardens, and company, and other such low and gross enjoyments.

Whereas the doctrine of Christianity doth fix it upon things that are much more spiritual and sublime; the beatific vision, a clear unerring understanding, a perfect tranquillity of mind, a conformity to God, a perpetual admiring and praising of him; than which the mind of man cannot fancy any thing that is more excellent or desirable.

As to the duties that are enjoined in reference to divine worship, they are so full of sanctity and spiritual devotion, as may shame all the pompous solemnities of other religions, in their costly sacrifices, their dark wild mysteries, and external observances. Whereas this refers chiefly to the holiness of the mind, resignation to God, love of him, dependence upon him, submission to his will, endeavouring to be like him.

And as for the duties of the second table, which concern our mutual conversation towards one another, it allows nothing that is hurtful or noxious, either to ourselves or others; forbids all kind of injury or revenge; commands to overcome evil with good; to pray for enemies and persecutors; doth not admit of any mental, much less any coporeal uncleanness; doth not tolerate any immodest or uncomely word or gesture; forbids us to wrong others in their goods and possessions, or to mispend our own; requires us to be very tender both of our own and other men's reputation; in brief, it enjoins nothing but what is helpful, and useful, and good for mankind. Whatever any philosophers have prescribed concerning their moral virtues of temperance, and prudence, and patience, and the duties of several relations, is here enjoined, in a far more eminent, sublime, and comprehensive manner: besides such examples and in

citations to piety as are not to be paralleled elsewhere: the whole system of its doctrines being transcendently excellent, and so exactly comformable to the highest, purest reason, that in those very things wherein it goes beyond the rules of moral philosophy, we cannot in our best judgment but consent to submit to it.

In brief; it doth in every respect so fully answer the chief scope and design of religion in giving all imaginable honour and submission to the Deity, promoting the good of mankind, satisfying and supporting the mind of man with the highest kind of enjoyments, that a rational soul can wish or hope for, as no other religion or profession whatsoever can pretend unto.

Infidels pretend want of clear and infallible evidence for the truth of Christianity; than which nothing can be more absurd and unworthy of a rational man. For let it be but impartially considered; what is it that such men would have? Do they expect mathematical proof and certainty in moral things?

Why, they may as well expect to see with their ears, and hear with their eyes; such kind of things being altogether as disproportioned to such kind of proofs, as the objects of the several senses are to one another. The arguments or proof to be used in several matters are of various and different kinds, according to the nature of the things to be proved. And it will become every rational man to yield to such proofs as the nature of the thing which he inquires about is capable of: and that man is to be looked upon as froward and contentious, who will not rest satisfied in such kind of evidence as is counted sufficient, either by all others, or by most, or by the wisest men.

If we suppose God to have made any revelation of his will to mankind, can any man propose or fancy any better way for conveying down to posterity the certainty of it, than that clear and universal tradition which we have for the history of the Gospel? And must not that man be very unreasonable, who will not be content with as much evidence for an ancient book or matter of fact, as any thing of that nature is capable of? If it be only infallible and mathematical certainty that can settle his mind, why should he believe that he was born of such parents, and belongs to such a family? 'Tis possible men might have combined together to delude him with such a tradition. Why may he not as well think that he was born a Prince and not a subject, and consequently deny all duties of subjection and obedience to those above him? There is nothing so wild and extravagant, to which men may not expose themselves by such a kind of nice and scrupulous incredulity.

Whereas, if to the inquiries about religion a man would but bring with him the same candour and ingenuity, the same readiness to be instructed, which he doth to the study of human arts and sciences, that is, a mind free from violent prejudices and a desire of contention; it can hardly be imagined, but that he must be convinced and subdued by those clear evidences, which offer themselves to every inquisitive mind, concerning the truth of the principles of religion in general, and concerning the divine authority of the Holy Scriptures, and the Christian religion.

Bishop Wilkins.

§ 120. *Chief design, and principal intention of the civil government of the Hebrews.*

To lay down a true plan of the Hebrew government, it will be requisite previously to consider, what particular views the lawgiver might have in it. If any particular ends were designed, to promote which the plan of the government itself was to be

adjusted; those designs will help to explain many parts and constitutions of the government, as it will show the great wisdom of the legislator, which has made the plan in its several parts most fit, and proper to serve, and secure those ends.

The Hebrew government appears not only designed to serve the common and general ends of all good governments; to protect the property, liberty, safety, and peace of the several members of the community, in which the true happiness and prosperity of national societies will always consist; but moreover to be an holy people to Jehovah, and a kingdom of priests. For thus Moses is directed to tell the children of Israel, "Ye have seen what I did unto the Egyptians, and how I bore you on eagles' wings, and brought you unto myself. Now therefore if you will hear my voice indeed, and keep my covenant, then ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto me above all people; for all the earth is mine, and ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests and an holy nation." We learn what this covenant was in a farther account of it. "Ye stand this day all of you before the Lord your God, your captains of your tribes, your elders and your officers, and all the men of Israel; that you should enter into covenant with the Lord thy God, and into his oath which the Lord thy God maketh with thee this day; that he may establish thee to-day for a people unto himself, and that he may be unto thee a God, as he hath said unto thee, and as he hath sworn unto thy fathers, to Abraham, Isaac, and to Jacob: for ye know," adds Moses, "how we have dwelt in the land of Egypt, and how we came through the nations which ye passed by, and ye have seen their abominations and their idols, wood and stone, silver and gold which were among them, lest there should be among you, man, or woman, or family, or tribe, whose heart turneth away this day from the Lord our God to go and serve the gods of these nations."

Without any inquiry into the critical meaning of these expressions severally, every one may easily see this general intention of them; that the covenant of Jehovah with the Hebrew people, and their oath by which they bound their allegiance to Jehovah their God and king, was, that they should receive and obey the laws which he should appoint as their supreme governor, with a particular engagement to keep themselves from the idolatry of the nations round about them, whether the idolatry they had seen while they dwelt in the land of Egypt, or had observed in the nations by which they passed into the promised land. In keeping this allegiance to Jehovah, as their immediate and supreme Lord, they were to expect the blessings of God's immediate and particular protection in the security of their liberty, peace, and prosperity, against all attempts of their idolatrous neighbours; but if they should break their allegiance to Jehovah, or forsake the covenant of Jehovah, by going and serving other gods and worshipping them, then they should forfeit these blessings of God's protection, and the anger of Jehovah should be kindled against the land, to bring upon it all the curses that are written in this book.

The true sense then of this solemn transaction, between God and the Hebrew nation, which may be called the original contract of the Hebrew government, is to this purpose: If the Hebrews would voluntarily consent to receive Jehovah for their Lord and King, to keep his covenant and laws, to honour and worship him as the one true God, in opposition to all idolatry; then, though God as sovereign of the world rules over all the nations of the earth, and all the nations are under the general care

of his providence, he would govern the Hebrew nation by peculiar laws of his particular appointment, and bless it with a more immediate and particular protection; he would secure to them the invaluable privileges of the true religion, together with liberty, peace, and prosperity, as a favoured people above all other nations. It is for very wise reasons you may observe, that temporal blessings and evils are made so much use of in this constitution, for these were the common and prevailing enticements to idolatry; but by thus taking them into the Hebrew constitution, as rewards to obedience, and punishments of disobedience, they became motives to true religion, instead of encouragements to idolatry.

The idolatrous nations worshipped subordinate beings, whom they owned subject to the Supreme; but they believed they had the immediate direction of the blessings of life; that they gave health, long life, fruitful seasons, plenty, and prosperity. This, we are told by Maimonides, was a doctrine taught by the Sabians in their books, as well as in their instructions to the people.

One of the oldest of the prophets has so fully expressed this reason of the Hebrew constitution, that we need no further evidence of it. "For their mother hath played the harlot, she that conceived them hath done shamefully; for she said, I will go after my lovers, that give me my bread and my water, my wool, and my flax, mine oil, and my drink. For she did not know that I gave her corn, and wine, and oil, and multiplied her silver and gold, which they prepared for Baal. Therefore will I return, and take away my corn in the time thereof, and my wine in the season thereof; and will recover my wool and my flax, given to cover her nakedness."

The prophet Jeremiah gives the same reason why the Jews fell into the idolatrous practice of burning incense to the queen of heaven: "But we will certainly do whatsoever thing goeth forth out of our own mouths to burn incense unto the queen of heaven, and to pour out drink-offerings unto her, as we have done; we, and our fathers, our kings, and our princes in the cities of Judah, and in the streets of Jerusalem; for then had we plenty of victuals, and were well, and saw no evil; but since we left off to burn incense to the queen of heaven, and to pour out drink-offerings unto her, we have wanted all things, and have been consumed by the sword and by the famine."

This common doctrine of idolatry, that the several blessings of life came from some demon or idol, to whom the authority and power of bestowing temporal blessings were committed, was of so general and powerful influence, that it became the wisdom of an institution designed to preserve the faith and worship of the one true God, against idolatry, to assert that God was the author of every blessing of life, that he had not parted with the administration of providence, or given over the disposal of those blessings to any subordinate beings whatsoever; so that health, long life, plenty, and all kinds of prosperity, were to be sought for, from him, as his gift, and only from his blessing and protection.

Whoever has just notions of the great evils of idolatry to the dishonour of the supreme Sovereign and Governor of the world, to the corruption of the essential principles of true religion and virtuous practice, as idolatry directed so many barbarous, immoral, and inhuman rites, and encouraged such enormous acts of vice, as acts of religion, of which some or other of the idols they worshipped were examples, and were esteemed to patronise them; it will appear to them a design worthy the

goodness, as well as the wisdom of God, to put some stop to such a dangerous evil: especially when it was so general and prevailing, that all flesh had corrupted its way, and all the nations of the earth were running eagerly into it. Even the Egyptians, a people so famed for wisdom and good understanding, were as senseless and as corrupt in their idolatry, as any of their neighbours. The Hebrews themselves, whatever former care had been taken to preserve the knowledge of the true God and true religion in the family of Abraham, were so addicted to this common corruption of religion, and were so ready to fall into it, that there seemed no other way left to put any stop to the progress of idolatry any where, or to preserve the true religion in any people, but by some constitution formed on this plan, and which might effectually carry on this design in the several parts of it. And this the goodness and wisdom of God made a principal design in the constitution of the Jewish government.

More effectually to answer this chief design, there was another subordinate intention in the constitution of this government. It was of no small consequence to keep this nation separate from other nations, and from such intercourse with idolaters, as might end in an apostacy from their own religion to the idolatry of their neighbours. There is then a law in general given by Moses, in which he is directed to say in God's name to the children of Israel, "I am the Lord your God, after the doings of the land of Egypt, wherein ye dwelt, shall ye not do; and after the doings of the land of Canaan, whither I bring you, shall ye not do; neither shall ye walk in their ordinances, ye shall do my judgments and keep my ordinances to walk herein; I am Jehovah your God."

Farther, Moses having recited the many and great abominations committed by the Canaanites, on the loss of the right knowledge of the one true God and of the true religion; and through the corruption of idolatrous doctrines and practices, it is added; "defile not ye yourselves in any of these things: for in all these the nations are defiled, which I cast out before you." And again; "therefore shall ye keep mine ordinance that ye commit not any one of these abominable customs which were committed before you, that ye defile not yourselves therein; I am Jehovah your God." For the same purpose it is repeated; "and ye shall not walk in the manners of the nations which I cast out before you, for they committed all these things, and therefore I abhorred them; but I have said unto you, ye shall inherit their land, and I will give it unto you to possess it; a land that floweth with milk and honey. I am the Lord your God which hath separated you from other people, and ye shall be holy unto me; for I the Lord am holy, and have separated you from other people that ye should be mine."

It had appeared by notorious examples, how easily the Hebrews themselves were to be enticed into idolatry, by frequenting the company of idolaters, and by conversing too much and too familiarly with them, while Israel abode in Shittim; "the people began to commit whoredom with the daughters of Moab, and they called the people to the sacrifice of their gods; and the people did eat, and bowed down to their gods:" so easy was the passage from feasting with them on their sacrifices, to joining with them in their idolatry. "Thus Israel joined himself to Baal-peor."

Such an example of prevailing idolatry, is justly given, as a sufficient reason for a careful separation of the Hebrew people from idolatrous neighbours, in order to prevent so very dan-

gerous temptations in future times. Moses therefore thus exhorts Israel, "your eyes have seen what the Lord did, because of Baal-peor, the Lord thy God hath destroyed them from among you: but ye that did cleave unto the Lord your God, are alive every one of you this day. Behold I have taught you statutes and judgments, even as the Lord my God commanded me, that you should do so in the land whither ye go to possess it. Keep therefore and do them, for that is your wisdom and your understanding, in the sight of all the nations which shall hear of all these statutes, and say, surely this great nation is a great and understanding people."

Among the laws here spoken of, there are some, the wisdom of which appear principally, if not solely, as they were chosen and commanded to this end, to separate the Hebrews from their idolatrous neighbours, by a prohibition of every idolatrous rite. The law itself for prohibiting intermarriages with idolaters expressly gives this reason for it, "Neither shall you make marriages with them, thy daughter thou shalt not give unto his son, nor his daughter shalt thou take unto thy son; for they will turn away thy son from following me, that they may serve other gods; so will the anger of the Lord be kindled against you and destroy thee suddenly."

Many other laws, which at first view seem to be of small importance and concern, for the enacting of which some look for no reason at all, but the alone will of the law-giver, will appear, in this view, of concern and importance, sufficient for the wisdom of God to take notice of, when he gave his laws to this nation. The most judicious of the Hebrew doctors has very well explained several of the Mosaical laws upon this single consideration.

He gives this general reason for many laws, that they were made to keep men from idolatry, and such false opinions as are a-kin to idolatry; such as the pretences to incantations, divinations, foretelling things by the stars, or by the possession of some spirit or demon, or consulting with such persons. He farther justly observes, that such things as are supposed to be effected by any magic actions, or are founded on any dispositions or influences of the stars, necessarily induce men to reverence and worship them. He observes many of the magic rites consisted in certain gestures, actions, or the use of certain words, and mentions several examples of such superstitions; among the rest a remarkable rite to prevent a storm of hail.

However trifling some of the Mosaical laws may appear at first view, and unworthy the wisdom of God to enact them as laws; yet the case will appear quite otherwise, when they are considered as necessary provisions against the danger of idolatry.

The law for instance, that appoints, "ye shall not round the corners of your heads, neither shalt thou mar the corners of thy beard," will thus appear directions of importance, when it was to prevent a magical custom of the idolatrous priests, who made this sort of cutting off their hair and beards essential to their worship; and used them as things of consequence, in order to procure from their idols the several blessings they desired and prayed for. A prohibition of such idolatrous and magical ceremonies was not so trivial, or below the care of a wise law-giver, who had a design in the constitution of the Hebrew government, to keep that people from all idolatrous customs.

In like manner we may easily perceive a reason why the law should direct, "Neither shall a garment of linen and woollen come upon thee;" when we understand, that such mixed

garments of linen and woollen were the proper habits of idolatrous priests; and which, according to the professed doctrines of their idolatrous worship, were supposed to have some powerful magical virtue in them.

For the same reason we can easily understand the wisdom of appointing by law, that "the woman shall not wear that which appertaineth unto a man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment; for all that do so are abomination to the Lord thy God;" when it was an idolatrous constitution of their neighbours, as Maimon found it in a magic book, that men ought to stand before the star of Venus in the flowered garments of women; and women were to put on the armour of men before the star of Mars, as bishop Patrick on the place truly represents its meaning.

The same idolatrous custom is observed by Macrobius, that men worshipped Venus in women's habits, and women in the habits of men.

There is no reason then, we see, to imagine that these laws, which were to distinguish the Hebrew people from the idolatrous nations, were made only out of hatred to their neighbours, and to all their customs and manners, good or bad, innocent as well as idolatrous. It appears on the contrary to be plainly quite another reason; it was from a wise care of their preservation from such idolatrous customs, as there was very great reason to fear, would prove a dangerous temptation to lead them into idolatry, and which were hardly to be used without it. All reflections, with how much confidence soever on the Hebrew laws, as if they were established upon no better motives than the hatred of their neighbours, will appear in this view groundless, and without all foundation, when the true reason shall appear so wise, so plain, and so natural.

These two views then, to preserve in the Hebrew nation the knowledge and worship of the one true God, and to preserve it from the spreading evils of idolatry, by separating it from the society of idolaters, by forbidding all use of idolatrous rites and customs, may be looked upon as considerable intentions in the constitution; according to which, we are to examine and to judge of the equity and wisdom of the constitution itself. Neither of which can be so well judged of, without taking these intentions into consideration. If we regard the Hebrew constitution only as an institution of religion and religious worship, or only as a civil polity and a form of civil government, we shall widely mistake the true nature of it. It is evident beyond question, the Mosaical account of it represents it a theocracy, in which Jehovah is God and King; and in which the true worship of the only true God was to be preserved against idolatry, and the nation, in obedience to the laws of this institution, should enjoy liberty, peace, prosperity, and happiness in the protection of a wise and powerful government.

It may be proper to observe here, that these designs appear in themselves worthy the wisdom and the goodness of God; that he should take care in some proper way to put a stop to so prevailing a course of idolatry. If the design should appear in itself manifestly wise and good, the proper means to effect it will appear to be equitable, wise, and good also. Some seem not to perceive, at least are not willing to own this. The more fully then to make us sensible of it, let us briefly observe some of the many great evils of idolatry, which this Hebrew constitution was intended and formed to prevent.

One of the chief and most influencing principles of idolatry, was a false persuasion that the temporal blessings of life, health, length of days, fruitful seasons, victory in wars, and such advantages were to be ex-

pected and sougnt for as the gifts of some inferior and subordinate beings, as guardians of mortal men; or from secret influence of the stars and heavenly bodies, supposed inhabited, and animated by some powerful beings, or gods, whose protection and favour were to be obtained by the use of some magical ceremonies, gestures, and words, or by some senseless or some barbarous rites of worship.

Thus men came not only to lose the true knowledge of the only one God, and of his immediate providence, and that all these blessings could therefore come from him alone, who was best pleased and best worshipped by virtue, goodness, righteousness, and true holiness; but they became necessarily vicious and corrupt in practice, as well as principle. They came to think they were not to expect the blessings of life from the favour of the one true God, a Being himself of infinite purity, righteousness, and goodness, by reverencing and by imitating him; but from the favour of a Jupiter, who with all his fine titles is represented in his history, to have been as intemperate, as lustful, and as wicked as any the worst of men; or from a Mercury, a patron of thieves and robbers; or from a Bacchus, the god of intemperance and drunkenness; or from a Venus, the patroness of all manner of uncleanness and debauchery.

The known principles and the most sacred ceremonies and mysteries in the idolatrous worship of such deities, actually showed what encouragement was given to all manner of vice. They extinguished all religious principles of moral virtue and goodness, and gave additional strength to men's natural inclinations, to intemperance, lust, fraud, violence, and every kind of unrighteousness and debauchery. The Phalli, and the Mylli, known religious rites in the worship of Bacchus, Osiris, and Ceres, were such obscene ceremonies, that modesty forbids to explain them. It may be sufficient to mention the known custom of virgins before marriage, sacrificing their chastity to the honour of Venus, as a lascivious goddess, as the historian expresses it, lest she alone should appear lascivious. A custom, according to the historian, which was especially used in Cyprus, which was in the neighbourhood of Canaan.

Idolatry had introduced another most cruel custom of human sacrifices. This prevailed among the Phenicians, the Tyrians, and the Carthaginians, a Tyrian colony; on which inhuman custom the forementioned historian makes this remark, that they used a bloody and wicked rite of religion, as a remedy. They offered men for sacrifices, and brought young children to the altars, at an age that usually moves the compassion of an enemy; and endeavoured to obtain the favour of the gods by the blood of those, for whose lives prayers were more generally used to be made to the gods.

This cruel custom, how inhuman soever, such were the evil effects of idolatry, soon became almost universal; and spread itself among the Greeks, the Gauls, and the German nations.

Among the Canaanites it was a known custom to offer their children to Moloch, likely the same idol with Adrameleck and Anameleck. Some learned men have indeed been willing to believe, that passing through the fire to Moloch, might mean a sort of purification, rather than actual burning them in the fire; but besides the testimony of historians in general to the practice of other nations, the Scriptures plainly mean consuming them to death by fire. So it is described by the prophet Ezekiel; "And have caused their sons whom they bare unto me, to

pass through the fire to devour them." Did they cause them to pass through the fire, only to purify them, and to preserve them alive? No, certainly; but to devour or consume them. The same prophet elsewhere determines this meaning. "Thou hast slain my children and delivered them to cause them to pass through the fire." It is charged as an act of idolatry in Ahaz, that he caused his son to pass through the fire, according to the abomination of the Heathen." This is explained in another place, that "he burned his children in the fire after the abomination of the Heathen." And it is expressly said of Adrameleck, and Anameleck, the idols of Sepharvaim, that, "they burned their children in the fire to them."

If we consider the many other abominable immoralities of the Canaanites, by which they defiled themselves, as they are enumerated in the prohibition of them to the Hebrew nation, we may easily perceive, that a nation which had defiled themselves in so many and so great abominations, did well deserve an exemplary punishment from the righteous judge of the earth; that it was wise, as well as just, to show in their punishment, that their idols were not, as they imagined and falsely believed, the givers of long life, peace, and worldly prosperity; but that the one true God was alone the supreme disposer of all the blessings of providence; and that none of the idol gods, in whom they trusted, could save them out of his hand, or deliver them, when God should visit their iniquities.

May we not also perceive a kind design, in giving some remarkable instances of providence, for the punishment of so gross immoralities, the effects of idolatrous principles and practice, and for the encouragement of such acknowledgment and worship of the true God, as was the best preservative against these abominations, by some observable instances of particular protection and favour; to let such worshippers of the true God know, that by keeping themselves from those abominations, the natural and usual effects of idolatry, they were to hope for the continuance of such particular protection and favour in all after-times?

Hence it may appear, the severity with which the Hebrew history acquaints us, the Canaanites were punished, and the title whereby the Hebrews held their land, whom God cast out before them, were no ways inconsistent with the justice, or wisdom, or goodness of God, as some have insinuated. The question is really brought to this one point, whether such abominable immoralities, as followed naturally and universally from their idolatrous principles, and forms of worship, were not highly criminal; so criminal as to deserve a punishment? that it became the justice and wisdom of the Governor of the world to put some stop to them, to prevent them in some measure, by forming and establishing a constitution in which the knowledge and worship of the one true God should be preserved in opposition to idolatry, a perpetual source of innumerable vices and immoralities. Idolatry, you see then, appears in the natural fruits of it, not only an error of the understanding, not at all a matter of harmless speculation, but a fountain of very dangerous immoralities, which led men naturally, and even with the encouragements of religion, into intemperance, uncleanness, murders, and many vices, inconsistent with the prosperity and peace of society, as well as with the happiness of private persons. When God shall punish such iniquities, he punishes men for their wickedness, not for their errors. He punishes men for such wickedness, as deserves to be punished, whatever pretended principles or real dictates of conscience

it may proceed from. No man sure, can reasonably account it injustice in a government to punish sodomy, bestiality, or the frequent murder of innocent children, what pretences soever men should make to conscience or religion, in vindication of them. The most unnatural sins were countenanced by the mysteries of idolatrous worship; the use of that obscene ceremony the Phalli, owed its original to the memory of the sin against nature, and to the history of a god hallowing it by his own act. Can any man reasonably call such a restraint of vice persecution, when not to endeavour by all means to restrain it, would argue a great neglect, weakness, and folly, in any administration of government whatsoever?

If then the punishment for so heinous crimes and immoralities will be just and wise in itself, which way can any man find out, to make it unjust or unwise in the supreme Governor of the world? How can it be unjust in him, to appoint such persons as he shall think most fit, to execute such righteous judgment by his commission? The common rights of nations, and any personal claim of the Hebrews, are altogether out of this question; the history plainly shows, they made no personal or national claim at all to the land of Canaan; but that God cast out the people before them, for all their abominations; that it was not their own power, but the hand of God, which brought them out of the land of Egypt, and into the promised land. So that the whole is considered as the immediate act of God himself, for the proof of which the history gives a long series of miracles, in Egypt, at the Red Sea, for many years in the wilderness, at the taking of Jericho, and settling the Hebrew nation in the possession of the promised land.

And here let us justly observe, that this very way of punishing the Canaanites for their many great abominations by the Hebrew nation, to whom God gave the possession of their land, has some peculiar marks of wisdom, which may show it fit to be preferred to many other ways; such as pestilential distempers, fire from heaven, or a flood, ways in which God hath punished the wickedness of the world in former times. For this was a very fit means for the cure, as well as the punishment of idolatry, to destroy the root of these great evils, as well as to execute righteous judgment on those who had committed them. This was a design every way worthy the wisdom and goodness of God. Sure then, no ways inconsistent with his justice. The protection of the Hebrew nation, and the favour of God to them as a peculiar people, was a visible and standing confutation of idolatry; it showed that Jehovah, the one true God, the King of Israel, had himself an immediate hand in the administration of particular providence; that he had not given it out of his own hands into the hands of any inferior beings whatsoever, which error was the great foundation of idolatry. It farther showed the power of Jehovah the true God, manifested in the protection of his people, superior to the power of all the idols of the Heathen; and that none of the false gods they worshipped could be compared to Jehovah.

This is a question then not to be argued from the common rights of men, and nations; for no such rights, either of invasion or conquest, are so much as pretended to in the most distant manner. We see the only point in question, is, what are the rights of God's supreme authority? What is consistent with the wisdom of his government, how far he may punish the greatest immoralities with temporal evils? Ask the Sacred History, it will tell you, the Hebrews set up no title to the land of Canaan, either civil or religious, in their own

right; it only makes the rights of the Sovereign of the world as extensive as the rights of the chief magistrates in every government are allowed by the laws of nature and nations to be over their own subjects. The Scriptures on this question only assert, that God gave a commission to execute his sentence, which was either a forfeiture of lands, or life, for a long commission of crimes, that deservedly incurred the forfeiture of both.

Whether the Hebrew nation had really such a commission from God, or no; whether they were truly directed by divine oracle; whether such wonders were really wrought before their eyes, and such unquestionable instances of divine favour and protection in a long series for many years, as the Hebrew history relates: these are all questions of fact. But in all such questions general and abstract reasonings can have no place, where the facts themselves are naturally and morally possible, as every one may perceive they are in this case. If the supreme Governor of the world has a right to give such commission, if it is not unjust to use the hands of men, instead of a plague or fire from heaven, to punish the wickedness of men, the only question that can remain in such a case is this, whether in fact the Hebrew nation did really receive such a commission from Jehovah, or no: Thus far then the whole will rest upon the evidence of the Mosaic revelation; and there I shall leave it, it not being the design of this dissertation to enter into an argument, in which many, as I apprehend, have already given so full satisfaction.

Rev. Moses Lowman.

§ 121. *The Excellence of Scripture.*

The incomparable excellency which is in the sacred Scriptures, will fully appear, if we consider the matters contained in them under this threefold capacity. 1. As matters of divine revelation. 2. As a rule of life. 3. As containing that covenant of grace which relates to man's eternal happiness.

I. Consider the Scriptures generally, as containing in it matters of divine revelation, and therein the excellency of the Scripture appears in two things. 1. The matters which are revealed. 2. The manner in which they are revealed.

I. The matters which are revealed in Scripture, may be considered these three ways. 1. As they are matters of the greatest weight and moment. 2. As matters of the greatest depth and mysteriousness. 3. As matters of the most universal satisfaction to the minds of men.

I. They are matters of the greatest moment and importance for men to know. The wisdom of men is most known by the weight of the things they speak; and therefore that wherein the wisdom of God is discovered, cannot contain any thing that is mean and trivial; they must be matters of the highest importance, which the Supreme Ruler of the world vouchsafes to speak to men concerning: and such we shall find the matters which God hath revealed in his word to be, which either concern the rectifying our apprehensions of his nature, or making known to men their state and condition, or discovering the way whereby to avoid eternal misery. Now which is there of these three, which, supposing God to discover his mind to the world, it doth not highly become him to speak to men of?

1. What is there which doth more highly concern men to know, than God himself? or what more glorious and excellent object could he discover than himself to the world? There is nothing certainly which should more commend the Scriptures to us, than that thereby we may grow

more acquainted with God; that we may know more of his nature, and all his perfections, and many of the great reasons of his actings in the world. We may by them understand with safety what the eternal purposes of God were as to the way of man's recovery by the death of his Son; we may there see and understand the great wisdom of God; not only in the contrivance of the world, and ordering of it, but in the gradual revelations of himself to his people, by what steps he trained up his church till the fulness of time was come; what his aim was in laying such a load of ceremonies on his people the Jews; by what steps and degrees he made way for the full revelation of his will to the world by speaking in these last days by his Son, after he had spoken at sundry times and divers manners by the prophets, &c. unto the fathers. In the Scriptures we read the most rich and admirable discoveries of divine goodness, and all the ways and methods he useth in alluring sinners to himself; with what majesty he commands, with what condescension he entreats, with what importunity he woos men's souls to be reconciled to him; with what favour he embraceth, with what tenderness he chastiseth, with what bowels he pitieth those who have chosen him to be their God! With what power he supporteth, with what wisdom he directeth, with what cordials he refresheth the souls of such who are dejected under the sense of his displeasure, and yet their love is sincere towards him! With what profound humility, what holy boldness, what becoming distance, and yet what restless importunity do we therein find the souls of God's people addressing themselves to him in prayer! With what cheerfulness do they serve him, with what confidence do they trust him, with what resolution do they adhere to him in all straits and difficulties, with what patience do they submit to his will in their greatest extremities! How fearful are they of sinning against God, how careful to please him, how regardless of suffering, when they must choose either that or sinning, how little apprehensive of men's displeasure, while they enjoy the favour of God! Now all these things which are so fully and pathetically expressed in Scripture, do abundantly set forth to us the exuberancy and pleonasm of God's grace and goodness towards his people, which makes them delight so much in him, and be so sensible of his displeasure. But above all other discoveries of God's goodness, his sending his Son into the world to die for sinners, is that which the Scripture sets forth with the greatest life and eloquence. By eloquence, I mean not an artificial composure of words, but the gravity, weight, and persuasiveness of the matter contained in them. And what can tend more to melt our frozen hearts into a current of thankful obedience to God, than the vigorous reflection of the beams of God's love through Jesus Christ upon us? Was there ever so great an expression of love heard of! nay, was it possible to be imagined, that that God who perfectly hates sin, should himself offer the pardon of it, and send his Son into the world to secure it to the sinner, who doth so heartily repent of his sins, as to deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Christ! Well might the Apostle say, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." How dry and sapless are all the voluminous discourses of philosophers, compared with this sentence! How jejune and unsatisfactory are all the discoveries they had of God and his goodness, in comparison of what we have by the Gospel of Christ! Well might Paul then say, "That he de-

termined to know nothing but Christ and him crucified." Christ crucified is the library which triumphant souls will be studying to all eternity. This is the only library which to commend is the true ἰατρεῖον ψυχῆς, that which cures the soul of all its maladies and distempers; other knowledge makes men's minds giddy and flatulent, this settles and composes them; other knowledge is apt to swell men into high conceits and opinions of themselves, this brings them to the truest view of themselves, and thereby to humility and sobriety; other knowledge leaves men's hearts as it found them, this alters them and makes them better. So transcendent an excellency is there in the knowledge of Christ crucified above the sublimest speculations in the world!

And is not this an inestimable benefit we enjoy by the Scripture, that therein we can read and converse with all these expressions of God's love and goodness, and that in his own language? Shall we admire and praise what we meet with in Heathen philosophers, which is generous and handsome; and shall we not adore the infinite fulness of the Scriptures, which run over with continued expressions of that and a higher nature? What folly is it to magnify those lean kine, the notions of philosophers, and to contemn the fat, the plenty and fulness of the Scriptures? If there be not far more valuable and excellent discoveries of the divine nature and perfections, if there be not far more excellent directions and rules of practice in the Sacred Scriptures, than in the sublimest of all the philosophers, then let us leave our full ears, and feed upon the thin. But certainly no sober and rational spirit, that puts any value upon the knowledge of God, but on the same account that he doth prize the discourses of any philosophers concerning God, he cannot but set a value of a far higher nature on the Word of God. And as the goodness of God is thus discovered in scripture, so is his justice and holiness: we have therein recorded the most remarkable judgments of God upon contumacious sinners, the severest denunciations of a judgment to come against all that live in sin, the exactest precepts of holiness in the world; and what can be desired more to discover the holiness of God, than we find in Scripture concerning him? If therefore acquaintance with the nature, perfection, designs of so excellent a being as God is, be a thing desirable to human nature, we have the greatest cause to admire the excellency and adore the fulness of the Scriptures, which gives so large, rational, and complete account of the being and attributes of God. And which tends yet more to commend the Scriptures to us, those things which the Scripture doth most fully discover concerning God, do not at all contradict those prime and common notions which are in our natures concerning him, but do exceedingly advance and improve them, and tend the most to regulate our conceptions and apprehensions of God, that we may not miscarry therein, as otherwise men are apt to do. For it being natural to men so far to love themselves, as to set the greatest value upon those excellencies which they think themselves most masters of: thence men come to be exceedingly mistaken in their apprehensions of a deity, some attributing one thing as a perfection, another a different thing, according to their humours and inclinations. Thus imperious self-willed men are apt to cry up God's absolute power and dominion as his greatest perfection; easy and soft-spirited men his patience and goodness; severe and rigid men his justice and severity: every one according to his humour and temper, making his god of his own

complexion: and not only so, but in things remote enough from being perfections at all, yet because they are such things as they prize and value, they suppose of necessity they must be in God, as is evident in the Epicureans' ἀταξαξία, by which they exclude providence, as hath already been observed. And withal considering how very difficult it is for one who really believes that God is of a pure, just, and holy nature, and that he hath grievously offended him by his sins, to believe that this God will pardon him upon true repentance: it is thence necessary that God should make known himself to the world, to prevent our misconceptions of his nature, and to assure a suspicious, because guilty creature, how ready he is to pardon iniquity, transgression, and sin, to such as unfeignedly repent of their follies, and return unto himself. Though the light of nature may dictate much to us of the benignity and goodness of the divine nature, yet it is hard to conceive that that should discover farther than God's general goodness to such as please him: but no foundation can be gathered thence of his readiness to pardon offenders, which being an act of grace, must alone be discovered by his will. I cannot think the sun, moon, and stars are such itinerant preachers, as to unfold unto us the whole counsel and will of God in reference to man's acceptance with God upon repentance. It is not every star in the firmament can do that which the star once did to the wise men, lead them unto Christ. The sun in the heavens is no Parelius to the sun of righteousness. The best astronomer will never find the day-star from on high in the rest of his number. What St. Austin said of Tully's works, is true of the whole volume of the creation. There are admirable things to be found in them: but the name of Christ is not legible there. The work of redemption is not engraven on the works of providence; if it had, a particular divine revelation had been unnecessary, and the apostles were sent on a needless errand, which the world had understood without their preaching, viz. "That God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing to men their trespasses, and hath committed to them the ministry of reconciliation." How was the word of reconciliation committed to them if it were common to them with the whole frame of the world? and the apostle's query elsewhere might have been easily answered, How can men hear without a preacher? for then they might have known the way of salvation, without any special messenger sent to deliver it to them. I grant that God's long suffering and patience is intended to lead men to repentance, and that some general collections might be made from providence of the placability of God's nature, and that God never left himself without a witness of his goodness in the world, being kind to the unthankful, and doing good, in giving rain and fruitful seasons. But though these things might sufficiently discover to such who were apprehensive of the guilt of sin, that God did not act according to his greatest severity, and thereby did give men encouragement to hearken out and inquire after the true way of being reconciled to God; yet all this amounts not to a firm foundation for faith as to the remission of sin, which doth suppose God himself publishing an act of grace and indemnity to the world, wherein he assures the pardon of sin to such as truly repent and unfeignedly believe his holy Gospel. Now is not this an inestimable advantage we enjoy by the Scriptures, that therein we understand what God himself hath discovered of his own nature and perfections, and of his readiness to pardon sin upon

those gracious terms of faith and repentance, and that which necessarily follows from these two, hearty and sincere obedience?

2. The Scriptures give the most faithful representation of the state and condition of the soul of man. The world was almost lost in disputes concerning the nature, condition, and immortality of the soul before divine revelation was made known to mankind by the gospel of Christ; but "life and immortality was brought to light by the gospel," and the future state of the soul of man, not discovered in an uncertain Platonical way, but with the greatest light and evidence from that God who hath the supreme disposal of souls, and therefore best knows and understands them. The Scriptures plainly and fully reveal a judgment to come, in which God will judge the secrets of all hearts, when every one must give an account of himself unto God, and God will call men to give an account of their stewardship here, of all the receipts they have had from him, and the expenses they have been at, and the improvements they have made of the talents he put into their hands. So that the gospel of Christ is the fullest instrument of the discovery of the certainty of the future state of the soul, and the conditions which abide it, upon its being dislodged from the body. But this is not all which the Scripture discovers as to the state of the soul; for it is not only a prospective-glass, reaching to its future state, but it is the most faithful looking-glass, to discover all the spots and deformities of the soul: and not only shows where they are, but whence they came, what their nature is, and whither they tend. The true original of all that disorder and discomposure which is in the soul of man, is only fully and satisfactorily given us in the Word of God. The nature and working of this corruption in man, had never been so clearly manifested, had not the law and will of God been discovered to the world; that is the glass whereby we see the secret workings of those bees in our hearts, the corruptions of our natures; that sets forth the folly of our imaginations, the unruliness of our passions, the distempers of our wills, and the abundant deceitfulness of our hearts. And it is hard for the most Elephantine sinner (one of the greatest magnitude) so to trouble these waters, as not therein to discover the greatness of his own deformities. But that which tends most to awaken the drowsy, senseless spirits of men, the Scripture doth most fully describe the tendency of corruption, "that the wages of sin is death," and the issue of continuance in sin will be the everlasting misery of the soul, in a perpetual separation from the presence of God, and undergoing the lashes and severities of conscience to all eternity. What a great discovery is this of the faithfulness of God to the world, that he suffers not men to undo themselves without letting them know of it before hand, that they might avoid it! God seeks not to entrap men's souls, nor doth he rejoice in the misery and ruin of his creatures, but fully declares to them what the consequence and issue of their sinful practices will be, assures them of a judgment to come, declares his own future severity against contumacious sinners, that they might not think themselves surprised, and that if they had known there had been so great danger in sin, they would never have been such fools as for the sake of it to run into eternal misery. Now God to prevent this, with the greatest plainness and faithfulness, hath showed men the nature and danger of all their sins, and asks them before hand what they will do in the end thereof; whether they are able to bear his wrath, and wrestle with everlasting burnings? if not, he bids them be-

think themselves of what they have done already, and repent and amend their lives, lest iniquity prove their ruin, and destruction overtake them, and that without remedy. Now if men have cause to prize and value a faithful monitor, one that tenders their good, and would prevent their ruin, we have cause exceedingly to prize and value the Scriptures, which give us the truest representation of the state and condition of our souls.

3. The Scripture discovers to us the only way of pleasing God and enjoying his favour. That clearly reveals the way (which man might have sought for to all eternity without particular revelation) whereby sins may be pardoned, and whatever we do may be acceptable unto God. It shows us that the ground of our acceptance with God, is through Christ, whom he hath made "a propitiation for the sins of the world," and who alone is the true and living way, whereby we may "draw near to God with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience." Through Christ we understand the terms on which God will show favour and grace to the world, and by him we have ground of a παῤῥησία access with freedom and boldness unto God. On his account we may hope not only for grace to subdue our sins, resist temptations, conquer the devil and the world; but having "fought this good fight, and finished our course by patient continuance in well doing, we may justly look for glory, honour, and immortality," and that "crown of righteousness which is laid up for those who wait in faith," holiness, and humility, for the appearance of Christ from heaven. Now what things can there be of greater moment and importance for men to know, or God to reveal, than the nature of God and ourselves, the state and condition of our souls, the only way to avoid eternal misery and enjoy everlasting bliss!

The Scriptures discover not only matters of importance, but of the greatest depth and mysteriousness. There are many wonderful things in the law of God, things we may admire, but are never able to comprehend. Such are the eternal purposes and decrees of God, the doctrine of the Trinity, the incarnation of the Son of God, and the manner of the operation of the Spirit of God upon the souls of men, which are all things of great weight and moment for us to understand and believe that they are, and yet may be unsearchable to our reason, as to the particular manner of them.

The Scripture comprehends matters of the most universal satisfaction to the minds of men; though many things do much exceed our apprehensions, yet others are most suitable to the dictates of our nature, as Origen bid Celsus see, whether it was not the agreeableness of the principles of faith with the common notions of human nature, which prevailed most upon all candid and ingenuous auditors of them. And therefore, as Socrates said of Heraclitus's books, what he understood was excellent, and therefore he supposed that which he did not understand was so too: so ought we to say of the Scriptures: if those things which are within our capacity be so suitable to our natures and reasons, those cannot contradict our reason which yet are above them. There are many things which the minds of men were sufficiently assured that they were, yet were to seek for satisfaction concerning them, which they could never have had without divine revelation. As the nature of true happiness, wherein it lay, and how to be obtained, which the philosophers were so puzzled with, the Scriptures give us full satisfaction concerning it. True contentment under the

troubles of life, which the Scripture only acquaints us with the true grounds of; and all the prescriptions of Heathen moralists fall as much short of, as the directions of an empiric do of a wise and skilful physician. Avoiding the fears of death, which can alone be through a grounded expectation of a future state of happiness which death leads men to, which cannot be had but through the right understanding of the Word of God. Thus we see the excellency of the matters themselves contained in this revelation of the mind of God to the world.

As the matters themselves are of an excellent nature, so is the manner wherein they are revealed in the Scriptures; and that,

1. In a clear and perspicuous manner; not but there may be still some passages which are hard to be understood, as being either prophetical, or consisting of ambiguous phrases, or containing matters above our comprehension; but all those things which concern the terms of man's salvation, are delivered with the greatest evidence and perspicuity. Who cannot understand what these things mean, "what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"—that "without faith it is impossible to please God?"—that "without holiness none shall see the Lord"—that "unless we be born again we can never enter into the kingdom of heaven:" these and such like things are so plain and clear, that it is nothing but men's shutting their eyes against the light can keep them from understanding them; God intended these things as directions to men; and is he not able to speak intelligibly when he pleases? He that made the tongue, shall he not speak so as to be understood without an infallible interpreter? especially when it is his design to make known to men the terms of their eternal happiness? Will God judge men at the great day for not believing those things which they could not understand? Strange, that ever man should judge the Scriptures obscure in matters necessary, when the Scripture accounts it so great a judgment for men not to understand them. "If our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost; in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ should shine unto them." Sure Lot's door was visible enough, if it were a judgment for the men of Sodom not to see it; and the Scriptures then are plain and intelligible enough, if it be so great a judgment not to understand them.

2. In a powerful and authoritative manner; as the things contained in Scripture do not so much beg acceptance as command it; in that the expressions wherein our duty is concerned, are such as awe men's consciences and pierce to their hearts and to their secret thoughts; all things are open and naked before this Word of God; every secret of the mind and thought of the heart lies open to its stroke and force; "it is quick and powerful, sharper than a two-edged sword, piercing to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." The word is a telescope to discover the great luminaries of the world, the truths of highest concernment to the souls of men, and it is such a microscope as discovers to us the smallest atom of our thoughts, and discerns the most secret intents of the heart. And as far as this light reacheth, it comes with power and authority, as it comes armed with the majesty of that God who reveals it, whose authority extends over the soul and conscience of man in its most secret and hidden recesses.

3. In a pure and unmixed manner;

in all other writings, how good soever, we have a great mixture of dross and gold together: here is nothing but pure gold, diamonds without flaws, suns without spots. The most current coins of the world have their alloys of baser metals, there is no such mixture in divine truths; as they all come from the same author, so they all have the same purity. There is a Urim and Thummim upon the whole Scripture, light and perfection in every part of it. In the Philosophers we may meet, it may be, with some scattered fragments of purer metal, amidst abundance of dross and impure ore; here we have whole wedges of gold, the same vein of purity and holiness running through the whole book of Scriptures. Hence it is called "the form of sound words;" here have been no hucksters to corrupt and mix their own inventions with divine truths.

4. In an uniform and agreeable manner. This I grant is not sufficient of itself to prove the Scriptures to be divine, because all men do not contradict themselves in their writings, but yet here are some peculiar circumstances to be considered in the agreeableness of the parts of Scripture to each other, which are not to be found in mere human writings.

1. That this doctrine was delivered by persons who lived in different ages and times from each other. Usually one age corrects another's faults, and we are apt to pity the ignorance of our predecessors, when it may be our posterity may think us as ignorant, as we do them. But in the Sacred Scripture we read not one age condemning another; we find light still increasing in the series of times in Scripture, but no reflections in any time upon the ignorance, or weakness of the precedent; the dimmest light was sufficient for its age, and was a step to farther discovery. Quintilian gives it as the reason of the great uncertainty of Grammar rules, "quia non analogia dimissa cœlo formam loquendi dedit;" that which he wanted as to Grammar, we have as to divine truth; they are delivered from heaven, and therefore are always uniform and agreeable to each other.

2. By persons of different interests in the world. God made choice of men of all ranks to be inditers of his oracles, to make it appear it was no matter of state policy, or particular interest, which was contained in his word, which persons, of such different interest, could not have agreed in as they do. We have Moses, David, Solomon, persons of royal rank and quality; and can it be any mean thing, which these think it their glory to be penners of? We have Isaiah, Daniel, and other persons of the highest education and accomplishments, and can it be any trivial thing which these employ themselves in? We have Amos, and other prophets in the Old Testament, and the apostles in the New, of the meaner sort of men in the world, yet all these join in concert together; when God tunes their spirits, all agree in the same strain of divine truths, and give light and harmony to each other.

3. By persons in different places and conditions; some in prosperity in their own country, some under banishment and adversity, yet all agreeing in the same substance of doctrine; of which no alteration we see was made, either for the flattery of those in power, or for avoiding miseries and calamities. And under all the different dispensations before, under, and after the law, though the management of things was different, yet the doctrine and design was for substance the same in all. All the different dispensations agree in the same common principles of religion; the same ground of acceptance with

God, and obligation to duty was common to all, though the peculiar instances wherein God was served might be different according to the ages of growth in the church of God. So that this great uniformity considered in these circumstances, is an argument that these things came originally from the same Spirit, though conveyed through different instruments to the knowledge of the world.

5. In a persuasive and convincing manner: and that these ways, 1. Bringing divine truth down to our capacity, clothing spiritual matter in familiar expressions and similitudes, that so they might have the easier admission into our minds. 2. Propounding things as our interest, which are our duty; thence God so frequently in Scripture, recommends our duties to us under all those motives which are wont to have the greatest force on the minds of men; and annexeth gracious promises to our performance of them; and those of the most weighty and concerning things. Of grace, favour, protection, deliverance, audience of prayers, and eternal happiness, and if these will not prevail with men, what motives will? 3. Courting us to obedience, when he might not only command us to obey but punish presently for disobedience. Hence are all those most pathetical and affectionate strains we read in Scripture: "O that there were such a heart within them, that they would fear me and keep all my commandments always, that it might go well with them, and with their children after them!—Woe unto thee, O Jerusalem, wilt thou not be made clean? when shall it once be?—Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways, for why will ye die, O house of Israel? How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? how shall I deliver thee, Israel? how shall I make thee as Admah? how shall I set thee as Zeboim?—Mine heart is turned within me, my repentings are kindled together.—O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not?" What majesty and yet what sweetness and condescension is there in these expressions! What obstinacy and rebellion is it in men for them to stand out against God, when he thus comes down from his throne of majesty and woos rebellious sinners to return unto him that they may be pardoned! Such a matchless and unparalleled strain of rhetoric is there in the Scripture, far above art and insinuations of the most admired orators. Thus we see the peculiar excellency of the manner wherein the matters contained in Scripture are revealed to us: thus we have considered the excellency of the Scripture, as it is a discovery of God's mind to the world.

The Scriptures may be considered as a rule of life, or as a law of God, which is given for the government of the lives of men, and therein the excellency of it lies in the nature of the duties, and the encouragements to the practice of them.

I. In the nature of the duties required, which are most becoming God to require, most reasonable for us to perform.

1. Most becoming God to require, as they are most suitable and agreeable to the divine nature, the imitation of which in our actions is the substance of our religion. Imitation of him in his goodness and holiness, by our constant endeavours of mortifying sin and growing in grace and piety. In his grace and mercy, by our kindness to all men, forgiving the injuries men do unto us, doing good unto our greatest enemies. In his justice and equity, by doing as we would be done by, and keeping a conscience void of offence towards God and towards men. The first takes in the duties of the first, the other the duties of the second table.

All acts of piety towards God, are a part of justice; for as Tully saith, "Quid, aliud est pietas nisi justitia, adversus deos?" And so our loving God with our whole hearts, our entire and sincere obedience to his will, is a part of natural justice; for thereby we do but render unto God that which is his due from us as we are his creatures. We see then the whole duty of man, the fearing God and keeping his commandments, is as necessary a part of justice, as the rendering to every man his own is.

2. They are most reasonable for us to perform, in that 1. Religion is not only a service of the reasonable faculties which are employed the most in it, the commands of the Scripture reaching the heart most, and the service required being a spiritual service, not lying in meats and drinks, or any outward observations, but in a sanctified temper of heart and mind, which discovers itself in the course of a Christian's life: but 2. The service itself of religion is reasonable: the commands of the gospel are such, as no man's reason which considers them, can doubt of the excellency of them. All natural worship is founded from the dictates of nature, all instituted worship on God's revealed will; and it is one of the prime dictates of nature, that God must be universally obeyed. Besides, God requires nothing but what is apparently man's interest to do; God prohibits nothing but what will destroy him if he doth it; so that the commands of the Scriptures are very just and reasonable.

2. The encouragements are more than proportionable to the difficulty of obedience. God's commands are in themselves easy, and most suitable to our natures. What more rational for a creature than to obey his Maker? All the difficulty of religion ariseth from the corruption of nature. Now God, to encourage men to conquer the difficulties arising thence, hath propounded the strongest motives, and most prevailing arguments to obedience. Such are the considerations of God's love and goodness manifested to the world by sending his Son into it to die for sinners, and to give them an example which they are to follow, and by his readiness through him to pardon the sins, and accept the persons of such who so received him as to walk in him; and by his promises of grace to assist them in the wrestling with the enemies of their salvation. And to all these add that glorious and inconceivable reward which God hath promised to all those who sincerely obey him, and by these things we see how much the encouragements overweigh the difficulties, and that none can make the least pretence that there is no motive sufficient to down-weigh the troubles which attend the exercise of obedience to the will of God. So that we see what a peculiar excellency there is in the Scriptures as a rule of life, above all the precepts of mere moralists, the foundation of obedience being laid deeper in man's obligation to serve his Maker, the practice of obedience being carried higher in those most holy precepts which are in Scripture, the reward of obedience being incomparably greater than what men are able to conceive, much less to promise or bestow.

The excellency of the Scriptures appears as they contain in them a covenant of grace, or the transactions between God and man in order to his eternal happiness. The more memorable any transactions are, the more valuable are any authentic records of them. The Scriptures contain in them the Magna Charta of heaven, an act of pardon with the royal assent of heaven, a proclamation of good-will from God towards men; and can we then set too great a value on that which contains all

the remarkable passages between God and the souls of men, in order to their felicity, from the beginning of the world? Can we think, since there is a God in the world of infinite goodness, that he should suffer all mankind to perish inevitably without his propounding any means for escaping of eternal misery? Is God so good to men as to this present life; and can we think, if man's soul be immortal, that he should wholly neglect any offer of good to men as to their eternal welfare? Or is it possible to imagine that man should be happy in another world without God's promising it, and prescribing conditions in order to it? If so, then this happiness is no free gift of God, unless he hath the bestowing and promising of it; and man is no rational agent, unless a reward suppose conditions to be performed in order to the obtaining it; or man may be bound to conditions which were never required of him; or if they must be required, then there must be a revelation of God's will, whereby he doth require them: and if so, then there are some records extant of the transactions between God and man, in order to his eternal happiness: for what reason can we have to imagine that such records, if once extant, should not continue still, especially since the same goodness of God is engaged to preserve such records, which at first did cause them to be indited? Supposing then such records extant some where in the world, of these grand transactions between God and men's souls, our business is brought to a period: for what other records are there in the world that can in the least vie with the Scriptures, as to the giving so just an account of all the transactions between God and men from the foundation of the world? which gives us all the steps, methods, and ways whereby God hath made known his mind and will to the world, in order to man's eternal salvation? It remains only then that we adore and magnify the goodness of God in making known his will to us, and that we set a value and esteem on the Scriptures, as the only authentic instruments of that Grand Charter of peace, which God hath revealed in order to man's eternal happiness.

Stillingfleet.

§ 122. *The prevalence of Christianity, an argument of its divinity.*

The establishment of the Christian religion among men is the greatest of all miracles. In spite of all the power of Rome; in spite of all the passions, interests, and prejudices of so many nations; so many philosophers; so many different religions; twelve poor fishermen, without art, without eloquence, without power, publish and spread their doctrine throughout the world. In spite of a persecution for three centuries, which seemed every moment ready to extinguish it; in spite of continued and innumerable martyrdoms of persons of all conditions, sexes, and countries; the truth in the end triumphs over error, pursuant to the predictions both of the old and new law. Let any one show some other religion, which has the same mark of a divine protection.

A powerful conqueror may establish, by his arms, the belief of a religion, which flatters the sensuality of men; a wise legislator may gain himself attention and respect by the usefulness of his laws; a sect in credit, and supported by the civil power, may abuse the credulity of the people; all this is possible: but what could victorious, learned, and superstitious nations see, to induce them so readily to Jesus Christ, who promised them nothing in this world but persecutions and sufferings; who proposed to them the practice of a morality, to which all darling pas-

sions must be sacrificed. Is not the conversion of the world to such a religion, without miracles, a greater and more credible one, than even the greatest of those which some refuse to believe? *Fenelon.*

§ 123. *A summary of arguments for the truth of the Gospel.*

He that well considers the force of those arguments which are brought to establish the truth of the Christian religion; that sees how they all (though drawn from different topics) conspire in the most perfect manner to convince the world of the divine original of this faith; would scarce think it possible, that the reason and understanding of mankind should ever oppose it; will therefore conclude there is something more than pure infidelity at the bottom, and that they are not mere scruples of the mind which create so long and violent contention.

If he thinks on the excellency of the precepts of the Christian religion, he finds them of the fittest nature possible to persuade him to receive it as the contrivance of heaven. They are all so worthy of God, so beneficial and improving to human nature, and so conducive to the welfare and happiness of society.

When he considers the strange and speedy propagation of this faith through the world, with its triumph over the wit and policy, the force and malice of its formidable enemies; and all this accomplished by such methods, as the reason of mankind would have pronounced the most foolish and absurd: he sees here the overruling hand of God, which alone could give it such astonishing successes, by those very ways and means from which its utter confusion was to be expected.

The exact accomplishment of express and unquestionable prophecies, concerning the most remarkable events of the world, is a solemn appeal to all reasonable nature, whether that revelation be not truly divine, which contains such plain and wonderful predictions.

Lastly, The miracles wrought by Jesus Christ and his apostles, in confirmation of this faith and doctrine, are such proofs of the near concern which heaven had therein; that he who considers them, and at the same time calls Christianity an imposture, must either take pains to avoid knowing the finger of God, when he sees it, or else do infinitely worse, by ascribing the manifest effects thereof to mean artifice, or diabolical power.

From these topics the truth of Christianity has been so substantially argued, and so clearly proved; that, by all the rules of right reason in use amongst mankind, it is rendered plainly absurd and irrational to reject it. One need not wish to see an adversary reduced to worse extremities, than one of those arguments well managed and pressed home would reduce him to; provided he were kept from excursions, and obliged to return no answers but what were directly to the purpose.

Humphrey Detton.

§ 124. *The facts related in the Evangelists may be depended on.*

That there was such a person as Jesus of Nazareth in Galilee, in the time of Tiberius Cæsar, the Roman emperor; that he had a company of poor men for his disciples; that he and his disciples went about the country of Judea, teaching and preaching; that he was put to death upon the cross, after the Roman manner, under Pontius Pilate, the Roman governor of Judea; that after his death, his disciples went about into all, or most parts of the then known world, teaching, and preaching, that this Jesus was the Christ, the Son of God, and Saviour of the

world, and that he was risen from the dead, and gone into heaven; that in a few years they converted a very great number of people, in all places, to this belief; that the professors of this belief were called Christians; that they were most cruelly persecuted, and many thousands of them put to death, and that with the most exquisite torments, for no other reason, but because they were Christians; that these persecutions were several times renewed against them, for the space of about three hundred years; and yet, for all this, that the number of Christians daily increased, and that not only idiots and unlearned men, but great scholars and philosophers were converted to Christianity, even in the times of persecution; all this, being merely matter of fact, was never yet denied by the greatest enemies of the Christian religion. And, indeed, these things are so abundantly testified by the histories and other writings of those times; and have been so generally received for truth, as well by the opposers as believers of Christianity, by a constant, universal, and uninterrupted tradition, from those days, even unto this time; that a man may as well deny the truth of any, or of all, the histories of the world, as of this. *Archbishop Synge.*

§ 125. *Superiority of the Gospel to all other writings, an argument of its truth.*

To what was it owing, that the Jewish writers should have such lovely and great ideas of God, and such just notions of the worship due to him, far above any thing which we meet with in the writings of the greatest lights of the Heathen world; every one of which either patronised idolatry, or fell into errors of worse consequence? Can it be accounted for by the force of natural or human assistances? No, the eminent philosophers of Athens and Rome equalled them, it is certain, in natural abilities, and exceeded them confessedly in the superstructures of acquired knowledge, and all the advantages of a refined education. It must be therefore owing to some supernatural or divine helps; and none, but he, in whom are contained all the treasures of wisdom, could have enriched their minds to such a degree, and furnished such a vast expanse of thought. If Judea was ennobled by these exalted notions, of which other nations, who were sunk into the dregs of Polytheism and idolatry, were destitute; if the kindly dew of heaven descended on this fleece only, while all the earth around betrayed a want of refreshing moisture; this was the Lord's doing, and ought to be marvellous in our eyes.

Had God revealed himself to the Greeks, or some other nation famed for their curious researches into every branch of literature, and for the depths of wisdom and policy; those truths, which were so many emanations from the great fountain of light, would have been looked upon as the result of their penetration, and their own discoveries: but by communicating his will to a people of no inventive and enterprising genius, of no enlarged reach and compass of thought; such suspicions are avoided, and the proofs of a revelation more conspicuous and illustrious. And this may be one reason among others, why, at a time when the rest of the world were bigoted to superstition, idolatry, and a false religion, God singled out this nation, in that point not so corrupt as others, to be the guardian and depositary of the true.

If nothing recommended the Scripture but this single consideration, that all those collected beams of spiritual light centre in it alone, which were widely diffused amidst a variety of treatises, and lost amidst a crowd of palpable absurdities; even

this would be no improbable argument of its divinity; but this is not all: let us, in order to compile an adequate, unerring standard of religious truths, take in all the assistances we can get from all the philosophers in Greece, from Tully at Rome, nay even from Confucius as far as China; and yet, after all, the scheme will be defective in what the Scriptures have recommended, a pure, rational worship of God only, in spirit and in truth, a fulness of pardon for every sin upon repentance, and the nobleness of the rewards hereafter. The love of God will not be required in so high a degree, as it is in the Scriptures; nor enforced by so strong a motive as our Saviour's dying for mankind has done; nor our charity and love to the distressed recommended by so powerful an incentive, as that our Redeemer has made them his representatives, and will place to his own account, whatever was done for his sake to them.

One may challenge any man to produce, before Christianity, among the Heathen world, such a complete system of morality, reaching all the duties of life, without any defect; and full without overflowing, or any redundancy, as the Scriptures contain.—And it is needless to tell any man of plain sense, that there must be always a proportion between the cause and the effect. Now, if we exclude the divine power, what proportion can we find between the causes of Christianity, and Christianity itself? Christianity is a religion which has disabused the world, and rescued it from those many vicious practices, such as the exposing of infants, polygamy, &c. which were universally defended among the Pagans, and from human sacrifices, and from innumerable abominable and brutal rites; a religion so perfective of human nature, and so expressive of the divine; that we want ideas to carry us to a conception of any thing beyond it. And who were the authors or causes of this religion? Why, a set of men bred up in low life to mean employments, which cramp the native powers of the mind. And can we seriously think, that a set of unlettered, unenterprising men, could open several rich mines of truth, which had escaped the laborious researches of the profoundest scholars, and the happy sagacity of the most penetrating wits?

Since therefore every effect must have a competent and proportionable cause; and since the supposed natural causes and authors of Christianity, considered as mere men, exclusive of divine inspiration, were plainly unequal to the task, nor could ever have brought to light such doctrines, as exceeded whatever the philosophers before had done; though, laying aside their dregs, we should draw off the very flower and spirit of their writings: it is evident, we must have recourse to some supernatural and adequate cause which interested itself in this affair. And to whom, but to the Father of Light, in whom there is no darkness at all, can we be indebted, that now, persons of the slenderest capacities may view those elevated and beneficial truths in the strongest point of light, which the finest spirits of the Gentile world could not before fully ascertain; that our meanest mechanics, with a moderate share of application, may have juster and fuller notions of God's attributes, of eternal happiness, of every duty respecting their Maker, mankind, and themselves, than the most distinguished scholars among the Heathens could attain to, after a life laid out in painful researches?

Seed.

§ 126. *Various reasonings in favour of Christianity.*

God only knows, and God only can tell, whether he will forgive, and

upon what terms he will forgive the offences done against him; what mode of worship he requires; what helps he will afford us; and what condition he will place us in hereafter. All this God actually has told us in the gospel. It was to tell us this, he sent his Son into the world, whose mission was confirmed by the highest authority, by signs from heaven, and miracles on earth; whose life and doctrine are delivered down to us by the most unexceptionable witnesses, who sealed their testimony with their blood; who were too curious and incredulous to be themselves imposed upon, too honest and sincere, too plain and artless, to impose upon others.

What then can be the reason that men still refuse to see, and persist in "loving darkness rather than light?" They will tell you perhaps that it is because the gospel is full of incredible mysteries; but our Saviour tells you, and he tells you much truer, that it is "because their deeds are evil." The mysteries and difficulties of the gospel can be no real objection to any man that considers what mysteries occur, and what insuperable objections may be started, in almost every branch of human knowledge; and how often we are obliged, in our most important concerns, to decide and to act upon evidence, encumbered with far greater difficulties than any that are to be found in Scripture. If we can admit no religion that is not free from mystery, we must, I doubt, be content without any religion. Even the religion of nature itself, the whole constitution both of the natural and the moral world, is full of mystery; and the greatest mystery of all would be, if, with so many irresistible marks of truth, Christianity should at last prove false. It is not then because the gospel has too little light for these men that they reject it, but because it has too much. For "every one that doth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved." The light of the gospel is too prying and inquisitive for such a one. It reveals certain things which he could wish to conceal from all the world, and if possible, from himself. Nor is this all; it not only reveals, but it reproves them. It strikes him with an evidence he cannot bear; an evidence not only of its own truth, but of his unworthy conduct. The gospel does indeed offend him; but it is not his understanding, it is his conscience, that is shocked; he could easily credit what it requires him to believe; but he cannot, or rather he will not, practise what it commands him to do.

It is plain that such a man cannot possibly admit a revelation that condemns him; and it is as plain that the man of virtue cannot spurn the hand that is graciously stretched out to reward him. If he is a truly virtuous man, that is, one who sincerely labours to know his duty, and sincerely intends to perform it, he cannot but wish for more light to guide him in the investigation, more assistance to support him in the discharge of it, more happiness to crown his perseverance in it, than bare reason alone can afford him. This is what all the best and wisest Heathens most ardently desired, what nature has been continually looking out for with the utmost earnestness of expectation. When with a mind thus disposed he sits down to examine the gospel, suggest to me the least shadow of a reason why he should reject it? He finds in it a religion, pure, holy, and benevolent, as the God that gave it. He finds not only its moral precepts but even its sublimest mysteries, calculated to promote internal sanctity, vital piety, universal philanthropy. He finds it throughout so great and noble, so congenial to the finest feelings, and most generous sentiments of his soul; that he cannot but wish it may be true, and never yet, I be-

lieve, did any good man wish it to be true, but he actually found it so. He sees in it every expectation of nature answered, every infirmity supported, every want supplied, every terror dissipated, every hope confirmed; nay, he sees that God "has done exceeding abundantly above all that he could either ask or think;" that he has given him, what reason could hardly have the idea of, eternal happiness in a life to come.

It is not a matter of indifference whether you embrace Christianity or not. Though reason could answer all the purposes of revelation, which is far, very far from being the case, yet you are not at liberty to make it your sole guide, if there be such a thing as a true revelation. We are the subjects of the Almighty; and whether we will acknowledge it or not, we live, and cannot but live, under his government. His will is the law of his kingdom. If he has made no express declaration of his will, we must collect it as well as we can from what we know of his nature and our own. But if he has expressly declared his will, that is the law we are to be governed by. We may indeed refuse to be governed by it; but it is at our peril if we do; for if it proves to be a true declaration of his will, to reject it is rebellion.

But to reject or receive it, you may allege, is not a thing in your own power. Belief depends not on your will, but your understanding. And will the righteous judge of the earth condemn you for want of understanding? No; but he may and will condemn you for the wrong conduct of your understanding. It is not indeed in your power to believe whatever you please, whether credible or incredible; but it is in your power to consider thoroughly, whether a supposed incredibility be real or only apparent. It is in your power to bestow a greater or less degree of attention on the evidence before you. It is in your power to examine it with an earnest desire to find out the truth, and a firm resolution to embrace it wherever you do find it; or on the contrary, to bring with you a heart full of incorrigible depravity, or invincible prepossessions. Have you then truly and honestly done every thing that is confessedly in your power, towards forming a right judgment of revelation? Have you ever laid before yourself in one view the whole collective evidence of Christianity? The consistence, harmony, and connexion, of all its various parts; the long chain of prophecies undeniably completed in it; the astonishing and well-attested miracles that attended it; the perfect sanctity of its author; the purity of its precepts; the sublimity of its doctrines; the amazing rapidity of its progress; the illustrious company of confessors, saints and martyrs, who died to confirm its truth; together with an infinite number of collateral proofs and subordinate circumstances, all concurring to form such a body of evidence, as no other truth in the world can show; such as must necessarily bear down, by its own weight and magnitude, all trivial objections to particular parts? Surely these things are not trifles; surely they at least demand seriousness and attention. Have you then done the gospel this common piece of justice? Have you ever sat down to consider it with impartiality and candour; without any favourite vice or early prejudice, without any fondness for applause, or novelty, or refinement, to mislead you? Have you examined it with the same care and diligence, that you would examine a title to an estate? Have you inquired for proper books? Have you read the defences of revelation as well as the attacks upon it? Have you in difficult points applied for the opinion of wise and learned friends; just as you would consult the ablest lawyers when your property was concerned, or the

most skilful physicians when your life was at stake? If you can truly say that you have done all these things; if you have faithfully bestowed on these inquiries all the leisure and abilities you are master of, and called in every help within your reach, there is little danger of any material doubts remaining upon your mind.——St. John's affection for his departed friend did not terminate with his life. It was continued after his crucifixion, to his memory, his character, and his religion. After a long life spent in teaching and suffering for that religion, he concluded it with a work of infinite utility, the revisal of the three gospels already written, and the addition of his own to supply what they had omitted. With this view principally he gives us several of our Saviour's discourses with his disciples, which are no where else to be met with; and it is very observable, that these, as well as the many other occurrences of his life, which he introduces as supplemental to the other evangelists, are such as set his beloved master in the most amiable and graceful point of view, such as a favourite disciple would be most likely to select, and most disposed to enlarge upon. Of this kind, for instance, are our Saviour's discourse with the woman of Samaria; the cure of the infirm man at the pool of Bethesda; the acquittal of the woman taken in adultery; the description of the good shepherd and his sheep; the affecting history of Lazarus; the condescending and expressive act of washing his disciples' feet; his inimitably tender and consolatory discourse to them just before his suffering; his most admirable prayer on the same occasion; and his pathetic recommendation of his sheep to St. Peter after his resurrection. These passages are to be found only in St. John's gospel, and whoever reads them with attention will discover in them plain indications not only of a heaven-directed hand, but of a feeling and a grateful heart, smitten with the love of a departed friend, penetrated with a sense of his distinguished kindness, perfectly well informed and thoroughly interested, in every tender scene that it describes, soothing itself with the recollection of little domestic incidents and familiar conversations, and tracing out not only the larger and more obvious features of the favourite character, but even those finer and more delicate strokes in it, which would have eluded a less observing eye, or less faithful memory, than those of a beloved companion and friend.——

Our divine lawgiver showed his wisdom equally in what he enjoined, and what he left unnoticed. He knew exactly, what no Pagan philosopher ever knew, where to be silent and where to speak.——

That which principally attracts our notice in St. John's writings, and in his conduct, is, a simplicity and singleness of heart, a fervent piety, an unbounded benevolence, an unaffected modesty, humility, meekness, and gentleness of disposition. These are evidently the great characteristic virtues that took the lead in his soul, and break forth in every page of his gospel and his epistles.——To know what friendship really is, we must look for it in that sacred repository of every thing great and excellent, the gospel of Christ.——

Our Saviour has assured us that he will consider every real Christian as united to him by closer ties than even those of friendship. This assurance is given us in one of those noble strains of eloquence which are so common in the Sacred Writings. Our Lord being told that his mother and his brethren stood without, desiring to speak with him, he gives a turn to this little incident, perfectly new, and inexpressibly tender and affectionate. "Who is my mother, and who are my brethren? And he

stretched forth his hands towards his disciples, and said, Behold my mother and my brethren! For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in Heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother."

Bishop Porteus.

§ 127. *Difficulties in the Word of God to be expected, with the duty of examining its evidence.*

Origen has observed, with singular sagacity, that he who believes the Scripture to have proceeded from him who is the Author of nature, may well expect to find the same sort of difficulties in it, as are found in the constitution of nature. And in a like way of reflection it may be added, that he who denies the Scripture to have been from God, upon account of these difficulties, may, for the very same reason, deny the world to have been from him.——

Christianity being supposed either true or credible, it is unspeakable irreverence, and really the most presumptuous rashness, to treat it as a light matter. It can never justly be esteemed of little consequence, till it be positively supposed false. Nor do I know a higher and more important obligation which we are under, than that of examining most seriously into the evidence of it, supposing its credibility; and of embracing it upon supposition of its truth. *Butler.*

§ 128. *The information the Gospel gives most desirable.*

The Christian revelation has such pretences, at least, as may make it worthy of a particular consideration: it pretends to come from heaven; to have been delivered by the Son of God; to have been confirmed by undeniable miracles and prophecies; to have been ratified by the blood of Christ and his apostles, who died in asserting its truth: it can show likewise an innumerable company of martyrs and confessors: its doctrines are pure and holy, its precepts just and righteous; its worship is a reasonable service, refined from the errors of idolatry and superstition, and spiritual, like the God who is the object of it; it offers the aid and assistance of heaven to the weakness of nature; which makes the religion of the gospel to be as practicable, as it is reasonable; it promises infinite rewards to obedience, and threatens eternal punishment to obstinate offenders; which makes it of the utmost consequence to us soberly to consider it, since every one who rejects it stakes his own soul against the truth of it.———

Look into the Gospel; there you will find every reasonable hope of nature, nay, every reasonable suspicion of nature, cleared up, and confirmed, every difficulty answered and removed. Do the present circumstances of the world lead you to suspect that God could never be the author of such corrupt and wretched creatures as men now are? Your suspicions are just and well founded. "God made man upright;" but through the temptation of the devil sin entered, and death and destruction followed after.

Do you suspect, from the success of virtue and vice in this world, that the providence of God does not interpose to protect the righteous from violence, or to punish the wicked? The suspicion is not without ground. God leaves his best servants here to be tried oftentimes with affliction and sorrow, and permits the wicked to flourish and abound. The call of the gospel is not to honour and riches here, but to take up our cross and follow Christ.

Do you judge, from comparing the present state of the world with the natural notion you have of God, and of his justice and goodness, that there must needs be another state in which justice shall take place? You

reason right; and the gospel confirms the judgment. God has appointed a day to judge the world in righteousness; then those who mourn shall rejoice, those who weep shall laugh, and the persecuted and afflicted servants of God shall be heirs of his kingdom.

Have you sometimes misgivings of mind? Are you tempted to mistrust this judgment, when you see the difficulties which surround it on every side; some which affect the soul in its separate state, some which affect the body in its state of corruption and dissolution? Look to the gospel: there these difficulties are accounted for; and you need no longer puzzle yourself with dark questions concerning the state, condition, and nature of separate spirits, or concerning the body, however to appearance lost and destroyed; for the body and soul shall once more meet to part no more, but to be happy for ever. In this case the learned cannot doubt, and the ignorant may be sure, that it is the man, the very man himself, who shall rise again: for an union of the same soul and body is as certainly the restoration of the man, as the dividing them was the destruction.

Would you know who it is that gives this assurance? It is one who is able to make good his word: one who loved you so well as to die for you; yet one too great to be held a prisoner in the grave. No; he rose with triumph and glory, the first-born from the dead, and will in like manner call from the dust of the earth all those who put their trust and confidence in him.

But who is this, you will say, who was subject to death, and yet had power over death? How could so much weakness and so much strength meet together? That God has the power of life, we know; but then he cannot die: that man is mortal, we know; but then he cannot give life.

Consider; does this difficulty deserve an answer, or does it not? Our blessed Saviour lived among us in a low and poor condition, exposed to much ill treatment from his jealous countrymen: when he fell into their power, their rage knew no bounds: they reviled him, insulted him, mocked him, scourged him, and at last nailed him to a cross, where by a shameful and wretched death, he finished a life of sorrow and affliction. Did we know no more of him than this, upon what ground could we pretend to hope that he will be able to save us from the power of death? We might say with the disciples, "We trusted this had been he who should have saved Israel;" but he is dead, he is gone, and all our hopes are buried in his grave.

If you think this ought to be answered, and that the faith of a Christian cannot be a reasonable faith, unless it be able to account for this seeming contradiction; I beseech you then never more complain of the gospel for furnishing an answer to this great objection, for removing this stumbling-block out of the way of our faith. He was a man, and therefore he died. He was the Son of God, and therefore he rose from the dead, and will give life to all his true disciples. He it was who formed this world and all things in it, and for the sake of man was content to become man, and to taste death for all, that all through him may live. This is a wonderful piece of knowledge which God has revealed to us in his gospel; but he has not revealed it to raise our wonder, but to confirm and establish our faith in him to whom he hath committed all power, "whom he hath appointed heir of all things."

Had the gospel required of us to expect from Christ the redemption of our souls and bodies, and given us no reason to think that Christ was endowed with power equal to

the work, we might justly have complained; and it would have been a standing reproach, that Christians believe they know not what. But to expect redemption from the Son of God, the resurrection of our bodies from the same hand which at first created and formed them, are rational and well founded acts of faith; and it is the Christian's glory, that he knows in whom he has believed.

That the world was made by the Son of God, is a proposition with which reason has no fault to find: that he who made the world should have power to renew it to life again, is highly consonant to reason. All the mystery lies in this, that so high and great a person should condescend to become man, and subject to death, for the sake of mankind. But are we fit persons to complain of this transcendent mysterious love? or, does it become us to quarrel with the kindness of our blessed Lord towards us, only because it is greater than we can conceive? No; it becomes us to bless and to adore this exceeding love by which we are saved from condemnation, by which we expect to be rescued from death; knowing that the power of our blessed Lord is equal to his love, and that he is "able to subdue all things to himself." *Sherlock.*

§ 129. *Christ and Mahomet compared.*

Go to your natural religion, lay before her Mahomet and his disciples arrayed in armour and in blood, riding in triumph over the spoils of thousands and ten thousands, who fell by his victorious sword. Show her the cities which he set in flames, the countries which he ravaged and destroyed, and the miserable distress of all the inhabitants of the earth. When she has viewed him in this scene, carry her into his retirements, show her the prophet's chamber, his concubines and wives, and let her see his adulteries, and hear him allege revelation and his divine commission to justify his lusts and his oppressions. When she is tired with this prospect, then show her the blessed Jesus, humble and meek, doing good to all the sons of men, patiently instructing the ignorant and the perverse. Let her see him in his most retired privacies, let her follow him to the mount and hear his devotions and supplications to God. Carry her to his table, to view his poor fare and hear his heavenly discourse. Let her see him injured but not provoked; let her attend him to the tribunal, and consider the patience with which he endured the scoffs and reproaches of his enemies. Lead her to his cross, and let her view him in the agonies of death, and hear his last prayer for his persecutors, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." When natural religion has viewed both, ask which is the prophet of God?—— But her answer we have already had, when she saw part of this scene through the eyes of the Centurion who attended at the cross: by him she said, "Truly this was the son of God." *Sherlock.*

§ 130. *The state of idolatry, and the conduct of Socrates, and other wise men, respecting it, a proof of the necessity of revelation.*

To prove the truth of the assertion, that even the wise men, who knew God, did not glorify him as God, let us consider the case of one only; but of one who, among the good men was the best, and among the wise ones the wisest. I shall easily be understood to mean Socrates, the great philosopher of Athens; and were the wise men of antiquity to plead their cause in common, they could not put their defence into better hands.

We have an account of the speculative opinions of many of the wise

men of Greece preserved to us in authors of great credit; but of their practice and personal behaviour in life, little is said: which makes it hard to judge how far their own practice and conduct was influenced by their opinions, and how consistent they were in pursuing the consequences of their own doctrines. The case might have been the same with Socrates, had not a very particular circumstance put him under the necessity of explaining his conduct and practice, with respect to the religion of his country. He had talked so freely of the heathen deities, and the ridiculous stories told of them, that he fell under a suspicion of despising the gods of his country, and of teaching the youth of Athens to despise their altars and their worship. Upon this accusation he is summoned before the great court of the Areopagites, and happily the apology he made for himself is preserved to us by two, the ablest of his scholars, and the best writers of antiquity, Plato and Xenophon; and from both their accounts it appears, that Socrates maintained and asserted before his judges, that he worshipped the gods of his country, and that he sacrificed in private and in public upon the allowed altars, and according to the rites and customs of the city. After this public confession, so authentically reported by two so able hands, there can be no doubt of the case. He was an idolater, and had not by his great knowledge and ability in reasoning delivered himself from the practice of the superstition of his country. You see how far the wisdom of the world could go. Give me leave to show you what the foolishness of preaching could do in the very same case.

St. Paul was in the same case. He was accused in the same city of Athens of the same crime, that he was a setter forth of strange gods; and before the same court of the Areopagites he made his apology, which is likewise preserved to us by St. Luke. We have then the greatest and ablest among the wise men of Greece, and an apostle of Christ in the same circumstances. You have heard the philosopher's defence, that he worshipped the gods of his country, and as his country worshipped them. Hear now the apostle. 'Ye men of Athens,' says he, 'I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious; for, as I passed by and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you: God, that made the world, and all things therein. This God,' he tells them, "is not worshipped with men's hands, as though he needeth any thing:—nor is the Godhead like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device." He then calls upon them, in the name of this great God to repent of their superstition and idolatry, which God would no longer bear; 'because he hath appointed a day in which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead.'

Which of these two now was a preacher of true religion? Let those who value human reason at the highest rate determine.

The manner in which Socrates died was the calmest and bravest in the world, and excludes all pretence to say, that he dissembled his opinion and practice before his judges out of any fear or meanness of spirit: vices with which he was never taxed, and of which he seems to have been incapable.

Consider then, was it possible for any man, upon the authority of Socrates, to open his mouth against the idolatry of the heathen world, or to make use of his name to that pur-

pose, who had solemnly, in the face of his country, and before the greatest judicature of Greece, bore testimony to the gods of his country, and the worship paid them?

But to proceed. The city of Athens soon grew sensible of the injury done to the best and wisest of their citizens, and of their great mistake in putting Socrates to death. His accusers and his judges became infamous; and the people grew extravagant in doing honours to the memory of the innocent sufferer. They erected a statue, nay a temple to his memory; and his name was had in honour and reverence. His doctrines upon the subjects of divinity and morality were introduced in the world with all the advantages that the ablest and politest pens could give; and they became the study and entertainment of all the considerable men who lived after him. It is worth observing too, that from the death of Socrates to the birth of Christ were, if I remember right, near four hundred years; which was time sufficient to make the experiment how far the wisdom of Socrates, with all the advantages before mentioned, could go in reforming the world. And what was the effect of all this? Can you name the place where religion was reformed? Can you name the man who was so far reformed, as to renounce the superstition of his country? No: none such are to be found: and how should there? Since the greater the credit and reputation of Socrates were, the more strongly did they draw men to imitate his example, and to worship as their country worshipped.

Consider, on the other side, what was the consequence of preaching the gospel. St. Paul entertained the Athenians with no fine speculation; but he laid before them, in the plainest dress, the great and momentous truths of religion; he openly rebuked their idolatry, and condemned their superstition. The gospel was published in the same manner every where. The first preachers of it were enabled to support it by miracles, and most of them shed their blood in defence of its truth. By these means they came also to have credit and authority in the world. But in these two cases there was a great difference. The corrupt example of Socrates was a dead weight upon the purity of his doctrine, and tended to perpetuate superstition in the world: the authority and example of the apostles went hand in hand, and united their force to root out idolatry. There was this farther difference too: the doctrines of Socrates could go only among the learned; the doctrines of the gospel were artless and plain, and suited to every man's capacity.

For near four hundred years the disciples of Socrates had the world to themselves, to reform it if they could; in all which time there is no evidence remaining that the religion of the world was the better for their wisdom. But in much less time the gospel prevailed in most parts of the known world. Wherever it came, superstition and idolatry fled before it; and in little more than three centuries the empire became Christian; which completed the victory over the heathen deities. *Sherlock.*

§ 131. *The absurdity and madness of infidelity.*

If a person that had a fair estate in reversion, which in all probability he would speedily be possessed of, and of which he might reasonably promise to himself a long and happy enjoyment, should be assured by some skilful physician, that in a very short time he would inevitably fall into a disease which would so totally deprive him of his understanding and memory, that he should lose the knowledge of all things without him,

nay, all consciousness and sense of his own person and being: if, I say, upon a certain belief of this indication, the man should appear overjoyed at the news, and be mightily transported with the discovery and expectation, would not all that saw him be astonished at such behaviour? Would they not be forward to conclude, that the distemper had seized him already, and even then the miserable creature was become a mere fool and an idiot? Now the carriage of our atheists is infinitely more amazing than this; no dotage so infatuate, no phrensy so extravagant as theirs. They have been educated in a religion that instructed them in the knowledge of a Supreme Being? a Spirit most excellently glorious, superlatively powerful, and wise, and good, Creator of all things out of nothing; that hath endued the sons of men, his peculiar favourites, with a rational spirit, and hath placed them as spectators in this noble theatre of the world, to view and applaud these glorious scenes of earth and heaven, the workmanship of his hands; that hath furnished them in general with a sufficient store of all things, either necessary or convenient for life; and, particularly to such as fear and obey him, hath promised a supply of all wants, a deliverance and protection from all dangers; that they that seek him shall want no manner of thing that is good. Who, besides his munificence to them in this life, "hath so loved the world, that he sent his only-begotten Son, the express image of his substance," and partaker of his eternal nature and glory, to bring life and immortality to light, and to tender them to mankind upon fair and gracious terms; that if they submit to his easy yoke and light burden, and observe his commandments, which are not grievous, he then gives them the promise of eternal salvation; he hath reserved for them in heaven, "an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away;" he hath prepared for them an unspeakable, unconceivable perfection of joy and bliss, things that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man." What a delightful ravishing hypothesis of religion is this? And in this religion they have had their education. Now let us suppose some great professor in atheism to suggest to some of these men, that all this is mere dream and imposture; that there is no such excellent being, as they suppose, that created and preserves them; that all about them is dark senseless matter, driven on by the blind impulses of fatality and fortune; that men first sprung up, like mushrooms, out of the mud and slime of the earth; and that all their thoughts and the whole of what they call soul, are only the various action and repercussion of small particles of matter, kept awhile a moving by some mechanism and clock-work, which finally must cease and perish by death. If it be true then (as we daily find it is) that men listen with complacency to these horrid suggestions; if they let go their hope of everlasting life with willingness and joy; if they entertain the thoughts of final perdition with exultation and triumph; ought they not to be esteemed most notorious fools, even destitute of common sense, and abandoned to a callousness and numbness of soul?

What then, is heaven itself, with its pleasures for evermore, to be parted with so unconcernedly? Is a crown of righteousness, a crown of life, to be surrendered with laughter? Is an exceeding and eternal weight of glory too light in the balance against the hopeless death of the atheist, and utter extinction? *Bentley.*

§ 132. *The Extent, Object, and End of the prophetic Scheme.*

If we look into the writings of the Old and New Testament we find, first,

That prophecy is of a prodigious extent; that it commenced from the lapse of man, and reaches to the consummation of all things; that, for many ages, it was delivered darkly, to few persons, and with large intervals from the date of one prophecy to that of another; but, at length, became more clear, more frequent, and was uniformly carried on in the line of one people, separated from the rest of the world, among other reasons assigned, for this principally, to be the repository of the Divine Oracles; that, with some intermission, the spirit of prophecy subsisted among that people, to the coming of Christ; that he himself and his apostles exercised this power in the most conspicuous manner; and left behind them many predictions, recorded in the books of the New Testament, which profess to respect very distant events, and even run out to the end of time, or, in St. John's expression, to that period, "when the mystery of God shall be perfected."

2. Further, besides the extent of this prophetic scheme, the dignity of the person, whom it concerns, deserves our consideration. He is described in terms, which excite the most august and magnificent ideas. He is spoken of, indeed, sometimes as being "the seed of the woman," and as "the son of man;" yet so as being at the same time of more than mortal extraction. He is even represented to us, as being superior to men and angels; as far above all principality and power, above all that is accounted great, whether in heaven or in earth; as the word and wisdom of God; as the eternal Son of the Father; as "the heir of all things, by whom he made the worlds;" as "the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person."

We have no words to denote greater ideas than these; the mind of man cannot elevate itself to nobler conceptions. Of such transcendent worth and excellence is that Jesus said to be, to whom all the prophets bear witness!

3. Lastly, the declared purpose, for which the Messiah, prefigured by so long a train of prophecy, came into the world, corresponds to all the rest of the representation. It was not to deliver an oppressed nation from civil tyranny, or to erect a great civil empire, that is, to achieve one of those acts, which history accounts most heroic. No, it was not a mighty state, a victor people—

Non res Romanæ perituraque regna—

that was worthy to enter into the contemplation of this divine person. It was another and far sublimer purpose, which he came to accomplish; a purpose, in comparison of which, all our policies are poor and little, and all the performances of man as nothing. It was to deliver a world from ruin; to abolish sin and death; to purify and immortalize human nature; and thus, in the most exalted sense of the words, to be the Saviour of all men, and the blessing of all nations.

There is no exaggeration in this account, I deliver the undoubted sense, if not always the very words of Scripture.

Consider then to what this representation amounts. Let us unite the several parts of it, and bring them to a point. A spirit of prophecy pervading all time—characterizing one person, of the highest dignity—and proclaiming the accomplishment of one purpose, the most beneficent, the most divine, that imagination itself can project.—Such is the scriptural delineation, whether we will receive it or no, of that economy, which we call prophetic!

And now then (if we must be reasoning from our ideas of fit and right, to the rectitude of the divine conduct) let me ask, in one word, whether, on the supposition that it should ever please the moral Governor of

the world to reveal himself by prophecy at all, we can conceive him to do it, in a "manner," or for "ends," more worthy of him? Does not the "extent" of the scheme correspond to our best ideas of that infinite Being, to whom all duration is but a point, and to whose view all time is equally present? Is not the "object" of this scheme, "the Lamb of God that was slain from the foundation of the world," worthy, in our conceptions, of all the honour that can be reflected upon him by so vast and splendid an economy? Is not the "end" of this scheme such as we should think most fit for such a scheme of prophecy to predict, and for so divine a person to accomplish?

You see, every thing here is of a piece; all the parts of this dispensation are astonishingly great, and perfectly harmonize with each other.

Hurd.

§ 133. *Our philosophical principles must be learnt from the book of Nature, our religious from the book of Grace.*

In order to attain right conceptions of the constitution of Nature, as laid before us in the volume of Creation, we are not to assume hypotheses and notions of our own, and from them, as from established principles, to account for the several phenomena that occur; but we are to begin with the effects themselves, and from these, diligently collected in a variety of well-chosen experiments, to investigate the causes which produce them. By such a method, directed and improved by the helps of a sublime geometry, we may reasonably hope to arrive at certainty in our physical inquiries, and on the basis of fact and demonstration may erect a system of the world, that shall be true, and worthy of its author. Whereas, by pursuing a contrary path, our conjectures at the best will be precarious and doubtful; nor can we ever be sure that the most ingenious theories we can frame are any thing more than a well-invented and consistent fable.

With the same caution we are to proceed in examining the constitution of Grace, as unfolded to our view in the volume of Redemption. Here also we are not to excogitate conceits and fancies of our own, and then distort the expressions of holy writ, to favour our misshapen imaginations; but we are first to advert to what God has actually made known of himself in the declarations of his word; and from this, carefully interpreted by the rules of sound criticism and logical deduction, to elicit the genuine doctrines of revelation. By such an exertion of our intellectual powers, assisted and enlightened by the aids which human literature is capable of furnishing, we may advance with ease and safety in our knowledge of the divine dispensations, and on the rock of Scripture may build a system of religion, that shall approve itself to our most enlarged understandings, and be equally secured from the injuries and insults of enthusiasts and unbelievers. On the other hand, previously to determine from our own reason what it is fit for a being of infinite wisdom to do, and from that pretended fitness to infer that he has really done it, is a mode of procedure that is little suited to the imbecility of our mental faculties, and still less calculated to lead us to an adequate comprehension of the will or works of Heaven.

Hallifax.

§ 134. *Comparison between Heathenism and Christianity.*

The apostle saith, "After the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God to save believers by the foolishness of preaching." That is to say, since the mere systems of reason were eventually insufficient for

the salvation of mankind; and since it was impossible that their speculations should obtain the true knowledge of God; God took another way to instruct them: he revealed by preaching of the gospel what the light of nature could not discover, so that the system of Jesus Christ and his apostles supplied all that was wanting in the systems of the ancient philosophers.

But it is not in relation to the ancient philosophers only, that we mean to consider the proposition in our text; we will examine it also in reference to modern philosophy. Our philosophers know more than all those of Greece knew; but their science which is of unspeakable advantage, while it contains itself within its proper sphere, becomes a source of errors, when it is extended beyond it. Human reason now lodgeth itself in new intrenchments, when it refuseth to submit to the faith. It even puts on new armour to attack it, after it hath invented new methods of self-defence. Under pretence that natural science hath made greater progress, revelation is despised. Under pretence that modern notions of God the Creator are purer than those of the ancients, the yoke of God the Redeemer is broken off. We are going to employ the remaining part of this discourse in justifying the proposition of St. Paul, in the sense that we have given it: we are going to endeavour to prove that revealed religion hath advantages infinitely superior to natural religion: that the greatest geniuses are incapable of discovering by their own reason all the truths necessary to salvation: and that it displays the goodness of God, not to abandon us to the uncertainties of our own wisdom, but to make us the rich present of revelation.

We will enter into this discussion, by placing on the one side a philosopher contemplating the works of nature: on the other, a disciple of Jesus Christ receiving the doctrines of revelation. To each we will give four subjects to examine: the attributes of God: the nature of man: the means of appeasing the remorse of concience: and a future state. From their judgments on each of these subjects, evidence will arise of the superior worth of that revelation, which some minute philosophers affect to despise, and above which they prefer that rough draught, which they sketch out by their own learned speculations.

1. Let us consider a disciple of natural religion, and a disciple of revealed religion meditating on the attributes of God. When the disciple of natural religion considers the symmetry of this universe; when he observes that admirable uniformity, which appears in the succession of seasons, and in the constant rotation of night and day; when he remarks the exact motions of the heavenly bodies: the flux, and reflux of the sea, so ordered that billows, which swell into mountains, and seem to threaten the world with an universal deluge, break away on the shore, and respect on the beach the command of the Creator, who said to the sea, "hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed;" when he attends to all these marvellous works, he will readily conclude, that the Author of nature is a being powerful and wise. But when he observes winds, tempests, and earthquakes, which seem to threaten the reduction of nature to its primitive chaos; when he sees the sea overflow its banks, and burst the enormous moles, that the industry of mankind had raised; his speculations will be perplexed, he will imagine he sees characters of infirmity among so many proofs of creative perfection and power.

When he thinks that God, having

enriched the habitable world with innumerable productions of infinite worth to the inhabitant, hath placed man here as a sovereign in a superb palace; when he considers how admirably God hath proportioned the divers parts of the creation to the construction of the human body, the air to the lungs, aliments to the different humours of the body, the medium by which objects are rendered visible to the eyes, that, by which sounds are communicated to the ears; when he remarks how God hath connected man with his own species, and not with animals of another kind; how he hath distributed talents, so that some requiring the assistance of others, all should be mutually united together; how he hath bound men together by invisible ties, so that one cannot see another in pain without a sympathy, that inclines him to relieve him: when the disciple of natural religion meditates on these grand subjects, he concludes that the Author of nature is a beneficent being. But, when he sees the innumerable miseries to which men are subject; when he finds, that every creature, which contributes to support, contributes at the same time to destroy us; when he thinks, that the air, which assists respiration, conveys epidemical diseases, and imperceptible poisons; that aliments, which nourish us, are often our bane; that the animals, that serve us, often turn savage against us; when he observes the perfidiousness of society, the mutual industry of mankind in tormenting each other; the arts which they invent to deprive one another of life; when he attempts to reckon up the innumerable maladies that consume us; when he considers death, which bows the loftiest heads, dissolves the firmest cements, and subverts the best-founded fortunes; when he makes these reflections, he will be apt to doubt whether it be goodness, or the contrary attribute, that inclineth the Author of our being to give us existence. When the disciple of natural religion reads those reverses of fortune, of which history furnisheth a great many examples: when he seeth tyrants fall from a pinnacle of grandeur; wicked men often punished by their own wickedness, the avaricious punished by the objects of their avarice, the ambitious by those of their ambition, the voluptuous by those of their voluptuousness: when he perceives that the laws of virtue are so essential to public happiness, that without them society would become a banditti, at least, that society is more or less happy, or miserable, according to its looser or closer attachment to virtue; when he considers all these cases, he will probably conclude that the Author of this universe is a just and holy being. But, when he sees tyranny established, vice enthroned, humility in confusion, pride wearing a crown, and love to holiness sometimes exposing people to many and intolerable calamities; he will not be able to justify God, amidst the darkness in which his equity is involved in the government of the world.

But, of all these mysteries, can one be proposed, which the Gospel doth not unfold; or, at least, is there one, on which it doth not give us some principles that are sufficient to conciliate it with the perfections of the Creator, how opposite soever it may seem?

Do the disorders of the world puzzle the disciple of natural religion, and produce difficulties in his mind? With the principles of the Gospel I can solve them all. When it is remembered that this world hath been defiled by the sin of man, and that he is, therefore, an object of divine displeasure; when the principle is admitted, that the world is not now what it was, when it came out of the hands of God; and that, in compari-

son with its pristine state, it is only a heap of ruins, the truly magnificent, but actually ruinous heap of an edifice of incomparable beauty, the rubbish of which is far more proper to excite our grief for the loss of its primitive grandeur, than to suit our present wants. When these reflections are made, can we find any objections, in the disorders of the world, against the wisdom of our Creator?

Are the miseries of man, and is the fatal necessity of death, in contemplation? With the principles of the Gospel, I solve the difficulties, which these sad objects produce in the mind of the disciple of natural religion. If the principles of Christianity be admitted, if we allow that the afflictions of good men are profitable to them, and that, in many cases, prosperity would be fatal to them; if we grant, that the present is a transitory state, and that this momentary life will be succeeded by an immortal state; if we recollect the many similar truths, which the Gospel abundantly declares; can we find, in human miseries, and in the necessity of dying, objections against the goodness of the Creator?

Do the prosperities of bad men, and adversities of the good, confuse our ideas of God? With the principles of the Gospel, I can remove all the difficulties, which these different conditions produce in the mind of the disciple of natural religion. If the principles of the Gospel be admitted, if we be persuaded that the tyrant, whose prosperity astonishes us, fulfils the counsel of God; if ecclesiastical history assures us, that Herods, and Pilates, themselves contributed to the establishment of that very Christianity, which they meant to destroy; especially, if we admit a state of future rewards and punishments; can the obscurity, in which providence hath been pleased to wrap up some of its designs, raise doubts about the justice of the Creator?

In regard, then, to the first object of contemplation, the perfection of the nature of God, revealed religion is infinitely superior to natural religion; the disciple of the first religion is infinitely wiser than the pupil of the last.

II. Let us consider these two disciples examining the nature of man, and endeavouring to know themselves. The disciple of natural religion cannot know mankind; he cannot perfectly understand the nature, the obligations, the duration of man.

1. The disciple of natural religion can only imperfectly know the nature of man, the difference of the two substances, of which he is composed. His reason, indeed, may speculate the matter, and he may perceive that there is no relation between motion and thought, between the dissolution of a few fibres and violent sensations of pain, between an agitation of humours and profound reflections; he may infer from two different effects, that there ought to be two different causes, a cause of motion, and a cause of sensation, a cause of agitating humours, and a cause of reflecting, that there is body, and that there is spirit.

But, in my opinion, those philosophers, who are best acquainted with the nature of man, cannot account for two difficulties, that are proposed to them, when, on the mere principles of reason, they affirm, that man is composed of the two substances of matter and mind. I ask, first, Do ye so well understand matter, are your ideas of it so complete, that ye can affirm, for certain, it is susceptible of nothing more than this, or that? Are ye sure that it implies a contradiction to affirm, it hath one property, which hath escaped your observation? And, consequently, can ye actually demonstrate, that

the essence of matter is incompatible with thought? Since, when ye cannot discover the union of an attribute with a subject, ye instantly conclude, that two attributes, which seem to you to have no relation, suppose too different subjects: and since ye conclude that extent and thought compose two different subjects, body and soul, because ye can discover no natural relation between extent and thought; if I discover a third attribute, which appears to me entirely unconnected with both extent and thought, I shall have a right, in my turn, to admit three subjects in man; matter, which is the subject of extent; mind, which is the subject of thought; and a third subject, which belongs to the attribute, that seems to me to have no relation to either matter or mind. Now I do know such an attribute: but I do not know to which of your two subjects I ought to refer it: I mean sensation. I find it in my nature, and I experience it every hour. But I am altogether at a loss, whether I ought to attribute it to body, or to spirit. I perceive no more natural and necessary relation between sensation and motion, than between sensation and thought.

There are, then, on your principle, three substances in man, one the substratum, which is the subject of extension; another, which is the subject of thought; and a third, which is the subject of sensation: or rather, I suspect, there is only one substance in man, which is known to me very imperfectly, to which all these attributes belong, and which are united together, although I am not able to discover their relation.

Revealed religion removes these difficulties, and decides the question. It tells us, that there are two beings in man, and, if I may express myself so, two different men, the material man, and the immaterial man. The Scriptures spake on these principles, thus; "The dust shall return to the earth as it was," this is the material man: "The spirit shall return to God who gave it," this is the immaterial man. "Fear not them which kill the body," that is to say, the material man: "fear him, which is able to destroy the soul," that is, the immaterial man. "We are willing to be absent from the body," that is from the material man: "and to be present with the Lord," that is to say, to have the immaterial man disembodied. "They stoned Stephen," that is, the material man: "calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," that is to say, receive the immaterial man.

2. The disciple of natural religion can obtain only an imperfect knowledge of the obligations, or duties of man. Natural religion may indeed conduct him to a certain point, and tell him, that he ought to love his benefactor, and various similar maxims. But is natural religion, think ye, sufficient to account for that contrariety, of which every man is conscious, that opposition between inclination and obligation? A very solid argument, I grant, in favour of moral rectitude ariseth from observing, that, to whatever degree a man may carry his sin, whatever efforts he may make to eradicate those seeds of virtue from his heart, which nature has sown there, he cannot forbear venerating virtue, and recoiling at vice. This is certainly a proof, that the Author of our being meant to forbid vice, and to enjoin virtue. But is there no room for complaint? Is there nothing specious in the following objection? As, in spite of all my endeavours to destroy virtuous dispositions, I cannot help respecting virtue, ye infer, that the Author of my being intended I should be virtuous; so, as, in spite of all my endeavours to eradicate vice, I cannot help loving vice, have I not reason for inferring, in my turn, that, the Author of my being designed I should be vicious; or, at least, that he cannot

justly impute guilt to me for performing those actions, which proceed from some principles, that were born with me? Is there no show of reason in this famous sophism? Reconcile the God of nature with the God of religion. Explain how the God of religion can forbid what the God of nature inspires; and how he, who follows those dictates, which the God of nature inspires, can be punished for so doing by the God of religion.

The Gospel unfolds this mystery. It attributes this seed of corruption to the depravity of nature. It attributeth the respect, that we feel for virtue, to the remains of the image of God, in which we were formed, and which can never be entirely effaced. Because we were born in sin, the Gospel concludes, that we ought to apply all our attentive endeavours to eradicate the seeds of corruption. And, because the image of the Creator is partly erased from our hearts, the Gospel concludes, that we ought to give ourselves wholly to the retracing of it, and so to answer the excellence of our extraction.

3. A disciple of natural religion can obtain only an imperfect knowledge of the duration of man, whether his soul be immortal, or whether it be involved in the ruin of matter. Reason, I allow, advanceth some solid arguments in proof of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. For what necessity is there for supposing, that the soul, which is a spiritual, indivisible, and immaterial being, that constitutes a whole, and is a distinct being, although united to a portion of matter, should cease to exist, when its union with the body is dissolved? A positive act of the Creator is necessary to the annihilation of a substance. The annihilating of a being, that subsists, requireth an act of power similar to that which gave it existence at first. Now, far from having any ground to believe that God will cause his power to intervene to annihilate our souls, every thing, that we know, persuadeth us, that he himself hath engraven characters of immortality on them, and that he will preserve them for ever. Enter into thy heart, frail creature! see, feel, consider those grand ideas, those immortal designs, that thirst for existing, which a thousand ages cannot quench, and in these lines and points behold the finger of thy Creator writing a promise of immortality to thee. But, how solid soever these arguments may be, however evident in themselves, and striking to a philosopher, they are objectionable, because they are not popular, but above vulgar minds, to whom the bare terms, spirituality and existence, are entirely barbarous, and convey no meaning at all.

Moreover, the union between the operations of the soul, and those of the body, is so close, that all the philosophers in the world cannot certainly determine, whether, the operations of the body ceasing, the operations of the soul do not cease with them. I see a body in perfect health, the mind, therefore, is sound. The same body is disordered, and the mind is disconcerted with it. The brain is filled, and the soul is instantly confused. The brisker the circulation of the blood is, the quicker the ideas of the mind are, and the more extensive its knowledge. At length death comes, and dissolves all the parts of the body; and how difficult is it to persuade one's self, that the soul, which was affected with every former motion of the body, will not be dissipated by its entire dissolution!

Are they the vulgar only, to whom philosophical arguments for the immortality of the soul appear deficient in evidence? Do not superior geniuses require, at least, an explanation of what rank ye assign to beasts, on the principle, that nothing capable of

ideas and conceptions, can be involved in a dissolution of matter? Nobody would venture to affirm now, in an assembly of philosophers, what was some time ago maintained with great warmth, that beasts are mere self-moving machines. Experience seems to demonstrate the falsity of the metaphysical reasonings, that have been proposed in favour of this opinion; and we cannot observe the actions of beasts, without being inclined to infer one of these two consequences: either the spirit of man is mortal, like his body; or the souls of beasts are immortal, like those of mankind.

Revelation dissipates all our obscurities, and teacheth us clearly, and without a may be, that God willeth our immortality. It carries our thoughts forward to a future state, as to a fixed period, whither the greatest part of the promises of God tend. It commandeth us, indeed, to consider all the blessings of this life, the aliments that nourish us, the rays which enlighten us, the air that we breathe, sceptres, crowns, and kingdoms, as effects of the liberality of God, and as grounds of our gratitude. But, at the same time, it requireth us to surmount the most magnificent earthly objects. It commandeth us to consider light, air, and aliments, crowns, sceptres, and kingdoms, as unfit to constitute the felicity of a soul created in the image of the blessed God, and with whom the blessed God hath formed a close and intimate union. It assureth us, that an age of life cannot fill the wish of duration, which it is the noble prerogative of an immortal soul to form. It doth not ground the doctrine of immortality on metaphysical speculations, nor on complex arguments, uninvestigable by the greatest part of mankind, and which always leave some doubts in the minds of the ablest philosophers. The gospel grounds the doctrine on the only principle that can support the weight, with which it is encumbered. The principle, which I mean, is the will of the Creator, who, having created our souls at first by an act of his will, can either eternally preserve them, or absolutely annihilate them, whether they be material, or spiritual, mortal, or immortal, by nature. Thus the disciple of revealed religion doth not float between doubt and assurance, hope and fear, as the disciple of nature doth. He is not obliged to leave the most interesting question, that poor mortals can agitate, undecided; whether their souls perish with their bodies, or survive their ruins. He does not say, as Cyrus said to his children; I know not how to persuade myself, that the soul lives in this mortal body, and ceaseth to be, when the body expires. I am more inclined to think, that it requires after death more penetration and purity. He doth not say, as Socrates said to his judges; And now we are going, I to suffer death, and ye to enjoy life. God only knows which is the best. He doth not say as Cicero said, speaking on this important article; I do not pretend to say, that what I affirm is as infallible as the Pythian oracle, I speak only by conjecture. The disciple of revelation, authorized by the testimony of Jesus Christ, "who hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel;" boldly affirms, "though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day. We, that are in this tabernacle, do groan, being burdened; not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life. I know whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that he is able to keep that, which I have committed unto him, against that day."

III. We are next to consider the disciple of natural religion, and the disciple of revealed religion, at the tribunal of God as penitents solicit-

ing for pardon. The former cannot find even by feeling after it, in natural religion, according to the language of St. Paul, the grand mean of reconciliation, which God hath given to the church; I mean the sacrifice of the cross. Reason, indeed, discovers, that man is guilty, as the confessions, and acknowledgments, which the Heathens made of their crimes, prove. It discerns, that a sinner deserves punishment, as the remorse and fear, with which their consciences were often excruciated, demonstrate. It presumes, indeed, that God will yield to the entreaties of his creatures, as their prayers, and temples, and altars testify. It even goes so far as to perceive the necessity of satisfying divine justice, this their sacrifices, this their burnt offerings, this their human victims, this the rivers of blood, that flowed on their altars, show.

But, how likely soever all these speculations may be, they form only a systematic body without a head; for no positive promise of pardon from God himself belongs to them. The mystery of the cross is entirely invisible; for only God could reveal that, because only God could plan, and only he could execute that profound relief. How could human reason, alone and unassisted, have discovered the mystery of redemption, when, alas! after an infallible God hath revealed it, reason is absorbed in its depth, and needs all its submission to receive it, as an article of faith?

But that, which natural religion cannot attain, revealed religion clearly discovers. Revelation exhibits a God-Man, dying for the sins of mankind and setting grace before every penitent sinner: grace for all mankind. The schools have often agitated the questions, and sometimes indiscreetly, whether Jesus Christ died for all mankind, or only for a small number? Whether his blood were shed for all, who hear the gospel, or for those only, who believe it? We will not dispute these points now: but we will venture to affirm, that there is not an individual of all our hearers, who hath not a right to say to himself, if I believe, I shall be saved; I shall believe, if I endeavour to believe. Consequently, every individual hath a right to apply the benefits of the death of Christ to himself. The gospel reveals grace, that pardons the most atrocious crimes, those that have the most fatal influences. Although ye have denied Christ with Peter, betrayed him with Judas, persecuted him with Saul; yet the blood of a God-Man is sufficient to obtain your pardon, if ye be in the covenant of redemption. Grace, which is accessible at all times, at every instant of life. Woe be to you, my brethren; woe be to you if, abusing this reflection, ye delay your return to God till the last moments of your lives, when your repentance will be difficult, not to say impracticable and impossible! But it is always certain, that God every instant opens the treasures of his mercy, when sinners return to him by sincere repentance. Grace, capable of terminating all the melancholy thoughts that are produced by the fear of being abandoned by God in the midst of our race, and of having the work of salvation left imperfect. For, after he hath given us a present so magnificent, what can he refuse? "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" Grace, so clearly revealed in our Scriptures, that the most accurate reasoning, heresy the most extravagant, and infidelity the most obstinate, cannot enervate his declarations. For, the death of Christ may be considered in different views: it is a sufficient confirmation of his doctrine; it is a perfect pattern of patience, it is the most mag-

nanimous degree of extraordinary excellencies, that can be imagined: but the gospel very seldom presents it to us in any of these views, it leaves them to our own perception; but when it speaks of his death, it usually speaks of it as an expiatory sacrifice. Need we repeat here a number of formal texts, and express decisions on this matter? Thanks be to God, we are preaching to a Christian auditory, who make the death of the Redeemer the foundation of faith! The gospel, then, assureth the penitent sinner of pardon. Zeno, Epicurus, Pythagoras, Socrates, Porch, Academy, Lycæum, what have ye to offer to your disciples, equal to this promise of the gospel?

IV. But that, which principally displays the prerogatives of the Christian above those of the philosopher, is an all-sufficient provision against the fear of death. A comparison between a dying Pagan and a dying Christian will show this. I consider a Pagan, in his dying-bed, speaking to himself what follows. On which side soever I consider my state, I perceive nothing but trouble and despair. If I observe the fore-runners of death, I see awful symptoms, violent sickness, and intolerable pain, which surround my sick-bed, and are the first scenes of the bloody tragedy. As to the world, my dearest objects disappear; my closest connexions are dissolving; my most specious titles are effacing; my noblest privileges are vanishing away; a dismal curtain falls between my eyes and all the decorations of the universe. In regard to my body, it is a mass without motion, and life: my tongue is about to be condemned to eternal silence; my eyes to perpetual darkness; all the organs of my body to entire dissolution; and the miserable remains of my carcass to lodge in the grave, and to become food for the worms. If I consider my soul, I scarcely know whether it be immortal; and could I demonstrate its natural immortality, I should not be able to say, whether my Creator would display his attributes in preserving, or in destroying it; whether my wishes for immortality be the dictates of nature, or the language of sin. If I consider my past life, I have a witness within me, attesting that my practice hath been less than my knowledge, how small soever the latter hath been; and that the abundant depravity of my heart hath thickened the darkness of my mind. If I consider futurity, I think I discover through many thick clouds a future state; my reason suggests, that the Author of nature hath not given me a soul so sublime in thought, and so expansive in desire, merely to move in this little orb for a moment: but this is nothing but conjecture; and, if there be another economy after this, should I be less miserable than I am here? One moment I hope for annihilation, the next I shudder with the fear of being annihilated: my thoughts and desires are at war with each other, they rise, they resist, they destroy one another. Such is the dying Heathen. If a few examples of those, who have died otherwise, be adduced, they ought not to be urged in evidence against what we have advanced; for they are rare, and very probably deceptive, their outward tranquillity being only a concealment of trouble within. Trouble is the greater for confinement within, and for an affected appearance without. As we ought not to believe, that philosophy hath rendered men insensible of pain, because some philosophers have maintained that pain is no evil, and have seemed to triumph over it: so neither ought we to believe, that it hath disarmed death in regard to the disciples of natural religion, because some have affirmed, that death is not an object of fear. After all, if some Pagans enjoyed a

real tranquillity at death, it was a groundless tranquillity, to which reason contributed nothing at all.

O! how differently do Christians die! How doth revealed religion triumph over the religion of nature in this respect! May each of our hearers be a new evidence of this article! The whole that troubles an expiring Heathen, revives a Christian in his dying bed.

Thus speaks the dying Christian. When I consider the awful symptoms of death, and the violent agonies of dissolving nature, they appear to me as medical preparations, sharp, but salutary; they are necessary to detach me from life, and to separate the remains of inward depravity from me. Beside, I shall not be abandoned to my own frailty; but my patience and constancy will be proportional to my sufferings, and that powerful arm, which hath supported me through life, will uphold me under the pressure of death. If I consider my sins, many as they are, I am invulnerable; for I go to a tribunal of mercy, where God is reconciled, and justice is satisfied. If I consider my body, I perceive, I am putting off a mean and corruptible habit, and putting on robes of glory. Fall, fall, ye imperfect senses, ye frail organs, fall, house of clay, into your original dust; ye will be "sown in corruption, but raised in incorruption; sown in dishonour, but raised in glory; sown in weakness, but raised in power." If I consider my soul, it is passing, I see, from slavery to freedom. I shall carry with me that which thinks and reflects. I shall carry with me the delicacy of taste, the harmony of sounds, the beauty of colours, the fragrance of odoriferous smells. I shall surmount heaven and earth, nature and all terrestrial things, and my ideas of all their beauties will multiply and expand. If I consider the future economy, to which I go, I have, I own, very inadequate notions of it: but my incapacity is the ground of my expectation. Could I perfectly comprehend it, it would argue its resemblance to some of the present objects of my senses, or its minute proportion to the present operations of my mind. If worldly dignities and grandeurs, if accumulated treasures, if the enjoyments of the most refined voluptuousness, were to represent to me celestial felicity, I should suppose, that, partaking of their nature, they partook of their vanity. But, if nothing here can represent the future state, it is because that state surpasseth every other. My ardour is increased by my imperfect knowledge of it. My knowledge, and virtue, I know will be perfected; I know I shall comprehend truth, and obey order; I know I shall be free from all evils, and in possession of all good; I shall be present with God, I know, and with all the happy spirits, who surround his throne; and this perfect state, I am sure, will continue for ever and ever.

Such are the all-sufficient supports which revealed religion affords against the fear of death. Such are the meditations of a dying Christian; not of one, whose whole Christianity consists of dry speculations, which have no influence over his practice; but of one, who applies his knowledge to relieve the real wants of his life.

Christianity, then, we have seen, is superior to natural religion, in these four respects. To these we will add a few more reflections in farther evidence of the superiority of revealed religion to the religion of nature.

1. The ideas of the ancient philosophers concerning natural religion were not collected into a body of doctrine. One philosopher had one idea, another studious man had another idea; ideas of truth and virtue, therefore, lay dispersed. Who doth

not see the pre-eminence of revelation, on this article? No human capacity either hath been, or would ever have been equal to the noble conception of a perfect body of truth. There is no genius so narrow, as not to be capable of proposing some clear truth, some excellent maxim: but to lay down principles, and to perceive at once a chain of consequences, these are the efforts of great geniuses; this capability is philosophical perfection. If this axiom be incontestable, what a fountain of wisdom does the system of Christianity argue! It represents us, in one lovely body, of perfect symmetry, all the ideas that we have enumerated. One idea supposeth another idea; and the whole is united in a manner so compact, that it is impossible to alter one particle without defacing the beauty of all.

2. Pagan philosophers never had a system of natural religion comparable with that of modern philosophers, although the latter glory in their contempt of revelation. Modern philosophers have derived the clearest and best parts of their systems from the very revelation which they affect to despise. We grant, the doctrines of the perfections of God, of providence, and of a future state, are perfectly conformable to the light of reason. A man, who should pursue rational tracks of knowledge to his utmost power, would discover, we own, all these doctrines; but it is one thing to grant, that these doctrines are comformable to reason; and it is another to affirm, that reason actually discovered them. It is one thing to allow, that a man, who should pursue rational tracks of knowledge to his utmost power, would discover all these doctrines: and it is another to pretend, that any man hath pursued these tracks to the utmost, and hath actually discovered them. It was the gospel that taught mankind the use of their reason. It was the gospel, that assisted men to form a body of natural religion. Modern philosophers avail themselves of these aids; they form a body of natural religion by the light of the gospel, and then they attribute to their own penetration what they derive from foreign aid.

3. What was most rational in the natural religion of the Pagan philosophers was mixed with fancies and dreams. There was not a single philosopher, who did not adopt some absurdity, and communicate it to his disciples. One taught, that every being was animated with a particular soul, and on this absurd hypothesis he pretended to account for all the phenomena of nature. Another took every star for a god, and thought the soul a vapour, that passed from one body to another, expiating in the body of a beast the sins that were committed in that of a man. One attributed the creation of the world to a blind chance, and the government of all events in it to an inviolable fate. Another affirmed the eternity of the world, and said, there was no period in eternity, in which heaven and earth, nature and elements, were not visible. One said, every thing is uncertain; we are not sure of our own existence; the distinction between just and unjust, virtue and vice, is fanciful, and hath no real foundation in the nature of things. Another made matter equal to God; and maintained, that it concurred with the Supreme Being in the formation of the universe. One took the world for a prodigious body, of which he thought God was the soul. Another affirmed the materiality of the soul, and attributed to matter the faculties of thinking and reasoning. Some denied the immortality of the soul, and the intervention of providence; and pretended, that an infinite number of particles of matter, indivisible, and indestructible, revolved in the

universe; that from their fortuitous concourse arose the present world; that in all this there was no design; that the feet were not formed for walking, the eyes for seeing, nor the hands for handling. The gospel is light without darkness. It hath nothing mean; nothing false; nothing that doth not bear the characters of that wisdom, from which it proceeds.

4. What was pure in the natural religion of the Heathens was not known, nor could be known to any but philosophers. The common people were incapable of that penetration and labour, which the investigating of truth, and the distinguishing of it from that falsehood, in which passion and prejudice had enveloped it, required. A mediocrity of genius, I allow, is sufficient for the purpose of inferring a part of those consequences from the works of nature, of which we form the body of natural religion; but none but geniuses of the first order are capable of kenning those distant consequences, which are enfolded in darkness. The bulk of mankind wanted a short way proportional to every mind. They wanted an authority, the infallibility of which all mankind might easily see. They wanted a revelation founded on evidence plain and obvious to all the world. Philosophers could not show the world such a short way: but revelation hath showed it. No philosopher could assume the authority, necessary to establish such a way; it became God alone to dictate in such a manner, and in revelation he hath done it. *Saurin.*

§ 135. *The Bible superior to all other books.*

In what other writings can we descry those excellencies which we find in the Bible? None of them can equal it in antiquity; for the first penman of the Sacred Scripture hath the start of all philosophers, poets, and historians, and is absolutely the ancientest writer extant in the world. No writings are equal to these of the Bible, if we mention only the stock of human learning contained in them. Here linguists and philologists may find that which is to be found no where else. Here rhetoricians and orators may be entertained with a more lofty eloquence, with a choicer composure of words, and with a greater variety of style, than any other writers can afford them. Here is a book, where more is understood than expressed, where words are few, but the sense is full and redundant. No books equal this in authority, because it is the Word of God himself, and dictated by an unerring Spirit. It excels all other writings in the excellency of its matter, which is the highest, noblest, and worthiest, and of the greatest concern to mankind. Lastly, the Scriptures transcend all other writings in their power and efficacy.—

Wherefore, with great seriousness and importunity, I request the reader that he would entertain such thoughts and persuasions as these, that Bible-learning is the highest accomplishment, that this book is the most valuable of any upon earth, that here is a library in one single volume, that this alone is sufficient for us, though all the libraries in the world were destroyed.

Edwards.

§ 136. *The volume of the Scriptures superior to all other books.*

The Scriptures contain, independently of a divine origin, more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, purer morality, more important history, and finer strains both of poetry and eloquence, than could be collected within the same compass, from all other books that were ever composed in any age, or in any idiom. The two parts, of which the Scrip-

tures consist, are connected by a chain of compositions, which bear no resemblance, in form or style, to any that can be produced from the stores of Grecian, Indian, Persian, or even Arabian learning. The antiquity of those compositions no man doubts; and the unstrained application of them to events long subsequent to their publication, is a solid ground of belief, that they were genuine predictions, and consequently inspired.* *Sir William Jones.*

§ 137. *The Mosaic account of the origin of mankind, and of the deluge, confirmed by reason and history.*

I admit without hesitation the aphorism of Linnæus, that, 'in the beginning God created one pair only of every living species, which has a diversity of sex;' but, since that incomparable naturalist argues principally from the wonderful diffusion of vegetables, and from an hypothesis, that the water on this globe has been continually subsiding, I venture to produce a shorter and closer argument in support of his doctrine.

That *Nature*, of which simplicity appears a distinguishing attribute, *does nothing in vain*, is a maxim in philosophy; and against those who deny maxims we cannot dispute: but *it is vain* and superfluous *to do by many means, what may be done by fewer*, and this is another maxim, received into courts of judicature from the schools of the philosophers. 'We must not, therefore,' says our great Newton, 'admit more causes of natural things, than those which are true, and sufficiently account for natural phenomena:' but it is true, that one pair at least of every living species must at first have been created; and that one human pair was sufficient for the population of our globe in a period of no inconsiderable length, (on the very moderate supposition of lawyers and political arithmeticians, that every pair of ancestors left on an average two children, and each of them two more,) is evident from the rapid increase of numbers in geometrical progression, so well known to those who have ever taken the trouble to sum a series of as many terms as they suppose generations of men in two or three thousand years. It follows that the Author of nature (for all nature proclaims its divine Author,) created but one pair of our species; yet, had it not been (among other reasons) for the devastations which history has recorded, of water and fire, war, famine, and pestilence, this earth would not now have had room for its multiplied inhabitants. If the human race then be, as we may confidently assume, of one natural species, they must all have proceeded from one pair; and if perfect justice be, as it is most indubitably, an essential attribute of God, that pair must have been gifted with sufficient wisdom and strength to be virtuous, and, as far as their nature admitted, happy, but intrusted with freedom of will to be vicious, and consequently degraded. Whatever might be their option, they must people in time the region where they first were established, and their numerous descendants must necessarily seek new countries, as inclination might prompt, or accident lead them. They would of course migrate in separate families and clans, which, forgetting by degrees the language of their common progenitor, would form new dialects to convey new ideas, both simple and complex. Natural affection would unite them at first, and a sense of reciprocal utility, the great and only cement of social union in the absence of public honour and justice, for which, in evil times, it is a general substitute, would

* We extract this passage from the author's Eighth discourse to the Society for Asiatic Researches. He is said to have written it also at the end of his Bible.—*Editor.*

combine them at length in communities more or less regular; laws would be proposed by a part of each community, but enacted by the whole; and government would be variously arranged for the happiness or misery of the governed, according to their own virtue and wisdom, or depravity and folly: so that, in less than three thousand years, the world would exhibit the same appearances which we may actually observe on it in the age of the great Arabian impostor.

The most ancient history of the human race, and the oldest composition perhaps in the world, is a work in Hebrew which we may suppose at first, for the sake of our argument, to have no higher authority than any other work of equal antiquity that the researches of the curious had accidentally brought to light. It is ascribed to Musah; for so he writes his own name, which, after the Greeks and Romans, we have changed into Moses; and though it was manifestly his object to give an historical account of a single family, he has introduced it with a short view of the primitive world, and his introduction has been divided, perhaps improperly, into eleven chapters. After describing with awful sublimity the creation of this universe, he asserts, that one pair of every animal species was called from nothing into existence; that the human pair were strong enough to be happy, but free to be miserable; that, from delusion and temerity, they disobeyed their supreme benefactor, whose goodness could not pardon them consistently with his justice; and that they received a punishment adequate to their disobedience, but softened by a mysterious promise to be accomplished in their descendants. We cannot but believe on the supposition just made of a history uninspired, that these facts were delivered by tradition from the first pair, and related by Moses in a figurative style: not in that sort of allegory which rhetoricians describe as a mere assemblage of metaphors, but in the symbolical mode of writing adopted by eastern sages, to embellish and dignify historical truth; and, if this were a time for such illustrations, we might produce the same account of the creation and the fall, expressed by symbols very nearly similar from the *Puranas* themselves, and even from the *Veda* which appears to stand next in antiquity to the five books of Moses.

The sketch of antediluvian history, in which we find many dark passages, is followed by a narrative of a deluge, which destroyed the whole race of man except four pairs; an historical fact admitted as true by every nation to whose literature we have access, and particularly by the ancient Hindus, who have allotted an entire Purana to the detail of that event, which they relate, as usual, in symbols or allegories. I concur most heartily with those who insist, that, in proportion as any fact mentioned in history seems repugnant to the course of nature, or, in one word, miraculous, the stronger evidence is required to induce a rational belief of it; but we hear without incredulity, that cities have been overwhelmed by eruptions from burning mountains, and whole islands depopulated by earthquakes: if then we look at the firmament sprinkled with innumerable stars; if we conclude by a fair analogy that every star is a sun, attracting, like ours, a system of inhabited planets: and if our ardent fancy, soaring hand in hand with sound reason, waft us beyond the visible sphere into other regions of immensity, disclosing other celestial expanses, and other systems of suns and worlds on all sides without number or end, we cannot but consider the submersion of our little spheroid, as an infinitely less event in respect to the immeasurable universe, than the

destruction of a city or an isle in respect of this habitable globe.

Thus, on the preceding supposition that the first eleven chapters of the book, which it is thought proper to call Genesis, are merely a preface to the oldest civil history now extant, we see the truth of them confirmed by antecedent reasoning, and by evidence, in part highly probable, and in part certain: but the connexion of the Mosaic history with that of the gospel, by a chain of sublime predictions, unquestionably ancient, and apparently fulfilled, must induce us to think the Hebrew narrative more than human in its origin, and consequently true in every substantial part of it, though possibly expressed in figurative language: as many learned and pious men have believed, and as the most pious may believe without injury, and perhaps with advantage, to the cause of revealed religion.

Sir William Jones.

§ 138. *All the religious knowledge in the world derived from Revelation.*

Deism, or the principles of natural worship, are only the faint remnants or dying flames of revealed religion in the posterity of Noah; and our modern philosophers, nay, and some of our philosophizing divines, have too much exalted the faculties of our souls, when they have maintained that by their force, mankind has been able to find out that there is one supreme agent or intellectual being which we call God; that praise and prayer are his due worship; and the rest of those deducements, which I am confident are the remote effects of revelation, and unattainable by our discourse, I mean as simply considered, and without the benefit of divine illumination. So that we have not lifted up ourselves to God by the weak pinions of our reason, but he has been pleased to descend to us; and what Socrates said of him, what Plato wrote, and the rest of the Heathen philosophers of several nations is all no more than the twilight of revelation, after the sun of it was set in the race of Noah. That there is something above us, some principle of motion, our reason can apprehend, though it cannot discover what it is by its own virtue. And indeed it is very improbable, that we, who by the strength of our faculties cannot enter into the knowledge of any being, not so much as of our own, should be able to find out by them that Supreme Nature, which we cannot otherwise define than by saying it is infinite; as if infinite were definable, or infinity a subject for our narrow understanding. They who would prove religion by reason, do but weaken the cause which they endeavour to support. It is to take away the pillars from our faith, and prop it only with a twig; it is to design a tower like that of Babel, which, if it were possible, as it is not, to reach heaven, would come to nothing by the confusion of the workmen. For every man is building a several way; impotently conceited of his own model, and of his own materials. Reason is always striving, always at a loss; and of necessity it must so come to pass, while it is exercised about that which is not its proper object. Let us be content at last to know God by his own methods; at least so much of him as he is pleased to reveal to us in the Sacred Scriptures. To apprehend them to be the Word of God, is all our reason has to do; for all beyond it is the work of faith, which is the seal of Heaven impressed upon our human understanding.

Dryden.

§ 139. *A moral demonstration of the truth of the Christian religion.*

This discourse of all the disputables in the world, shall require the

fewest things to be granted; even nothing but what was evident; even nothing but the very subject of the question, viz. That there was such a man as Jesus Christ; that he pretended such things, and taught such doctrines: for he that will prove these things to be from God, must be allowed that they were from something or other.

But this postulate I do not ask for need, but for order's sake and art; for what the histories of that age reported as a public affair, as one of the most eminent transactions of the world, that which made so much noise, which caused so many changes, which occasioned so many wars, which divided so many hearts, which altered so many families, which procured so many deaths, which obtained so many laws in favour, and suffered so many rescripts in the disfavour, of itself: that which was not done in a corner, but was thirty-three years and more in acting; which caused so many sects, and was opposed by so much art, and so much power that it might not grow, which filled the world with noise, which effected such great changes in the bodies of men by curing the diseased, and smiting the contumacious or the hypocrites, which drew so many eyes, and filled so many tongues, and employed so many pens, and was the care and the question of the whole world at that time, and immediately after; that which was consigned by public acts and records of courts, which was in the books of friends and enemies, which came accompanied and remarked with eclipses and stars and prodigies of heaven and earth; that which the Jews even in spite and against their wills confessed, and which the witty adversaries intending to overthrow, could never so much as challenge of want of truth in the matter of fact and story; that which they who are infinitely concerned that it should not be believed, or more, that it had never been; do yet only labour to make it appear not to have been divine: certainly, this thing is so certain that it was, that the defenders of it need not account it a kindness to have it presupposed; for never was there any story in the world that had so many degrees of credibility, as the story of the person, life, and death, of Jesus Christ: and if he had not been a true prophet, yet that he was in the world, and said and did such things, cannot be denied; for even concerning Mahomet we make no question but he was in the world, and led a great part of mankind after him, and what was less proved we infinitely believe: and what all men say, and no man denies, and was notorious in itself, of this we may make further inquiries whether it was all that which it pretended; for that it did make pretences and was in the world, needs no more probation.

But now, whether Jesus Christ was sent from God and delivered the will of God, we are to take accounts from all the things of the world which were on him, or about him, or from him.

Bishop Taylor.

§ 140. *Considerations respecting the Person of Jesus Christ.*

I. Consider, first, his person: he was foretold by all the prophets: he, I say, for that appears by the event, and the correspondencies of their sayings to this person: he was described by infallible characterisms, which did fit him, and did never fit any but him; for, when he was born, then was the fulness of time, and the Messias was expected at the time when Jesus did appear, which gave occasion to many of the godly then to wait for him, and to hope to live till the time of his revelation: and they did so, and with a spirit of prophecy, which their own nation did confess and honour, glorified God at

the revelation: and the most excellent and devout persons that were conspicuous for their piety did then rejoice in him, and confess him; and the expectation of him at that time was so public and famous, that it gave occasion to divers impostors to abuse the credulity of the people, in pretending to be the Messias; but not only the predictions of the time, and the perfect Synchronisms, did point him out, but at his birth a strange star appeared, which guided certain Levantine princes and sages to the inquiry after him; a strange star, which had an irregular place and an irregular motion, that came by design, and acted by counsel, the counsel of the Almighty Guide, it moved from place to place, till it stood just over the house where the babe did sleep; a star, of which the heathen knew much, who knew nothing of him; a star, which Calcidius affirmed to have signified the descent of God for the salvation of man; a star, that guided the wise Chaldees to worship him with gifts (as the same disciple of Plato does affirm, and) as the holy Scriptures deliver; and this star could be no secret; it troubled all the country; it put Herod upon strange arts of security for his kingdom; it effected a sad tragedy accidentally, for it occasioned the death of all the little babes in the city, and voisinage of Bethlehem: but the birth of this young child, which was thus glorified by a star, was also signified by an angel, and was effected by the holy Spirit of God, in a manner which was in itself supernatural? a virgin was his mother, and God was his father, and his beginning was miraculous; and this matter of his birth of a virgin was proved to an interested and jealous person, even to Joseph, the supposed father of Jesus; it was affirmed publicly by all his family, and by all his disciples, and published in the midst of all his enemies, who by no artifice could reprove it; a matter so famous, that when it was urged as an argument, to prove Jesus to be the Messias, by the force of a prophecy in Isaiah, "A Virgin shall conceive a Son," they who obstinately refused to admit him, did not deny the matter of fact, but denied that it was so meant by the prophet, which, if it were true, can only prove that Jesus was more excellent than was foretold by the prophets, but that there was nothing less in him than was to be in the Messias; it was a matter so famous, that the Arabian physicians, who can affirm no such things of their Mahomet, and yet not being able to deny it to be true of the holy Jesus, endeavour to alleviate and lessen the thing, by saying, It is not wholly beyond the force of nature, that a virgin should conceive; so that it was on all hands undeniable, that the mother of Jesus was a virgin, a mother without a man.

This is that Jesus, at whose presence, before he was born, a babe in his mother's belly also did leap for joy, who was also a person extraordinary himself, conceived in his mother's old age, after a long barrenness, signified by an angel in the temple, to his father officiating his priestly office, who was also struck dumb for his not present believing; all the people saw it, and all his kindred were witnesses of his restitution, and he was named by the angel, and his office declared to be the forerunner of the holy Jesus; and this also was foretold by one of the old prophets; for the whole story of this divine person is a chain of providence and wonder, every link of which is a verification of a prophecy, and all of it is that thing which from Adam to the birth of Jesus, was pointed at and hinted by all the prophets, whose words in him passed perfectly into the event.

This is that Jesus, who, as he was

born without a father, so he was learned without a master: he was a man without age, a doctor in a child's garment, disputing in the sanctuary at twelve years old. He was a sojourner in Egypt, because the poor babe, born of an indigent mother, was a formidable rival to a potent king; and this fear could not come from the design of the infant, but must needs arise from the illustriousness of the birth, and the prophecies of the child, and the sayings of the learned, and the journey of the wise men, and the decrees of God: this journey and the return were both managed by the conduct of an angel and a divine dream, for to the Son of God all the angels did rejoice to minister.

This blessed person, made thus excellent by the Father, and glorious by miraculous consignations, and illustrious by the ministry of heavenly spirits, and proclaimed to Mary and to Joseph by two angels, to the shepherds by a multitude of the heavenly host, to the wise men by a prophecy and by a star, to the Jews by the shepherds, to the Gentiles by the three wise men, to Herod by the doctors of the law, and to himself perfectly known by the inchasing his human nature in the bosom and heart of God, and by the fulness of the Spirit of God, was yet pleased for thirty years together, to live a humble, a laborious, a chaste and a devout, a regular and an even, a wise and an exemplar, a pious and an obscure life, without complaint, without sin, without design of fame, or grandeur of spirit, till the time came that the clefts of the rock were to open, and the diamond give its lustre, and be worn in the diadems of kings, and then this person was wholly admirable: for he was ushered into the world by the voice of a loud crier in the wilderness, a person austere and wise, of a strange life, full of holiness, and full of hardness, and a great preacher of righteousness, a man believed by all the people that he came from God, one who in his own nation gathered disciples publicly, and (which amongst them was a great matter) he was the doctor of a new institution, and baptized all the country; yet this man, so great, so revered, so followed, so listened to by king and people, by doctors and by idiots, by Pharisees and Sadducees, this man preached Jesus to the people, pointed out the Lamb of God, told that he must increase, and himself from all that fame must retire to give him place; he received him to baptism, after having with duty and modesty declared his own unworthiness to give, but rather a worthiness to receive baptism from the holy hands of Jesus; but at the solemnity God sent down the Holy Spirit upon his holy Son, and by a voice from heaven, a voice of thunder (and God was in that voice) declared that this was his Son, and that he was delighted in him.

This voice from heaven was such, so evident, so certain a conviction of what it did intend to prove, so known and accepted as the way of divine revelation under the second temple, that at that time every man that desired a sign honestly, would have been satisfied with such a voice; it being the testimony, by which God made all extraordinaries to be credible to his people, from the days of Ezra, to the death of the nation; and that there was such a voice, not only then, but divers times after, was as certain, and made as evident, as things of that nature can ordinarily be made. For it being a matter of fact, cannot be supposed infinite, but limited to time and place, heard by a certain number of persons, and was as a clap of thunder upon ordinary accounts, which could be heard but by those who were within the sphere of its own activity; and reported by those to others, who are

to give testimony, as testimonies are required, which are credible under the test of two or three disinterested, honest, and true men; and, though this was done in the presence of more, and oftener than once, yet it was a divine testimony but at first, but is to be conveyed by the means of men; and, as God thundered from heaven at the giving of the law (though that he did so, we have notice only from the books of Moses, received from the Jewish nation,) so he did in the days of the Baptist, and so he did to Peter, James, and John, and so he did in the presence of the Pharisees and many of the common people; and, as it is not to be supposed that all these would join their divided interests, for and against themselves, for the verification of a lie; so, if they would have done it, they could not have done it without reproof of their own parties, who would have been glad by the discovery only to disgrace the whole story. But, if the report of honest and just men so reputed, may be questioned for matter of fact, or may not be accounted sufficient to make faith, when there is no pretence of men to the contrary, besides, that we can have no story transmitted to us, no records kept, no acts of courts, no narratives of the days of old, no traditions of our fathers; so there could not be left in nature any usual instrument, whereby God could after the manner of man declare his own will to us, but either we should never know the will of Heaven upon earth, or it must be, that God must not only tell it once but always, and not only always to some men, but always to all men; and then, as there would be no use of history, or the honesty of men, and their faithfulness in telling any act of God in declaration of his will, so there would be perpetual necessity of miracles, and we could not serve God directly with our understanding; for there would be no such thing as faith, that is, of assent without conviction of understanding, and we could not please God with believing, because there would be in it nothing of the will, nothing of love and choice; and that faith which is, would be like that of Thomas, to believe what we see or hear, and God should not at all govern upon earth, unless he did continually come himself; for thus, all government, all teachers, all apostles, all messengers would be needless, because they could not show to the eye what they told to the ears of men; and it might as well be disbelieved in all courts and by all princes, that this was not the letter of a prince, or the act of a man, or the writing of his hand, and so all human intercourse must cease, and all senses, but the eye, be useless as to this affair, or else to the ear all voices must be strangers, but the principal, if, I say, no reports shall make faith. But it is certain, that when these voices were sent from heaven and heard upon earth, they prevailed amongst many that heard them not, and disciples were multiplied upon such accounts; or else it must be that none, that did hear them, could be believed by any of their friends and neighbours; for, if they were, the voice was as effective at the reflex and rebound, as in the direct emission, and could prevail with them that believed their brother or their friend, as certainly as with them that believed their own ears and eyes.

I need not speak of the vast numbers of miracles which he wrought; miracles, which were not more demonstrations of his power, than of his mercy; for they had nothing of pompousness and ostentation, but infinitely of charity and mercy, and that permanent and lasting and often: he opened the eyes of the blind, he made the crooked straight, he made the weak strong, he cured

fevers with the touch of his hand, and an issue of blood with the hem of his garment, and sore eyes with the spittle of his mouth, and the clay of the earth; he multiplied the loaves and fishes, he raised the dead to life, a young maiden, the widow's son of Naim, and Lazarus, and cast out devils by the word of his mouth, which he could never do, but by the power of God. For Satan does not cast out Satan, nor a house fight against itself, if it means to stand long; and the devil could not help Jesus, because the holy Jesus taught men virtue, called them from the worshipping devils, taught them to resist the devil, to lay aside all those abominable idolatries by which the devil doth rule in the hearts of men: he taught men to love God, to fly from temptations to sin, to hate and avoid all those things of which the devil is guilty; for Christianity forbids pride, envy, malice, lying, and yet affirms, that the devil is proud, envious, malicious; and the father of lies; and therefore, wherever Christianity prevails, the devil is not worshipped, and therefore he that can think that a man without the power of God could overturn the devil's principles, cross his designs, weaken his strength, baffle him in his policies, befool him and turn him out of possession, and make him open his own mouth against himself, as he did often, and confess himself conquered by Jesus, and tormented, as the oracle did to Augustus Cæsar, and the devil to Jesus himself; he, I say, that thinks a mere man can do this, knows not the weaknesses of a man, nor the power of an angel; but he that thinks this could be done by compact, and by consent of the devil, must think him to be an intelligence, without understanding, a power without force, a fool and a sot to assist a power against himself, and to persecute the power he did assist, to stir up the world to destroy the Christians, whose Master and Lord he did assist to destroy himself; and, when we read that Porphyrius an Heathen, a professed enemy to Christianity, did say, that since Jesus was worshipped, the gods could help no man, that is, the gods which they worshipped; the poor baffled enervated demons: he must either think that the devils are as foolish as they are weak, or else, that they did nothing towards this declination of their power; and therefore that they suffer it by a power higher than themselves, that is, by the power of God in the hand of Jesus.

But, besides that God gave testimony from heaven concerning him, he also gave this testimony of himself to have come from God, because that "he did God's will;" for he that is a good man and lives, by the laws of God and of his nation, a life innocent and simple, prudent and wise, holy and spotless, unreproved and unsuspected, he is certainly by all wise men said in a good sense to be the Son of God; but he who does well and speaks well, and calls all men to glorify and serve God, and serves no ends but of holiness and charity, of wisdom of hearts and reformation of manners, this man carries great authority in his sayings, and ought to prevail with good men in good things, for good ends, which is all that is here required.

But his nature was so sweet, his manners so humble, his words so wise and composed, his comportment so grave and winning, his answers so reasonable, his questions so deep, his reproof so severe and charitable, his pity so great and merciful, his preachings so full of reason and holiness, of weight and authority, his conversation so useful and beneficent, his poverty great but his alms frequent, his family so holy and religious, his and their employment so profitable, his meekness so incompa-

rable, his passions without difference, save only where zeal or pity carried him on to worthy and apt expressions, a person that never laughed, but often wept in a sense of the calamities of others: he loved every man and hated no man; he gave counsel to the doubtful, and instructed the ignorant; he bound up the broken hearts, and strengthened the feeble knees; he relieved the poor, and converted the sinners; he despised none that came to him for relief, and as for those that did not, he went to them; he took all occasions of mercy that were offered him, and went abroad for more; he spent his days in preaching and healing, and his nights in prayers and conversation with God; he was obedient to laws and subject to princes, though he was the Prince of Judea in right of his mother, and of all the world in right of his father; the people followed him, but he made no conventions; and when they were made, he suffered no tumults; when they would have made him a king, he withdrew himself; when he knew they would put him to death, he offered himself; he knew men's hearts, and conversed secretly, and gave answer to their thoughts, and prevented their questions; he would work a miracle rather than give offence, and yet suffer every offence rather than see God his father dishonoured; he exactly kept the law of Moses, to which he came to put a period, and yet chose to signify his purpose only by doing acts of mercy upon their sabbath, doing nothing which they could call a breach of a commandment, but healing sick people, a charity, which themselves would do to beasts, and yet they were angry at him for doing it to their brethren.

In all his life, and in all his conversation with his nation, he was innocent as an angel of light; and when, by the greatness of his worth, and the severity of his doctrine, and the charity of his miracles, and the noises of the people, and his immense fame in all that part of the world, and the multitude of his disciples, and the authority of his sermons, and his free reproof of their hypocrisy, and his discovery of their false doctrines and weak traditions, he had branded the reputations of the vicious rulers of the people, and they resolved to put him to death, they who had the biggest malice in the world, and the weakest accusations, were forced to supply their want of articles against him by making truth to be his fault, and his office to be his crime, and his open confession of what was asked him to be his article of condemnation; and yet after all this they could not persuade the competent judge to condemn him, or to find him guilty of any fault, and therefore they were forced to threaten him with Cæsar's name, against whom then they would pretend him to be an enemy, though in their charge they neither proved, nor indeed laid it against him; and yet to whatsoever they objected he made no return, but his silence and his innocence were remarkable and evident, without labour and reply, and needed no more argument than the sun needs an advocate to prove, that he is the brightest star in the firmament.

Well, so it was, they crucified him; and, when they did, they did as much put out the eye of heaven, as destroy the Son of God: for when with an incomparable sweetness, and a patience exemplar to all ages of sufferers, he endured affronts, examinations, scorns, insolencies of rude ungentle tradesmen, cruel whippings, injurious, unjust, and unreasonable usages from those whom he obliged by all the arts of endearment and offers of the biggest kindness, at last he went to death, as to the work which God appointed him, that he might become the world's sacri-

fice, and the great example of holiness, and the instance of representing by what way the world was to be made happy (even by sufferings and so entering into heaven :) that he might, I say, become the Saviour of his enemies, and the elder brother to his friends, and the Lord of Glory, and the fountain of its emanation. Then it was, that God gave new testimonies from heaven: the sun was eclipsed all the while he was upon the cross, and yet the moon was in the full; that is, he lost his light, not because any thing in nature did invest him, but because the God of nature (as a Heathen at that very time confessed, who yet saw nothing of this sad iniquity) did suffer. The rocks did rend, the veil of the temple divided of itself and opened the inclosures, and disparked the sanctuary, and made it pervious to the Gentiles' eye; the dead arose, and appeared in Jerusalem to their friends, the Centurion and divers of the people smote their hearts, and were by these strange indications convinced that he was the Son of God. His garments were parted, and lots cast upon his inward coat, they gave him vinegar and gall to drink, they brake not a bone of him, but they pierced his side with a spear, looking upon him whom they had pierced; according to the prophecies of him, which were so clear, and descended to minutes and circumstances of his passion, that there was nothing left by which they could doubt whether this were he or no who was to come into the world: but after all this, that all might be finally verified, and no scruple left, after three days burial, a great stone being rolled to the face of the grave, and the stone sealed, and a guard of soldiers placed about it, he arose from the grave, and for forty days together conversed with his followers and disciples, and beyond all suspicion was seen of five hundred brethren at once, which is a number too great to give their consent and testimony to a lie, and it being so publicly and confidently affirmed at the very time it was done, and for ever after urged by all Christians, used as the most mighty demonstration, proclaimed, preached, talked of, even upbraided to the gainsayers, affirmed by eye-witnesses, persuaded to the kindred and friends, and the relatives and companions of all those five hundred persons who were eye-witnesses, it is infinitely removed from a reasonable suspicion; and at the end of those days was taken up into heaven in the sight of many of them, as Elias was in the presence of Elisha.

Now he, of whom all these things are true, must needs be more than a mere man; and, that they were true, was affirmed by very many eye-witnesses, men, who were innocent, plain men, men that had no bad ends to serve; men, that looked for no preferment by the thing in this life; men, to whom their master told they were to expect not crowns and sceptres, not praise of men or wealthy possessions, not power and ease, but a voluntary casting away care and attendance upon secular affairs, that they might attend their ministry; poverty and prisons, trouble and vexation, persecution and labour, whippings and banishment, bonds and death; and for a reward they must stay till a good day came, but that was not to be at all in this world; and, when the day of restitution and recompense should come, they should never know till it came, but upon the hope of this and the faith of Jesus, and the word of God so taught, so consigned, they must rely wholly and for ever.

Now let it be considered, how could matters of fact be proved better? and how could this be any thing, but such as to rely upon matters of fact? what greater certainty can we have of any thing that was

ever done which we saw not, or heard not, but by the report of wise and honest persons? especially, since they were such whose life and breeding was so far from ambition and pompousness, that, as they could not naturally and reasonably hope for any great number of proselytes, so the fame that could be hoped for amongst them, as it must be a matter of their own procuring, and consequently uncertain, so it must needs be very inconsiderable, not fit to outweigh the danger and the loss, nor yet at all valuable by them whose education and pretences were against it? These we have plentifully. But if these men are numerous and united, it is more. Then we have more; for so many did affirm these things which they saw and heard, that thousands of people were convinced of the truth of them: but then, if these men offer their oath, it is yet more, but yet not so much as we have, for they sealed those things with their blood; they gave their life for a testimony; and what reward can any man expect, if he gives his life for a lie? who shall make him recompense, or what can tempt him to do it knowingly? but, after all, it is to be remembered, that as God hates lying, so he hates incredulity; as we must not believe a lie, so neither stop up our eyes and ears against truth; and what we do every minute of our lives in matters of little and of great concernment, if we refuse to do in our religion, which yet is to be conducted as other human affairs are, by human instruments and arguments of persuasion, proper to the nature of the thing, it is an obstinacy, that is as contrary to human reason, as it is to divine faith.

These things relate to the person of the holy Jesus, and prove sufficiently that it was extraordinary, that it was divine, that God was with him, that his power wrought in him; and therefore that it was his will which Jesus taught, and God signed. But then if nothing of all this had been, yet even the doctrine itself proves itself divine, and to come from God.

Bishop Taylor.

§ 141. *Considerations respecting the doctrine of Jesus Christ.*

II. For it is a doctrine perfective of human nature, that teaches us to love God and to love one another, to hurt no man, and to do good to every man; it propines to us the noblest, the highest, and the bravest pleasures of the world; the joys of charity, the rest of innocence, the peace of quiet spirits, the wealth of beneficence, and forbids us only to be beasts and to be devils; it allows all that God and nature intended, and only restrains the excrescencies of nature, and forbids us to take pleasure in that which is the only entertainment of devils, in murders and revenges, malice and spiteful words and actions; it permits corporal pleasures, where they can best minister to health and societies, to conservation of families and honour of communities; it teaches men to keep their words, that themselves may be secured in all their just interests, and to do good to others, that good may be done to them; it forbids biting one another, that we may not be devoured by one another; and commands obedience to superiors, that we may not be ruined in confusion; it combines governments, and confirms all good laws, and makes peace, and opposes and prevents wars where they are not just, and where they are not necessary. It is a religion that is life and spirit, not consisting in ceremonies and external amusements, but in the services of the heart, and the real fruit of lips and hands, that is, of good words and good deeds; it bids us to do that to God which is agreea-

ble to his excellencies, that is, worship him with the best thing we have, and make all things else minister to it; it bids us to do that to our neighbour, by which he may be better: it is the perfection of the natural law, and agreeable to our natural necessities, and promotes our natural ends and designs: it does not destroy reason, but instructs it in very many things, and complies with it in all; it hath in it both heat and light, and is not more effectual than it is beauteous: it promises every thing that we can desire, and yet promises nothing but what it does effect; it proclaims war against all vices, and generally does command every virtue; it teaches us with ease to mortify those affections which reason durst scarce reprove, because she hath not strength enough to conquer; and it doth create in us those virtues which reason of herself never knew, and after they are known, could never approve sufficiently: it is a doctrine, in which nothing is superfluous or burdensome; nor yet is there any thing wanting, which can procure happiness to mankind, or by which God can be glorified: and, if wisdom, and mercy, and justice, and simplicity, and holiness, and purity, and meekness, and contentedness, and charity, be images of God and rays of divinity, then that doctrine, in which all these shine so gloriously, and in which nothing else is ingredient, must needs be from God; and that all this is true in the doctrine of Jesus needs no other probation, but the reading the words.

For, that the words of Jesus are contained in the gospels, that is, in the writings of them, who were eye-witnesses, and ear-witnesses of the actions and sermons of Jesus, is not at all to be doubted; for in every sect we believe their own records of doctrine and institution: for it is madness to suppose the Christians to pretend to be servants of the laws of Jesus, and yet to make a law of their own which he made not: no man doubts but that the Alcoran is the law of Mahomet, that the Old Testament contains the religion of the Jews; and the authority of these books is proved by all the arguments of the religion, for all the arguments persuading to the religion, are intended to prove no other than is contained in those books; and, these having been, for fifteen hundred years and more, received absolutely by all Christian assemblies, if any man shall offer to make a question of their authority, he must declare his reasons, for the disciples of the religion have sufficient presumption, security and possession, till they can be reasonably disturbed; but, that now they can never be, is infinitely certain, because we have a long, immemorial, universal tradition that these books were written in those times, by those men whose names they bear, they were accepted by all churches at the very first notice, except some few of the later, which were first received by some churches, and then consented to by all; they were acknowledged by the same, and by the next age for genuine, their authority published, their words cited, appeals made to them in all questions of religion, because it was known and confessed that they wrote nothing but that they knew, so that they were not deceived; and to say, they would lie, must be made to appear by something extrinsical to this inquiry, and was never so much as plausibly pretended by any adversaries, and it being a matter of another man's will, must be declared by actions, or not at all.

But, besides, the men that wrote them were to be believed, because they did miracles, they wrote prophecies, which are verified by the event, persons were cured at their sepulchres, a thing so famous that it was confessed even by the enemies of

the religion: and, after all, that which the world ought to rely upon, is the wisdom and the providence, and the goodness of God; all which it concerned to take care that the religion, which himself so adorned and proved by miracles and mighty signs, should not be lost, nor any false writings be obtruded instead of true, lest, without our fault, the will of God become impossible to be obeyed.

But to return to the thing: all those excellent things, which singly did make famous so many sects of philosophers, and remarked so many princes of their sects, all them united, and many more, which their eyes, ὄμματα νυκτερίδων,* dark and dim, could not see, are heaped together in this system of wisdom and holiness. Here are plain precepts full of deepest mystery; here are the measures of holiness and approaches to God described; obedience and conformity, mortification of the body, and elevations of the spirit, abstractions from earth, and arts of society, and union with heaven, degrees of excellencies, and tendencies to perfection, imitations of God, and conversations with him; these are the heights and descents, upon the plain grounds of natural reason, and natural religion; for there is nothing commanded but what our reason by nature ought to choose, and yet nothing of natural reason taught but what is heightened and made more perfect by the Spirit of God; and, when there is any thing in the religion, that is against flesh and blood, it is only when flesh and blood are against us, and against reason, when flesh and blood either would hinder us from great felicity, or bring us into great misery: to conclude, it is such a law, that nothing can hinder men to receive and entertain, but a pertinacious baseness and love to vice, and none can receive it but those who resolve to be good and excellent; and, if the holy Jesus had come into the world with less splendour of power and mighty demonstrations, yet, even the excellency of what he taught, makes him alone fit to be the master of the world.

Bishop Taylor.

* Bats' eyes.

§ 142. *Considerations respecting the effect, and the instruments, of Christ's religion.*

III. But then let us consider what this excellent person did effect, and with what instruments he brought so great things to pass. He was to put a period to the rites of Moses, and the religion of the temple, of which the Jews were zealous even unto pertinacity; to reform the manners of all mankind, to confound the wisdom of the Greeks, to break in pieces the power of the devil, to destroy the worship of all false gods, to pull down their oracles, and change their laws, and by principles wise and holy to reform the false discourses of the world.

But see what was to be taught, A trinity in the unity of the Godhead, τρία ἓν καὶ ἓν τρία, that is the Christian arithmetic, Three are one, and one are three, so Lucian in his Philopatris, or some other, derides the Christian doctrine; see their Philosophy. Ex nihilo nihil fit. No: Ex nihilo omnia, all things are made of nothing; and a man-god and a god-man, the same person finite, and infinite, born in time, and yet from all eternity the Son of God; but yet born of a woman, and she a maid, but yet a mother; resurrection of the dead, re-union of soul and body; this was part of the Christian physics or their natural philosophy.

But then certainly 'their moral was easy and delicious,' It is so indeed, but not to flesh and blood whose appetites it pretends to regulate or to destroy, to restrain or

else to mortify: "fasting and penance, and humility, loving our enemies, restitution of injuries, and self-denial, and taking up the cross, and losing all our goods, and giving our life for Jesus:" as the other was hard to believe, so this is as hard to do.

But for whom and under whose conduct was all this to be believed, and all this to be done, and all this to be suffered? Surely, for some glorious and mighty prince, whose splendour as far outshines the Roman empire, as the jewels of Cleopatra outshined the swaddling clothes of the babe at Bethlehem. No, it was not so neither. For all this was for Jesus, whom his followers preached; a poor babe, born in a stable, the son of a carpenter, cradled in a cratch, swaddled in poor clouts; it was for him whom they indeed called a God, but yet whom all the world knew, and they themselves said, was whipped at a post, nailed to a cross; he fell under the malice of the Jews his countrymen, and the power of his Roman lords, a cheap and a pitiful sacrifice, without beauty and without splendour.

The design is great, but does not yet seem possible; but therefore let us see what instruments the Holy Jesus chose, to effect those so mighty changes, to persuade so many propositions, to endure so great sufferings, to overcome so great enemies, to master so many impossibilities which this doctrine and this law from this master were sure to meet withal.

Here, here it is that the Divinity of the power is proclaimed. When a man goes to war, he raises as great an army as he can to out-number his enemy; but, when God fights, three hundred men, that lap like a dog, are sufficient; nay, one word can dissolve the greatest army. He that means to effect any thing must have means of his own proportionable; and if they be not, he must fail, or derive them from the mighty. See then with what instruments the holy Jesus sets upon this great reformation of the world.

Twelve men of obscure and poor birth, of contemptible trades and quality, without learning, without breeding; these men were sent into the midst of a knowing and wise world, to dispute with the most famous philosophers of Greece, to outwit all the learning of Athens, to out-preach all the Roman orators; to introduce into a newly-settled empire, which would be impatient of novelties and change, such a change as must destroy all their temples, or remove thence all their gods: against which change all the zeal of the world, and all the passions, and all the seeming pretences which they could make, must needs be violently opposed: a change that introduced new laws, and caused them to reverse the old, to change that religion under which their fathers long did prosper, and under which the Roman empire obtained so great a grandeur, for a religion, which in appearance was silly and humble, meek and peaceable, not apt indeed to do harm, but exposing men to all the harm in the world, abating their courage, blunting their swords, teaching peace and unactiveness, and making the soldiers arms in a manner useless, and untying their military girdle: a religion which contradicted their reasons of state, and erected new judicatories, and made the Roman courts to be silent and without causes; a religion that gave countenance to the poor and pitiful (but in a time when riches were adored, and ambition esteemed the greatest nobleness, and pleasure thought to be the chiefest good,) it brought no peculiar blessing to the rich or mighty, unless they would become poor and humble in some real sense or other; a religion that would change the face of things, and would also pierce into the secrets of the soul,

and unravel all the intrigues of hearts, and reform all evil manners, and break vile habits into gentleness and counsel: that such a religion in such a time, preached by such mean persons, should triumph over the philosophy of the world, and the arguments of the subtle, and the sermons of the eloquent, and the power of princes, and the interest of states, and the inclinations of nature, and the blindness of zeal, and the force of custom, and the pleasures of sin, and the busy arts of the devil, that is, against wit, and power, and money, and religion, and wilfulness, and fame, and empire, which are all the things in the world that can make a thing impossible; this, I say, could not be by the proper force of such instruments; for no man can span heaven with an infant's palm, nor govern wise empires with diagrams.

It were impudence to send a footman to command Cæsar to lay down his arms, to disband his legions, and throw himself into the Tyber, or keep a tavern next to Pompey's theatre; but, if a sober man shall stand alone, unarmed, undefended, or unprovided, and shall tell that he will make the sun stand still, or remove a mountain, or reduce Xerxes's army to the scantling of a single troop, he that believes he will and can do this, must believe he does it by a higher power than he can yet perceive; and so it was in the present transaction. For that the holy Jesus made invisible powers to do him visible honours, that his apostles hunted the demons from their tripods, their navels, their dens, their hollow pipes, their temples, and their altars; that he made the oracles silent, as Lucian, Porphyry, Celsus, and other Heathens confess; that, against the order of new things, which, let them be never so profitable or good, do yet suffer reproach, and cannot prevail unless they commence in a time of advantage and favour; yet, that this should flourish like the palm by pressure, grow glorious by opposition, thrive by persecution, and was demonstrated by objections, argues a higher cause than the immediate instrument. Now how this higher cause did intervene, is visible and notorious: the apostles were not learned, but the holy Jesus promised that he would send down wisdom from above, from the father of spirits; they had no power, but they should be invested with power from on high; they were ignorant and timorous, but he would make them learned and confident, and so he did: he promised that in a few days he would send the Holy Ghost upon them, and he did so; after ten days they felt and saw glorious immission from heaven, lights of moveable fire sitting upon their heads, and that light did illuminate their hearts, and the mighty rushing wind inspired them with a power of speaking divers languages, and brought to their remembrances all that Jesus did and taught, and made them wise to conduct souls, and bold to venture, and prudent to advise, and powerful to do miracles, and witty to convince gainsayers, and hugely instructed in the Scriptures, and gave them the spirit of government, and the spirit of prophecy.

This thing was so public, that at the first notice of it three thousand souls were converted on that very day, at the very time when it was done; for it was certainly a visible demonstration of an invisible power, that ignorant persons, who were never taught, should in an instant speak all the languages of the Roman empire; and indeed this thing was so necessary to be so, and so certain that it was so, so public and so evident, and so reasonable, and so useful, that it is not easy to say whether it was the indication of a greater power, or a greater wisdom; and now the means was proportionable

enough to the biggest end: without learning, they could not confute the learned world; but therefore God became their teacher: without power, they could not break the devil's violence; but therefore God gave them power: without courage, they could not contest against all the violence of the Jews and Gentiles; but therefore God was their strength, and gave them fortitude: without great caution and providence, they could not avoid the traps of crafty persecutors; but therefore God gave them caution, and made them provident, and, as Beseleel, and Aholiab received the spirit of God, the spirit of understanding to enable them to work excellently in the Tabernacle, so had the apostles to make them wise for the work of God and the ministries of this diviner tabernacle, which God pitched, not man.

Immediately upon this, the apostles, to make a fulness of demonstration and an undeniable conviction, gave the spirit to others also, to Jews and Gentiles, and to the men of Samaria, and they spake with tongues and prophesied; then they preached to all nations, and endured all persecutions, and cured all diseases, and raised the dead to life, and were brought before tribunals, and confessed the name of Jesus, and convinced the blasphemous Jews out of their own prophets, and not only prevailed upon women and weak men, but even upon the bravest and wisest. All the disciples of John the Baptist, the Nazarenes and Ebionites, Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea, Sergius the president, Dionysius an Athenian judge, and Polycarpus, Justinus and Arenæus, Athenagoras and Origen, Tertullian and Clemens of Alexandria, who could not be such fools as, upon a matter not certainly true but probably false, to unravel their former principles, and to change their liberty for a prison, wealth for poverty, honour for disreputation, life for death, if by such exchange they had not been secured of truth and holiness and the will of God.

But, above all these, was Saul, a bold and a witty, a zealous and learned young man, who, going with letters to persecute the Christians of Damascus, was by a light from heaven called from his furious march, reproved by God's angel for persecuting the cause of Jesus, was sent to the city, baptized by a Christian minister, instructed and sent abroad; and he became the prodigy of the world, for learning and zeal, for preaching and writing, for labour and sufferance, for government and wisdom; he was admitted to see the holy Jesus after the Lord was taken into heaven, he was taken up into Paradise, he conversed with angels, he saw unspeakable rays of glory; and besides that himself said it, who had no reason to lie, who would get nothing by it here but a conjugation of troubles, and who would get nothing by it hereafter if it were false; besides this, I say, that he did all those acts of zeal and obedience for the promotion of the religion, does demonstrate he had reason extraordinary for so sudden a change, so strange a labour, so frequent and incomparable sufferings; and therefore, as he did and suffered so much upon such glorious motives, so he spared not to publish it to all the world, he spake it to kings and princes, he told it to the envious Jews; he had partners of his journey, who were witnesses of the miraculous accident; and in his publication he urged the notoriousness of the fact, as a thing not feigned, not private, but done at noon-day under the test of competent persons; and it was a thing that proved itself, for it was effective of a present, a great, and a permanent change.

But now it is no new wonder, but a pursuance of the same conjugation

of great and divine things, that the fame and religion of Jesus, was with so incredible a swiftness scattered over the face of the habitable world, from one end of the earth unto the other; it filled all Asia immediately, it passed presently to Europe, and to the farthest Africans; and all the way it went it told nothing but a holy and an humble story, that he who came to bring it into the world, died an ignominious death, and yet this death did not take away their courage, but added much: for they could not fear death for that Master, whom they knew to have for their sakes suffered death, and came to life again. But now infinite numbers of persons of both sexes, and all ages, and all countries, came in to the holy crucifix; and he that was crucified in the reign of Tiberius, was in the time of Nero, even in Rome itself, and in Nero's family by many persons esteemed for a God; and it was upon public record that he was so acknowledged; and this was by a Christian, Justin Martyr, urged to the senate, and to the emperors themselves, who if it had been otherwise could easily have confuted the bold allegation of the Christian, who yet did die for that Jesus who was so speedily reputed for a God; the cross was worn upon breasts, printed in the air, drawn upon foreheads, carried on banners, put upon crowns imperial; and yet the Christians were sought for to punishments, and exquisite punishments sought forth for them; their goods were confiscated, their names odious, prisons were their houses, and so many kinds of tortures invented for them, that Domitius Ulpianus hath spent seven books in describing the variety of tortures the poor Christian was put to at his first appearing; and yet, in despite of all this, and ten thousand other objections and impossibilities, whatsoever was for them made the religion grow, and whatsoever was against them made it grow; if they had peace, the religion was prosperous; if they had persecution, it was still prosperous; if princes favoured them the world came in, because the Christians lived holily; if princes were incensed, the world came in, because the Christians died bravely. They sought for death with greediness, they desired to be grinded in the teeth of lions; and with joy they beheld the wheels and the bended trees, the racks and the gibbets, the fires and the burning irons, which were like the chair of Elias to them, instruments to carry them to heaven, into the bosom of their beloved Jesus.

Who would not acknowledge the divinity of this person, and the excellency of this institution, that should see infants to weary the hands of hangmen for the testimony of Jesus; and wise men preach this doctrine for no other visible reward, but shame and death, poverty and banishment? and hangmen converted by the blood of martyrs, springing upon their faces, which their impious hands and cords have strained through their flesh? Who would not have confessed the honour of Jesus, when he should see miracles done at the tombs of martyrs, and devils tremble at the mention of the name of Jesus, and the world running to the honour of the poor Nazarine, and kings and queens kissing the feet of the poor servants of Jesus? Could a Jew fisherman and a publican effect all this, for the son of a poor maiden of Judea? can we suppose all the world, or so great a part of mankind, can consent by chance, or suffer such changes for nothing? or for any thing less than this? The son of the poor maiden was the Son of God: and the fishermen spake by a divine spirit; and they catched the world with holiness and miracles, with wisdom and power bigger than the strength of all the Roman legions

And what can be added to all this, but this thing alone to prove the divinity of Jesus? He is a God, or at least is taught by God, who can foretel future contingencies; and so did the holy Jesus, and so did his disciples.

Our blessed Lord, while he was alive, foretold that after his death his religion should flourish more than when he was alive: he foretold persecutions to his disciples; he foretold the mission of the Holy Ghost to be in a very few days after his ascension, which within ten days came to pass; he prophesied that the fact of Mary Magdalene, in anointing the head and feet of her Lord, should be public and known as the gospel itself, and spoken of in the same place; he foretold the destruction of Jerusalem and the signs of its approach, and that it should be by war, and particularly after the manner of prophets, symbolically, named the nation should do it, pointing out the Roman eagles; he foretold his death, and the manner of it, and plainly before-hand published his resurrection, and told them it should be the sign to that generation, viz. the great argument to prove him to be the Christ; he prophesied that there should arise false Christs after him, and it came to pass to the extreme great calamity of the nation; and lastly, he foretold that his beloved disciple St. John should tarry upon the earth till his coming again, that is, to his coming to judgment upon Jerusalem; and that his religion should be preached to the Gentiles, that it should be scattered over all the world, and be received by all nations; that it should stay upon the face of the earth till his last coming to judge all the world, and that "the gates of hell should not be able to prevail against his church;" which prophecy is made good thus long, till this day, and is as a continual argument to justify the divinity of the author: the continuance of the religion helps to continue it, for it proves that it came from God, who foretold that it should continue; and therefore it must continue, because it came from God; and therefore it came from God, because it does and shall for ever continue according to the word of the holy Jesus.

But, after our blessed Lord was entered into glory, the disciples also were prophets. Agabus foretold the dearth that it was to be in the Roman empire in the days of Claudius Cæsar, and that St. Paul should be bound at Jerusalem: St. Paul foretold the entering-in of Heretics into Asia after his departure; and he and St. Peter and St. Jude, and generally the rest of the apostles, had two great predictions, which they used not only as a verification of the doctrine of Jesus, but as a means to strengthen the hearts of the disciples, who were so broken with persecution; the one was, that there should arise a sect of vile men, who should be enemies to religion and government, and cause a great apostacy, which happened notoriously in the sect of the Gnostics, which those three apostles and St. John notoriously and plainly do describe: and the other was, that although the Jewish nation did mightily oppose the religion, it should be but for a while, for they should be destroyed in a short time, and their nation made extremely miserable; but, for the Christians, if they would fly from Jerusalem and go to Pella, there should not a hair of their head perish: the verification of this prophecy the Christians extremely longed for, and wondered it stayed so long, and began to be troubled at the delay, and suspected all was not well, when the great proof of their religion was not verified; and, while they were in thoughts of heart concerning it, the sad catalysis did come, and swept away eleven hundred thousand of

the nation; and from that day forward the nation was broken in pieces with intolerable calamities: they are scattered over the face of the earth, and are a vagabond nation, but yet, like oil in a vessel of wine, broken into bubbles but kept in their own circles; and they shall never be an united people, till they are servants of the holy Jesus; but shall remain without priest or temple, without altar or sacrifice, without city or country, without the land of promise, or the promise of a blessing, till our Jesus is their high Priest, and their Shepherd to gather them into his fold: and this very thing is a mighty demonstration against the Jews by their own prophets; for when Isaiah, and Jeremiah, and Malachi, had prophesied the rejection of the Jews and the calling of the Gentiles, and the change of the old law, and the introduction of a new by the Messias; that this was he, was therefore certain, because he taught the world a new law, and presently after the publication of this, the old was abrogate, and not only went into desuetude, but into a total abolition among all the world; and for those of the remnant of the scattered Jews who obstinately blaspheme, the law is become impossible to them, and they placed in such circumstances, that they need not dispute concerning its obligation; for it being external and corporal, ritual, and at last made also local, when the circumstances are impossible, the law, that was wholly ceremonial and circumstantial, must needs pass away: and when they have lost their priesthood, they cannot retain the law, as no man takes care to have his beard shaved, when his head is off.

And it is a wonder to consider how the anger of God is gone out upon that miserable people, and that so great a blindness is fallen upon them; it being evident and notorious that the Old Testament was nothing but a shadow and umbrage of the New; that the prophecies of that are plainly verified in this; that all the predictions of the Messias are most undeniably accomplished in the person of Jesus Christ, so that they cannot with any plausibleness or colour be turned any other way, and be applied to any other person, although the Jews make illiterate allegations, and prodigious dreams, by which they have fooled themselves for sixteen hundred years together, and still hope without reason, and are confident without revelation, and pursue a shadow while they quit the glorious body; while in the mean time, the Christian prays for his conversion, and is at rest in the truth of Jesus, and hath certain inexpressible confidences and internal lights, clarities of the Holy Spirit of God, and loves to the holy Jesus produced in his soul that he will die when he cannot dispute, and is satisfied and he knows not how, and is sure by comforts, and comforted by the excellency of his belief, which speaks nothing but holiness, and light, and reason, and peace, and satisfactions infinite, because he is sure that all the world can be happy if they would live by the religion of Jesus, and that neither societies of men nor single persons can have felicity but by this; and that therefore God, who so decrees to make men happy, hath also decreed that it shall for ever be upon the face of the earth, till the earth itself shall be no more. Amen.

Bishop Taylor.

§ 143. *Considerations on the weak Pretences of other Religions.*

IV. Now, if against this vast heap of things any man shall but confront the pretences of any other religion, and see how they fail both of reason and holiness, of wonder and divinity, how they enter by force, and are kept up by human interests, how ig-

norant and unholy, how unlearned and pitiful are their pretences; the darknesses of these must add great eminency to the brightness of that.

For the Jews' religion which came from heaven, is therefore not now to be practised, because it did come from heaven, and was to expire into the Christian, it being nothing but the image of this perfection: and the Jews needed no other argument but this, that God hath made this impossible now to be done; for he that ties to ceremonies and outward usages, temples and altars, sacrifices and priests, troublesome and expensive rites and figures of future signification, means that there should be an abode and fixed dwelling, for these are not to be done by an ambulatory people; and therefore since God hath scattered the people into atoms and crumbs of society, without temple or priest, without sacrifice or altar, without Urim or Thummim, without prophet or vision, even communicating with them no way but by ordinary providence, it is but too evident, that God hath nothing to do with them in the matter of that religion; but that it is expired, and no way obligatory to them or pleasing to him, which is become impossible to be acted: whereas, the Christian religion is as eternal as the soul of a man, and can no more cease than our spirits can die, and can worship upon mountains and in caves, in fields and churches, in peace and war, in solitude and society, in persecution and in sun-shine, by night and by day, and be solemnized by clergy, and laity in the essential parts of it, and is the perfection of the soul, and the highest reason of man, and the glorification of God.

But for the Heathen religions, it is evidently to be seen, that they are nothing but an abuse of the natural inclination which all men have to worship a God, whom because they know not they guess at in the dark; for that they know there is and ought to be something that hath the care and providence of their affairs. But the body of their religion is nothing but little arts of governments, and stratagems of princes, and devices to secure the government of new usurpers, or to make obedience to the laws sure, by being sacred, and to make the yoke, that was not natural, pleasant by something that is. But yet for the whole body of it, who sees not that their worshippings could not be sacred, because they were done by something that is impure? They appeased their gods with adulteries and impure mixtures, by such things which Cato was ashamed to see, by gluttonous eatings of flesh, and impious drinkings, and they did *litare in humano sanguine*, they sacrificed men and women and children to their demons, as is notorious in the rites of Bacchus Omesta amongst the Greeks, and of Jupiter, to whom a Greek and a Greekess, a Galatian and a Galatess were yearly offered; in the answers of the oracles to Calchas, as appears in Homer and Virgil. Who sees not, that crimes were warranted by the example of their immortal gods; and that what did dishonour themselves, they sang to the honour of their gods, whom they affirmed to be passionate and proud, jealous and revengeful, amorous and lustful, fearful and impatient, drunken and sleepy, weary and wounded? that the religions were made lasting by policy and force, by ignorance, and the force of custom; by the preferring an inveterate error, and loving of a quiet and prosperous evil; by the arguments of pleasure, and the correspondencies of sensuality; by the fraud of oracles, and the patronage of vices; and because they feared every change as an earthquake, as supposing overturnings of their old error to be the eversion of

their well-established governments? And it had been ordinarily impossible that ever Christianity should have entered, if the nature and excellency of it had not been such as to enter like rain into a fleece of wool, or the sun into a window without noise or violence, without emotion and disordering the political constitution, without causing trouble to any man, but what his own ignorance or peevishness was pleased to spin out of his own bowels; but did establish governments, secure obedience, make the laws firm, and the persons of princes to be sacred; it did not oppose force by force, nor strike princes for justice; it defended itself against enemies by patience, and overcame them by kindness; it was the great instrument of God to demonstrate his power in our weaknesses, and to do good to mankind by the imitation of his excellent goodness.

Lastly, he that considers concerning the religion and person of Mahomet: that he was a vicious person, lustful and tyrannical; that he propounded incredible and ridiculous propositions to his disciples; that it entered by the sword, by blood and violence, by murder and robbery; that it propounds sensual rewards, and allures to compliance by bribing our basest lusts; that it conserves itself by the same means it entered: that it is unlearned and foolish, against reason, and the discourses of all wise men; that it did no miracles, and made false prophecies; in short, that in the person that founded it, in the article it persuades, in the manner of prevailing, in the reward it offers, it is unholy and foolish and rude: it must needs appear to be void of all pretence; and that no man of reason can ever be fairly persuaded by arguments, that it is the daughter of God, and came down from heaven.

Bishop Taylor.

§ 144. *To the Sceptics and Infidels of the Age.*

Gentlemen,

Suppose the mighty work accomplished, the cross trampled upon, Christianity every where proscribed, and the religion of nature once more become the religion of Europe; what advantage will you have derived to your country, or to yourselves, from the exchange? I know your answer —you will have freed the world from the hypocrisy of priests, and the tyranny of superstition.—No; you forget that Lycurgus, and Numa, and Odin, and Manco-Copac, and all the great legislators of ancient or modern story, have been of opinion, that the affairs of civil society could not well be conducted without some religion; you must of necessity introduce a priesthood, with, probably, as much hypocrisy; a religion, with, assuredly, more superstition, than that which you now reprobate with such indecent and ill-grounded contempt. But I will tell you, from what you will have freed the world; you will have freed it from its abhorrence of vice, and from every powerful incentive to virtue; you will, with the religion, have brought back the depraved morality of Paganism; you will have robbed mankind of their firm assurance of another life; and thereby you will have despoiled them of their patience, of their humility, of their charity, of their chastity, of all those mild and silent virtues, which (however despicable they may appear in your eyes) are the only ones which meliorate and sublime our nature; which Paganism never knew, which spring from Christianity alone, which do or might constitute our comfort in this life, and without the possession of which, another life, if after all there should happen to be one, must be more vicious and more miserable than this is, un-

less a miracle be exerted in the alteration of our disposition.

Perhaps you will contend, that the universal light of reason, that the truth and fitness of things, are of themselves sufficient to exalt the nature, and regulate the manners of mankind. Shall we never have done with this groundless commendation of natural law? Look into the first chapter of Paul's epistle to the Romans, and you will see the extent of its influence over the Gentiles of those days, or if you dislike Paul's authority, and the manners of antiquity; look into the more admired accounts of modern voyagers; and examine its influence over the Pagans of our own times, over the sensual inhabitants of Otaheite, over the cannibals of New Zealand, or the remorseless savages of America. But these men are Barbarians.—Your law of nature, notwithstanding, extends even to them:—but they have misused their reason;—they have then the more need of, and would be the more thankful for that revelation, which you, with an ignorant and fastidious self-sufficiency deem useless. —But, they might of themselves, if they thought fit, become wise and virtuous.—I answer with Cicero, "Ut nihil interest, utrum nemo valeat, an nemo valere possit; sic non intelligo quid intersit, utrum nemo sit sapiens, an nemo esse possit."

These, however, you will think, are extraordinary instances; and that we ought not from these, to take our measure of the excellency of the law of nature; but rather from the civilized states of China and Japan, or from the nations which flourished in learning and in arts, before Christianity was heard of in the world. You mean to say, that by the law of nature, which you are desirous of substituting in the room of the gospel, you do not understand those rules of conduct, which an individual, abstracted from the community, and deprived of the institution of mankind, could excogitate for himself; but such a system of precepts, as the most enlightened men of the most enlightened ages have recommended to our observance. Where do you find this system? We cannot meet with it in the works of Stobæus or the Scythian Anacharsis; nor in those of Plato, or of Cicero, nor in those of the emperor Antoninus, or the slave Epictetus; for we are persuaded, that the most animated considerations of the πρεπον, and the *honestum*, of the beauty and virtue, and the fitness of things, are not able to furnish, even a Brutus himself, with permanent principles of action; much less are they able to purify the polluted recesses of a vitiated heart, to curb the irregularities of appetite, or restrain the impetuosity of passion in common men. If you order us to examine the works of Grotius, or Puffendorf, of Burlamaqui, or Hutchinson, for what you understand by the law of nature; we apprehend that you are in a great error, in taking your notions of natural law, as discoverable by natural reason, from the elegant systems of it, which have been drawn up by Christian philosophers; since they have all laid their foundations, either tacitly or expressly, upon a principle derived from revelation. A thorough knowledge of the being and attributes of God: and even those amongst yourselves, who, rejecting Christianity, still continue Theists, are indebted to revelation (whether you are either aware of, or disposed to acknowledge the debt, or not) for those sublime speculations concerning the deity, which you have fondly attributed to the excellency of your own unassisted reason. If you would know the real strength of natural reason, and how far it can proceed in the investigation or enforcement of moral duties, you must consult the manners and the writings of

those, who have never heard of either the Jewish or the Christian dispensation, or of those other manifestations of himself, which God vouchsafed to Adam and to the patriarchs, before and after the flood. It would be difficult, perhaps, any where, to find a people entirely destitute of traditionary notices concerning a deity, and of traditionary fears or expectations of another life; and the morals of mankind may have, perhaps, been no where quite so abandoned, as they would have been, had they been left wholly to themselves in these points: however, it is a truth, which cannot be denied, how much soever it may be lamented, that though the generality of mankind have always had some faint conceptions of God, and his providence; yet they have been always greatly inefficacious in the production of good morality, and highly derogatory to his nature, amongst all the people of the earth, except the Jews and Christians; and some may perhaps be desirous of excepting the Mahometans, who derive all that is good in their Koran from Christianity.

The laws concerning justice, and the reparation of damages, concerning the security of property, and the performance of contracts; concerning, in short, whatever affects the well-being of civil society, have been every where understood with sufficient precision; and if you choose to style Justinian's code, a code of natural law, though you will err against propriety of speech, yet you are so far in the right, that natural reason discovered, and the depravity of human nature compelled human kind, to establish by proper sanctions the laws therein contained; and you will have moreover Carneades, no mean philosopher, on your side; who knew of no law of nature, different from that which men had instituted for their common utility; and which was various according to the manners of men in different climates, and changeable with a change of times in the same. And in truth in all countries where Paganism has been the established religion, though a philosopher may now and then have stepped beyond the paltry prescript of civil jurisprudence, in his pursuit of virtue; yet the bulk of mankind have ever been contented with that scanty pittance of morality, which enabled them to escape the lash of civil punishment; I call it a scanty pittance; because a man may be intemperate, iniquitous, impious, a thousand ways a profligate and a villain, and yet elude the cognizance, and avoid the punishment of civil laws.

I am sensible, you will be ready to say, What is all this to the purpose? though the bulk of mankind may never be able to investigate the laws of natural religion, nor disposed to reverence their sanctions when investigated by others, nor solicitous about any other standard of moral rectitude, than civil legislation; yet the inconveniencies which may attend the extirpation of Christianity, can be no proof of its truth.—I have not produced them, as a proof of its truth; but they are a strong and conclusive proof, if not of its truth, at least of its utility; and the consideration of its utility, may be a motive to yourselves for examining, whether it may not chance to be true; and it ought to be a reason with every good citizen, and with every man of sound judgment, to keep his opinions to himself, if from any particular circumstances in his studies or in his education he should have the misfortune to think that it is not true. If you can discover to the rising generation, a better religion than the Christian, one that will more effectually animate their hopes, and subdue their passions, make them better men, or better members of society, we importune you to publish it

for their advantage; but till you can do that, we beg of you, not to give the reins to their passions, by instilling into their unsuspicious minds your pernicious prejudices: even now men scruple not, by their lawless lust, to ruin the repose of private families, and to fix a stain of infamy on the noblest: even now, they hesitate not, in lifting up a murderous arm against the life of their friend, or against their own, as often as the fever of intemperance stimulates their resentment, or the satiety of an useless life excites their despondency: even now, whilst we are persuaded of a resurrection from the dead, and of a judgment to come, we find it difficult enough to resist the solicitations of sense, and to escape unspotted from the licentious manners of the world. But what will become of our virtue, what of the consequent peace and happiness of society, if you persuade us, that there are no such things? in two words,—you may ruin yourselves by your attempt, and you will certainly ruin your country by your success.

But the consideration of the inutility of your design is not the only one which should induce you to abandon it; the argument *a tuto* ought to be warily managed, or it may tend to the silencing our opposition to any system of superstition, which has had the good fortune to be sanctioned by public authority; it is, indeed, liable to no objection in the present case; we do not, however, wholly rely upon its cogency. It is not contended that Christianity is to be received, merely because it is useful: but because it is true. This you deny, and think your objections well grounded; we conceive them originating in your vanity, your immorality, or your misapprehension. There are many worthless doctrines, and many superstitious observances, which the fraud or folly of mankind have every where annexed to Christianity, (especially in the church of Rome,) as essential parts of it; if you take these sorry appendages to Christianity, for Christianity itself, as preached by Christ, and by the apostles; if you confound the Roman with the Christian religion, you quite misapprehend its nature; and are in a state similar to that of men, (mentioned by Plutarch, in his treatise of superstition,) who flying from superstition, leaped over religion, and sunk into downright atheism.—Christianity is not a religion very palateable to a voluptuous age; it will not conform its precepts to the standard of fashion; it will not lessen the deformity of vice by lenient appellations; but calls keeping, whoredom; intrigue, adultery; and duelling, murder; it will not pander the lust, it will not license the intemperance of mankind; it is a troublesome monitor to a man of pleasure; and your way of life may have made you quarrel with your religion.—As to your vanity, as a cause of your infidelity, suffer me to produce the sentiments of Mr. Bayle upon that head; if the description does not suit your character, you will not be offended at it; and if you are offended with its freedom, it will do you good: 'This inclines me to believe, that libertines, like Des-Barreaux, are not greatly persuaded of the truth of what they say. They have made no deep examination, they have learned some few objections, which they are perpetually making a noise with; they speak from a principle of ostentation, and give themselves the lie in the time of danger.—Vanity has a greater share in their disputes, than conscience; they imagine that the singularity and boldness of the opinions which they maintain, will give them the reputation of men of parts: —by degrees, they get a habit of holding impious discourses; and if

their vanity be accompanied by a voluptuous life, their progress in that road is the swifter.'

The main stress of your objections, rests not upon the insufficiency of the external evidence to the truth of Christianity; for few of you, though you may become the future ornaments of the senate, or of the bar, have ever employed an hour in its examination; but it rests upon the difficulty of the doctrines contained in the New Testament: they exceed, you say, your comprehension; and you felicitate yourselves, that you are not yet arrived at the true standard of orthodox faith,—*credo quia impossibile.* You think, it would be taking a superfluous trouble, to inquire into the nature of the external proofs, by which Christianity is established; since, in your opinion, the book itself carries with it its own refutation. A gentleman as acute, probably, as any of you; and who once believed, perhaps, as little as any of you, has drawn a quite different conclusion from the perusal of the New Testament; his book (however exceptionable it may be thought in some particular parts) exhibits, not only a distinguished triumph of reason over prejudice, of Christianity over deism; but it exhibits, what is infinitely more rare, the character of a man, who has had courage and candour enough to acknowledge it.

But what if there should be some incomprehensible doctrines in the Christian religion; some circumstances, which in their causes, or their consequences, surpass the reach of human reason; are they to be rejected upon that account? You are, or would be thought men of reading, and knowledge, and enlarged understandings; weigh the matter fairly; and consider whether revealed religion be not, in this respect, just upon the same footing, with every other object of your contemplation. Even in mathematics, the science of demonstration itself, though you get over its first principles, and learn to digest the idea of a point without parts, a line without breadth, and a surface without thickness; yet you will find yourselves at a loss to comprehend the perpetual approximation of lines, which can never meet; the doctrine of incommensurables, and of an infinity of infinities, each infinitely greater, or infinitely less, not only than any finite quantity, but than each other. In physics, you cannot comprehend the primary cause of any thing; not of the light, by which you see; nor of the elasticity of the air, by which you hear; nor of the fire by which you are warmed. In physiology, you cannot tell, what first gave motion to the heart; nor what continues it; nor why its motion is less voluntary, than that of the lungs; nor why you are able to move your arm, to the right or left, by a simple volition: you cannot explain the cause of animal heat; nor comprehend the principle, by which your body was at first formed, nor by which it is sustained, nor by which it will be reduced to earth. In natural religion, you cannot comprehend the eternity or omnipresence of the Deity; nor easily understand, how his prescience can be consistent with your freedom, or his immutability with his government of moral agents; nor why he did not make all his creatures equally perfect; nor why he did not create them sooner: in short, you cannot look into any branch of knowledge, but you will meet with subjects above your comprehension. The fall and the redemption of human kind are not more incomprehensible, than the creation and the conservation of the universe; the infinite author of the works of providence, and of nature, is equally inscrutable, equally past our finding out in them both. And

it is somewhat remarkable, that the deepest inquirers into nature, have ever thought with most reverence, and spoken with most confidence, concerning those things, which in revealed religion, may seem hard to be understood; they have ever avoided that self-sufficiency of knowledge, which springs from ignorance, produces indifference, and ends in infidelity.

Plato mentions a set of men, who were very ignorant, and thought themselves supremely wise; and who rejected the argument for the being of a God, derived from the harmony and order of the universe, as old and trite; there have been men, it seems, in all ages, who, in affecting singularity, have overlooked truth; an argument, however, is not the worse for being old; and surely it would have been a more just mode of reasoning, if you had examined the external evidence for the truth of Christianity, weighed the old arguments from miracles, and from prophecies, before you had rejected the whole account from the difficulties you met with in it. You would laugh at an Indian, who in peeping into a history of England, and meeting with the mention of the Thames being frozen, or of a shower of hail, or of snow, should throw the book aside, as unworthy of his farther notice, from his want of ability to comprehend these phenomena.

In considering the argument from miracles, you will soon be convinced, that it is possible for God to work miracles; and you will be convinced, that it is as possible for human testimony to establish the truth of miraculous, as of physical or historical events; but before you can be convinced that the miracles in question are supported by such testimony as deserves to be credited, you must inquire at what period, and by what persons, the books of the Old and New Testament were composed; if you reject the account without making this examination, you reject it from prejudice, not from reason.

There is, however, a short method of examining this argument, which may, perhaps, make as great an impression on your minds, as any other. Three men of distinguished abilities rose up at different times, and attacked Christianity with every objection which their malice could suggest, or their learning could devise; but neither Celsus in the second century, nor Porphyry in the third, nor the emperor Julian himself in the fourth century, ever questioned the reality of the miracles related in the gospels. Do but you grant us what these men (who were more likely to know the truth of the matter, than you can be) granted to their adversaries, and we will very readily let you make the most of the magic to which, as the last wretched shift, they were forced to attribute them. We can find you men, in our days, who from the mixture of two colourless liquors, will produce you a third as red as blood, or of any other colour you desire; *et dicto citius*, by a drop resembling water, will restore the transparency; they will make two fluids coalesce into a solid body; and from the mixture of liquors colder than ice, will instantly raise you a horrid explosion, and a tremendous flame: these, and twenty other tricks they will perform, without having been sent with our Saviour to Egypt to learn magic; nay, with a bottle or two of oil, they will compose the undulations of a lake; and by a little art, they will restore the functions of life to a man, who has been an hour or two under water, or a day or two buried in the snow: but in vain will these men, or the greatest magician that Egypt ever saw, say to a boisterous sea, "Peace, be still;" in vain will they say to a carcass rotting in the grave, "Come forth;" the winds and the

sea will not obey them, and the putrid carcass will not hear them. You need not suffer yourselves to be deprived of the weight of this argument, from its having been observed, that the Fathers have acknowledged the supernatural part of Paganism; since the Fathers were in no condition to detect a cheat, which was supported both by the disposition of the people, and the power of the civil magistrate; and they were, from that inability, forced to attribute to infernal agency what was too cunningly contrived to be detected, and contrived for too impious a purpose, to be credited as the word of God.

With respect to prophecy, you may, perhaps, have accustomed yourselves to consider it, as originating in Asiatic enthusiasm, in Chaldean mystery, or in the subtle stratagem of interested priests: and have given yourselves no more trouble concerning the predictions of sacred, than concerning the oracles of Pagan history. Or, if ever you have cast a glance upon this subject, the dissensions of learned men concerning the proper interpretation of the revelation, and other difficult prophecies, may have made you rashly conclude, that all prophecies were equally unintelligible; and more indebted for their accomplishment, to a fortunate concurrence of events, and the pliant ingenuity of the expositor, than to the inspired foresight of the prophet. In all that the prophets of the Old Testament have delivered, concerning the destruction of particular cities, and the desolation of particular kingdoms, you may see nothing but shrewd conjectures, which any one acquainted with the history of the rise and fall of empires, might certainly have made: and as you would not hold him for a prophet, who should now affirm, that London or Paris would afford to future ages, a spectacle just as melancholy, as that which we now contemplate, with a sigh, in the ruins of Agrigentum or Palmyra; so you cannot persuade yourselves to believe, that the denunciations of the prophets against the haughty cities of Tyre or Babylon, for instance, proceeded from the inspiration of the Deity. There is no doubt, that by some such general kind of reasoning, many are influenced to pay no attention to an argument, which, if properly considered, carries with it the strongest conviction.

Spinoza said, That he would have broken his atheistic system to pieces, and embraced without repugnance the ordinary faith of Christians, if he could have persuaded himself of the resurrection of Lazarus from the dead; and I question not, that there are many disbelievers, who would relinquish their deistic tenets, and receive the gospel, if they could persuade themselves, that God had ever so far interfered in the moral government of the world, as to illumine the mind of any one man with the knowledge of future events. A miracle strikes the senses of the persons who see it, a prophecy addresses itself to the understandings of those who behold its completion; and it requires, in many cases, some learning, in all some attention, to judge of the correspondence of events with the predictions concerning them. No one can be convinced, that what Jeremiah and the other prophets foretold of the fate of Babylon, that it should be besieged by the Medes; that it should be taken, when her mighty men were drunken, when her springs were dried up; and that it should become a pool of water, and should remain desolate for ever; no one, I say, can be convinced, that all these, and other parts of the prophetic denunciation, have been minutely fulfilled, without spending some time in reading the accounts, which profane historians have delivered down to us concerning its being taken by Cyrus;

and which modern travellers have given us of its present situation.

Porphyry was so persuaded of the coincidence between the prophecies of Daniel and the events, that he was forced to affirm the prophecies were written after the things prophesied of had happened; another Porphyry has, in our days, been so astonished at the correspondence between the prophecy concerning the destruction of Jerusalem, as related by St. Matthew, and the history of that event, as recorded by Josephus; that, rather than embrace Christianity, he has ventured to assert (contrary to the faith of all ecclesiastical history, the opinion of the learned of all ages, and all the rules of good criticism) that St. Matthew wrote his Gospel after Jerusalem had been taken and destroyed by the Romans. You may from these instances perceive the strength of the argument from prophecy; it has not been able indeed to vanquish the prejudices of either the ancient or the modern Porphyry; but it has been able to compel them both, to be guilty of obvious falsehoods, which have nothing but impudent assertions to support them.

Some over-zealous interpreters of Scripture have found prophecies in simple narrations, extended real predictions beyond the times and circumstances to which they naturally were applied, and perplexed their readers with a thousand quaint allusions and allegorical conceits; this proceeding has made unthinking men pay less regard to prophecy in general; there are some predictions however, such as those concerning the present state of the Jewish people, and the corruption of Christianity, which are now fulfilling in the world; and which, if you will take the trouble to examine them, you will find of such an extraordinary nature, that you will not perhaps hesitate to refer them to God as their author; and if you once become persuaded of the truth of any one miracle, or of the completion of any one prophecy, you will resolve all your difficulties (concerning the manner of God's interposition, in the moral government of our species, and the nature of the doctrines contained in revelation) into your own inability fully to comprehend the whole scheme of divine providence.

We are told, however, that the strangeness of the narration, and the difficulty of the doctrines contained in the New Testament, are not the only circumstances which induce you to reject it; you have discovered, you think, so many contradictions, in the accounts which the Evangelists have given of the life of Christ, that you are compelled to consider the whole as an ill-digested and improbable story. You would not reason thus upon any other occasion; you would not reject as fabulous the accounts given by Livy and Polybius of Hannibal and the Carthaginians, though you should discover a difference betwixt them in several points of little importance. You cannot compare the history of the same events as delivered by any two historians, but you will meet with many circumstances, which, though mentioned by one, are either wholly omitted or differently related by the other; and this observation is peculiarly applicable to biographical writings: but no one ever thought of disbelieving the leading circumstances of the lives of Vitellius or Vespasian, because Tacitus and Suetonius did not in every thing correspond in their accounts of these emperors; and if the memoirs of the life and doctrines of M. de Voltaire himself, were some twenty or thirty years after his death, to be delivered to the world by four of his most intimate acquaintance; I do not apprehend that we should discredit the whole account of such an extraordinary man, by reason of some slight inconsistencies, and con-

tradictions, which the avowed enemies of his name might chance to discover in the several narrations. Though we should grant you then, that the Evangelists had fallen into some trivial contradictions, in what they have related concerning the life of Christ; yet you ought not to draw any other inference from our concession, than that they had not plotted together, as cheats would have done, in order to give an unexceptionable consistency to their fraud. We are not, however, disposed to make you any such concession: we will rather show you the futility of your general argument, by touching upon a few of the places which you think are most liable to your censure.

You observe, that neither Luke, nor Mark, nor John, have mentioned the cruelty of Herod in murdering the infants of Bethlehem; and that no account is to be found of this matter in Josephus, who wrote the life of Herod; and therefore the fact recorded by Matthew is not true.—The concurrent testimony of many independent writers concerning a matter of fact, unquestionably adds to its probability; but if nothing is to be received as true, upon the testimony of a single author, we must give up some of the best writers, and disbelieve some of the most interesting facts of ancient history.

According to Matthew, Mark, and Luke, there was only an interval of three months, you say, between the baptism and crucifixion of Jesus; from which time, taking away the forty days of temptation, there will only remain about six weeks for the whole period of his public ministry; which lasted, however, according to St. John, at the least, above three years.—Your objection fairly stated stands thus; Matthew, Mark, and Luke, in writing the history of Jesus Christ, mention the several events of his life, as following one another in continued succession, without taking notice of the times in which they happened; but is it a just conclusion from their silence, to infer that there really were no intervals of time between the transactions which they seem to have connected? Many instances might be produced from the most admired biographers of antiquity, in which the events are related, as immediately consequent to each other, which did not happen but at very distant periods: we have an obvious example of this manner of writing in St. Matthew; who connects the preaching of John the Baptist with the return of Joseph from Egypt, though we are certain that the latter event preceded the former by a great many years.

John has said nothing of the institution of the Lord's supper; the other Evangelists have said nothing of the washing of the disciples' feet:—what then? are you not ashamed to produce these facts as instances of contradiction? If omissions are contradictions, look into the history of the age of Lewis the fourteenth, or into the general history of M. de Voltaire, and you will meet with a great abundance of contradictions.

John, in mentioning the discourse which Jesus had with his mother and his beloved disciple, at the time of his crucifixion, says, that she, with Mary Magdalene, stood near the cross; Matthew, on the other hand, says, that Mary Magdalene and the other women were there, beholding afar off: this you think a manifest contradiction; and scoffingly inquire whether the women and the beloved disciple, which were near the cross, could be the same with those who stood far from the cross?—It is difficult not to transgress the bounds of moderation and good manners, in answering such sophistry; what! have you to learn, that though the Evangelists speak of the crucifixion, as of one event, it was not accomplished in one instant, but lasted se-

veral hours? And why the women, who were at a distance from the cross, might not, during its continuance, draw near the cross; or from being near the cross might not move from the cross, is more than you can explain to either us, or yourselves. And we take from you your only refuge, by denying expressly, that the different Evangelists, in their mention of the women, speak of the same point of time.

The Evangelists, you affirm, are fallen into gross contradictions, in their accounts of the appearances, by which Jesus manifested himself to his disciples, after his resurrection from the dead; for Matthew speaks of two, Mark of three, Luke of two, and John of four. That contradictory propositions cannot be true, is readily granted; and if you will produce the place in which Matthew says that Jesus Christ appeared twice, and no oftener, it will be farther granted, that he is contradicted by John, in a very material part of his narration; but till you do that, you must excuse me, if I cannot grant, that the Evangelists have contradicted each other in this point: for to common understandings it is pretty evident, that if Christ appeared four times, according to John's account, he must have appeared twice, according to that of Matthew and Luke, and thrice, according to that of Mark.

The different Evangelists are not only accused of contradicting each other, but Luke is said to have contradicted himself; for in his gospel he tells us, that Jesus ascended into heaven from Bethany; and in the Acts of the Apostles, of which he is the reputed author, he informs us, that Jesus ascended from Mount Olivet. Your objection proceeds either from your ignorance of geography, or your ill will to Christianity; and upon either supposition, deserves our contempt; be pleased, however, to remember for the future, that Bethany was not only the name of a town, but of a district of Mount Olivet adjoining to the town.

From this specimen of the contradictions ascribed to the historians of the life of Christ, you may judge for yourselves, what little reason there is to reject Christianity upon their account; and how sadly you will be imposed upon (in a matter of more consequence to you than any other) if you take every thing for a contradiction, which the uncandid adversaries of Christianity think proper to call one.

Before I put an end to this address, I cannot help taking notice of an argument by which some philosophers have of late endeavoured to overturn the whole system of revelation: and it is the more necessary to give an answer to their objection, as it is become a common subject of philosophical conversation, especially amongst those who have visited the continent. The objection tends to invalidate, as is supposed, the authority of Moses; by showing that the earth is much older than it can be proved to be from his account of the creation, and the scripture chronology. We contend, that six thousand years have not yet elapsed, since the creation; and these philosophers contend, that they have indubitable proof of the earth's being at the least fourteen thousand years old; and they complain that Moses hangs as a dead weight upon them, and blunts all their zeal for inquiry.

The Canonico Recupero, who, it seems, is engaged in writing the history of Mount Etna, has discovered a stratum of lava, which flowed from that mountain, according to his opinion, in the time of the second Punic war, or about two thousand years ago; this stratum is not yet covered with soil, sufficient for the production of either corn or vines; it requires, then, says the Canon, two thousand years, at least, to convert a stratum of

lava into a fertile field. In sinking a pit near Jaci, in the neighbourhood of Etna, they have discovered evident marks of seven distinct lavas, one under the other; the surfaces of which are parallel, and most of them covered with a thick bed of rich earth; now, the eruption which formed the lowest of these lavas (if we may be allowed to reason, says the Canon, from analogy,) flowed from the mountain at least fourteen thousand years ago. —It might be briefly answered to this objection, by denying that there is any thing in the history of Moses repugnant to this opinion concerning the great antiquity of the earth; for though the rise and progress of arts and sciences, and the small multiplication of the human species, render it almost to a demonstration probable, that man has not existed longer upon the surface of this earth, than according to the Mosaic account; yet, that the earth was then created out of nothing, when man was placed upon it, is not, according to the sentiments of some philosophers, to be proved from the original text of sacred scripture; we might, I say, reply with these philosophers, to this formidable objection of the Canon, by granting it in its fullest extent; we are under no necessity, however, of adopting their opinion, in order to show the weakness of the Canon's reasoning. For in the first place, the Canon has not satisfactorily established his main fact, that the lava in question is the identical lava which Diodorus Siculus mentions to have flowed from Etna in the second Carthaginian war; and in the second place, it may be observed, that the time necessary for converting the lavas into fertile fields, must be very different, according to the different consistencies of the lavas, and their different situations, with respect to elevation or depression; to their being exposed to winds, rains, and to other circumstances; just as the time, in which the heaps of iron slag, which resembles lava, are covered with verdure, is different at different furnaces, according to the nature of the slag, and situation of the furnace; and something of this kind is deducible from the account of the Canon himself; since the crevices of this famous stratum are really full of rich, good soil, and have pretty large trees growing in them.

But if all this should be thought not sufficient to remove the objection, I will produce the Canon an analogy in opposition to his analogy, and which is grounded on more certain facts. Etna and Vesuvius resemble each other, in the causes which produce their eruptions, and in the nature of their lavas, and in the time necessary to mellow them into soil fit for vegetation; or if there be any slight difference in this respect, it is probably not greater than what subsists between different lavas of the same mountain. This being admitted, which no philosopher will deny, The Canon's analogy will prove just nothing at all, if we can produce an instance of seven different lavas with interjacent strata of vegetable earth, which have flowed from mount Vesuvius, within the space, not of fourteen thousand, but of somewhat less than seventeen hundred years; for then, according to our analogy, a stratum of lava may be covered with vegetable soil, in about two hundred and fifty years, instead of requiring two thousand for the purpose. The eruption of Vesuvius, which destroyed Herculaneum and Pompeii, is rendered still more famous by the death of Pliny, recorded by his nephew, in his letter to Tacitus; this event happened in the year 79: it is not yet then quite seventeen hundred years since Herculaneum was swallowed up: but we are informed by unquestionable authority, that 'the matter which covers the ancient town of Herculaneum, is not the produce of one erup-

tion only; for there are evident marks, that the matter of six eruptions has taken its course over that which lies immediately above the town, and was the cause of its destruction. These strata are either of lava or burnt matter, with veins of good soil betwixt them.'—I will not add another word upon this subject; except that the bishop of the diocese, was not much out in his advice to Canonico Recupero—to take care not to make his mountain older than Moses; though it would have been full as well, to have shut his mouth with a reason, as to have stopped it with the dread of an ecclesiastical censure.

You perceive, with what ease a little attention will remove a great difficulty; but had we been able to say nothing, in explanation of this phenomenon, we should not have acted a very rational part, in making our ignorance the foundation of our infidelity, or suffering a minute philosopher to rob us of our religion.

Your objections to revelation may be numerous; you may find fault with the account which Moses has given of the creation and the fall; you may not be able to get water enough for an universal deluge; nor room enough in the ark of Noah, for all the different kinds of aerial and terrestrial animals; you may be dissatisfied with the command for sacrificing of Isaac, for plundering the Egyptians, and for extirpating the Canaanites; you may find fault with the Jewish economy, for its ceremonies, its sacrifices, and its multiplicity of priests; you may object to the imprecations in the Psalms, and think the immoralities of David, a fit subject for dramatic ridicule; you may look upon the partial promulgation of Christianity, as an insuperable objection to its truth; and waywardly reject the goodness of God toward yourselves, because you do not comprehend how you have deserved it more than others; you may know nothing of the entrance of sin and death into the world, by one man's transgression; nor be able to comprehend the doctrine of the cross and of redemption by Jesus Christ; in short, if your mind is so disposed, you may find food for your scepticism in every page of the Bible, as well as in every appearance of nature; and it is not in the power of any person but yourselves, to clear up your doubts; you must read, and you must think for yourselves; and you must do both with temper, with candour, and with care. Infidelity is a rank weed; it is nurtured by our vices, and cannot be plucked up as easily as it may be planted: your difficulties, with respect to revelation, may have first arisen from your own reflection on the religious indifference of those, whom, from your earliest infancy, you have been accustomed to revere and imitate; domestic irreligion may have made you willing hearers of libertine conversation; and the uniform prejudices of the world, may have finished the business at a very early age; and left you to wander through life without a principle to direct your conduct, and to die without hope. We are far from wishing you to trust the word of the clergy for the truth of your religion; we beg of you to examine it to the bottom, to try it, to prove it, and not to hold it fast unless you find it good. Till you are disposed to undertake this task, it becomes you to consider with great seriousness and attention, whether it can be for your interest to esteem a few witty sarcasms, or metaphysical subtleties, or ignorant misrepresentations, or unwarranted assertions, as unanswerable arguments against revelation; and a very slight reflection will convince you, that it will certainly be for your reputation, to employ the flippancy of your rhetoric, and the poignancy of your ridicule, upon any

subject, rather than upon the subject of religion.

I take my leave with recommending to your notice, the advice which Mr. Locke gave to a young man, who was desirous of becoming acquainted with the doctrines of the Christian religion. 'Study the Holy Scripture, especially the New Testament: therein are contained the words of eternal life. It has God for its author; Salvation for its end; and Truth without any mixture of error for its matter.

Bishop Watson.

§ 145. *Instances of the Eloquence of the Scriptures.*

If we consider the nature of eloquence in general, as it is defined by Aristotle to be a faculty of persuasion, which Cicero makes to consist in three things, instructing, delighting, and moving our readers' or hearers' mind, we shall find that the Holy Scriptures have a fair claim to these several properties.

For where can we meet with such a plain representation of things, in point of history, and such cogent arguments in point of precept, as this one volume furnishes us with? Where is there an history written more simply and naturally, and at the same time more nobly and loftily, than that of the creation of the world? Where are the great lessons of morality taught with such force and perspicuity (except in the sermons of Christ, and the writings of the apostles) as in the book of Deuteronomy? Where is the whole compass of devotion, in the several forms of confession, petition, supplication, thanksgiving, vows, and praises, so punctually taught us as in the book of Psalms? Where are the rules of wisdom and prudence so convincingly laid down as in the Proverbs of Solomon, and the choice sentences of Ecclesiastes? Where is vice and impiety of all kinds more justly displayed, and more fully confuted, than in the threats and admonitions of the prophets? And what do the little warmths, which may be raised in the fancy by an artificial composure and vehemence of style, signify, in comparison of those strong impulses and movements which the Holy Scriptures make upon good men's souls, when they represent the frightful justice of an angry God to stubborn offenders, and the bowels of his compassion, and unspeakable kindness, to all true penitents and faithful servants?

The Holy Scripture indeed has none of those flashy ornaments of speech, wherewith human compositions so plentifully abound; but then it has a sufficient stock of real and peculiar beauties to recommend it. To give one instance for all out of the history of Joseph and his family; the whole relation indeed is extremely natural: but the manner of his discovering himself to his brethren is inimitable. 'And Joseph could no longer refrain himself—but, lifting up his voice with tears, said—I am Joseph—doth my father yet live? —And his brethren could not answer him: for they were troubled at his presence. And Joseph said to his brethren, Come near me, I pray you: and they came near, and he said, I am Joseph—your brother—whom ye sold into Egypt.' Nothing certainly can be a more lively description of Joseph's tender respect for his father, and love for his brethren: and, in like manner, when his brethren returned, and told their father in what splendour and glory his son Joseph lived, it is said, that 'Jacob's heart fainted, for he believed them not; but when he saw the wagons which Joseph had sent for him, the spirit of Jacob, their father, revived; and Israel said, it is enough —Joseph my son is yet alive—I will go—and see him—before I die.' Here is such a contrast of different

passions, of utter despondency, dawning hope, and confirmed faith, triumphant joy, and paternal affection, as no orator in the world could express more movingly, in a more easy manner, or shorter compass of words.

Nay more, had I leisure to gratify the curious, I might easily show, that those very figures and schemes of speech, which are so much admired in profane authors, as their great beauties and ornaments, are no where more conspicuous than in the sacred.

One figure, for instance, esteemed very florid among the masters of art, is, when all the members of a period begin with the same word. The figure is called anaphora; and yet (if I mistake not) the 15th Psalm affords us a very beautiful passage of this kind. 'Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? Who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly; he that backbiteth not with his tongue; he that maketh much of them that fear the Lord; he that sweareth to his hurt, and changeth not; he that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that does these things shall never be moved.'

The ancient orators took a great deal of pride in ranging finely their antitheta. Cicero is full of this, and uses it many times to a degree of affectation; and yet I cannot find any place wherein he has surpassed that passage of the prophet. 'He that killed an ox, is as if he slew a man; he that sacrificeth a lamb, as if he cut off a dog's neck; he that offereth an oblation, as if he offered swine's blood.' But above all other figures, that whereon poets and orators love chiefly to dwell, is the hypotyposis, or lively description; and yet we shall hardly find in the best classic authors, any thing comparable in this regard, to the Egyptians' destruction in the Red Sea, related in the song of Moses and Miriam; to the description of the leviathan in Job; to the descent of God, and a storm at sea, in the Psalmist; to the intrigues of an adulterous woman in the Proverbs; to the pride of the Jewish ladies in Isaiah; and to the plague of locusts in Joel; which is represented like the ravaging of a country; and storming a city by an army; 'A fire devoureth before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness, and nothing shall escape them. Before their face people shall be pained; all faces shall gather blackness. They shall run like mighty men; they shall climb the wall like men of war; they shall march every one in his way, and they shall not break their ranks. They shall run to and fro in the city, they shall run upon the wall; they shall climb up upon the houses; they shall enter into the windows as a thief.' The description is more remarkable, because the analogy is carried quite throughout without straining, and the whole processes of a conquering army in the manner of their march, their destroying the provision, and burning the country, in their scaling the walls, breaking into houses, and running about the vanquished city, are fully delineated and set before our eyes.

From these few examples (for it would be endless to proceed in instances of this kind) it appears, that the Holy Bible is far from being defective in point of eloquence, and (what is a peculiar commendation of it) its style is full of a grateful variety; sometimes majestic as becomes that 'high and holy one who inhabiteth eternity:' sometimes so low as to answer the other part of his character, 'who dwelleth with him that is of an humble spirit:' and at all times so proper, and adapted so well to the several subjects it treats of, that whoever considers it attentively will perceive, in the narrative parts of it, a strain so simple and unaffected; in the prophetic and devotional, something so animated and

sublime; and in the doctrinal and preceptive, such an air of dignity and authority, as seems to speak its original divine.

We allow, indeed, that method is an excellent art, highly conducive to the clearness and perspicuity of discourse; but then we affirm, that it is an art of modern invention in comparison to the times when the sacred penman wrote, and incompatible with the manner of writing, which was then in vogue. We indeed in Europe, who, in this matter, have taken our examples from Greece, can hardly read any thing with pleasure, that is not digested into order and sorted under proper heads; but the eastern nations, who were used to a free way of discourse, and never cramped their notions by methodical limitations, would have despised a composition of this kind, as much as we do a school-boy's theme, with all the formalities of its exordiums, ratios, and confirmations. And if this was no precedent for other nations, much less can we think, that God Almighty's methods ought to be confined to human laws, which, being designed for the narrowness of our conceptions, might be improper and injurious to his, whose 'thoughts are as far above ours, as the heavens are higher than the earth.'

The truth is, inspiration is, in some measure, the language of another world, and carries in it the reasoning of spirits, which, without controversy, is vastly different from ours. We indeed, to make things lie plain before our understandings, are forced to sort them out into distinct partitions, and consider them by little and little, that so at last, by gradual advances, we may come to a tolerable conception of them; but this is no argument for us to think that pure spirits do reason after this manner. Their understandings are quick and intuitive: they see the whole compass of rational inferences at once; and have no need of those little methodical distinctions which oftentimes help the imperfections of our intellects. Now, though we do not assert, that the language of the Holy Scriptures is an exact copy of the reasoning of the spiritual world; yet since they came by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, it is but reasonable to expect that they should preserve some small relish of it: as books translated into another tongue always retain some marks of their originals. And hence it comes to pass, that though the Holy Ghost does vouchsafe to speak in the language of men, yet in his divine compositions, there are some traces to be found of that bold and unlimited ratiocination, which is peculiar to the heavenly inhabitants, whose noble and flaming thoughts are never clogged with the cold and jejune laws of human method.

Stackhouse.

§ 146. *A Prayer or Psalm.*

Most gracious Lord God, my merciful Father; from my youth up, my Creator, my Redeemer, my Comforter. Thou, O Lord, soundest and searchest the depths and secrets of all hearts; thou acknowledgest the upright of heart; thou judgest the hypocrite; thou ponderest men's thoughts and doings as in a balance; thou measurest their intentions as with a line; vanity and crooked ways cannot be hid from thee.

Remember, O Lord, how thy servant hath walked before thee; remember what I have first sought, and what hath been principal in my intentions. I have loved thy assemblies, I have mourned for the divisions of thy church, I have delighted in the brightness of thy sanctuary. This vine, which thy right hand hath planted in this nation, I have ever prayed unto thee, that it might have

the first and the latter rain, and that it might stretch her branches to the seas and to the floods. The state and bread of the poor and oppressed have been precious in mine eyes; I have hated all cruelty and hardness of heart; I have (though in a despised weed) procured the good of all men. If any have been my enemies, I thought not of them, neither hath the sun almost set upon my displeasures, but I have been as a dove, free from superfluity of maliciousness. Thy creatures have been my books, but thy Scriptures much more. I have sought thee in the courts, fields, and gardens; but I have found thee in thy temples.

Thousands have been my sins, and ten thousands my transgressions, but thy sanctifications have remained with me, and my heart (through thy grace) hath been an unquenched coal upon thine altar.

O Lord, my strength! I have since my youth met with thee in all my ways, by thy fatherly compassions, by thy comfortable chastisements, and by thy most visible providence. As thy favours have increased upon me, so have thy corrections; so as thou hast been always near me, O Lord! And ever as my worldly blessings were exalted, so secret darts from thee have pierced me; and when I have ascended before men, I have descended in humiliation before thee. And now, when I thought most of peace and honour, thy hand is heavy upon me, and hath humbled me according to thy former loving-kindness, keeping me still in thy fatherly school, not as a bastard, but as a child. Just are thy judgments upon me for my sins, which are more in number than the sands of the sea, but have no proportion to thy mercies; for what are the sands of the sea? Earth, heavens, and all these, are nothing to thy mercies. Besides my innumerable sins, I confess before thee, that I am a debtor to thee for the gracious talent of thy gifts and graces, which I have neither put into a napkin, nor put it, as I ought, to exchangers, where it might have made best profit, but mis-spent it in things for which I was least fit; so I may truly say, my soul hath been a stranger in the course of my pilgrimage. Be merciful unto me, O Lord, for my Saviour's sake, and receive me into thy bosom, or guide me into thy ways.

Lord Bacon.

§ 147. *The Doctrine of Christ a Doctrine of Truth and Simplicity.*

The Gospel of Christ, as taught by himself and his apostles, in its original plainness and purity, is a doctrine of truth and simplicity, a doctrine so easy to be understood, so reasonable to be practised, so agreeable to the natural notions and reason of mankind, so beneficial in its effects, if men were really governed by it; teaching them nothing but the worship of the true God, through the mediation of Christ; and towards each other, justice, righteousness, meekness, charity, and universal good-will; in expectation of a future judgment, and of a lasting state of happiness in a better world, for them who love God and keep his commandments; this doctrine of Christ, I say, in its native simplicity and purity, is so reasonable, so excellent, and of such irresistible evidence, that had it never been corrupted by superstitions from within, it never could have been opposed by power from without; but it must of necessity have captivated mankind to the obedience of faith; till the knowledge of the Lord had filled the earth, as the waters cover the sea.—

Whatever difficulties there may be in some of the historical, or prophetical, or controversial parts of the books of Scripture, yet as to the practical part, the duties required of

a Christian in order to salvation, there is no man that ever read the sermons of Christ and his apostles, or ever heard them read, but understood perfectly well what our Saviour meant by commanding us to worship the one true God of nature, the Author and Lord of the universe, and to do to all men as we would they should do to us; and that, "denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world;" in expectation of being righteously and impartially adjudged, according to our works, to a state of happiness or misery in the world to come; by our Saviour himself, our merciful and compassionate judge. There never was any man in the Christian world, but felt the reasonableness and importance of this doctrine; and, whenever these things have been repeated to him, was immediately conscious to himself, either of having followed or transgressed these precepts.

Dr. Clark.

§ 148. *On the Superiority of Sacred History and Christian Philosophy.*

In the histories which have been left us by men, we see nothing but the agency of man. They are men who obtain the victories, who take towns, who subdue kingdoms, who dethrone sovereigns, to elevate themselves to the supreme power: God appears in no part, men are the sole actors of all these things. But in the history of the Holy Books it is God alone who performs the whole; God alone causeth kings to reign, placeth them upon their thrones, or deposeth them again. It is God alone who opposeth the enemy, who sacks towns, who disposeth of kingdoms and empires, who giveth peace or exciteth war: God alone appeareth in this Sacred History: it is he, if I may so speak, who is the sole hero. The kings and the conquerors of the earth appear but as the ministers of his will. In short, these Divine Books unfold the ways of Providence. God, who conceals himself in the other events recorded in our histories, seems to reveal himself in these: and it is in this book alone that we ought to learn to read the other histories which men have left us.

The Holy Books which have preserved religion to our times, contain the first monuments of the origin of things. They are more ancient than all the fabulous productions of the human mind, which have since, in so melancholy a manner, amused the credulity of the following ages. And as error always springs from truth, and is a corrupt imitation of it, it is in the principal actions of this Divine History, that the fables of Paganism find their foundation; so that one may say there is no error which pays not thereby homage to the antiquity and authority of our Sacred Writings.

The sincerity of Moses appears in the simplicity of his history. He used no precautions to gain credit, because he supposes those for whom he wrote were not destitute of faith, and because he relates none but facts which were publicly known, to preserve the memory of them rather among their descendants, than to instruct that generation in the nature of them.

He concealeth not in a mysterious manner the holy books from the people, lest they should discover the falsehood of them, like as the vain oracles of the Sybils were laid up with care in the Capitol, which was built to keep up the pride of the Romans, exposed to the eyes of the priests alone, and produced from time to time by fragments to justify to the minds of the people, either a dangerous enterprise, or an unjust war. Here the prophetic books were daily read by a whole people; the young and old,

the women and children, the priests and the common people, the kings and subjects, were bound without ceasing to have them in their hands; every one had right to study their duty, and to discover their hopes there. Far from flattering their pride, they declared fully the ingratitude of their fathers; they announced in every page their misfortunes to be the just chastisement of their crimes; they reproached kings with their lewdness; priests with their injustice; the great with their profusion; the people with their inconstancy and infidelity, and this notwithstanding these holy books were dear to them, and by the oracles which they saw there to be accomplished every day, they waited with confidence the fulfilment of those of which all the world at this day are the witnesses.—

There is a nobleness and an elevation in the maxims of the Gospel, to which mean and grovelling minds cannot attain. The religion which forms great souls, appears to be made only for them: and in order to be great, or to become so, there is a necessity of being a Christian.—

Philosophy discovered the shame of the passions; but she did not teach how to conquer them: her pompous precepts were rather the eulogium of virtue, than the remedy of vice. It was even necessary for the glory and triumph of religion, that the greatest geniuses, and all the power of human reason should have exhausted themselves, in order to render men virtuous. If the Socrateses and the Platos, had not been teachers of the world before Jesus Christ, and had not in vain attempted to regulate manners, and correct men by the sole force of reason, man might have been able to do honour by his virtue to the superiority of reason, or the beauty of virtue itself: but these preachers of wisdom did not make wise men; and it was necessary that the vain efforts of philosophy should prepare new triumphs for grace.

In short, it was religion, which exhibited to the world the true wise man, so long since announced to us, by all the pomp and parade of human reason. She has not limited all her glory, like philosophy, to the essay of hardly forming one sage in a century amongst men: she hath peopled with them cities, empires, deserts; and the whole universe has been to her another Lycæum, where in the midst of public places, she hath preached wisdom to all mankind. It is not only amongst the most polite nations that she hath chosen her wise men: the Greek and Barbarian, the Roman and Scythian, hath been equally called to her divine philosophy: it is not only for the learned that she hath reserved the sublime knowledge of her mysteries; the simple have prophesied as well as the sage; and the ignorant themselves have become her doctors and apostles. It was necessary that the true wisdom should become the wisdom of all men.

But further still: her doctrine was foolishness in appearance; and yet, the philosophers submitted their proud reason to this holy folly: she announced nothing but crosses and sufferings; and yet the Cæsars became her disciples. She alone came to teach mankind that chastity, humility, temperance might be seated on the throne, and that the seat of the passions and of pleasures, might become the seat of virtue and innocence. What a glory was this for religion.

Massillon, Bishop of Clermont.

§ 149. *The Light of Reason imperfect.*

If the glorious light of the Gospel be sometimes overcast with clouds of doubt, so is the light of our reason too. But shall we deprive ourselves

of the advantage of either, because those clouds cannot perhaps be entirely removed while we remain in this mortal life? Shall we obstinately and frowardly shut our eyes against that day-spring from on high that has visited us, because we are not as yet able to bear the full blaze of his beams? Indeed, not even in heaven itself, not in the highest state of perfection to which a finite being can ever attain, will all the counsels of Providence, all the height and the depth of the infinite wisdom of God, be ever disclosed or understood. Faith, even then, will be necessary; and there will be mysteries which cannot be penetrated by the most exalted archangel, and truths which cannot be known by him otherwise than from revelation, or believed upon any other ground of assent than a submissive confidence in the divine wisdom. What, then, shall man presume that his weak and narrow understanding is sufficient to guide him into all truth, without any need of revelation or faith? Shall he complain that the ways of God are not like his ways, and past his finding out? True philosophy, as well as true Christianity, would teach us a wiser and modester part. It would teach us to be content within those bounds which God has assigned to us, "casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ."

Lord Littleton.

§ 150. *The Simplicity of the Sacred Writers.*

I cannot forbear taking notice of one other mark of integrity which appears in all the compositions of the sacred writers, and particularly the Evangelists; and that is, the simple, unaffected, unornamental, and unostentatious manner, in which they deliver truths so important and sublime, and facts so magnificent and wonderful, as are capable, one would think, of lighting up a flame of oratory, even in the dullest and coldest breasts. They speak of an angel descending from heaven to foretel the miraculous conception of Jesus; of another proclaiming his birth, attended by a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, "and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men;" of his star appearing in the East; of angels ministering to him in the wilderness; of his glory in the mount; of a voice twice heard from heaven, saying, "This is my beloved Son;" of innumerable miracles performed by him, and by his disciples in his name; of his knowing the thoughts of men; of his foretelling future events; of prodigies accompanying his crucifixion and death; of an angel descending in terrors, opening his sepulchre, and frightening away the soldiers who were set to guard it; of his rising from the dead, ascending into heaven, and pouring down, according to his promise, the various and miraculous gifts of the Holy Spirit upon his apostles and disciples. All these amazing incidents do these inspired historians relate nakedly and plainly, without any of the colourings and heightenings of rhetoric, or so much as a single note of admiration; without making any comment or remark upon them, or drawing from them any conclusion in honour either of their master or themselves, or to the advantage of the religion they preached in his name; but contenting themselves with relating the naked truth, whether it seems to make for them or against them; without either magnifying on the one hand, or palliating on the other, they leave their cause to the unbiassed judgment of mankind, seeking, like genuine apostles of the Lord of truth, to convince ra-

ther than to persuade; and therefore coming, as St. Paul speaks of his preaching, "not with excellency of speech,—not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but with demonstration of the Spirit, and of power, that," adds he, "your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God." And let it be remembered that he, who speaks this, wanted not learning, art, or eloquence, as is evident from his speeches recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, and from the testimony of that great critic Longinus, who, in reckoning up the Grecian orators, places among them Paul of Tarsus; and surely, had they been left solely to the suggestions and guidance of human wisdom, they would not have failed to lay hold on such topics, as the wonders of their master's life, and the transcendent purity and perfection of the noble, generous, benevolent morality contained in his precepts, furnished them with. These topics, I say, greater than ever Tully, or Demosthenes, or Plato, were possessed of, mere human wisdom would doubtless have prompted them to make use of, in order to recommend, in the strongest manner, the religion of Jesus Christ to mankind, by turning their attention to the divine part of his character, and hiding, as it were in a blaze of heavenly light and glory, his infirmities, his sufferings, and his death. And had they upon such topics as these, and in such a cause, called in to their assistance all the arts of composition, rhetoric, and logic, who would have blamed them for it? Not those persons, I presume, who, dazzled and captivated with the glittering ornaments of human wisdom, made a mock at the simplicity of the Gospel, and think it wit to ridicule the style and language of the Holy Scriptures. But the all-wise Spirit of God, by whom these sacred writers were guided into all truth, thought fit to direct or permit them to proceed in a different method; a method, however, very analogous to that, in which he hath been pleased to reveal himself to us in the great book of nature, the stupendous frame of the universe; all whose wonders he hath judged it sufficient to lay before us in silence, and expects from our observations the proper comments and deductions, which, having endued us with reason, he hath enabled us to make. And though a careless and superficial spectator may fancy he perceives even in this fair volume many inconsistencies, defects, and superfluities; yet to a diligent, unprejudiced, and rational inquirer, who will take pains to examine the laws, consider and compare the several parts, and regard their use and tendency, with reference to the whole design of this amazing structure, as far as his short abilities can carry him, there will appear, in those instances which he is capable of knowing, such evident characters of wisdom, goodness, and power, as will leave him no room to doubt of their author, or to suspect that in those particulars which he hath not examined, or to a thorough knowledge of which he cannot perhaps attain, there is nothing but folly, weakness, and malignity. The same thing might be said of the written book, the second volume, if I may so speak, of the revelation of God, the Holy Scriptures. For as in the first, so also in this are there many passages, that to a cursory, unobserving reader appear idle, unconnected, unaccountable, and inconsistent with those marks of truth, wisdom, justice, mercy, and benevolence, which in others are so visible, that the most careless and inattentive cannot but discern them. And even these, many of them, at least, will often be found, upon a closer and stricter examination, to accord and coincide with the other more

plain and more intelligible passages, and to be no heterogeneous parts of one and the same wise and harmonious composition. In both, indeed, in the natural as well as the moral book of God, there are, and ever will be, many difficulties, which the wit of man may never be able to resolve; but will a wise philosopher, because he cannot comprehend every thing he sees, reject for that reason all the truths that lie within his reach, and let a few inexplicable difficulties over-balance the many plain and infallible evidences of the finger of God, which appear in all parts, both of his created and written works? Or will he presume so far upon his own wisdom, as to say, God ought to have expressed himself more clearly? The point and exact degree of clearness, which will equally suit the different capacities of men in different ages and countries, will, I believe, be found more difficult to fix than is imagined; since what is clear to one man in a certain situation of mind, time, and place, will inevitably be obscure to another, who views it in other positions, and under other circumstances. How various and even contradictory are the readings and comments, which several men, in the several ages and climates of the world, have made upon nature! And yet her characters are equally legible, and her laws equally intelligible, in all times and in all places: "There is no speech nor language where her voice is not heard: her sound is gone out through all the earth, and her words to the end of the world." All these misrepresentations therefore, and misconstructions, of her works, are chargeable only upon mankind, who have set themselves to study them with various degrees of capacity, application, and impartiality. The question then should be, Why hath God given men such various talents? And not, Why hath not God expressed himself more clearly? And the answer to this question, as far as it concerns man to know, is, that God will require of him according to what he hath, and not according to what he hath not. If what is necessary for all to know, is knowable by all; those men upon whom God hath been pleased to bestow capacities and faculties superior to the vulgar, have certainly no just reason to complain of his having left them materials for the exercise of those talents, which, if all things were equally plain to all men, would be of no great advantage to the possessors. If, therefore, there are in the sacred writings, as well as in the works of nature, many passages hard to be understood, it were to be wished, that the wise and learned, instead of being offended at them, and teaching others to be so too, would be persuaded that both God and man expect that they would set themselves to consider and examine them carefully and impartially, and with a sincere desire of discovering and embracing the truth, not with an arrogant unphilosophical conceit of their being already sufficiently wise and knowing. And then I doubt not but most of these objections to revelation, which are now urged with the greatest confidence, would be cleared up and removed, like those formerly made to Creation, and the Being and Providence of God, by those most ignorant, most absurd, and yet most self-sufficient pretenders to reason and philosophy, the Atheists and Sceptics. *West.*

§ 151. *The superiority of Christian Philosophy over the Stoical.*

Epictetus often lays it down as a maxim, that it is impossible for one person to be in fault, and another to be the sufferer. This, on the supposition of a future state, will certainly be made true at last; but in the stoical sense and system, is an absolute

extravagance. Take any person of plain understanding, with all the feelings of humanity about him, and see whether the subtlest Stoic will ever be able to convince him, that while he is insulted, oppressed, and tortured, he doth not suffer. See what comfort it will afford him, to be told, that, if he supports his afflictions and ill-treatment with fortitude and patience, death will set him free, and then he and his persecutor will be equally rewarded; will equally lose all personal existence, and return to the elements. How different are the consolations proposed by Christianity, which not only assures its disciples, that they shall rest from their labours in death, but that their works shall follow them: and by allowing them to rejoice in hope, teaches them the most effectual way of becoming patient in tribulation.

The Stoical doctrine, that human souls are literally parts of the Deity, was equally shocking, and hurtful; as it supposed portions of his being to be wicked and miserable; and by debasing men's ideas of the divine dignity, and teaching them to think themselves essentially as good as he, nourished in their minds an irreligious and fatal presumption. Far differently the Christian system represents mankind, not as a part of the essence, but a work of the hand of God: as created in a state of improveable virtue and happiness; fallen by an abuse of free will, into sin, misery, and weakness; but redeemed from them by an Almighty Saviour; furnished with additional knowledge and strength; commanded to use their best endeavours; made sensible, at the same time, how wretchedly defective they are; yet assured of endless felicity on a due exertion of them. The Stoic philosophy insults human nature and discourages all our attempts, by enjoining and promising a perfection in this life, of which we feel ourselves incapable. The Christian religion shows compassion to our weakness, by prescribing to us only the practicable task of aiming continually at farther improvements, and animates our endeavours, by the promise of a divine aid, equal to every trial.

Specifying thus the errors and defects of so celebrated a system, is an unpleasing employment: but in an age, fond of preferring the guesses of human sagacity before the unerring declarations of God, it seemed on this occasion necessary to observe, that the Christian morality is agreeable to reason and nature; that of the Stoics, for the most part, founded on notions intelligible to few; and which none could admit, without contradiction to their own hearts. They reasoned, many times, admirably well, but from false principles; and the noblest of their practical precepts, being built on a sandy basis, lay at the mercy of every strong temptation.

Stoicism is indeed in many points inferior to the doctrine of Socrates, which did not teach, that all externals were indifferent, which did teach a future state of recompense; and agreeably to that, forbad suicide. It doth not belong to the present subject to show, how much even this best system is excelled by Christianity. It is sufficient just to observe, that the author of it died in a profession, which he had always made of his belief in the popular deities, whose superstitions and impure worship were the great source of corruption in the Heathen world; and the last words he uttered were a direction to his friend, for the performance of an idolatrous ceremony. This melancholy instance of ignorance and error, in the most illustrious character for wisdom and virtue in all Heathen antiquity, is not mentioned as a reflection on his memory, but as a

proof of human weakness in general. Whether reason could have discovered the great truths which in these days are ascribed to it, because now seen so clearly by the light of the Gospel, may be a question; but that it never did, is an undeniable fact; and that is enough to teach us thankfulness for the blessing of a better information. Socrates, who had, of all mankind, the fairest pretensions to set up for an instructor, and reformer of the world, confessed that he knew nothing, referred to tradition, and acknowledged the want of a superior guide: and there is a remarkable passage in Epictetus, in which he represents it as the office of his supreme God, or of one deputed by him, to appear among mankind, as a teacher and example.

Upon the whole, the several sects of Heathen philosophy serve, as so many striking instances of the imperfection of human wisdom; and of the extreme need of a divine assistance, to rectify the mistakes of depraved reason, and to replace natural religion on its true foundation. The Stoics every where testify the noblest zeal for virtue, and the honour of God: but they attempted to establish them on principles inconsistent with the nature of man, and contradictory to truth and experience. By a direct consequence of these principles they were liable to be seduced, and in fact, often were seduced into pride, hard-heartedness, and the last dreadful extremity of human guilt, self-murder.

But however indefensible the philosophy of the Stoics in several instances may be, it appears to have been of very important use, in the Heathen world; and they are, on many accounts, to be considered in a very respectable light. Their doctrine of evidence and fixed principles, was an excellent preservative from the mischiefs, that might have arisen from the scepticism of the Academics and Pyrrhonists, if unopposed; and their zealous defence of a particular providence, a valuable antidote to the atheistical scheme of Epicurus. To this may be added, that their strict notions of virtue in most points, (for they sadly failed in some,) and the lives of several among them, must contribute a good deal to preserve luxurious states from an absolutely universal dissoluteness; and the subjects of arbitrary government, from a wretched and contemptible pusillanimity.

Even now, their compositions may be read with great advantage, as containing excellent rules of self-government, and of social behaviour; of a noble reliance on the aid and protection of heaven, and of a perfect resignation and submission to the divine will; points which are treated with great clearness, and with admirable spirit, in the lessons of the Stoics; and though their directions are seldom practicable on their principles, in trying cases, may be rendered highly useful in subordination to Christian reflections.

If, among those who are so unhappy as to remain unconvinced of the truth of Christianity, any are prejudiced against it by the influence of unwarrantable inclinations; such persons will find very little advantage in rejecting the doctrines of the New Testament for those of the Portico; unless they think it an advantage to be laid under moral restraints, almost equal to those of the gospel, while they are deprived of its encouragements and supports. Deviations from the rules of sobriety, justice, and piety, meet with small indulgence in the Stoic writings; and they, who profess to admire Epictetus, unless they pursue that severely virtuous conduct which he every where prescribes, will find themselves treated by him with the utmost degree of scorn

and contempt. An immoral character is, indeed, more or less, the outcast of all sects of philosophy; and Seneca quotes even Epicurus, to prove the universal obligation of a virtuous life. Of this great truth, God never left himself without witness. Persons of distinguished talents and opportunities seem to have been raised from time to time by Providence, to check the torrent of corruption, and to preserve the sense of moral obligations on the minds of the multitude, to whom the various occupations of life left but little leisure to form deductions of their own. But then they wanted a proper commission to enforce their precepts; they intermixed with them, through false reasoning, many gross mistakes; and their unavoidable ignorance, in several important points, entangled them with doubts which easily degenerated into pernicious errors.

If there are others, who reject Christianity, from motives of dislike to its peculiar doctrines, they will scarcely fail of entertaining more favourable impressions of it, if they can be prevailed on, with impartiality to compare the Holy Scriptures, from whence alone the Christian religion is to be learned, with the Stoic writings; and then fairly to consider, whether there is any thing to be met with in the discoveries of our blessed Saviour, in the writings of his apostles, or even in the obscurest parts of the prophetic books, by which, equitably interpreted, either their senses, or their reason are contradicted, as they are by the paradoxes of these philosophers: and if not, whether notices from above, of things in which, though we comprehend but imperfectly, we are possibly much more interested, than at present we discern, ought not to be received with implicit veneration; as useful exercises and trials of that duty, which finite understandings owe to infinite wisdom.

Miss Carter.

§ 152. *The more we study the Scriptures the more we shall perceive their divine origin, and the more we shall admire them.*

The more we read, the more we meditate on the Holy Scriptures, the more we shall discover in them an inexhaustible source of light, and of all manner of instruction; that their language is not the language of men, nor the subject a production of their ingenuity; that they have a character peculiar to themselves, and different from the compositions even of the greatest and best men; that they are exempt from all vulgar passions and interests, and to the ordinary views of human prudence and forecast; in fine, that no man ever raised himself so much above humanity as to produce a work in which all is so superior to man.

The most accurate of the Pagan authors are justly charged with errors, darkness, and uncertainties, with respect both to facts and doctrine; but it became the wise and great Being who inspired the sacred penmen, to exempt their works from all such imputations; and, accordingly, he has favoured them with every argument of truth and persuasion, adorned them with the graces of language and sentiment, lighted up and enlivened them with the brightest examples of virtue and sanctity, annexed to their study and meditation such helps and communications of his Holy Spirit as cannot be described, and made the belief and practice of them the only foundation of true peace and happiness.

Every one readily allows no subject can be equal to the life of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; that is, to the incarnation and birth; the miracles and doctrine; the sufferings and death; the resurrection and ascension of a God become man to reform and save a sinful and lost world. And whoever imagines this history

can be better written than it is by the Evangelists, has it yet to learn. But though it becomes a Christian to be particularly conversant in this and the other writings of the New Testament, yet there is not any part of the Old which does not furnish ample matter of instruction.—The book of Genesis, in the account it gives of the creation, of the fall and punishment of our first parents, of the righteousness of Noah, of the deluge, of the wonderful obedience of Abraham, and the promise made by God to reward it, of the destruction of Sodom, and the providence of God over the patriarch Joseph, presents to our minds the most suitable subjects to fill them with every christian sentiment of reverence for the Supreme Being and his laws, love of his goodness, and dread of his justice. When we go on to Exodus, we see the wonders wrought by the Almighty in favour of his people, the impenitence of Pharaoh, and the various chastisements by which the murmurings and idolatry of the Israelites in the desert were punished. Leviticus and Numbers set forth the accuracy which God exacts in his worship; Deuteronomy, the sanctity of his laws; Joshua, the accomplishment of his promises. In the book of Judges, we see the strength and weakness of Samson; in that of Ruth, the plain-dealing and equity of Boaz; in those of Kings, the holiness of Samuel, of Elijah, of Elisha, and the other prophets; the reprobation of Saul; the fall and repentance of David, his mildness and patience; the wisdom and sin of Solomon; the piety of Hezekiah and Josiah. In Esdras, the zeal for the law of God; in Tobit, the conduct of a holy family; in Judith the power of grace; in Esther, prudence; in Job, a pattern of admirable patience. The Maccabees afford such instances of personal and national bravery; such an exalted and generous love of our country, and all this grounded on the true principles of valour and patriotism, as the most boasted achievements in profane story are perfect strangers to. The Proverbs and Ecclesiastes, and the other two books which go under the title of the Wisdom of Solomon and of the Son of Sirach, teach a more useful and sublime philosophy than all the writings which Greece and Rome have published. The noble images and reflections, the profound reasonings on human actions, and excellent precepts for the government of life, sufficiently witness their inspired origin. This treasure, indeed, is thrown together in a confused magnificence, above all order, that every one may collect and digest such observations as chiefly tend to his own particular instruction. And though it behoves us to reverence the doctrine of the Holy Ghost, rather than pretend to assign the reasons for his dispensing it in this or that manner, yet, I think, we perceive the fitness of the method here taken, in setting forth the nature, substance, and end of our obligations; and, without entering on minute discussions, in taking in the whole compass of duty; for by this means the paths of life are not only pointed out to each individual, and his personal character formed; but the minds of mankind, in general, are furnished and enriched with the beauty, copiousness, and variety of all virtues.—The prophets announce not only the promises, but also the characteristic marks of the Messiah, with the threats against sinners, and those calamities which were to befall the Jews and other nations. The Psalms unite in themselves the chief subjects and all the different excellencies of the Old Testament. In a word, every thing in the Sacred Writings will appear, as it truly is, holy, grand, and profitable, provided it be read with suitable dispositions. *Phillips.*

§ 153. *Beautiful Instances of Friendship in the Scriptures.*

One of the strongest and most affecting instances of a faithful attachment to be met with in history, occurs in the friendship which subsisted between two females. The instance alluded to, is recorded in the Jewish annals, and most pathetically related by one of the sacred penmen. The reader need not be told, that this is the friendship of Naomi and Ruth.

Two very remarkable instances of friendship occur in the history of our Saviour's life: it may not perhaps be altogether unnecessary to state them in all their striking circumstances.

The Evangelist, in relating the miracles which Christ performed at Bethany by restoring a person to life who had lain some days in the grave, introduces his narrative by emphatically observing, that "Jesus loved Lazarus;" intimating, it should seem, that the sentiments which Christ entertained of Lazarus, were a distinct and peculiar species of that general benevolence with which he was actuated towards all mankind. Agreeably to this explication of the sacred historian's meaning, when the sisters of Lazarus sent to acquaint Jesus with the state in which their brother lay; they did not even mention his name; but pointed him out by a more honourable and equally notorious designation; the terms of their message were, "behold! he whom thou lovest is sick!" Accordingly, when he informs his disciples of the notice he had thus received, his expression is, "our friend Lazarus sleepeth." Now that Christ did not upon this occasion use the word friend in its loose undistinguishing acceptation, but in a restrained and strictly appropriated sense, is not only manifest from this plain account of the fact itself, but appears farther evident from the sequel. For, as he was advancing to the grave, accompanied with the relations of the deceased, he discovered the same emotions of grief as swelled the bosoms of those with whom Lazarus had been most intimately connected; and sympathizing with their common sorrow, he melted into tears. This circumstance was too remarkable to escape particular observation: and it drew from the spectators what one should think it must necessarily draw from every reader, this natural and obvious reflection, "behold! how he loved him!"

But in the concluding catastrophe of our Saviour's life, he gave a still more decisive proof, that sentiments of the strongest personal attachment and friendship, were not unworthy of being admitted into his sacred bosom. They were too deeply, indeed, impressed, to be extinguished even by the most excruciating torments. In those dreadful moments, observing among the afflicted witnesses of his painful and ignominious sufferings, that faithful follower, who is described by the historian as "the disciple whom he loved;" he distinguished him by the most convincing instance of superior confidence, esteem, and affection, that ever was exhibited to the admiration of mankind. For, under circumstances of the most agonizing torments, when it might be thought impossible for human nature to retain any other sensibility but that of its own inexpressible sufferings; he recommended to the care and protection of this his tried and approved friend, in terms of peculiar regard and endearment, the most tender and sacred object of his private affections. But no language can represent this pathetic and affecting scene, with a force and energy equal to the sublime simplicity of the Evangelist's own narrative: "Now there stood by the cross of Jesus, his mother and his mother's sister, and Mary

Magdalene. When Jesus saw his mother, and the disciple by, whom he loved; he saith to his mother, Behold thy son! Then he saith to the disciple, Behold thy mother! And from that hour that disciple took her to his own home."

It may safely be asserted, that among all those memorable examples of friendship which have been celebrated with the highest encomiums by the ancients; there cannot be produced a single instance, in which the most distinguishing features of exalted amity are so strongly displayed, as in the foregoing relation. The only one, perhaps, that bears even a faint resemblance to it, is that famous transaction, recorded by Lucian in his dialogue entitled Toxaris. Eudamidas being on his death bed made his will, by which he bequeathed his aged mother to the care and protection of Aretheus; and his daughter to Charixenus, to be disposed of in marriage according to his discretion; enjoining him, at the same time, to give her as ample a portion as his circumstances would admit. He added, that in case either of the legatees should happen to die, he substituted the survivor in his stead. Charixenus died very soon after the testator: in consequence of which, Aretheus took each of these singularly confidential legacies to himself; and celebrating the marriage of his only daughter and that of his friend, on the same day, he divided his fortune equally between them.

When the very different circumstances attending these respective examples, are duly considered, it must be acknowledged, that the former rises as much above the latter in the proof it exhibits of sublime friendship, as it does in the dignity of the characters concerned. Upon the whole then it appears, that the divine founder of the Christian religion, as well by his own example, as by the spirit of his moral doctrine, has not only encouraged but consecrated friendship. *Melmoth.*

§ 154. *Fine Morality of the Gospel.*

Is it bigotry to believe the sublime truths of the Gospel with full assurance of faith? I glory in such bigotry: I would not part with it for a thousand worlds; I congratulate the man who is possessed of it; for, amidst all the vicissitudes and calamities of the present state, that man enjoys an inexhaustible fund of consolation, of which it is not in the power of fortune to deprive him.

—There is not a book on earth so favourable to all the kind, and all the sublime affections, or so unfriendly to hatred and persecution, to tyranny, injustice, and every sort of malevolence as the Gospel.—It breathes nothing throughout but mercy, benevolence, and peace.—

Poetry is sublime, when it awakens in the mind any great and good affection, as piety, or patriotism. This is one of the noblest effects of the heart. The Psalms are remarkable, beyond all other writings, for their power of inspiring devout emotions. But it is not in this respect only that they are sublime. Of the divine nature they contain the most magnificent descriptions that the soul of man can comprehend. The hundred and fourth Psalm, in particular, displays the power and goodness of Providence, in creating and preserving the world, and the various tribes of animals in it, with such majestic brevity and beauty, as it is vain to look for in any human composition.—

Such of the doctrines of the Gospel as are level to human capacity appear to be agreeable to the purest truth and the soundest morality. All the genius and learning of the Heathen world; all the penetration of Pythagoras, Socrates, and Aristotle, had never been able to produce such a system of moral duty, and so rational an account of Providence and

of man, as is to be found in the New Testament. Compared, indeed, to this, all other moral and theological wisdom

Loses discountenanced and like folly shows.
Beattie.

§ 155. *Internal evidence of the Christian Religion.*

First, the morality of the gospel gives it an infinite superiority over all systems of doctrine that ever were devised by man. Were our lives and opinions to be regulated as it prescribes, nothing would be wanting to make us happy: there would be no injustice, no impiety, no disorderly passions; harmony and love would universally prevail; every man, content with his lot, resigned to the divine will, and fully persuaded that a happy eternity is before him, would pass his days in tranquillity and joy, to which neither anxiety, nor pain, nor even the fear of death, could ever give any interruption. The best systems of pagan ethics are very imperfect, and not free from absurdity; and in them are recommended modes of thinking unsuitable to human nature, and modes of conduct which, though they might have been useful in a political view, did not tend to virtue and happiness universal. But of all our Lord's institutions the end and aim is, to promote the happiness, by promoting the virtue of all mankind.

And, secondly, his peculiar doctrines are not like any thing of human contrivance. 'Never man spake like this man.' One of the first names given to that dispensation of things which he came to introduce, was *the kingdom*, or the reign *of heaven*. It was justly so called: being thus distinguished not only from the religion of Moses, the sanctions whereof related to the present life, but also from every human scheme of moral, political, or ecclesiastical legislation.

The views of the heathen moralist extended not beyond this world; those of the Christian are fixed on that which is to come. The former was concerned for his own country only, or chiefly; the latter takes concern in the happiness of all men, of all nations, conditions, and capacities. A few, and but a few, of the ancient philosophers spoke of a future state of retribution as a thing desirable, and not improbable: revelation speaks of it as certain; and of the present life as a state of trial, wherein virtue or holiness is necessary, not only to entitle us to that salvation which, through the mercy of God and the merits of his Son, Christians are taught to look for, but also to prepare us, by habits of piety and benevolence, for a reward, which none but the pure in heart can receive, or could relish.

The duties of piety, as far as the heart is concerned, were not much attended to by the heathen lawgiver. Cicero coldly ranks them with the social virtues, and says very little about them. The sacrifices were mere ceremony. And what the Stoics taught of resignation to the will of heaven, or to the decrees of fate, was so repugnant to some of their other tenets, that little good could be expected from it. But of every Christian virtue piety is an essential part. The love and the fear of God must every moment prevail in the heart of a follower of Jesus; and whether he eat or drink, or whatever he do, it must all be to the glory of the Creator. How different this from the philosophy of Greece and Rome!

In a word, the heathen morality, even in its best form, that is, as two or three of their best philosophers taught it, amounts to little more than this: Be useful to yourselves, your friends, and your country; so shall ye be respectable while ye live, and honoured when ye die; and it is to be hoped ye may receive reward in another

life. The language of the Christian lawgiver is different. The world is not worthy of the ambition of an immortal being. Its honours and pleasures have a tendency to debase the mind, and disqualify it for future happiness. Set therefore your affections on things above, and not on things on the earth. Let it be your supreme desire to obtain God's favour: and, by a course of discipline, begun here, and to be completed hereafter, prepare yourselves for a re-admission into that rank which was forfeited by the fall, and for again being but a little lower than the angels, and crowned with glory and honour everlasting.

What an idea is here! Is there any thing like this in Xenophon or Plato, in Cicero, Seneca or Epictetus? 'Whence had this man these things? What wisdom is this that was given him?' surely man gave it not; for man had it not to give. This is an idea which never occurred to human imagination, till it was taught by a poor carpenter of Galilee, and by a few fishermen, who followed him. Yet to the native dignity, and undeniable degeneracy, of human nature, no other moral theory was ever so well adapted; and no other has so direct a tendency to promote the glory of God, and the real good of mankind. Is it possible to explain this upon the principles that usually regulate human affairs? Is it possible for us to believe, that teachers so holy, so benevolent, and so pious, so superior to the world, and so thoroughly disengaged from its allurements, were not taught of God? As easy almost it is to believe, that this world was not made by him. Is it possible for us to imagine, that persons of such a character could have employed their lives in the promulgation of a lie, and willingly encountered persecution and death in support of it? As well may we imagine, that 'an evil tree brings forth good fruit, and that men gather grapes from thorns, and figs from thistles.'

Beattie.

§ 156. *The Christian Religion furnishes the most elevated conceptions of the Deity.*

What an elevation must it give to our pious affections, to contemplate the supreme Being and his Providence, as revealed to us in Scripture! We are there taught, that man was created in the image of God, innocent and happy; and that he had no sooner fallen into sin, than his Creator, instead of abandoning him and his offspring to the natural consequences of his disobedience, and of their hereditary depravity, was pleased to begin a wonderful dispensation of grace, in order to rescue from perdition, and raise again to happiness, as many as should acquiesce in the terms of the offered salvation, and regulate their lives accordingly.

By the sacred books that contain the history of this dispensation we are farther taught, that God is a spirit, unchangeable, and eternal, universally present, and absolutely perfect; that it is our duty to fear him, as a being of consummate purity and inflexible justice, and to love him as the father of mercies, and the God of all consolation; to trust in him as the friend, the comforter, and the almighty guardian, of all who believe and obey him; to rejoice in him as the best of beings, and adore him as the greatest:—we are taught, that he will make allowance for the frailties of our nature, and pardon the sins of those who repent:—and, that we may see, in the strongest light, his peculiar benignity to the human race, we are taught, that he gave his only Son as our ransom and deliverer; and we are not only permitted, but commanded, to pray to him, and address him as OUR FA-

THER:—we are taught, moreover, that the evils incident to this state of trial are permitted by him, in order to exercise our virtue, and so prepare us for a future state of never-ending felicity; and that these momentary afflictions are pledges of his paternal love, and shall, if we receive them as such, and venerate them accordingly, work out for us 'an exceeding great and eternal weight of glory.' If these hopes and these sentiments contribute more to our happiness, and to the purification of our nature, than any thing else in the world can do, surely that religion, to which alone we owe these sentiments and hopes, must be the greatest blessing that ever was conferred on the posterity of Adam.

And is it, after all, but a mere human contrivance; the invention of mean illiterate men, who lived, and who died, in the voluntary promulgation of falsehood? To what other human artifice does this bear any resemblance? Does not this religion as plainly prove itself to be the work of a wise and gracious God, as the absurdity of the pagan superstitions proves them to have been the work of weak and wretched men? *Beattie.*

§ 157. *Insignificance of Man, no objection to Christianity.*

By some well-meaning but weak minds, and by some of a different character, who were vain of their philosophy, the apparent insignificance of the human race may have been thought to lessen the credibility of the Christian religion. Compared to the extent of our solar system, this earth is but a point; and the solar system itself, compared to the universe, may be little more. How then, say they, is it possible to imagine that such creatures as we are, can be of so great importance, as that the Deity should send his Son, accompanied with so many displays of divine power, into this little world, to instruct us by his doctrine and example, and die on a cross to accomplish our salvation?

This is indeed an astonishing proof of the goodness of the Creator, and of the condescension of that glorious Person, who, for our sake, willingly submitted to such debasement. But the infinite goodness and power of God, though surpassing all comprehension, cannot exceed the belief of those who know, that he, in order to communicate felicity, created this boundless universe, with all the varieties of beings it contains; whom he continually supports and governs, and with every individual of whom he is continually present. The object may be too vast for any intelligence that is short of infinite: but to Him who sees all things, and can do all things, who had no beginning, and can have no end, all this must be easy; incomparably easier, indeed, than it is for a father to take care of his child, or for a generous friend to relieve his indigent neighbour. God's dispensations with respect to man may reasonably enough overwhelm us with gratitude and adoration, and with a most humiliating sense of our own unworthiness; but let us take care that they do not raise within us an evil spirit of unbelief, which they will not do, unless we have the inexcusable temerity to judge of him by ourselves; and to infer, because our goodness is nothing, that his cannot be perfect; and, because we are ignorant and weak, that he cannot be omniscient and almighty. Far less absurd would it be, for the unlettered peasant to deny the possibility of calculating eclipses; for the blind to believe, that because they cannot see, there is none else who can; and for the poor to conclude, because they cannot relieve themselves, that it is not in the power of generosity to relieve them.

Great extent is a thing so striking to our imagination, that sometimes, in a moment of forgetfulness, we are apt to think nothing can be important but what is of vast corporeal magnitude: and yet, even to our apprehension, when we are willing to be rational, how much more sublime and more interesting an object is a mind like that of Newton, than the unwieldy force and brutal stupidity of such a monster as the poets describe Polyphemus? Who, that had it in his power, would scruple to destroy a whale, in order to preserve a child? Nay when compared with the happiness of one immortal mind, the greatest imaginable accumulation of inanimate substance must appear an insignificant thing. 'If we consider,' says Bentley, 'the dignity of an intelligent being, and put that in the scale against brute and inanimate matter, we may affirm, without overvaluing human nature, that the soul of one virtuous man is of greater worth and excellency, than the sun and his planets, and all the stars in the world.' Let us not then make bulk the standard of value; or judge of the importance of man from the weight of his body, or from the size or situation of the planet that is now his place of abode.

Our Saviour, as if to obviate objections of this nature, expresses most emphatically the superintending care of Providence, when he teaches, that it is God who adorns the grass of the field, that without him a sparrow falls not to the ground, and that even the hairs of our head are numbered. Yet this is no exaggeration; but must, if God is omniscient and almighty, be literally true. By a stupendous exuberance of animal, vegetable, and mineral production, and by an apparatus still more stupendous (if that were possible) for the distribution of light and heat, he supplies the means of life and comfort to the short-lived inhabitants of this globe. Can it then appear incredible, nay, does not this consideration render it in the highest degree probable, that he has also prepared the means of eternal happiness for beings whom he has formed for eternal duration, whom he has endowed with faculties so noble as those of the human soul, and for whose accommodation chiefly, during their present state of trial, he has provided all the magnificence of this sublunary world. *Beattie.*

§ 158. *Beneficence to the poor more forcibly enjoined by the Gospel, than by any other writings.*

The Christian Scriptures are more copious and explicit upon our obligation to bestow relief upon the poor than almost any other. The description which Christ hath left us of the proceedings of the last day, establishes the obligation of bounty, so far as his authority can be depended upon, beyond controversy. "When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory, and before him shall be gathered all nations; and he shall separate them one from another.—Then shall the king say unto them on his right hand, Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.—And inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." It is not necessary to understand this passage as a literal account of what will actually pass on that day. Supposing it only a scenical description of the rules and prin

ciples, by which the supreme arbiter of our destiny will regulate his decisions, it conveys the same lesson to us; it equally demonstrates of how great value and importance these duties in the sight of God are, and what stress will be laid upon them. The apostles also describe this virtue as propitiating the divine favour in an eminent degree: and these recommendations have produced their effect. It does not appear that before the times of Christianity, an hospital, infirmary, or public charity of any kind, existed in the world; whereas most countries in Christendom have long abounded with these institutions. To which may be added, that a spirit of private liberality seems to flourish amidst the decay of many other virtues: not to mention the legal provision for the poor, which obtains in this country, and which was unknown and unthought of by the most polished nations of antiquity. *Paley.*

§ 159. *The simplicity of the Gospel gives it an air of sublimity.*

The graceful negligence of nature always pleases beyond the truest ornaments that art can devise. Indeed they are then truest, when they approach the nearest to this negligence. To attain it, is the very triumph of art. The wise artist, therefore, always completes his studies in the great school of creation, where the forms of elegance lie scattered in an endless variety: and the writer who wishes to possess some portion of that sovereign excellence, simplicity, even though he were an infidel, would have recourse to the Scriptures, and make them his model.—

The pathetic and sublime simplicity of our Saviour's whole description of the last judgment cannot be paralled in any writing of any age.—In the Gospel we find no pompous displays of reasoning; no laboured and difficult distinctions; no long and learned inquiries concerning the nature and kinds of virtue; but virtue itself represented to the life; in examples, and precepts, which are level to the plainest understandings; in familiar occurrences; in short and simple narrations; in actions, or discourses, real or imagined. And perhaps, among other things, it is this unsystematic form, this neglect of art and method, which produces that graceful ease, that venerable, majestic simplicity, that air of truth and originality, which distinguish the Scriptures from all human writings. *Rev. J. Mainwaring.*

§ 160. *The Bible, as a very curious and ancient history, worthy our attention.*

Were the Bible but considered impartially and attentively, in its most advantageous lights; as it contains all the written revelation of God's will now extant; as it is the basis of our national religion, and gives vigour and spirit to all our social laws; as it is the most ancient, and, consequently, curious collection of historical incidents, moral precepts, and political institutions; as the style of it is, in some places, nobly sublime and poetical, and in others, sweetly natural, plain, and unaffected: in a word, as the being well acquainted with it is highly requisite, in order to make men useful and ornamental in this life, to say nothing of their happiness in the next, it is to be hoped, that a cool reflection or two of this sort, might induce the more ingenious and rational among them, to let the Bible take its turn, in their riper years, among those volumes which pass through their hands either for amusement or instruction. And should such an entertainment once become fashionable, of what mighty service

would it be to the interest of religion, and consequently the happiness of mankind!

Rev. S. Croxall.

§ 161. *Excellence of the Sacred Writings.*

If we examine the Sacred Records, we shall find they consist of four different kinds, the poetic, oratorical, historical, and didactic forms. The poetic lies chiefly in the book of Psalms, of Job, and several detached passages in the Prophets, particularly of Isaiah. They contain many noble efforts of unmixed poetry or pure imitation; yet these, being all centered in one intention, that of extolling the works, and celebrating the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Deity, do generally partake of the character of eloquence, being chiefly of the lyric kind. In all these, the great character of simplicity is so strongly predominant, that every attempt to embellish them, by adding the supernumerary decorations of style in translation, hath ever been found to weaken and debase them.

As to the oratorical or pathetic parts, innumerable might be produced, equal, if not superior to any recorded by profane antiquity. In these, the leading character of simplicity is no less remarkable. Our Saviour's parables and exhortations are generally admirable in this quality. Filled with unfeigned compassion for the weakness and miseries of man, they breathe nothing but the purest benevolence. St. Paul's last conversation with his friends at Ephesus, on his departure for Jerusalem; his discourse on the resurrection, and on charity; his reproofs, his commendations, his apologies, especially that before Agrippa, are written in the noblest strain of simplicity. And as a perfect model of this kind, we may give the story of Joseph and his brethren, which for tenderness, true pathos, and unmixed simplicity, is beyond compare, superior to any thing that appears in ancient story.

But as the most important part of Scripture lies in the historical and preceptive part; especially in the New Testament, whence chiefly our idea of duty must be drawn; so we find this uniform and simple manner eminently prevailing throughout, in every precept and narration. The history is conveyed in that artless strain which alone could adapt it to the capacities of all mankind; the precepts delivered by our Saviour are drawn from the principles of common sense, improved by the most exalted love of God and man; and either expressed in clear and direct terms, or couched under such images and allusions, as are every where to be found in nature, such as are, and must ever be universally known, and familiar to all mankind; in which we may farther observe, his manner of teaching was greatly superior to the justly applauded Socrates, who, for the most part, drew his images and allusions from the less known arts and manners of the city. Through all this variety of striking allusion and moral precept the style ever continues the same, unadorned, simple, vehement, and majestic; yet never drawing the reader's attention on itself, but on the divine sentiments it conveys.

To this we may farther add, that these several kinds of composition are mixed and united with such propriety and force, as is scarce to be equalled in any other writings. The poetical parts are heightened by the greatest strokes of eloquence and precept; the pathetic by the noblest imagery and strictest morals; and the preceptive is strengthened and enforced by all the aids of poetry, eloquence, and parable; calculated

at once to engage the imagination, to touch the passions, and command the reason of mankind.

Rev. J. Brown.

§ 162. *The gay, young Altamont dying.*

The sad evening before the death of this noble youth I was with him. No one was there, but his physician, and an intimate friend whom he loved, and whom he had ruined. At my coming in, he said;

You, and the physician, are come too late.—I have neither life, nor hope. You both aim at miracles. You would raise the dead.

Heaven, I said, was merciful.—

Or I could not have been thus guilty. What has it done to bless and to save me?—I have been too strong for Omnipotence! I plucked down ruin!

I said, The blessed Redeemer——

Hold! hold! you wound me!—This is the rock on which I split—I denied his name.

Refusing to hear any thing from me, or take any thing from the physician, he lay silent, as far as sudden darts of pain would permit, till the clock struck. Then with vehemence;

Oh, time! time! it is fit thou shouldest thus strike thy murderer to the heart.—How art thou fled for ever!—A month!—Oh, for single week! I ask not for years; though an age were too little for the much I have to do.

On my saying, we could not do too much: that heaven was a blessed place—

So much the worse. 'Tis lost! 'tis lost!—Heaven is to me the severest part of hell!

Soon after I proposed prayer.

Pray you that can. I never prayed. I cannot pray—Nor need I. Is not heaven on my side already? It closes with my conscience. Its severest strokes but second my own.

His friend being much touched, even to tears, at this, (who could forbear? I could not,) with a most affectionate look, he said:

Keep those tears for thyself. I have undone thee.——Dost weep for me? That's cruel. What can pain me more?

Here his friend too much affected, would have left him.

No, stay. Thou still mayest hope.——Therefore hear me. How madly have I talked? How madly hast thou listened and believed? But look on my present state, as a full answer to thee, and to myself. This body is all weakness and pain; but my soul, as if strung up by torment to greater strength and spirit, is full powerful to reason; full mighty to suffer. And that which thus triumphs within the jaws of mortality, is doubtless immortal.—And as for a Deity, nothing less than an Almighty could inflict what I feel.

I was about to congratulate this passive, involuntary, confessor, on his asserting the two prime articles of his creed, extorted by the rack of nature; when he thus very passionately:

No, no! let me speak on. I have not long to speak—My much injured friend! my soul as my body, lies in ruins; in scattered fragments of broken thought: remorse for the past, throws my thoughts on the future. Worse dread of the future, strikes it back on the past. I turn, and turn, and find no ray. Didst thou feel half the mountain that is on me, thou wouldst struggle with the martyr for his stake; and bless heaven for the flames;—that is not an everlasting flame; that is not an unquenchable fire.

How were we struck! Yet, soon after, still more. With what an eye of distraction, what a face of despair, he cried out:

My principles have poisoned my friend; my extravagance has beggared my boy; my unkindness has murdered my wife! And is there another hell?—Oh! thou blasphemed, yet most indulgent, Lord God! Hell itself is a refuge, if it hides me from thy frown.

Soon after his understanding failed. His terrified imagination uttered horrors not to be repeated, or ever forgot. And ere the sun arose, the gay, young, noble, ingenious, accomplished, and most wretched Altamont expired.

Young.

§ 163. *The Majesty and Supremacy of the Scriptures confessed by a Sceptic.*

I will confess to you, that the majesty of the Scriptures strikes me with admiration, as the purity of the Gospel hath its influence on my heart. Peruse the works of our philosophers with all their pomp of diction: how mean, how contemptible are they compared with the Scripture! Is it possible that a book, at once so simple and sublime, should be merely the work of man? Is it possible that the sacred personage, whose history it contains, should be himself a mere man? Do we find that he assumed the tone of an enthusiast or ambitious sectary? What sweetness, what purity in his manner! What an affecting gracefulness in his delivery! What sublimity in his maxims! what profound wisdom in his discourses! What presence of mind, what subtlety, what truth in his replies! How great the command over his passions! Where is the man, where the philosopher, who could so live, and so die, without weakness, and without ostentation? When Plato described his imaginary good man loaded with all the shame of guilt, yet meriting the highest rewards of virtue, he describes exactly the character of Jesus Christ: the resemblance was so striking, that all the Fathers perceived it.

What pre-possession, what blindness must it be to compare the son of Sophronicus to the son of Mary! What an infinite disproportion there is between them? Socrates dying without pain or ignominy, easily supported his character to the last; and if his death, however easy, had not crowned his life, it might have been doubted whether Socrates, with all his wisdom, was any thing more than a vain sophist. He invented, it is said, the theory of morals. Others, however had before put them in practice; he had only to say therefore what they had done, and to reduce their examples to precepts. Aristides had been just before Socrates defined justice; Leonidas had given up his life for his country before Socrates declared patriotism to be a duty; the Spartans were a sober people before Socrates recommended sobriety; before he had even defined virtue, Greece abounded in virtuous men. But where could Jesus learn, among his competitors, that pure and sublime morality, of which he only hath given us both precept and example? The greatest wisdom was made known amongst the most bigoted fanaticism, and the simplicity of the most heroic virtues did honour to the vilest people on earth. The death of Socrates, peaceably philosophizing with his friends, appears the most agreeable that could be wished for; that of Jesus, expiring in the midst of agonizing pains, abused, insulted, and accused by a whole nation, is the most horrible that could be feared. Socrates in receiving the cup of poison, blessed indeed the weeping executioner who administered it; but Jesus, in the midst of excruciating torments, prayed for his merciless tormentors. Yes, if the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus

are those of a God. Shall we suppose the evangelic history a mere fiction? Indeed, my friend, it bears not the marks of fiction; on the contrary, the history of Socrates, which nobody presumes to doubt, is not so well attested as that of Jesus Christ. Such a supposition in fact, only shifts the difficulty without obviating it: it is more inconceivable that a number of persons should agree to write such a history, than that one only should furnish the subject of it. The Jewish authors were incapable of the diction, and strangers to the morality contained in the Gospel, the marks of whose truth are so striking and inimitable, that the inventor would be a more astonishing character than the hero.

Rousseau.

§ 164. *On Youthful Piety.*

In all situations, indeed, of human life, piety is the duty and the interest of mankind: but in youth, it has something singularly graceful and becoming; something which ever disposes us to think well of the mind in which it is found; and which, better than all the other attainments of life, appears to promise honour and happiness in future days.

It is suited, in the first place, we think, to the opening of human life, —to that interesting season when nature in all its beauty first opens on the view, and when the wisdom and goodness of the Almighty fall on the heart, unmingled and unimpaired. It is suited, in the next place, to the nature of youthful imagination; to that love of excellence and perfection which nothing mortal ever can realize, and which can find only in the truths of religion, the objects of which it is in search. It is suited still more perhaps, to the tenderness of young affections; to that sensibility which every instance of goodness can move; and to that warm and generous temper which meets every where with the objects of its gratitude or love. But, most of all, it is suited, in our opinion, to the *innocence* of the youthful mind, to that sacred and sinless purity which can lift its unpolluted hands to Heaven; which guilt hath not yet torn from confidence and hope in God; and which can look beyond the world to that society of kindred spirits, "of whom is the kingdom of Heaven." The progress of life, we know, may bring other acquisitions: it may strengthen religion, by experience, and add knowledge to faith: but the piety which springs only from the heart,—the devotion which nature, and not reasoning inspires,— the pure homage which flows unbidden from the tongue, and which asks no other motive for its payment than the pleasures which it bestows,— these are the possessions of youth, and of youth alone.

The feelings of piety, however, are not only natural and becoming in youth; they are still more valuable, as tending to the formation of future character; as affording the best and noblest school in which the mind may be trained to whatever is great or good in human nature.

That the convictions of religion form the great foundation of moral conduct,—that piety, in itself, is fitted to exalt the human mind to its greatest degree of virtuous perfection,—are truths which every one acknowledges, and which the experience of mankind sufficiently proves. —But the misfortune is, that, in general, religion is acquired too late in life, to produce all the effects on the mind which it is fitted to have, and when, instead of forming the character, it is itself formed by it. The habits of worldly pursuit have, ere this period occurs, contracted the mind to narrow views, and sordid occupations. The ambition, which once grasped at excellence and

which thought no honours were impossible to be obtained in the conflict of human life, has, ere this, expired under the daily pressure of trivial cares, and the daily demand of unimportant exertions. The testimony of conscience has, long before now, armed the Deity with terror, and extinguished all the fascinating views which immortality affords, in the gloom with which it now is covered. At such a period of life, religion is embraced, rather because it is necessary, than because it is pleasing. It is an occasional, rather than a permanent affection,—which comes rather to console the hours of distress, when every other comfort leaves us, than to influence the general thoughts, and animate the general conduct. To most men, accordingly, the best effects of religion are altogether unknown. It mingles not in their daily pursuits, nor softens their usual duty. It is banished from their thoughts in the days of happiness and tranquillity, and is sought after only when misfortunes press, or diseases alarm. It possesses, therefore, only a negative effect on their conduct or character. It intimidates them, perhaps, from great violations of duty,—but it stimulates them to no positive virtue. It terrifies them by the prospect of punishments,—but it excites them to no ambition of doing well. It is a slavish and a timid service, and not "the glorious liberty of the sons of God."

The piety which is formed in youth has a different character, and leads to very different effects. It springs in the first and purest state of the human mind, when the soul comes fresh from the hands of its Creator, and when no habits of life have contracted the reach of its powers. It comes in that happy season, when life is new, and hope unbroken; when nature seems every where to rejoice around, and when the love of God rises unbidden in the soul. It comes not, then, to terrify or to alarm, but to afford every high and pleasing prospect in which the heart can indulge,—to withdraw the veil which covers the splendours of the eternal mind,—to open that futurity which awakens all their desires to behold, and, in the sublime occupations of which they feel already, as by some secret inspiration, the home and destiny of their souls. At such a period, religion is not a service of necessity, but of joy. It is not an occasional, but a permanent subject of meditation,—a subject which can fill their solitary hours with rapture; which involuntarily occurs to them in every season, when their hearts are disposed to feel; and to which they willingly return from all the disappointments or follies of life, and resume again their unblemished joys.

Alison's Sermons.

§ 165. *On the feelings with which we ought to return from Public Worship.*

Whenever you return, then, my brethren, from the services of religion to the privacy of your homes, return with the sublime expression of the prophet of old upon your minds: "How sacred is this place!" it is the dwelling of God! "it is no other than the gate of Heaven!" There, remember, is the post which has been assigned you, by the Ruler of the Universe;—there, the services which you are summoned to perform, in the cause of humanity;—there, the theatre on which you are to act, in the sight of men and of angels, and to qualify yourselves for higher services, and a sublimer employment.

If it be to the home of Youth you return, when the eyes of friends and of parents meet you in love, remember what you owe to them, and what return you can make for the many anxious hours their hearts have known for you—remember what you

owe to that world upon which you are entering, where you must either bestow happiness or sorrow, and where the final issue depends upon the principles you are now acquiring, the knowledge you are gaining, and the habits you are indulging. Remember still more what you owe to Him who called you into being; who has infused into your minds so many noble capacities for virtue, for wisdom, and for happiness; and who has set before you the infinity of progressive perfection, to waken them into life and activity.

If it be to the home of Manhood you return, my brethren, consider well what duties it imposes. The years of your youth and your education are past;—the years of age and of weakness are approaching. Now, therefore, is the season of real virtue, and of strenuous duty,—the noon day of your being, when all your powers are entire, and when the Sun of Righteousness burns above your head, to light you on your way. Beneath your own roof, every honour, and every usefulness of your being await you,—the honours of the master, the husband, the parent, the friend, and the citizen. These are the duties to which the Father of the Universe "sends you away." In confiding them to you, he hath made you no less than "a fellow-worker with himself," in the diffusion of happiness to his creation; and, in calling you to their discharge, he is qualifying you for some higher service, in a condition of being where virtue is unknown to misfortune, and where death and sin prevail no more.

If it be to the house of Age you are returning, my brethren, where the storms of winter are gathering, and the sun is going low in your sky, there are yet duties which await you, though they are tempered to the failing condition of your being, and suited to the infirmity of your strength. You are come to the evening of your day;—"its heat and its labours" are passed, and you are called upon to repose in the cool shade of memory and of meditation. It is now you are to review, with unimpassioned eye, the transactions in which you have borne a part,—to instruct the young who surround you, by the long experience you have acquired; and to teach them, with the wisdom of old, that "to fear God, and to keep His commandments," constitute the whole happiness, as well as the whole duty of man. It is now, when passion has ceased, and the illusions of the world subside, that you are called upon to renew that innocence which life has impaired, to repent those frailties which time may have brought,—and to rekindle, even under the shades of age, that high and holy spirit, which the inspiration of the Almighty breathed into you with the breath of moral life.—Though "the evil days may be come," in which "you have no pleasure in them," they are yet come in mercy, to wean you from a temporary world, to awaken higher hopes, and inspire more elevated feelings; to call you to put your trust in Him, "who was, and is, and is to come;—in whose presence there is the fulness of eternal joy, and at whose right hand there are pleasures for evermore."

There are, however, my brethren, other varieties in the conditon of human life than those of age, and there are other lessons which we may learn from the words we have been considering. In the situations either of prosperity or of adversity, all men are to be found; and every one of us, when we return from the services of this place, are returning either to the house of joy, or to the house of mourning. If it be to the first of these you are returning, my brethren,—if the voice of health and joy meet you upon your approach,—if honour, or wealth, or power, are the distinctions of your homes,—enter

them, I beseech you, with the solemn reflections which religion inspires. Your dwellings are at present in the sunshine of Heaven, and the richest blessings of present time are given you to bestow. Think, then, how high are the obligations which your prosperity creates!—that you are the stewards of the Universal Parent; and that to you the wretched look up for relief, the injured for protection, the industrious for reward, the virtuous for praise, and the world for example. When you pass the threshold of your gates, ask your own hearts, whether, of those to whom so much is gratuitously given, much will not also be required?—and if thankfulness spring up in your hearts, on the review of your blessings, mingle with it the humble prayer that you may be enabled to use them as becomes those who are permitted to know the will of the God who gave them.

And, ye my afflicted brethren! ye who are to return to the various scenes of the house of mourning,—to meet the struggles of poverty or misfortune,—to watch with throbbing hearts, the bed of sickness, or to bend, in speechless sorrow, over the bed of death,—return, I beseech you, with all the consolations of this doctrine in your souls. Sad as are the homes to which you are going, remember who it is that "sends you away." Remember that your afflictions "rise not from the dust," but descend from the Throne of your Father; that they are ordained for the trial of that faith which may end in joy, and that patience which may lead to glory; that above the shades of present time, there reigneth the Father of Eternal Light; and that the noblest virtues which blossom in eternity, are those which have sprung beneath the tears of adversity. Remember still more, that He who now sitteth on the right hand of God, was only "made perfect by suffering;" that he has led the way before you from earth to Heaven; and that, in calling you to be partakers of his suffering, He calls you also to be partakers of his glory.

Alison's Sermons.

§ 166. *Analogy between the Decay of Nature and of Man.*

There is an even-tide in the day,—an hour when the sun retires, and the shadows fall, and when nature assumes the appearances of soberness and silence. It is an hour from which every where the thoughtless fly, as peopled only in their imagination with images of gloom;—it is the hour, on the other hand, which, in every age, the wise have loved, as bringing with it sentiments and affections more valuable than all the splendours of the day.

Its first impression is to still all the turbulence of thought or passion which the day may have brought forth. We follow, with our eye, the descending sun,—we listen to the decaying sounds of labour and of toil, and when all the fields are silent around us, we feel a kindred stillness to breathe upon our souls, and to calm them from the agitations of society. From this first impression, there is a second which naturally follows it;—in the day we are living with men,—in the even-tide we begin to live with nature;—we see the world withdrawn from us,—the shades of night darken over the habitations of men, and we feel ourselves alone. It is an hour, fitted, as it would seem, by Him who made us, to still, but with gentle hand, the throb of every unruly passion, and the ardour of every impure desire; and, while it veils for a time the world that misleads us, to awaken in our hearts those legitimate affections which the heat of the day may have dissolved. There is yet a farther scene it presents to us:—While the

world withdraws from us, and while the shades of the evening darken upon our dwellings, the splendours of the firmament come forward to our view. In the moments when earth is overshadowed, Heaven opens to our eyes the radiance of a sublimer being; our hearts follow the successive splendours of the scene; and while we forget, for a time, the obscurity of earthly concerns, we feel that there are "yet greater things than these," and that we "have a Father who dwelleth in the heavens, and who yet deigneth to consider the things that are upon earth."

There is, in the second place, an "even-tide" in the year,—a season, as we now witness, when the sun withdraws his propitious light,—when the winds arise, and the leaves fall, and nature around us seems to sink into decay. It is said, in general to be the season of melancholy; and if, by this word, be meant that it is the time of solemn and of serious thought, it is undoubtedly the season of melancholy;—yet, it is a melancholy so soothing, so gentle in its approach, and so prophetic in its influence, that they who have known it feel, as instinctively, that it is the doing of God, and that the heart of man is not thus finely touched, but to fine issues.

1. It is a season, in the first place, which tends to wean us from the passions of the world. Every passion, however base or unworthy, is yet eloquent. It speaks to us of present enjoyment;—it tells us of what men have done and what men may do, and it supports us every where by the example of many around us. When we go out into the fields in the evening of the year, a different voice approaches us. We regard, even in spite of ourselves, the still but steady advances of time. A few days ago, and the summer of the year was grateful, and every element was filled with life, and the sun of Heaven seemed to glory in his ascendant. He is now enfeebled in his power; the desert no more "blossoms like the rose;" the song of joy is no more heard among the branches; and the earth is strewed with that foliage which once bespoke the magnificence of summer. Whatever may be the passions which society has awakened, we pause amid this apparent desolation of nature. We sit down in the lodge "of the way-faring man in the wilderness," and we feel that all we witness is the emblem of our own fate. Such also, in a few years, will be our own condition. The blossoms of our spring,—the pride of our summer will also fade into decay;—and the pulse that now beats high with virtuous or with vicious desire, will gradually sink, and then must stop for ever. We rise from our meditations with hearts softened and subdued, and we return into life as into a shadowy scene, where we have "disquieted ourselves in vain."

2. It is the peculiar character of the melancholy which such seasons excite, that it is general. It is not an individual remonstrance;—it is not the harsh language of human wisdom, which too often insults, while it instructs us. When the winds of autumn sigh around us, their voice speaks not to us only, but to our kind; and the lesson they teach us is not that we alone decay, but that such also is the fate of all the generations of man.—"They are the green leaves of the tree of the desert, which perish and are renewed." In such a sentiment there is a kind of sublimity mingled with its melancholy;—our tears fall, but they fall not for ourselves;—and, although the train of our thoughts may have begun with the selfishness of our own concerns, we feel that, by the ministry of some mysterious power, they end in awakening our concern for every being that lives.—Yet a

few years, we think, and all that now bless, or all that now convulse humanity will also have perished. The mightiest pageantry of life will pass,—the loudest notes of triumph or of conquest will be silent in the grave;—the wicked, wherever active, "will cease from troubling," and the weary, wherever suffering, "will be at rest." Under an impression so profound, we feel our own hearts better. The cares, the animosities, the hatreds which society may have engendered, sink unperceived from our bosoms. In the general desolation of nature, we feel the littleness of our own passions;—we look forward to that kindred evening which time must bring to all;—we anticipate the graves of those we hate, as of those we love. Every unkind passion falls, with the leaves that fall around us; and we return slowly to our homes, and to the society which surrounds us, with the wish only, to enlighten or to bless them.

There is an even-tide in human life, a season when the eye becomes dim, and the strength decays, and when the winter of age begins to shed upon the human head its prophetic snow. It is the season of life to which the present is most analogous; and much it becomes, and much it would profit you, my elder brethren, to mark the instructions which the season brings. The spring and the summer of your days are gone, and with them, not only the joys they knew, but many of the friends who gave them. You have entered upon the autumn of your being, and whatever may have been the profusion of your spring, or the warm intemperance of your summer, there is yet a season of stillness and of solitude which the beneficence of Heaven affords you, in which you may meditate upon the past and the future, and prepare yourselves for the mighty change which you are then to undergo.

If it be thus, my elder brethren, you have the wisdom to use the decaying season of nature, it brings with it consolations more valuable than all the enjoyments of former days. In the long retrospect of your journey, you have seen every day the shades of the evening fall, and every year the clouds of winter gather. But you have seen also, every succeeding day, the morning arise in its brightness, and in every succeeding year the spring return to renovate the winter of nature. It is now you may understand the magnificent language of Heaven,—it mingles its voice with that of revelation,—it summons you, in these hours when the leaves fall, and the winter is gathering, to that evening study which the mercy of Heaven has provided in the book of salvation: And, while the shadowy valley opens which leads to the abode of death, it speaks of that hand which can comfort and can save, and which can conduct to those "green pastures, and those still waters," where there is an eternal spring for the children of God.

Alison's Sermons.

§ 167. *Eternity of God.*

We receive such repeated intimations of decay in the world through which we are passing; decline and change and loss, follow decline and change and loss in such rapid succession, that we can almost catch the sound of universal wasting, and hear the work of desolation going on busily around us. "The mountain falling cometh to nought, and the rock is removed out of his place. The waters wear the stones, the things which grow out of the dust of the earth are washed away, and the hope of man is destroyed." Conscious of our own instability, we look about for something to rest on, but we look in vain. The heavens and the earth had a beginning, and they will have

an end. The face of the world is changing daily and hourly. All animated things grow old and die. The rocks crumble, the trees fall, the leaves fade, and the grass withers. The clouds are flying, and the waters are flowing away from us.

The firmest works of man, too, are gradually giving way, the ivy clings to the mouldering tower, the brier hangs out from the shattered window, and the wallflower springs from the disjointed stones. The founders of these perishable works have shared the same fate long ago. If we look back to the days of our ancestors, to the men as well as the dwellings of former times, they become immediately associated in our imaginations, and only make the feeling of instability stronger and deeper than before. In the spacious domes which once held our fathers, the serpent hisses, and the wild bird screams. The halls, which once were crowded with all that taste, and science, and labour could procure, which resounded with melody, and were lighted up with beauty, are buried by their own ruins, mocked by their own desolation. The voice of merriment, and of wailing, the steps of the busy and the idle have ceased in the deserted courts, and the weeds choke the entrances, and the long grass waves upon the hearth-stone. The works of art, the forming hand, the tombs, the very ashes they contained, are all gone.

While we thus walk among the ruins of the past, a sad feeling of insecurity comes over us; and that feeling is by no means diminished when we arrive at home. If we turn to our friends, we can hardly speak to them before they bid us farewell. We see them for a few moments, and in a few moments more their countenances are changed, and they are sent away. It matters not how near and dear they are. The ties which bind us together are never too close to be parted, or too strong to be broken. Tears were never known to move the king of terrors, neither is it enough that we are compelled to surrender one, or two, or many of those we love; for though the price is so great, we buy no favour with it, and our hold on those who remain is as slight as ever. The shadows all elude our grasp, and follow one another down the valley. We gain no confidence, then, no feeling of security, by turning to our contemporaries and kindred. We know that the forms, which are breathing around us, are as shortlived and fleeting as those were, which have been dust for centuries. The sensation of vanity, uncertainty, and ruin is equally strong, whether we muse on what has long been prostrate, or gaze on what is falling now, or will fall so soon.

If every thing which comes under our notice has endured for so short a time, and in so short a time will be no more, we cannot say that we receive the least assurance by thinking on ourselves. When they, on whose fate we have been meditating, were engaged in the active scenes of life, as full of health and hope as we are now, what were we? We had no knowledge, no consciousness, no being; there was not a single thing in the wide universe which knew us. And after the same interval shall have elapsed, which now divides their days from ours, what shall we be? What they are now. When a few more friends have left, a few more hopes deceived, and a few more changes mocked us, "we shall be brought to the grave, and shall remain in the tomb: the clods of the valley shall be sweet unto us, and every man shall follow us, as there are innumerable before us." All power will have forsaken the strongest, and the loftiest will be laid low, and every eye will be closed, and every voice hushed, and every heart will have

ceased its beating. And when we have gone ourselves, even our memories will not stay behind us long. A few of the near and dear will bear our likeness in their bosoms, till they too have arrived at the end of their journey, and entered the dark dwelling of unconsciousness. In the thoughts of others we shall live only till the last sound of the bell, which informs them of our departure, has ceased to vibrate in their ears. A stone, perhaps, may tell some wanderer where we lie, when we came here, and when we went away; but even that will soon refuse to bear us record: "time's effacing fingers" will be busy on its surface, and at length will wear it smooth; and then the stone itself will sink, or crumble, and the wanderer of another age will pass, without a single call upon his sympathy, over our unheeded graves.

Is there nothing to counteract the sinking of the heart, which must be the effect of observations like these? Is there no substance among all these shadows? If all who live and breathe around us are the creatures of yesterday, and destined to see destruction to-morrow; if the same condition is our own, and the same sentence is written against us; if the solid forms of inanimate nature and laborious art are fading and falling; if we look in vain for durability to the very roots of the mountains, where shall we turn, and on what can we rely? Can no support be offered; can no source of confidence be named? Oh yes! there is one Being to whom we can look with a perfect conviction of finding that security, which nothing about us can give, and which nothing about us can take away. To this Being we can lift up our souls, and on him we may rest them, exclaiming in the language of the monarch of Israel, "Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God." "Of old hast thou laid the foundations of the earth, and the heavens are the work of thy hands. They shall perish, but thou shalt endure, yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment, as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed, but thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end."

The eternity of God is a subject of contemplation, which, at the same time that it overwhelms us with astonishment and awe, affords us an immoveable ground of confidence in the midst of a changing world. All things which surround us, all these dying mouldering inhabitants of time, must have had a Creator, for the plain reason that they could not have created themselves. And their Creator must have existed from all eternity, for the plain reason, that the first cause must necessarily be uncaused. As we cannot suppose a beginning without a cause of existence, that which is the cause of all existence must be self-existent, and could have had no beginning. And, as it had no beginning, so also, as it is beyond the reach of all influence and control, as it is independent and almighty, it will have no end.

Here then is a support, which will never fail; here is a foundation which can never be moved—the everlasting Creator of countless worlds, "the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity." What a sublime conception! *He inhabits eternity*, occupies this inconceivable duration, pervades and fills throughout this boundless dwelling. Ages on ages before even the dust of which we are formed was created, HE had existed in infinite majesty, and ages on ages will roll away after we have all returned to the dust whence we were taken, and still HE will exist in infinite majesty, living in the eternity of his own nature, reigning in the plenitude of his own omnipotence, for ever sending

forth the word, which forms, supports, and governs all things, commanding new created light to shine on new created worlds, and raising up new created generations to inhabit them.

The contemplation of this glorious attribute of God, is fitted to excite in our minds the most animating and consoling reflections. Standing, as we are, amid the ruins of time, and the wrecks of mortality, where every thing about us is created and dependent, proceeding from nothing, and hastening to destruction, we rejoice that something is presented to our view which has stood from everlasting, and will remain for ever. When we have looked on the pleasures of life, and they have vanished away; when we have looked on the works of nature, and perceived that they were changing; on the monuments of art, and seen that they would not stand; on our friends, and they have fled while we were gazing; on ourselves, and felt that we were as fleeting as they; when we have looked on every object to which we could turn our anxious eyes, and they have all told us that they could give us no hope nor support, because they were so feeble themselves; we can look to the throne of God: change and decay have never reached that; the revolution of ages has never moved it; the waves of an eternity have been rushing past it, but it has remained unshaken; the waves of another eternity are rushing toward it, but it is fixed, and can never be disturbed.

And blessed be God, who has assured us by a revelation from himself, that the throne of eternity is likewise a throne of mercy and love; who has permitted and invited us to repose ourselves and our hopes on that which alone is everlasting and unchangeable. We shall shortly finish our allotted time on earth, even if it should be unusually prolonged. We shall leave behind us all which is now familiar and beloved, and a world of other days and other men will be entirely ignorant that once we lived. But the same unalterable Being will still preside over the universe, through all its changes, and from his remembrance we shall never be blotted. We can never be where he is not, nor where he sees and loves and upholds us not. He is our Father and our God for ever. He takes us from earth that he may lead us to Heaven, that he may refine our nature from all its principles of corruption, share with us his own immortality, admit us to his everlasting habitation, and crown us with his eternity.

Greenwood.

§ 168. *Excuses to palliate neglect of Religion.*

First, it is often said, that time is wanted for the duties of religion. The calls of business, the press of occupation, the cares of life, will not suffer me, says one, to give that time to the duties of piety, which otherwise I would gladly bestow. Say you this without a blush? You have no time, then, for the especial service of that great Being, whose goodness alone has drawn out to its present length your cobweb thread of life; whose care alone has continued you in possession of that unseen property, which you call your time. You have no time, then, to devote to that Being, on whose existence the existence of the universe depends; a Being so great, that if his attention could for an instant be diverted, you fall never again to rise; if his promise should fail, your hopes, your expectations vanish into air; if his power should be weakened, man, angel, nature perishes.

But, let me ask, by what right do you involve yourself in this multiplicity of cares? Why do you weave around you this web of occupation,

and then complain that you cannot break it? Will you say, that your time is your own, and that you have a right to employ it in the manner you please? Believe me, it is not your own. It belongs to God, to religion, to mankind. You possess not an hour, to which one of these puts not in a preferable claim; and are such claimants to be dismissed without allotting to them a moment?

But for what else can you find no leisure? Do you find none for amusement? Or is amusement itself your occupation? Perhaps pleasure is the pressing business of your life; perhaps pleasure stands waiting to catch your precious moments as they pass. Do you find none for the pursuit of curious and secular knowledge? If you find none, then, for religion, it is perhaps because you wish to find none; it would be, you think, a tasteless occupation, an insipid entertainment.

But this excuse is founded on a most erroneous conception of the nature of religion. It is supposed to be something, which interrupts business, which wastes time, and interferes with all the pleasant and profitable pursuits of life. It is supposed to be something which must be practised apart from every thing else, a distinct profession, a peculiar occupation. The means of religion, meditation, reading, and prayer, will, and ought, indeed, to occupy distinct portions of our time. But religion itself demands not distinct hours. Religion will attend you not as a troublesome, but as a pleasant and useful companion in every proper place, and every temperate occupation of life. It will follow you to the warehouse or to the office: it will retreat with you to the country, it will dwell with you in town; it will cross the seas, or travel over mountains, or remain with you at home. Without your consent, it will not desert you in prosperity, or forget you in adversity. It will grow up with you in youth, and grow old with you in age; it will attend you with peculiar pleasure to the hovels of the poor, or the chamber of the sick; it will retire with you to your closet, and watch by your bed, or walk with you in gladsome union to the house of God; it will follow you beyond the confines of the world, and dwell with you in heaven for ever, as its native residence.

Again, it is said, am I not as good as others? Why is an attention to religion, an unpopular piety, a rigid virtue required of me, which cannot be found in the circle of my acquaintance, or in the world at large? Why am I urged to set up as a reformer, or expose myself to the scorn of mankind? But the majority of men are poor; does this however check the ardour of your pursuit of wealth; or do you avoid a new acquisition, because you fear it will expose you to the envy of your inferiors? The majority of mankind are ignorant; but is ignorance therefore honourable, or is learning contemptible or invidious?

We have now supposed, that piety and unsullied virtue would sometimes be attended with scorn. But even this is an unwarranted supposition. Piety is venerated by the impious. Unyielding virtue is admired by the corrupt; disinterested goodness by the selfish; temperance, chastity, humanity, by the intemperate, unchaste, and ambitious. Consider, too, to what extravagances this excuse would lead. It places you loosely floating on the inconstant tide of popular manners. If this rises, you indeed are raised; if it falls, you descend, however imperceptibly, on its surface. It is an excuse, which might be offered with equal propriety by the corrupt inhabitant of Sodom, as by you.

It is said, religion is dull, unsocial, uncharitable, enthusiastic, a damper

of human joy, a morose intruder upon human pleasure. If this were true, nothing could be more incongruous than the parable, which represents it as an entertainment. But if this be the character of religion, it is surely the very reverse of what we should suppose it to be, and the reverse indeed of what it ought to be. Perhaps, in your distorted vision, you have mistaken sobriety for dulness, equanimity for moroseness, disinclination to bad company for aversion to society, abhorrence of vice for uncharitableness, and piety for enthusiasm.

No doubt, at the table of boisterous intemperance, religion, if she were admitted as a guest, would wear a very dull countenance. In a revel of debauchery, and amidst the brisk interchange of profanity and folly, religion might appear indeed a dumb, unsocial intruder, ignorant of the rhetoric of oaths and the ornaments of obscenity. These are scenes, it must be acknowledged, of what is falsely called pleasure, in which religion, if embodied and introduced, would be as unwelcome a guest, as the emblematic coffin, which the Egyptians used to introduce in the midst of their entertainments. From such instances, however, to accuse religion of being unfriendly to the enjoyment of life, is as absurd as to interpret unfavourably the silence of a foreigner, who understands not a word of our language.

But as long as intemperance is not pleasure, as long as profaneness, impurity, or scandal, is not wit, as long as excess is not the perfection of mirth, as long as selfishness is not the surest enjoyment, and as long as gratitude, love, reverence, and resignation are not superstitious affections, so long religion lays not an icy hand on the true joys of life. Without her all other pleasures become tasteless, and at last painful. To explain to you, indeed, how much she exalts, purifies and prolongs the pleasures of sense and imagination, and what peculiar sources of consolation, cheerfulness, and contentment she opens to herself, would lead us at present into too wide a range.

Excuses for irreligion are drawn from the failings and imperfections of christians. There, says the profligate, are your boasted saints. They have their faults, as well as those who make not so great pretensions to piety. Thus it happens, that some remains of imperfection, some constitutional infirmity, some unamiable weakness of good men, is brought forward and exhibited in all the triumph of illiberality to the gaze of a censorious world. The character of the mind is drawn from a single trait, from some casual wrinkle, some unlucky deformity. The point, in which a good man is as frail as others, is selected and contemplated with renewed pleasure, while those points, in which he is superior to other men, are unobserved or unacknowledged. This is partial, unjust, uncharitable, iniquitous.

But the excuse closes not here. Of what religion has failed to remove it is most absurdly called the cause. If apparently devout and pious habits are ever found associated with a temper which is not open as day to melting charity, it is religion which hardens the heart, it is religion which locks the coffers. Wherever passion it has failed to subdue, or whatever fault it has been unable to prevent, it is impiously said to encourage. Equally absurd would it be, to attribute the weakness of a broken bone to the kind attentions of the surgeon, the pain of a wound to the balmy band which would assuage it.

But of all the faults of christians, from which excuses for irreligion are drawn, the occasional extravagances into which pious men have fallen afford the most plausible apologies

The history of religion is ransacked for instances of persecution, of austerities, and enthusiastic irregularities, and when they are all collected, the cold-hearted, thoughtless irreligionist exclaims, these are the fruits of piety!

But why is it never considered, that the same ardent temperament, the same energy of passions, if they had been united with any other subject, would have rushed into similar extremes? In a mind of such a mould, religion, as is often said, is the occasion only, not the cause of extravagance. When enthusiasm, however, is the result of mere ignorance, as it most commonly is, the excuse entirely fails. Ignorance is not devotion, nor the mother of devotion; zeal is not religion, enthusiasm is not piety, solitude is not purity, spiritual pride is not conscious innocence, and the preternatural heat of the passions is not the warmth of love to God or man.

You would not judge of the usual moisture of any region from the occasional inundation of its rivers. The influence of true religion is mild, and soft, and noiseless, and constant as the descent of the evening dew on the tender herbage, nourishing and refreshing all the amiable and social virtues; but enthusiasm is violent, sudden, rattling as a summer shower, rooting up the fairest flowers, and washing away the richest mould in the pleasant garden of society.

Excuses for a neglect of religion are suggested by different seasons of life. Youth, in the fulness of its spirits, defers it to the sobriety of manhood; manhood, encumbered with cares, defers it to the leisure of old age: old age, weak and hesitating, is unable to enter on an untried mode of life. The excuses of youth are those which are most frequently offered, and most easily admitted. The restrictions of religion, though proper enough for maturer age, are too severe, it is said, for this frolicsome and gladsome period. Its consolations, too, they do not want. Leave them to prop the feeble limbs of old age, or to cheer the sinking spirits of adversity. False and pernicious maxim! As if, at the end of a stated number of years, a man could become religious in a moment! As if the husbandman, at the end of summer, could call up a harvest from the soil which he had never tilled! As if manhood, too, would have no excuses! And what are they? That he has grown too old to amend. That his parents took no pains with his religious education, and therefore his ignorance is not his own fault. That he must be making provision for old age; and the pressure of cares will allow him no time to attend to the evidences, or learn the rules of religion. Thus life is spent in framing apologies, in making and breaking resolutions, and protracting amendment, till death places his cold hand on the mouth open to make its last excuse, and one more is added to the crowded congregation of the dead.

The excuses, which we have already considered, are trifling, however, compared with the following.

It is said, "it is by no means certain, that there is a future state of retribution beyond the limits of the world. Who has ever seen it? It is not certain, that the religion, which you urge us to embrace, comes from God. Many objections may be made to its evidences." Most of the irreligion, which prevails among the more informed classes of society, results from a lurking scepticism, which infests their thoughts, and, in relation to religion, leads them to act in direct opposition to all the maxims, which usually govern the conduct of men.

It is indeed true, that the existence of a future world is not to us as certain as the existence of the present; neither can we ever have that intuitive assurance of the being of a

God, that we necessarily possess of our own existence; neither can the facts of the gospel history, which happened two thousand years ago, be impressed on our belief with that undoubting conviction, which we have of the reality of scenes, which are passing immediately before our eyes.

But the question is not, whether the gospel history can be demonstrated. Few subjects which occupy human contemplation admit strict and mathematical proof. The whole life of man is but a perpetual comparison of evidence, and balancing of probabilities. And upon the supposition that religious truths are only probable, the excuse we have mentioned will not relieve irreligion from the charge of presumptuous and consummate folly.

But it is said, many objections have been made to the evidences of revelation; and many of its difficulties remain yet unexplained. It is true, that objections have been often made and often answered, and not only answered, but refuted. But some difficulties, it is said, yet remain. It is true, they do remain; and the excuse shall be admitted, when any other subject of equal importance shall be produced, in which difficulties do not remain. The most plausible objections, which have been made to any truth within the circle of human knowledge, are those which have been offered against the existence of a material world; but did this ever check an operation in mechanics, or excuse from his daily task a single labourer?

A man of ingenuity might offer a thousand objections against the probability of your living till the morrow, but would this rob you of a moment's rest, or frustrate a single plan, which you had meditated for the approaching day? If we subtract from the difficulties, which attend revelation, those which have been erected by the injudicious zeal of some of its friends in attempting to prove too much, we shall find, that, in the vast storehouse of facts which history presents, for none can there be produced a greater mass of evidence than for the birth, the death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ—and upon the supposition of their truth, irreligion is nothing better than distraction.

Another excuse, however, is offered, which perhaps has greater secret influence in quieting the conscience than any other. We are desired to look at the list of great names, who have been adversaries of christianity. Can that evidence, it is asked, be satisfactory, which failed to convince such minds as these?—If the probable truth of revelation is to be ascertained in this manner, the dispute will soon be at an end; for it would be no difficult task to produce, from among the friends of revelation, a greater number of greater names within the last hundred years, than all the hosts of infidelity can furnish in eighteen centuries since the birth of Christ.

But I believe these instances are not alleged to disprove the truth, but only to weaken the importance of christianity. They are alleged only to excuse an inattention to religion, and show that it is not very dangerous to err with such great names on our side. Truths, it is said, which such understandings disbelieved, surely cannot be of infinite importance. Nothing would tend more to remove such apologies, than a fair, impartial, and full account of the education, the characters, the intellectual processes, and the dying moments of such men. Then it would be seen, that their virtues were the result of the very principles they had assailed, but from whose influence they were unable wholly to escape. Then it would be seen, that they had gained by their scepticism no new pleasures,

no tranquillity of mind, no peace of conscience during life, and no consolation in the hour of death.

Such are the excuses which irreligion offers. Could you have believed, that they were so empty, so unworthy, so hollow, so absurd? And shall such excuses be offered to the God of heaven and earth? By such apologies shall man insult his Creator? Shall he hope to flatter the ear of Omnipotence, and beguile the observation of an omniscient spirit? Think you, that such excuses will gain new importance in their ascent to the throne of the Majesty on high? Will you trust the interests of eternity in the hands of these superficial advocates?

You have pleaded your incessant occupation. Exhibit then the result of your employment. Have you nothing to produce but these bags of gold, these palaces, and farms, these bundles of cares, and heaps of vexations? Is the eye of Heaven to be dazzled by an exhibition of property, an ostentatious show of treasures? You surely produce not all these wasted hours, to prove that you have had no time for religion. It is an insult to the Majesty of Heaven. Again, you have pleaded your youth, and you have pleaded your age. Which of these do you choose to maintain at the bar of Heaven? Such trifling would not be admitted in the intercourse of men, and do you think it will avail more with Almighty God?

It must however be acknowledged, that the case of the irreligious is not desperate, while excuses are thought proper and necessary. There is some glimmering of hope, that the man who apologizes is willing to amend. God preserve us from that obduracy of wickedness, which disdains to palliate a crime; from that hardihood of unbelief, which will not give even a weak reason, and which derides the offer of an excuse. But the season of apologies is passing away. All our eloquent defences of ourselves must soon cease. Death stiffens the smooth tongue of flattery, and blots out with one stroke, all the ingenious excuses which we have spent our lives in framing.

At the marriage-supper, the places of those who refused to come, were soon filled by a multitude of delighted guests. The God of Heaven needs not our presence to adorn his table, for whether we accept, or whether we reject his gracious invitation, whether those who were bidden taste or not of his supper, his house shall be filled. Though many are called and few chosen, yet Christ has not died in vain, religion is not without its witnesses, or heaven without its inhabitants. Let us then remember, that one thing is needful, and that there is a better part than all the pleasures and selfish pursuits of this world, a part which we are encouraged to secure, and which can never be taken away.

Buckminster.

§ 169. *The Christian Faith.*

It is a common artifice, of those who wish to depreciate the value of this essential principle of a christian's life, to represent faith as something opposed to reason. So far is this from being true, that faith is, in fact, the most reasonable thing in the world; and, wherever religion is not concerned, the universal practice of mankind evinces, that such a principle is indispensable to the most common exercise of the understanding, and to the daily conduct of life. Faith is reasonable, because it is the involuntary homage which the mind pays to the preponderance of evidence. Faith, that is not founded on testimony, is no longer faith.

And as it is *sufficient evidence* only, on which a rational faith can be supported, so if the whole of this

evidence is intelligibly presented to a sound understanding, it will not fail to command belief. An eye, not affected by disease, easily distinguishes colours; and we unavoidably believe the existence of the objects within the sphere of its vision. Now the laws of moral probability are just as sure as the laws of vision. That the same exhibition of facts, or the same process of reasoning, does not produce equal conviction on different minds, is not more surprising than that the same glasses will not make objects equally distinct to eyes differently effected. But to conclude, from this variety of effect that the objects presented do not exist, or that the laws of vision are ill-founded and absurd, would be no more unreasonable than to assume the folly of religious faith, or to doubt the rational conviction of a pious and impartial inquirer, merely because the whole world are not believers.

We cannot wonder, that the evidences, on which our christian faith is built, do not produce universal conviction, when we remember, that this is a religion, which contradicts many of the selfish propensities of the heart, and is at war with all the lusts to which we are habitually enslaved. It is a religion which condemns many of our habits, and requires us to moderate our growing attachment to a world we cannot bear to leave; a religion, which often opposes our passions, which shows us the folly of our fondest expectations, which alarms our sleeping fears, undervalues the objects of our estimation, requires the surrender of our prejudices, and makes it necessary for us to be in readiness to yield up even our comforts and our life.

Astonishing would it be, indeed, if a system like this should command universal belief, if prejudice should have nothing to object, captiousness nothing to cavil at, and indifference no excuses. Astonishing, indeed, would it be, if the evidences of such a revelation should be received, with equal facility, by the worldly and the spiritual, the careless and the inquisitive, the proud and the humble, the ambitious and the unaspiring, the man immersed in pleasure and dissipation, and the man who has been long disciplined in the school of disappointment and affliction.

Neither is religious faith unreasonable, because it includes miraculous events, nor because it embraces a series of truths, which no individual reason could have ascertained, or of which it may not, even now, see the necessity. It is on this account, however, that we so often hear faith opposed to reason; but, on the same principle, faith in any extraordinary occurrence would be opposed to reason.

The only objection to the credibility of miracles is, that they are contrary to general experience; for to say, that they are contrary to universal experience, is to assume the very fact in question. Because they are supernatural, no testimony, it is maintained, can make it reasonable to believe them. This would not be just, even if the miracles which religious faith embraces were separate, insulated facts, which had no connexions with any other interesting truths; much less when they make part of a grand system, altogether worthy the interposition of God to establish.

The extraordinary nature of miraculous facts, considered by themselves, is, it is true, a presumption against them, but a presumption, which sufficient testimony ought as fairly to remove, as it does remove the previous improbability of ordinary facts, not supernatural. A man, born, and living within the tropics, who had never seen water congealed, would no doubt think it a very strange story, if a traveller from the north

should assure him, that the same substance, which he had always seen liquid, was every year in other countries, converted into a solid mass capable of sustaining the greatest weights.

What could more decisively contradict all the experience of the tropical inhabitant, and even the experience of those with whom he had always been connected? Yet should we not think it very unreasonable, if he should, in this case, persist in discrediting the testimony even of a single man, whose veracity he had no reason to suspect, and much more, if he should persist in opposition to the concurrent and continually increasing testimony of numbers? Let this be an illustration of the reasonableness of your faith in miracles.

As it respects the credibility of revelation, you have this alternative. Will you believe that the pure system of christian faith, which appeared eighteen hundred years ago, in one of the obscurest regions of the Roman empire, at the moment of the highest mental cultivation and of the lowest moral degeneracy, which superseded at once all the curious fabrics of pagan philosophy, which spread almost instantaneously through the civilized world in opposition to the prejudices, the pride, and the persecution of the times, which has already had the most beneficial influence on society, and been the source of almost all the melioration of the human character, and which is now the chief support of the harmony, the domestic happiness, the morals and the intellectual improvement of the best part of the world—will you believe, I say, that this system originated in the unaided reflections of twelve Jewish fishermen on the sea of Galilee, with the son of a carpenter at their head? Or will you admit a supposition, which solves all the wonders of this case, which accounts at once for the perfection of the system, and the miracle of its propagation,—that Jesus was, as he professed to be, the prophet of God, and that his apostles were, as they declared, empowered to perform the miracles, which subdued the incredulity of the world.

I appeal to you, ye departed masters of pagan wisdom, Plato, Socrates, Cicero, which of these alternatives is the most rational, the most worthy of a philosophical assent? Your systems have passed away, like the light clouds, which chase one another over the hemisphere; but the gospel of Jesus Christ, the sun of righteousness, pursues its equal and luminous career, uninterrupted and unobscured. Surely, if a miracle of the New Testament is incredible, what will you say of the enormous faith of a man, who believes in that monster of improbability, which we have described, the simply human origin and progress of christianity?

The value of christian faith may be estimated from the consolations it affords.

Who would look back upon the history of the world with the eye of incredulity, after having once read it with the eye of faith? To the man of faith it is the story of God's operations. To the unbeliever it is only the record of the strange sports of a race of agents, as uncontrolled as they are unaccountable. To the man of faith every portion of history is part of a vast plan, conceived ages ago, in the mind of Omnipotence, which has been fitted precisely to the period it was intended to occupy. The whole series of events forms a magnificent and symmetrical fabric to the eye of pious contemplation; and though the dome be in the clouds, and the top, from its loftiness, be indiscernible to mortal vision, yet the foundations are so deep and solid, that we are sure they are intended to support something permanent and grand.

To the sceptic all the events of all the ages of the world are but a scattered crowd of useless and indigested materials. In his mind all is darkness, all is incomprehensible. The light of prophecy illuminates not to him the obscurity of ancient annals. He sees in them neither design nor operation, neither tendencies nor conclusions. To him the wonderful knowledge of one people is just as interesting, as the desperate ignorance of another. In the deliverance, which God has sometimes wrought for the oppressed, he sees nothing but the fact; and in the oppression and decline of haughty empires, nothing but the common accidents of national fortune. Going about to account for events, according to what he calls general laws, he never for a moment considers, that all laws, whether physical, political, or moral, imply a legislator, and are contrived to serve some purpose. Because he cannot always, by his short-sighted vision, discover the tendencies of the mighty events, of which this earth has been the theatre, he looks on the drama of existence around him as proceeding without a plan. Is that principle, then, of no importance, which raises man above what his eyes see, or his ears hear, or his touch feels, at present, and shows him the vast chain of human events, fastened eternally to the throne of God, and returning, after embracing the universe, again to link itself to the footstool of Omnipotence?

Would you know the value of this principle of faith to the bereaved? Go, and follow a corpse to the grave. See the body deposited there, and hear the earth thrown in upon all that remains of your friend. Return now, if you will, and brood over the lesson which your senses have given you, and derive from it what consolation you can. You have learned nothing but an unconsoling fact. No voice of comfort issues from the tomb. All is still there, and blank and lifeless, and has been so for ages.

You see nothing but bodies dissolving and successively mingling with the clods which cover them, the grass groweth over the spot, and the trees waving in sullen majesty over this region of eternal silence. And what is there more! Nothing?—Come, faith, and people these deserts! Come and reanimate these regions of forgetfulness! Mothers! take again your children to your arms, for they are living. Sons! your aged parents are coming forth in the vigour of regenerated years. Friends! behold your dearest connexions are waiting to embrace you. The tombs are burst. Generations, long since lost in slumbers, are awaking. They are coming from the east and the west, from the north and from the south, to constitute the community of the blessed.

But it is not in the loss of friends alone that faith furnishes consolations, which are inestimable. With a man of faith not an affliction is lost, not a change is unimproved. He studies even his own history with pleasure, and finds it full of instruction. The dark passages of his life are illuminated with hope: and he sees, that, although he has passed through many dreary defiles, yet they have opened at last into brighter regions of existence. He recalls, with a species of wondering gratitude, periods of his life, when all its events seemed to conspire against him. Hemmed in by straitened circumstances, wearied with repeated blows of unexpected misfortune, and exhausted with the painful anticipation of more, he recollects years, when the ordinary love of life could not have retained him in the world. Many a time he might have wished to lay down his being in disgust, had not something more than the senses provide us with, kept up the elasticity of his mind. He yet lives, and has found that light

is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.

The man of faith discovers some gracious purpose in every combination of circumstances. Wherever he finds himself, he knows that he has a destination—he has, therefore, a duty. Every event has, in his eye, a tendency and an aim. Nothing is accidental, nothing without a purpose, nothing unattended with benevolent consequences. Every thing on earth is probationary, nothing ultimate. He is poor—perhaps his plans have been defeated—he finds it difficult to provide for the exigencies of life—sickness is permitted to invade the quiet of his household—long confinement imprisons his activity, and cuts short the exertions, on which so many depend—something apparently unlucky mars his best plans—new failures and embarrassments among his friends present themselves and throw additional obstructions in his way—the world look on, and say, all these things are against him.

Some wait coolly for the hour, when he shall sink under the complicated embarrassments of his cruel fortune. Others, of a kinder spirit, regard him with compassion, and wonder how he can sustain such a variety of wo. A few there are, a very few I fear, who can understand something of the serenity of his mind, and comprehend something of the nature of his fortitude. There are those, whose sympathetic piety can read and interpret the characters of resignation on his brow. There are those, in fine, who have felt the influence of faith.

In this influence there is nothing mysterious, nothing romantic, nothing of which the highest reason may be ashamed. It shows the christian his God, in all the mild majesty of his parental character. It shows you God, disposing in still and benevolent wisdom the events of every individual's life, pressing the pious spirit with the weight of calamity to increase the elasticity of the mind, producing characters of unexpected worth by unexpected misfortune, invigorating certain virtues by peculiar probations, thus breaking the fetters which bind us to temporal things, and

> From seeming evil still educing good,
> And better thence again, and better still,
> In infinite progression.

When the sun of the believer's hopes, according to common calculations, is set, to the eye of faith it is still visible. When much of the rest of the world is in darkness, the high ground of faith is illuminated with the brightness of religious consolation.

Come, now, my incredulous friends, and follow me to the bed of the dying believer. Would you see, in what peace a christian can die? Watch the last gleams of thought, which stream from his dying eyes. Do you see any thing like apprehension? The world, it is true, begins to shut in. The shadows of evening collect around his senses. A dark mist thickens and rests upon the objects which have hitherto engaged his observation. The countenances of his friends become more and more indistinct. The sweet expressions of love and friendship are no longer intelligible. His ear wakes no more at the well known voice of his children, and the soothing accents of tender affection die away, unheard, upon his decaying senses. To him the spectacle of human life is drawing to its close, and the curtain is descending, which shuts out this earth, its actors, and its scenes. He is no longer interested in all that is done under the sun. O! that I could now open to you the recesses of his soul; that I could reveal to you the light which darts into the chambers of his understanding. He approaches the world, which he has so long seen in faith. The imagination

now collects its diminished strength, and the eye of faith opens wide.

Friends! do not stand, thus fixed in sorrow, around this bed of death. Why are you so still and silent? Fear not to move—you cannot disturb the last visions, which entrance this holy spirit. Your lamentations break not in upon the songs of seraphs, which enwrap his hearing in ecstasy. Crowd, if you choose, around his couch—he heeds you not—already he sees the spirits of the just advancing together to receive a kindred soul. Press him not with importunities; urge him not with alleviations. Think you he wants now these tones of mortal voices—these material, these gross consolations? No! He is going to add another to the myriads of the just, that are every moment crowding into the portals of heaven!

He is entering on a nobler life. He leaves you—he leaves *you*, weeping children of mortality, to grope about a little longer among the miseries and sensualities of a worldly life. Already he cries to you from the regions of bliss. Will you not join him there? Will you not taste the sublime joys of faith? There are your predecessors in virtue; there, too, are places left for your contemporaries. There are seats for you in the assembly of the just made perfect, in the innumerable company of angels, where is Jesus, the mediator of the new covenant, and God, the judge of all.

Buckminster.

§ 170. *On Daily Prayer.*

The scriptures of the Old and New Testaments agree in enjoining prayer. Let no man call himself a christian, who lives without giving a part of life to this duty. We are not taught how often we must pray; but our Lord in teaching us to say, "Give us *this day* our daily bread," implies that we should pray daily. As to the particular hours to be given to this duty, every christian may choose them for himself. Our religion is too liberal and spiritual to bind us to any place or any hour of prayer. But there are parts of the day particularly favourable to this duty, and which, if possible, should be redeemed for it.

The *first* of these periods is the *morning*, which even nature seems to have pointed out to men of different religions, as a fit time for offerings to the Divinity. In the morning our minds are not so much shaken by worldly cares and pleasures, as in other parts of the day. Retirement and sleep have helped to allay the violence of our feelings, to calm the feverish excitement so often produced by intercourse with men. The hour is a still one. The hurry and tumults of life are not begun, and we naturally share in the tranquillity around us. Having for so many hours lost our hold on the world, we can banish it more easily from the mind, and worship with less divided attention. This, then, is a favourable time for approaching the invisible Author of our being, for strengthening the intimacy of our minds with him, for thinking upon a future life, and for seeking those spiritual aids which we need in the labours and temptations of every day.

In the morning there is much to feed the spirit of devotion. It offers an abundance of thoughts, friendly to pious feeling. When we look on creation, what a happy and touching change do we witness! A few hours past, the earth was wrapt in gloom and silence. There seemed "a pause in nature." But now, a new flood of light has broken forth, and creation rises before us in fresher and brighter hues, and seems to rejoice as if it had just received birth from its Author.

The sun never sheds more cheer-

ful beams, and never proclaims more loudly God's glory and goodness, than when he returns after the coldness and dampness of night, and awakens man and inferior animals to the various purposes of their being. A spirit of joy seems breathed over the earth and through the sky. It requires little effort of imagination to read delight in the kindred clouds, or in the fields bright with dew. This is the time, when we can best feel and bless the Power which said, "let there be light;" which "set a tabernacle for the sun in the heavens," and made him the dispenser of fruitfulness and enjoyment through all regions.

If we next look at ourselves, what materials does the morning furnish for devout thought! At the close of the past day, we were exhausted by our labours, and unable to move without wearisome effort. Our minds were sluggish, and could not be held to the most interesting objects. From this state of exhaustion, we sunk gradually into entire insensibility. Our limbs became motionless; our senses were shut as in death. Our thoughts were suspended, or only wandered confusedly and without aim. Our friends, and the universe, and God himself were forgotten.

And what a change does the morning bring with it! On waking we find, that sleep, the image of death, has silently infused into us a new life. The weary limbs are braced again. The dim eye has become bright and piercing. The mind is returned from the region of forgetfulness to its old possessions. Friends are met again with a new interest. We are again capable of devout sentiment, virtuous effort, and Christian hope. With what subjects of gratitude, then, does the morning furnish us? We can hardly recall the state of insensibility from which we are just emerged, without a consciousness of our dependence, or think of the renovation of our powers and intellectual being, without feeling our obligation to God.

There is something very touching in the consideration, if we will fix our minds upon it, that God thought of us when *we* could not think; that he watched over us when we had no power to avert peril from ourselves; that he continued our vital motions, and in due time broke the chains of sleep, and set our imprisoned faculties free. How fit is it, at this hour, to raise to God the eyes which he has opened, and the arm which he has strengthened; to acknowledge his providence; to consecrate to him the powers he has renewed! How fit that he should be the first object of the thoughts and affections which he has restored! How fit to employ in his praise the tongue he has loosed, and the breath which he has spared!

But the morning is a fit time for devotion, not only from its relation to the past night, but considered as the introduction of a new day. To a thinking mind, how natural at this hour are such reflections as the following:—I am now to enter on a new period of my life, to start afresh in my course. I am to return to that world, where I have often gone astray; to receive impressions which may never be effaced; to perform actions which will never be forgotten; to strengthen a character, which will fit me for heaven or hell. I am this day to meet temptations which have often subdued me; I am to be intrusted again with opportunities of usefulness, which I have often neglected. I am to influence the minds of others, to help in moulding their characters, and in deciding the happiness of their present and future life. How uncertain is this day! What unseen dangers are before me! What unexpected changes may await me! It may be my last day! It will certainly bring me nearer to death and judgment!

Now, when entering on a period of life so important, yet so uncertain, how fit and natural is it, before we take the first step, to seek the favour of that Being on whom the lot of every day depends; to commit all our interests to his almighty and wise providence; to seek his blessing on our labours, and his succour in temptation; and to consecrate to his service the day which he raises upon us! This morning devotion, not only agrees with the sentiments of the heart, but tends to make the day happy, useful, and virtuous. Having cast ourselves on the mercy and protection of the Almighty, we shall go forth with new confidence to the labours and duties which he imposes. Our early prayer will help to shed an odour of piety through the whole life. God, having first occupied, will more easily recur to our mind. Our first step will be in the right path, and we may hope a happy issue.

So fit and useful is morning devotion, it ought not to be omitted without necessity. If our circumstances will allow the privilege, it is a bad sign, when no part of the morning is spent in prayer. If God finds no place in our minds at that early and peaceful hour, he will hardly recur to us in the tumults of life. If the benefits of the morning do not soften us, we can hardly expect the heart to melt with gratitude through the day. If the world then rush in, and take possession of us, when we are at some distance and have had a respite from its cares, how can we hope to shake it off, when we shall be in the midst of it, pressed and agitated by it on every side?

Let a part of the morning, if possible, be set apart to devotion; and to this end we should fix the hour of rising, so that we may have an early hour at our own disposal. Our piety is suspicious, if we can renounce, as too many do, the pleasures and benefits of early prayer, rather than forego the senseless indulgence of unnecessary sleep. What! we can rise early enough for business. We can even anticipate the dawn, if a favourite pleasure or an uncommon gain requires the effort. But we cannot rise, that we may bless our great Benefactor, that we may arm ourselves for the severe conflicts to which our principles are to be exposed. We are willing to rush into the world, without thanks offered, or a blessing sought. From a day thus begun, what ought we to expect but thoughtlessness and guilt!

Let us now consider *another* part of the day which is favourable to the duty of prayer; we mean the *evening*. This season, like the morning, is calm and quiet. Our labours are ended. The bustle of life is gone by. The distracting glare of the day has vanished. The darkness which surrounds us favours seriousness, composure, and solemnity. At night the earth fades from our sight, and nothing of creation is left us but the starry heavens, so vast, so magnificent, so serene, as if to guide up our thoughts above all earthly things to God and immortality.

This period should in part be given to prayer, as it furnishes a variety of devotional topics and excitements. The evening is the close of an important division of time, and is therefore a fit and natural season for stopping and looking back on the day. And can we ever look back on a day which bears no witness to God, and lays no claim to our gratitude? Who is it that strengthens us for daily labour, gives us daily bread, continues our friends and common pleasures, and grants us the privilege of retiring, after the cares of the day, to a quiet and beloved home?

The review of the day will often suggest not only these ordinary benefits, but peculiar proofs of God's goodness, unlooked for successes, singular concurrences of favourable

events, singular blessings sent to our friends, or new and powerful aids to our own virtue, which call for peculiar thankfulness. And shall all these benefits pass away unnoticed? Shall we retire to repose as insensible as the wearied brute? How fit and natural is it, to close with pious acknowledgment, the day which has been filled with divine beneficence!

But the evening is the time to review not only our blessings, but our actions. A reflecting mind will naturally remember at this hour that another day is gone, and gone to testify of us to our judge. How natural and useful to inquire, what report it has carried to heaven! Perhaps we have the satisfaction of looking back on a day, which in its general tenor has been innocent and pure, which, having begun with God's praise, has been spent as in his presence; which has proved the reality of our principles in temptation: and shall such a day end without gratefully acknowledging Him in whose strength we have been strong, and to whom we owe the powers and opportunities of christian improvement?

But no day will present to us recollections of purity unmixed with sin. Conscience, if suffered to inspect faithfully and speak plainly, will recount irregular desires, and defective motives, talents wasted and time mispent; and shall we let the day pass from us without penitently confessing our offences to Him who has witnessed them, and who has promised pardon to true repentance? Shall we retire to rest with a burden of unlamented and unforgiven guilt upon our consciences? Shall we leave these stains to spread over and sink into the soul?

A religious recollection of our lives is one of the chief instruments of piety. If possible, no day should end without it. If we take no account of our sins on the day on which they are committed, can we hope that they will recur to us at a more distant period, that we shall watch against them to-morrow, or that we shall gain the strength to resist them which we will not implore?

The evening is a fit time for prayer, not only as it ends the day, but as it immediately precedes the period of repose. The hour of activity having passed, we are soon to sink into insensibility and sleep. How fit that we resign ourselves to the care of that Being who never sleeps, to whom the darkness is as the light, and whose providence is our only safety! How fit to entreat him that he would keep us to another day; or, if our bed should prove our grave, that he would give us a part in the resurrection of the just, and awake us to a purer and immortal life! Let our prayers, like the ancient sacrifices, ascend morning and evening. Let our days begin and end with God.

Channing.

§ 171. *On the Government of the Thoughts.*

It is necessary that our thoughts should be under regular discipline, in order to the full and successful exertion of our mental powers. What is called a vigorous and active mind seems, after all, to mean only a mind, of which the thoughts are all subjected to the authority of its governing powers, and may therefore all be brought to bear, with their whole force, on the business in which it is occupied. Attention seems only another name for that state of mind, when all its thoughts are fixed and collected, and bent to a single point; and it is a power of attention, much more than any original and native diversity of talents, which constitutes the intellectual difference among men. Newton was accustomed to declare, that if he differed from his fellow men, he owed it to his power

of patient meditation; in other words to his power of fixing his thoughts intently and long on any subject with which he was occupied. We must have all observed the truth of these remarks in the course of our various pursuits. If we examine our minds at those periods when they are most vigorously and successfully exerted, we shall observe that all other objects are excluded from our minds, and that our thoughts are concentrated and engrossed by the task in which we are employed. If on the contrary, we observe ourselves when our minds are indisposed, reluctant and inefficient, we shall find that our dominion over our thoughts is lost, that attention is dissipated and distracted by a multitude of unrelated images, which float through the fancy, and that all our powers are weakened, because discordant and divided. The effect of suffering our thoughts to wander without guidance and without object is too obvious to have escaped the most careless observer. It breaks up all our habits of regular inquiry, indisposes us for any thing which requires seriousness and patience, and especially unfits us for meditation on divine things, which from their nature the mind is with so much difficulty brought steadily to contemplate. If then we desire to effect any thing valuable in this short life; if we seek to use our talents according to the purposes of the Giver; if we would improve our own minds for the service of God, and the scenes of eternity; and contribute what we can, to the happiness and improvement of our fellow men, we must learn to control our thoughts, restrain our vain and wandering imaginations, and seek to make the proper business of life in our various callings, and the duties of devotion at their appointed seasons, fill and occupy our minds.

That our thoughts should be brought under discipline, is necessary, in the second place, for our happiness in actual life, and to fit us for its common scenes and duties. A great deal of misery is produced, particularly among those, who have no absorbing occupation, and those in whom the illusions of youth have not been corrected by the experience of actual life, by indulging the imagination in forming schemes and hopes of visionary felicity; or as it is sometimes called, "building castles in the air." It is indeed very delightful to give the reins to the thoughts, to send fancy on the wing from this world of imperfection and pain, and sorrow and sin, to scenes where every thing is perfect, happy, and fair; where nature wears an eternal bloom, where the skies are always blue, and the winds always balmy; where children are always virtuous, friends never faithless, and fortune is never fickle; where the eye knows no tear, and the heart no pang.

But this is not life as we must expect to find it. This is not the world in which we are to live, and in which we are to act. It is not intended that this state of trial should ever realize such dreams of fancy. And the effects of indulging this luxury of vain imagination are neither salutary nor innocent. If we could descend, indeed, from these airy fabrics of unreal felicity, and return as before to the common duties of life, the harshest epithet which we could apply to this employment would be, that it was useless. But both our happiness and our fitness for our duties are lessened by it. When we awake from these delusions, we feel the full force of the contrast between what we see and what we have imagined. The scenes and duties of common life appear tame and insipid, after gazing on the beautiful creations of fancy. The effects on the mind are precisely similar to those produced by works of fiction, except that in this case

we read merely the fiction of another, and in that, we make the romance for ourselves; and are therefore more in danger of mistaking it for reality. The realities of life must always fall far short of the pictures of fancy. When we descend from the lofty regions where in imagination we have been dwelling, and are called on to perform the common-place duties of good husbands and wives, and fathers, and children, and citizens, which of course can very seldom call us to feel much either of rapture or of anguish, we miss the strong stimulus to which our passions have been accustomed. We find that we have been nourishing a sickly and fastidious delicacy, which revolts at the plain and homely, and sometimes coarse and disgusting employments, to which we are destined. A spirit of discontent and unhappiness is apt to spring up. We lose our cheerful acquiescence in the purposes of Providence, and our ready submission to that wisdom which always decides best for us.

I do not say that this is always the effect of any degree of indulgence of these vain thoughts, but it is the tendency of it, and therefore it is that we must seek to banish them. We must refuse ourselves the luxury of solitary musing, and building castles in the air, and let hope and fancy and memory be regulated by reason and religion. Our expectations from life must become accommodated to its true state. We must be contented with the mixture of good and evil as it has been mingled for us, and not expect that we are born, with a peculiar destiny, to a happiness and perfection which is denied to others. If indeed it were nothing more than an unprofitable waste of time, that alone would be reason enough to confine this dissipation of thought, and restrain its irregularities. Enough surely of life is spent unprofitably, without giving any of the little, which remains, to the delusions of visionary happiness.

But the necessity of regulating our thoughts will appear more serious, when we consider their influence on our moral character. All action has its origin in the mind. The thought is the rudiment of the deed. Meditation produces desire, and desire leads to practice. If then we would have our actions right, we must make our thoughts pure, and learn to forbear to think on what we are forbidden to do.

The manner in which evil thoughts are connected with bad actions is obvious. There is no one, who is yet innocent, who is not shocked by the idea of crimes, when they appear in all their magnitude and deformity. No one ever leaped over the limits of virtue, into the confines of confirmed vice, at a single bound. On the contrary, the exclamation, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing," is the natural impulse of every man's mind, whose conscience is yet unseared, at the very suggestion of atrocious guilt. But by revolving with pleasure the safety, facility, or advantages, of a wicked deed, he finds his constancy waver, his resolution relax, his detestation soften. The idea of some fraudulent stratagem or scene of guilty pleasure, which at first perhaps was admitted into the mind from curiosity merely, is next regarded with complacency; comes at length to be cherished with fondness; at last assumes the form of desire; and how nearly allied is desire to transgression, there are too many of us, alas, who know! What we allow ourselves to wish, we are soon induced to attempt to gain. He who suffers his thoughts and wishes to dwell too long on the pleasures and advantages which he should derive from what another possesses, will begin to reconcile his mind to some unlawful measure for

procuring it. He, who suffers his imagination to be filled with images of guilty and degrading pleasure, will at length find his desire irresistibly stimulated to gratification. Every moment spent in meditation on sin increases its dangerous power over us, till at length the idea of pleasure overcomes the sense of guilt; the last limit of innocence is, though perhaps timidly and reluctantly, past —we enter into the confines of sin —it may be never to return.

We are thus irresistibly led to the conclusion, that he who would govern his actions by the laws of virtue, must regulate his thoughts by those of reason and religion. It is not possible that a man should walk outwardly in the law of God, who is constantly feeding his imagination with the pleasures of sin. The passions will at last act. It is difficult to stop when we have inflamed ourselves with every possible incentive to advance; to abstain when appetite is sharpened to its keenest edge. Of what therefore we are forbidden to do, we must learn to forbid ourselves to think; and make the propriety of action a test of the propriety of thought. If it is wrong to gratify revenge, it is wrong to dwell on it in imagination. If we must resist the allurements of pleasure, we must refuse to contemplate them. We must not seek to indemnify ourselves for the restraints which we impose on our actions, by the sinful indulgences of imagination. There must be no discordance between the inward and outward man; thought, word, and deed, must be constantly and inseparably united.

Thacher.

§ 172. *Practical influence of the study of Moral Science.*

Having spoken of the *necessity* and *objects* of moral philosophy, we proceed to notice some circumstances of its *practical influence*. And here we would observe, that although knowledge is not virtue, yet to enlighten the conscience is in itself an important means of improving the heart. Wrong actions, even with a good intention, have an effect beyond the immediate evil they produce, dangerous to the virtue not only of the agent, but of others. He, who thinks persecution or cruelty, his duty, cannot practise them, without having his bad passions called forth, and his heart hardened. Every error in conduct, as well as speculation, carries him further from virtue and truth, and he is less likely at each step, to act rightly or think correctly. Degrading prejudices or narrow views are sometimes so mingled with the best dispositions, that the natural tendencies of virtue are checked, its beauty tarnished, and influence perverted; while as the views are corrected and enlarged, its efforts are facilitated, its charms acknowledged, and its example commanding.

But is there not in these studies a direct tendency not merely to enlighten the conscience, but to form and cherish that moral sensibility, which is at once the prompt inspirer and jealous guardian of virtue? The first influence of this kind, we shall notice, is upon those engaged in such inquiries. Truths which are frequently presented to the mind, can hardly fail, imperceptibly perhaps, to produce some effect upon it. But when these truths are the subjects of personal speculation, when their character, relations and practical consequences are the constant topics of study and interest, this effect must be greatly increased.

A disposition to consider our own pursuits and discoveries as all important to society, and sometimes to make the most incongruous application of them, has often given just occasion to the wit of the satirist. The

poem is well enough, said the mathematican; but I do not see, that it proves any thing. The chemist and physical philosopher are deeply interested in the application of their principles to the arts; and will not the same law of our nature operate in moral speculations? Can he rest at ease, whose conduct is constantly at variance with the principles he is labouring to establish, and the rules he is forming for others? Will he not rather, if he cannot suit his life to his theory, accommodate his theory to his life? Thus Rousseau substituted sentiment for virtue; and the profligacy of his manners was at once the cause and the effect of the profligacy of his writings. I am unwilling to think that one can have the beauty of moral order, and the indications of moral design, constantly in view, without having his feelings touched and his heart made better. Can you breathe the pure mountain air, and not be refreshed? Can you walk forth amidst the beautiful and grand of the works of God, and feel no kindling of devotion?

If the effect, we have described, be natural, it cannot be confined to the philosopher alone; it will extend itself in his instructions and writings. The same views will be gradually applied in the formation of the dispositions and habits of children; they will become an important branch of liberal knowledge; and thus exert a control over the higher classes of society, over men of letters and the popular authors of the day.

This suggests to us another means of practical influence. Those compositions in poetry and prose, which constitute the literature of a nation, the essay, the drama, the novel, it cannot be doubted, have a most extensive and powerful operation upon the moral feelings and character of the age. The very business of the authors of such works is directly or indirectly with the heart. Even descriptions of natural scenery owe much of their beauty and interest to the moral associations they awaken. In like manner fine turns of expressions or thought often operate more by suggestion than enumeration. But when feelings and passions are directly described, or embodied in the hero and called forth by the incidents of a story, it is then, that the magic of fiction and poetry is complete, that they enter in and dwell in the secret chambers of the very soul, moulding it at will. In these moments of deep excitement, must not a bias be given to the character, and much be done to elevate and refine, or degrade and pollute, those sympathies and sentiments, which are the sources of much of our virtue and happiness, or our guilt and misery? The danger is that, in such cases, we do not discriminate the distinct action of associated causes. Even in what is presented to the senses, we are aware of the power of habitual combination. An object naturally disagreeable becomes beautiful, because we have often seen the sun shine or the dew sparkle upon it, or it has been grouped in a scene of peculiar interest. Thus the powers of fancy and of taste blend associations in the mind, which disguise the original nature of moral qualities. A liberal generosity, a disinterested self-devotion, a powerful energy or deep sensibility of soul, a contempt of danger and death are often so connected in story with the most profligate principles and manners, that the latter are excused and even sanctified by the former. The impression, which so powerfully seizes all the sympathies, is one; and the ardent youth becomes almost ambitious of a character, he ought to abhor. So too sentiments, from which in their plain form delicacy would revolt, are insinuated with the charms of poetical imagery and expression; and even the coarseness

of Fielding is probably less pernicious than the seducing refinement of writers like Moore; whose voluptuous sensibility steals upon the heart and corrupts its purity, as the moon-beams in some climates, are believed to poison the substances, on which they fall.

But in no productions of modern genius is the reciprocal influence of morals and literature more distinctly seen than in those of the author of Childe Harold. His character produced the poems, and it cannot be doubted, that his poems are adapted to produce such a character. His heroes speak a language, supplied not more by imagination, than consciousness. They are not those machines, that, by a contrivance of the artist, send forth a music of their own; but instruments, through which he breathes his very soul, in tones of agonized sensibility, that cannot but give a sympathetic impulse to those who hear. The desolate misanthrophy of his mind rises and throws its dark shade over his poetry, like one of his own ruined castles; we feel it to be sublime, but we forget, that it is a sublimity it cannot have, till it is abandoned by every thing, that is kind and peaceful and happy, and its halls are ready to become the haunts of outlaws and assassins. Nor are his more tender and affectionate passages those, to which we can yield ourselves without a feeling of uneasiness. It is not that we can here and there select a proposition formerly false or pernicious; but that he leaves an impression unfavourable to a healthful state of thought and feeling, peculiarly dangerous to the finest minds and most susceptible hearts. They are the scene of a summer evening, where all is tender and beautiful and grand; but the damps of disease descend with the dews of heaven, and the pestilent vapours of night are breathed in with the fragrance and balm and the delicate and fair are the surest victims of the exposure.

Although I have illustrated the moral influence of literature, principally from its mischiefs; yet it is obvious if what I have said be just, it may be rendered no less powerful, as a means of good. Is it not true that within the last century a decided and important improvement in the moral character of our literature has taken place; and, had Pope and Smollet written at the present day, would the former have published the imitations of Chaucer, or the latter the adventures of Pickle and Random? Genius cannot now sanctify impurity or want of principle; and our critics and reviewers are exercising jurisdiction not only upon the literary but moral blemishes of the authors, that come before them. We notice with peculiar pleasure the sentence of just indignation, which the Edinburgh tribunal has pronounced upon Moore, Swift, Goethe, and in general the German sentimentalists. Indeed the fountains of literature into which an enemy has sometimes infused poison, naturally flow with refreshment and health. Cowper and Campbell have led the muses to repose in the bowers of religion and virtue; and Miss Edgeworth has so cautiously combined the features of her characters, that the predominant expression is ever what it should be; she has shown us, not vices ennobled by virtues, but virtues, degraded and perverted by their union with vices. The success of this lady has been great, but had she availed herself more of the motives and sentiments of religion, we think it would have been greater. She has stretched forth a powerful hand to the impotent in virtue; and had she added, with the apostle, in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, we should almost have expected miracles from its touch.

Frisbie.

§ 173. *Moral taste.*

Sensibility to beauty is in some degree common to all; but it is infinitely varied, according as it has been cultivated by habit and education. To the man whose taste has been formed on just principles, and who has been led to perceive and relish what is truly beautiful, a new world is opened. He looks abroad over nature, and contemplates the productions of art, with sentiments, to which those, who are destitute of this faculty, are strangers. He perceives in the works of God, and in the contrivances of man, all the *utility* for which they were destined and adapted, in common with others; but besides this, his heart is filled with sentiments of the *beautiful* or the *grand*, according to the nature of the object. The qualities, which are the occasion of this sentiment, may be ascertained and classed; and the laws of its operation settled; but the sentiment itself can be known only from experience, and cannot be defined. It is in literature, that taste, in the more common use of the word, has its most extensive sphere, and most varied gratifications; yet whether it be exercised on nature, the fine arts, or literature, we are aware how much depends on associations with life, feeling, and human character. Why does the traveller wander with such peculiar interest over the mountains and plains of Italy and Greece, but because every spot is consecrated by the memory of great events, or presents to him the memorials of departed genius? It is for this reason, that poetry peoples even solitude and desolation with imaginary life; so that in ancient days, every forest had its Dryads, every fountain its nymphs, and the voice of the Naiades was heard in the murmuring of the streams. It is partly in reference to the same principle, that deserts and mountains, where all is barrenness and solitude, raise in the mind emotions of sublimity. It is a feeling of vastness and desolation that depends in a great degree on the absence of every thing, having life or action. The mere modifications of nature are beautiful; the human form, from its just proportions, the human face, from the harmonious combination of features and colouring; but it is only when this form is living and moving, and when this face is suffused with emotion, and animated with intelligence, when the attitude and the look alike express the workings of the heart and mind, that we feel the perfect sentiment of beauty.

Thus inanimate nature, and literature in its transcripts of the aspects of nature, become most interesting by association with life and action, and above all with man. It is from descriptions of man, considered as a moral being, that even literary taste receives many of its highest gratifications. There is a moral as well as natural beauty and grandeur. A rational agent, animated by high principles of virtue, exhibiting the most generous affections, and preferring on all occasions what is just to what is expedient, is the noblest picture which the hand of genius can present. Very few indeed are insensible to those fine touches of moral feeling, which are given in our best writers; but their full effect requires not only an improved mind, but a heart in harmony with whatever is most excellent in our natures, and a lively susceptibility to moral greatness. This susceptibility is *moral taste.*

Moral taste, then, is a quick sensibility to right and wrong. It perceives and enjoys whatever is generous, elevated, or true in character and conduct, especially in their more refined and uncommon displays: and is offended with all that is selfish, debasing, or false. Its province is

not merely the observation of the actions of others; it is at once the watchful guardian and the highest reward of personal virtue. It often anticipates the decisions of reason, and gives the alarm, especially in minor duties, when conscience perhaps would be hardly sensible of danger. It secures us, in many instances, from temptation, by turning with disgust from much, that otherwise might have a tendency to seduce and corrupt. A true moral sense is offended, not only by absolute injustice or malignity, but by whatever, either in manner or the expression of sentiments, may have any remote influence unfavourable to virtue. In a word, the advances which one may have made in moral worth, may be in a great measure graduated by the sensibility and refinement of this faculty. But this moral taste is not only a security to virtue, it affords its highest and most appropriate reward. The happiness of virtue consists not in any ulterior good it may procure, but in the very love and practice of it. It consists not in the dowry which virtue brings, but in herself with all her loveliness. The satisfactions of a heart overflowing with kind affections, harmonized to a love of order, delighting in whatever is pure and excellent, constantly seeking and acquiring new degrees of goodness, in short, being and doing good; these are the true, the essential rewards of virtue. When we say that God has established a connexion between virtue and happiness, vice and misery, it is not only a consequential, but an essential connexion, of which we speak. Virtue *is* happiness, and vice *is* misery.

Moral taste is easily distinguished from those principles before mentioned. The object of benevolence is the happiness of others, that of moral taste is their actions, and the feelings, and principles which produce them. A sense of duty is a conviction that we are bound to conform to the laws of rectitude; moral taste delights in this conformity. Approbation is a sentiment, implying a judgment of the understanding, a judgment that we cannot but pronounce, when we perceive what is right. But the pleasure with which this judgment is accompanied, in a greater or less degree, is moral taste. This taste, as it may enter into, is the consummation of all our moral principles.

It is then a most important inquiry; How may this principle be developed and cultivated, and by what is it impaired or destroyed?

A literary taste, while it has its principles in the nature of the mind, is formed by the study and imitation of the best models, and by having the attention habitually directed to what is truly beautiful. Moral taste is founded, in like manner, in our constitution, is cherished and cultivated by familiarity with moral beauty, and by avoiding whatever has a tendency to impair the love of what is right, and the aversion to what is wrong.

As our opinion of duty is greatly influenced by our moral taste, so, on the other hand, moral taste is much affected by our judgment of what is right. Hence it is above all things necessary, that this taste should be founded in just notions of rectitude, and supported by virtuous conduct. It is impossible that he should long love virtue, whose actions are habitually at variance with her principles and rules. But it is to influences more remote and indirect, influences less suspected, and therefore more to be feared, that I would call your attention. There are many circumstances, which do not solicit us to violate our sense of duty, which yet lessen our reverence for virtue, and abhorrence of vice, and thus fatally break down the barriers to practical aberrations from the course of rectitude.

The first I shall mention, is inti-

macy with such individuals, as combine amiable qualities, intelligent minds, and cultivated manners, with a disregard of principle and corrupt morals. As bigotry, cant, and superstition often give a disgusting, ridiculous, or repulsive air even to true piety, which it requires no small effort of the mind to separate from it; in like manner, vice is often so united with engaging qualities, that it is either "pardoned for the association or lost in the assemblage." The ingenious and well educated youth is at first, perhaps, offended, and even pained by the indecent allusion or profane jest; but they are uttered in such good company, and seasoned with so much wit, that they are forgiven, as the venial errors of a good heart. When this is the case, it is too certain, they will soon be heard with indifference, and at last joined in without compunction.

The same effect is produced by two classes of books. The one, where the power of the writer has concealed the deformity of vice under refinement of expression, or confounded its nature by associating it with qualities, which are interesting and amiable. Here perhaps the *delicacy* of taste is not so much impaired, as its *correctness* perverted; it is not insensibility, but error, which is produced. The warmth of genius, like that of the tropical sun, has called up a luxuriance of vegetation; and the unwary observer is unconscious of the poison that is breathed from flowers so sweet, or the reptiles that hide under foliage so beautiful.

But there is another class of books, in which there is no disguise; and profligacy and vice appear without a veil; although perhaps their names may be a little changed. Drunkenness is conviviality, and libertinism, warmth of constitution. Yet there is so much to awaken curiosity in the narrative, so much of humour, of truth, and of human nature in the characters and incidents, that by many, the faults are pardoned for the sake of the excellencies, till these very faults increase the relish of the whole; '*rancidum aprum laudant.*' I have heard the putting of such books into the hands of the young defended by an argument like this; that they are a sort of preparatory discipline for the temptations of real life;—that in the commerce of the world, the young cannot but be exposed to the seductions of vice, and it is best they should know before hand something of its nature and power, that they may be the better able to withstand them. In answer to this, it may, I think, be said, that those circumstances, which impair the delicacy of moral feeling, and silently seduce the imagination and passions, without directly leading to conduct, are more dangerous in their effects, than temptations, which immediately allure us to act wrong; because the former, calling for no resistance, and producing no reaction, leave the principles of virtue enfeebled; whereas the latter, requiring an active determination of the will, the same mind would recoil from them with abhorrence. Impressions merely passive steal upon the heart and pollute the sources of moral health; while temptations, counteracted by positive resistance and opposite conduct, produce a salutary exercise, by which the moral powers are invigorated. *Frisbie.*

§ 174. *On the utility of knowledge in general.*

As the power of acquiring knowledge is to be ascribed to reason, so the attainment of it mightily strengthens and improves it, and thereby enables it to enrich itself with farther acquisitions. Knowledge in general expands the mind, exalts the faculties, refines the taste of pleasure, and opens innumerable sources of intel-

lectual enjoyment. By means of it, we become less dependent for satisfaction upon the sensitive appetites, the gross pleasures of sense are more easily despised, and we are made to feel the superiority of the spiritual to the material part of our nature. Instead of being continually solicited by the influence and irritation of sensible objects, the mind can retire within herself, and expatiate in the cool and quiet walks of contemplation. The author of nature has wisely annexed a pleasure to the exercise of our active powers, and particularly to the pursuit of truth, which if it be in some instances less intense, is far more durable than the gratifications of sense, and is on that account incomparably more valuable. Its duration, to say nothing of its other properties, renders it more valuable. It may be repeated without satiety, and pleases afresh on every reflection upon it. These are self-created satisfactions, always within our reach, not dependent upon events, not requiring a peculiar combination of circumstances to produce or maintain them, they rise from the mind itself, and inhere, so to speak, in its very substance. Let the mind but retain its proper functions, and they spring up spontaneously, unsolicited, unborrowed, and unbought. Even the difficulties and impediments which obstruct the pursuit of truth, serve, according to the economy under which we are placed, to render it more interesting. The labour of intellectual search, resembles and exceeds the tumultuous pleasures of the chase, and the consciousness of overcoming a formidable obstacle, or of lighting on some happy discovery, gives all the enjoyment of a conquest, without those corroding reflections by which the latter must be impaired. Can we doubt that Archimedes, who was so absorbed in his contemplations as not to be diverted by the sacking of his native city, and was killed in the very act of meditating a mathematical theorem, did not when he exclaimed ευρηκα! ευρηκα!* feel a transport as genuine as was ever experienced after the most brilliant victory?

But to return to the moral good which results from the acquisition of knowledge; it is chiefly this, that by multiplying the mental resources, it has a tendency to exalt the character, and, in some measure, to correct and subdue the taste for gross sensuality. It enables the possessor to beguile his leisure moments (and every man has such) in an innocent at least, if not in a useful manner. The poor man who can read, and who possesses a taste for reading, can find entertainment at home, without being tempted to repair to the public-house for that purpose. His mind can find him employment when his body is at rest; he does not lie prostrate and afloat on the current of incidents, liable to be carried whithersover the impulse of appetite may direct. There is in the mind of such a man an intellectual spring urging him to the pursuit of *mental* good; and if the minds of his family also are a little cultivated, conversation becomes the more interesting, and the sphere of domestic enjoyment enlarged. The calm satisfaction which books afford, puts him into a disposition to relish more exquisitely, the tranquil delight inseparable from the indulgence of conjugal and parental affection; and as he will be more respectable in the eyes of his family than he who can teach them nothing, he will be naturally induced to cultivate whatever may preserve, and shun whatever would impair that respect. He who is inured to reflection will carry his views beyond the present hour; he will extend his prospect a little into futurity, and be disposed to make some provision for his approaching wants; whence will result an in-

* I have found it! I have found it!

creased motive to industry, together with a care to husband his earnings, and to avoid unnecessary expense. The poor man who has gained a taste for good books, will in all likelihood become thoughtful, and when you have given the poor a habit of thinking, you have conferred on them a much greater favour than by the gift of a large sum of money, since you have put them in possession of the *principle* of all legitimate prosperity.

I am persuaded that the extreme profligacy, improvidence, and misery, which are so prevalent among the labouring classes in many countries, are chiefly to be ascribed to the want of education. In proof of this we need only cast our eyes on the condition of the Irish, compared with that of the peasantry in Scotland. Among the former you behold nothing but beggary, wretchedness, and sloth: in Scotland on the contrary under the disadvantages of a worse climate and more unproductive soil, a degree of decency and comfort, the fruit of sobriety and industry, are conspicuous among the lower classes. And to what is this disparity in their situation to be ascribed, except to the influence of education? In Ireland, the education of the poor is miserably neglected, very few of them can read, and they grow up in a total ignorance of what it most befits a rational creature to understand; while in Scotland the establishment of free-schools in every parish, an essential branch of the ecclesiastical constitution of the country, brings the means of instruction within the reach of the poorest, who are there inured to decency, industry, and order.

Some have objected to the instruction of the lower classes, from an apprehension that it would lift them above their sphere, make them dissatisfied with their station in life, and by impairing the habit of subordination, endanger the tranquillity of the state; an objection devoid surely of all force and validity. It is not easy to conceive in what manner instructing men in their duties can prompt them to neglect those duties, or how that enlargement of reason which enables them to comprehend the true grounds of authority and the obligation to obedience, should indispose them to obey. The admirable mechanism of society, together with that subordination of ranks which is essential to its subsistence, is surely not an elaborate imposture, which the exercise of reason will detect and expose. The objection we have stated, implies a reflection on the social order, equally impolitic, invidious, and unjust. Nothing in reality renders legitimate government so insecure as extreme ignorance in the people. It is this which yields them an easy prey to seduction, makes them the victims of prejudice and false alarms, and so ferocious withal, that their interference in a time of public commotion, is more to be dreaded than the eruption of a volcano. *Robert Hall.*

§ 175. *Influence of scepticism on morals.*

The sceptical, or irreligious system, subverts the whole foundation of morals. It may be assumed as a maxim, that no person can be required to act contrary to his greatest good, or his highest interest, comprehensively viewed in relation to the whole duration of his being. It is often our duty to forego our own interest *partially*, to sacrifice a smaller pleasure for the sake of a greater, to incur a present evil in pursuit of a distant good of more consequence. In a word, to arbitrate amongst interfering claims of inclination is the moral arithmetic of human life.—But to risk the happiness of the whole duration of our being in any case whatever, admitting it to be

possible, would be foolish; because the sacrifice must, by the nature of it, be so great as to preclude the possibility of compensation.

As the present world on sceptical principles, is the only place of recompense, whenever the practice of virtue fails to promise the greatest sum of present good, cases which often occur in reality, and much oftener in appearance, every motive to virtuous conduct is superseded; a deviation from rectitude becomes the part of wisdom; and should the path of virtue, in addition to this, be obstructed by disgrace, torment, or death, to persevere would be madness and folly, and a violation of the first and most essential law of nature. Virtue, on these principles, being in numberless instances at war with self-preservation, never can, or ought to become, a fixed habit of the mind.

The system of infidelity is not only incapable of arming virtue for great and trying occasions, but leaves it unsupported in the most ordinary occurrences. In vain will its advocates appeal to a moral sense, to benevolence and sympathy. In vain will they expatiate on the tranquillity and pleasure attendant on a virtuous course; for it is undeniable that these impulses may be overcome: and though you may remind the offender that in disregarding them he has violated his nature, and that a conduct consistent with them is productive of much internal satisfaction; yet if he reply that his taste is of a different sort, that there are other gratifications which he values more, and that every man must choose his own pleasures, the argument is at an end.

Rewards and punishments, awarded by omnipotent power, afford a palpable and pressing motive which can never be neglected without renouncing the character of a rational creature: but tastes and relishes are not to be prescribed.

A motive in which the reason of man shall acquiesce, enforcing the practice of virtue at all times and seasons, enters into the very essence of moral obligation. Modern infidelity supplies no such motives: it is therefore essentially and infallibly a system of enervation, turpitude, and vice.

This chasm in the construction of morals can only be supplied by the firm belief of a rewarding and avenging Deity, who binds duty and happiness, though they may seem distant, in an indissoluble chain, without which, whatever usurps the name of virtue, is not a principle, but a feeling; not a determinate rule, but a fluctuating expedient, varying with the tastes of individuals, and changing with the scenes of life.

Nor is this the only way in which infidelity subverts the foundation of morals. All reasoning on morals pre-supposes a distinction between inclinations and duties, affections and rules. The former prompt; the latter prescribe. The former supply motives to action; the latter regulate and control it. Hence it is evident, if virtue have any just claim to authority, it must be under the latter of these notions; that is under the character of a law. It is under this notion, *in fact*, that its dominion has ever been acknowledged to be paramount and supreme.

But without the intervention of a superior will, it is impossible there should be any moral laws, except in the lax metaphorical sense in which we speak of the laws of matter and motion. Men being essentially equal, morality is, on these principles, only a stipulation, or silent compact, into which every individual is supposed to enter, as far as suits his convenience, and for the breach of which he is accountable to nothing but his own mind. His own mind is his law, his tribunal, and his judge!

Two consequences, the most disas-

trous to society, will inevitably follow the general prevalence of this system; the frequent perpetration of great crimes, and the total absence of great virtues.

1. In those conjunctures which tempt avarice or inflame ambition, when a crime flatters with the prospect of impunity, and the certainty of immense advantage, what is to restrain an atheist from its commission? To say that remorse will deter him, is absurd: for remorse, as distinguished from pity, is the sole offspring of religious belief, the extinction of which is the great purpose of the infidel philosophy.

The dread of punishment, or infamy, from his fellow-creatures, will be an equally ineffectual barrier; because crimes are only committed under such circumstances as suggest the hope of concealment: not to say that crimes themselves will soon lose their infamy and their horror, under the influence of that system which destroys the sanctity of virtue, by converting it into a low calculation of worldly interest. Here the sense of an ever-present Ruler, and of an avenging Judge, is of the most awful and indispensable necessity; as it is that alone which impresses on all crimes the character of *folly*, shows that duty and interest in every instance coincide, and that the most prosperous career of vice, the most brilliant successes of criminality, are but an *accumulation of wrath against the day of wrath.*

As the frequent perpetration of great crimes is an inevitable consequence of the diffusion of sceptical principles; so, to understand this consequence in its full extent, we must look beyond their immediate effects, and consider the disruption of social ties, the destruction of confidence, the terror, suspicion, and hatred, which must prevail in that state of society in which barbarous deeds are familiar. The tranquillity which pervades a well-ordered community, and the mutual good offices which bind its members together, is founded on an implied confidence in the disposition to annoy; in the justice, humanity, and moderation of those among whom we dwell. So that the worst consequence of crimes is, that they impair the stock of public charity and general tenderness. The dread and hatred of our species would infallibly be grafted on a conviction that we were exposed every moment to the surges of an unbridled ferocity, and that nothing but the power of the magistrate stood between us and the daggers of assassins. In such a state, laws, deriving no support from public manners, are unequal to the task of curbing the fury of the passions; which, from being concentrated into selfishness, fear, and revenge, acquire new force. Terror and suspicion beget cruelty, and inflict injuries by way of prevention. Pity is extinguished in the stronger impulse of self-preservation. The tender and generous affections are crushed; and nothing is seen but the retaliation of wrongs, the fierce and unmitigated struggle for superiority. This is but a faint sketch of the incalculable calamities and horrors we must expect, should we be so unfortunate as ever to witness the triumph of modern infidelity.

2. This system is a soil as barren of great and sublime virtues as it is prolific in crimes. By great and sublime virtues are meant, those which are called into action on great and trying occasions, which demand the sacrifice of the dearest interests and prospects of human life, and sometimes of life itself. The virtues, in a word, which, by their rarity and splendour, draw admiration, and have rendered illustrious the character of patriots, martyrs, and confessors. It requires but little reflection to perceive, that whatever veils a future world, and contracts the limits of

existence within the present life, must tend, in a proportionable degree, to diminish the grandeur and narrow the sphere of human agency.

As well might you expect exalted sentiments of justice from a professed gamester, as look for noble principles in the man whose hopes and fears are all suspended on the present moment, and who stakes the whole happiness of his being on the events of this vain and fleeting life. If he be ever impelled to the performance of great achievements in a good cause, it must be solely by the hope of fame; a motive which, besides that it makes virtue the servant of opinion, usually grows weaker at the approach of death; and which, however it may surmount the love of existence in the heat of battle, or in the moment of public observation, can seldom be expected to operate with much force on the retired duties of a private station.

In affirming that infidelity is unfavourable to the higher class of virtues, we are supported as well by facts as by reasoning. We should be sorry to load our adversaries with unmerited reproach: but to what history, to what record will they appeal for the traits of moral greatness exhibited by their disciples? Where shall we look for the trophies of infidel magnanimity, or atheistical virtue? Not that we mean to accuse them of inactivity; they have recently filled the world with the fame of their exploits; exploits of a different kind indeed, but of imperishable memory, and disastrous lustre.

Though it is confessed great and splendid actions are not the ordinary employment of life, but must, from their nature, be reserved for high and eminent occasions; yet that system is essentially defective which leaves no room for their cultivation. They are important, both from their immediate advantage and their remoter influence. They often save, and always illustrate, the age and nation in which they appear. They raise the standard of morals: they arrest the progress of degeneracy; they diffuse a lustre over the path of life; monuments of the greatness of the human soul, they present to the world the august image of virtue in her sublimest form, from which streams of light and glory issue to remote times and ages: while their commemoration, by the pen of historians and poets, awakens in distant bosoms the sparks of kindred excellence.

Combine the frequent and familiar perpetration of atrocious deeds with the dearth of great and generous actions, and you have the exact picture of that condition of society which completes the degradation of the species: the frightful contrast of dwarfish virtues and gigantic vices, where every thing good is mean and little, and every thing evil is rank and luxuriant: a dead and sickening uniformity prevails, broken only at intervals by volcanic eruptions of anarchy and crime.

Robert Hall.

§ 176. *On the influence of taste and sensibility in matters of religion.*

You easily understand how a taste for music is one thing, and a real submission to the influence of religion is another—how the ear may be regaled by the melody of sound, and the heart may utterly refuse the proper impression of the sense that is conveyed by it—how the sons and daughters of the world may, with their every affection devoted to its perishable vanities, inhale all the delights of enthusiasm, as they sit in crowded assemblage around the deep and solemn oratorio—aye, and whether it be the humility of penitential feeling, or the rapture of grateful acknowledgment, or the sublime of a

contemplative piety, or the aspiration of pure and of holy purposes, which breathes throughout the words of the performance, and gives to it all the spirit and all the expression by which it is pervaded; it is a very possible thing, that the moral, and the rational, and the active man, may have given no entrance into his bosom for any of these sentiments; and yet so overpowered may he be by the charm of the vocal conveyance through which they are addressed to him, that he may be made to feel with such an emotion, and to weep with such a tenderness, and to kindle with such a transport, and to glow with such an elevation, as may one and all carry upon them the semblance of sacredness.

But might not this semblance deceive him? Have you never heard any tell, and with complacency too, how powerfully his devotion was awakened by an act of attendance on the oratorio—how his heart, melted and subdued by the influence of harmony, did homage to all the religion of which it was the vehicle—how he was so moved and overborne, that he had to shed the tears of contrition, and to be agitated by the terrors of judgment, and to receive an awe upon his spirit of the greatness and the majesty of God—and that, wrought up to the lofty pitch of eternity, he could look down upon the world, and by the glance of one commanding survey, pronounce upon the littleness and the vanity of all its concerns? Oh! it is very, very possible that all this might thrill upon the ears of the man, and circulate a succession of solemn and affecting images around his fancy—and yet that essential principle of his nature, upon which the practical influence of Christianity turns, might have met with no reaching and no subduing efficacy whatever to arouse it. He leaves the exhibition, as dead in trespasses and sins as he came to it. Conscience has not wakened upon him. Repentance has not turned him. Faith has not made any positive lodgement within him of her great and her constraining realities. He speeds him back to his business and to his family, and there he plays off the old man in all the entireness of his uncrucified temper, and of his obstinate worldliness, and of all those earthly and unsanctified affections, which are found to cleave to him with as great tenacity as ever. He is really and experimentally the very same man as before—and all those sensibilities which seemed to bear upon them so much of the air and unction of heaven, are found to go into dissipation, and be forgotten with the loveliness of the song.

Amid all that illusion which such momentary visitations of seriousness and of sentiment throw around the character of man, let us never lose sight of the test, that "by their fruits ye shall know them." It is not coming up to this test, that you hear and are delighted. It is that you hear and do. This is the ground upon which the reality of your religion is discriminated now; and on the day of reckoning, this is the ground upon which your religion will be judged then; and that award is to be passed upon you, which will fix and perpetuate your destiny for ever. You have a taste for music. This no more implies the hold and the ascendency of religion over you, than that you have a taste for beautiful scenery, or a taste for painting, or even a taste for the sensualities of epicurism. But music may be made to express the glow and the movement of devotional feeling; and is it saying nothing to say that the heart of him who listens with a raptured ear, is, through the whole time of the performance, in harmony with such a movement? Why is it saying nothing to the purpose. Music may lift the inspiring note of patriotism;

and the inspiration may be felt; and it may thrill over the recesses of the soul, to the mustering up of all its energies; and it may sustain, to the last cadence of the song, the firm nerve and purpose of intrepidity; and all this may be realized upon him, who in the day of battle, and upon actual collision with the dangers of it, turns out to be a coward. And music may lull the feelings into unison with piety; and stir up the inner man to lofty determinations; and so engage for a time his affections, that as if weaned from the dust, they promise an immediate entrance on some great and elevated career, which may carry him through his pilgrimage superior to all the sordid and grovelling enticements that abound in it. But he turns him to the world, and all this glow abandons him; and the words which he hath heard, he doeth them not; and in the hour of temptation he turns out to be a deserter from the law of allegiance; and the test I have now specified looks hard upon him, and discriminates him amid all the parading insignificance of his fine but fugitive emotions, to be the subject both of present guilt and of future vengeance.

The faithful application of this test would put to flight a host of other delusions. It may be carried round amongst all those phenomena of human character, where there is the exhibition of something associated with religion, but which is not religion itself. An exquisite relish for music is no test of the influence of Christianity. Neither are many other of the exquisite sensibilities of our nature. When a kind mother closes the eyes of her expiring babe, she is thrown into a flood of sensibility, and soothing to her heart are the sympathy and the prayers of an attending minister. When a gathering neighbourhood assemble to the funeral of an acquaintance, one pervading sense of regret and tenderness sits on the face of the company; and the deep silence, broken only by the solemn utterance of the man of God, carries a kind of pleasing religiousness along with it. The sacredness of the hallowed day, and the decencies of its observation, may engage the affections of him who loves to walk in the footsteps of his father; and every recurring Sabbath may bring to his bosom the charm of its regularity and its quietness. Religion has its accompaniments: and in these, there may be something to sooth, and to fascinate, even in the absence of the appropriate influences of religion. The deep and tender impression of a family-bereavement, is not religion. The love of established decencies, is not religion. The charm of all that sentimentalism which is associated with many of its solemn and affecting services, is not religion. They may form the distinct folds of its accustomed drapery; but they do not, any, or all of them put together, make up the substance of the thing itself. A mother's tenderness may flow most gracefully over the tomb of her departed little one; and she may talk the while of that heaven whither its spirit has ascended. The man whom death had widowed of his friend, may abandon himself to the movements of that grief, which for a time will claim an ascendency over him; and, amongst the multitude of his other reveries, may love to hear of the eternity, where sorrow and separation are alike unknown. He who has been trained, from his infant days, to remember the Sabbath, may love the holiness of its aspect; and associate himself with all its observances; and take a delighted share in the mechanism of its forms. But let not these think, because the tastes and the sensibilities which engross them, may be blended with religion, that they indicate either its strength

or its existence within them. I recur to the test. I press its imperious exactions upon you. I call for fruit, and demand the permanency of a religious influence on the habits and the history. Oh! how many who take a flattering unction to their souls, when they think of their amiable feelings, and their becoming observations, with whom this severe touchstone would, like the head of Medusa, put to flight all their complacency. The afflictive dispensation is forgotten—and he on whom it was laid, is practically as indifferent to God and to eternity as before. The Sabbath services come to a close; and they are followed by the same routine of week-day worldliness as before. In neither the one case nor the other, do we see more of the radical influence of Christianity, than in the sublime and melting influence of sacred music upon the soul; and all this tide of emotion is found to die away from the bosom, like the pathos or like the loveliness of a song.

The instances may be multiplied without number. A man may have a taste for eloquence, and eloquence the most touching or sublime may lift her pleading voice on the side of religion. A man may love to have his understanding stimulated by the ingenuities, or the resistless urgencies of an argument; an argument the most profound and the most overbearing, may put forth all the might of a constraining vehemence in behalf of religion. A man may feel the rejoicings of a conscious elevation, when some ideal scene of magnificence is laid before him; and where are these scenes so readily to be met with, as when led to expatiate in thought over the track of eternity, or to survey the wonders of creation, or to look to the magnitude of those great and universal interests which lie within the compass of religion. A man may have his attention riveted and regaled by that power of imitative description, which brings all the recollections of his own experience before him; which presents him with a faithful analysis of his own heart; which embodies in language such intimacies of observation and of feeling, as have often passed before his eyes, or played within his bosom, but had never been so truly or so ably pictured to the view of his remembrance. Now, all this may be done in the work of pressing the duties of religion; in the work of instancing the applications of religion; in the work of pointing those allusions to life and to manners, which manifest the truth to the conscience, and plant such a conviction of sin, as forms the very basis of a sinner's religion. Now, in all these cases, I see other principles brought into action, and which may be in a state of most lively and vigorous movement, and be yet in a state of entire separation from the principle of religion. I will make bold to say, on the strength of these illustrations, that as much delight may emanate from the pulpit, on an arrested audience beneath it, as ever emanated from the boards of a theatre—aye, and with as total a disjunction of mind too in the one case as in the other, from the essence or the habit of religion. I recur to the test. I make my appeal to experience; and I put it to you all, whether your finding upon the subject do not agree with my saying about it, that a man may weep, and admire, and have many of his faculties put upon the stretch of their most intense gratification—his judgment established, and his fancy enlivened, and his feelings overpowered, and his hearing charmed, as by the accents of heavenly persuasion, and all within him feasted by the rich and varied luxuries of an intellectual banquet!—Oh! it is cruel to frown unmannerly in the midst of so much satisfaction. But I must not forget that truth has

her authority, as well as her sternness; and she forces me to affirm, that after all this has been felt and gone through, there might not be one principle which lies at the turning-point of conversation, that has experienced a single movement—not one of its purposes be conceived—not one of its doings be accomplished—not one step of that repentance, which if we have not, we perish, so much as entered upon—not one announcement of that faith, by which we are saved, admitted into a real and actual possession by the inner man. He has had his hour's entertainment, and willingly does he award this homage to the performer, that he hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument—but, in another hour, it fleets away from his remembrance, and goes all to nothing, like the loveliness of a song.

Chalmers.

§ 177. *On the influence of the dissipation of cities in corrupting the young.*

It may be said of a very great number of young, on their entrance into the business of the world, that they have not been enough fortified against its seducing influences by their previous education at home. Generally speaking, they come out from the habitation of their parents unarmed and unprepared for the contest which awaits them. If the spirit of this world's morality reign in their own family, then it cannot be, that their introduction into a more public scene of life will be very strictly guarded against those vices on which the world placitly smiles, or at least regards with silent toleration. They may have been told in early boyhood, of the infamy of a lie. They may have had the virtues of punctuality, and of economy, and of regular attention to business, pressed upon their observation. They may have heard a uniform testimony on the side of good behaviour, up to the standard of such current moralities as obtain in their neighbourhood; and this, we are ready to admit, may include in it a testimony against all such excesses of dissipation as would unfit them for the prosecution of this world's interests. But let us ask, whether there are not parents, who, after they have carried the work of discipline thus far, forbear to carry it any farther; who, while they would mourn over it as a family trial should any son of theirs fall a victim to excessive dissipation, yet are willing to tolerate the lesser degrees of it; who, instead of deciding the question on the alternative of his heaven or his hell, are satisfied with such a measure of sobriety as will save him from ruin and disgrace in this life; who, if they can only secure this, have no great objection to the moderate share he may take in this world's conformities; who feel, that in this matter there is a necessity and a power of example against which it is vain to struggle, and which must be acquiesced in; who deceive themselves with the fancied impossibility of stopping the evil in question—and say, that business must be gone through; and that, in the prosecution of it, exposures must be made; and that, for the success of it, a certain degree of accommodation to others must be observed; and seeing that it is so mighty an object for one to widen the extent of his connexions, he must neither be very retired nor very peculiar—nor must his hours of companionship be too jealously watched or inquired into—nor must we take him too strictly to task about engagements, and acquaintances, and expenditure—nor must we forget, that while sobriety has its time and its season in one period of life, indulgence has its season in another; and we may fetch from the recollected follies of our own youth, a lesson of connivance for the present occasion;

and altogether there is no help for it; and it appears to us, that absolutely and totally to secure him from ever entering upon scenes of dissipation, you must absolutely and totally withdraw him from the world, and surrender all his prospects of advancement, and give up the object of such a provision for our families as we feel to be a first and most important concern with us.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness," says the Bible, "and all other things shall be added unto you." This is the promise which the faith of a Christian parent will rest upon; and in the face of every hazard to the worldly interests of his offspring, will he bring them up in the strict nurture and admonition of the Lord; and he will loudly protest against iniquity, in all its degrees, and in all its modifications; and while the power of discipline remains with him, will it ever be exerted on the side of pure, faultless, undeviating obedience; and he will tolerate no exception whatever; and he will brave all that looks formidable in singularity, and all that looks menacing in separation from the custom and countenance of the world; and feeling that his main concern is to secure for himself and for his family a place in the city which hath foundations, will he spurn all the maxims, and all the plausibilities of a contagious neighbourhood away from him. He knows the price of his Christianity, and it is that he must break off conformity with the world—nor for any paltry advantage which it has to offer, will he compromise the eternity of his children. And let us tell the parents of another spirit, and another principle, that they are as good as incurring the guilt of human sacrifice; that they are offering up their children at the shrine of an idol; that they are parties in provoking the wrath of God against them here; and on the day when that wrath is to be revealed, shall they hear not only the moanings of their despair, but the outcries of their bitterest execration. On that day, the glance of reproach from their own neglected offspring will throw a deeper shade of wretchedness over the dark and boundless futurity that lies before them. And if, at the time when prophets rung the tidings of God's displeasure against the people of Israel, it was denounced as the foulest of all their abominations that they caused their children to pass through the fire unto Moloch—know ye parents, who, in placing your children on some road to gainful employment, have placed them without a sigh in the midst of depravity, so near and so surrounding, that, without a miracle, they must perish, you have done an act of idolatry to the god of this world; you have commanded your household, after you, to worship him as the great divinity of their lives; and you have caused your children to make their approaches unto his presence—and, in so doing, to pass through the fire of such temptations as have destroyed them.

We do not wish to offer you an overcharged picture on this melancholy subject. What we now say is not applicable to all. Even in the most corrupt and crowded of our cities, parents are to be found, who nobly dare the surrender of every vain and flattering illusion, rather than surrender the Christianity of their children. And what is still more affecting, over the face of the country do we meet with such parents, who look on this world as a passage to another, and on all the members of their household as fellow-travellers to eternity along with them; and who, in this true spirit of believers, feel the salvation of their children to be, indeed, the burden of their best and dearest interest; and who, by prayer, and precept, and example, have

strenuously laboured with their souls, from the earliest light of their understanding; and have taught them to tremble at the way of evil doers, and to have no fellowship with those who keep not the commandments of God —nor is there a day more sorrowful in the annals of this pious family, than when the course of time has brought them onwards to the departure of their eldest boy—and he must bid adieu to his native home, with all the peace, and all the simplicity which abound in it—and as he eyes in fancy the distant town whither he is going, does he shrink as from the thought of an unknown wilderness—and it is his firm purpose to keep aloof from the dangers and the profligacies which deform it—and, should sinners offer to entice him, not to consent, and never, never, to forget the lessons of a father's vigilance, the tenderness of a mother's prayers.

Let us now, in the next place, pass from that state of things which obtains among the young at their outset into the world, and take a look of that state of things which obtains after they have got fairly introduced into it—when the children of the ungodly, and the children of the religious, meet on one common arena —when business associates them together in one chamber, and the omnipotence of custom lays it upon them all to meet together at periodic intervals, and join in the same parties, and the same entertainments—when the yearly importation of youths from the country falls in with that assimilating mass of corruption which has got so firm and so rooted an establishment in the town—when the frail and unsheltered delicacies of the timid boy have to stand a rude and a boisterous contest with the hardier depravity of those who have gone before him—when ridicule, and example, and the vain words of a delusive sophistry, which palliates in his hearing the enormity of vice, are all brought to bear upon his scruples, and to stifle the remorse he might feel when he casts his principle and his purity away from him—when, placed as he is in a land of strangers, he finds, that the tenure of acquaintanceship, with nearly all around him, is, that he render himself up in a conformity to their doings—when a voice, like the voice of protecting friendship, bids him to the feast; and a welcome, like the welcome of honest kindness, hails his accession to the society; and a spirit, like the spirit of exhilarating joy, animates the whole scene of hospitality before him; and hours of rapture roll successively away on the wings of merriment, and jocularity, and song; and after the homage of many libations has been rendered to honour, and fellowship, and patriotism, impurity is at length proclaimed in full and open cry, as one presiding divinity, at the board of their social entertainment.

And now it remains to compute the general result of a process, which we assert of the vast majority of our young, on their way to manhood, that they have to undergo. The result is, that the vast majority are initiated into all the practices, and describe the full career of dissipation. Those who have imbibed from their fathers the spirit of this world's morality, are not sensibly arrested in this career, either by the opposition of their own friends, or by the voice of their own conscience. Those who have imbibed an opposite spirit, and have brought it into competition with an evil world, and have at length yielded, have done so, we may well suppose, with many a sigh, and many a struggle, and many a look of remembrance on those former years when they were taught to lisp the prayer of infancy, and were trained in a mansion of piety to a reverence for God, and for all his ways; and even still, will a parent's parting advice haunt

his memory, and a letter from the good old man revive the sensibilities which at one time guarded and adorned him; and, at times, will the transient gleam of remorse lighten up its agony within him; and when he contrasts the profaneness and depravity of his present companions, with the sacredness of all he ever heard or saw in his father's dwelling, it will almost feel as if conscience were again to resume her power, and the revisiting spirit of God to call him back again from the paths of wickedness; and on his restless bed will the images of guilt conspire to disturb him, and the terrors of punishment offer to scare him away; and many will be the dreary and dissatisfied intervals when he shall be forced to acknowledge, that, in bartering his soul for the pleasures of sin, he has bartered the peace and enjoyment of the world along with it. But alas! the entanglements of companionship have got hold of him; and the inveteracy of habit tyrannises over all his purposes; and the stated opportunity again comes round; and the loud laugh of his partners in guilt chases, for another season, all his despondency away from him; and the infatuation gathers upon him every month; and a hardening process goes on within his heart; and the deceitfulness of sin grows apace; and he at length becomes one of the sturdiest and most unrelenting of her votaries; and he, in his turn, strengthens the conspiracy that is formed against the morals of a new generation; and all the ingenuous delicacies of other days are obliterated; and he contracts a temperament of knowing, hackneyed, unfeeling depravity: and thus the mischief is transmitted from one year to another, and keeps up the guilty history of every place of crowded population.

Chalmers.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CLASSICAL AND HISTORICAL.

§ 1. *Beneficial Effects of a Taste for the* Belles Lettres.

Belles Lettres and Criticism chiefly consider man as a being endowed with those powers of taste and imagination, which were intended to embellish his mind, and to supply him with rational and useful entertainment. They open a field of investigation peculiar to themselves. All that relates to beauty, harmony, grandeur, and elegance; all that can sooth the mind, gratify the fancy, or move the affections, belongs to their province. They present human nature under a different aspect from that which it assumes when viewed by other sciences. They bring to light various springs of action, which, without their aid, might have passed unobserved; and which, though of a delicate nature, frequently exert a powerful influence on several departments of human life.

Such studies have also this peculiar advantage, that they exercise our reason without fatiguing it. They lead to inquiries acute, but not painful; profound, but not dry nor abstruse. They strew flowers in the path of science; and while they keep the mind bent, in some degree, and active, they relieve it at the same time from that more toilsome labour to which it must submit in the acquisition of necessary erudition, or the investigation of abstract truth.

Blair.

§ 2. *Beneficial Effects of the Cultivation of* Taste.

The cultivation of Taste is farther recommended by the happy effects which it naturally tends to produce on human life. The most busy man, in the most active sphere, cannot be always occupied by business. Men of serious professions cannot always be on the stretch of serious thought. Neither can the most gay and flourishing situations of fortune afford any man the power of filling all his hours with pleasure. Life must always languish in the hands of the idle. It will frequently languish even in the hands of the busy, if they have not some employment subsidiary to that which forms their main pursuit. How then shall these vacant spaces, those unemployed intervals, which, more or less, occur in the life of every one, be filled up? How can we contrive to dispose of them in any way that shall be more agreeable in itself, or more consonant to the dignity of the human mind, than in the entertainments of taste, and the study of polite literature? He who is so happy as to have acquired a relish for these, has always at hand an innocent and irreproachable amusement for his leisure hours, to save him from the danger of many a pernicious passion. He is not in hazard of being a burden to himself. He is not obliged to fly to low company, or to court the riot

of loose pleasures, in order to cure the tediousness of existence.

Providence seems plainly to have pointed out this useful purpose, to which the pleasures of taste may be applied, by interposing them in a middle station between the pleasures of sense, and those of pure intellect. We were not designed to grovel always among objects so low as the former; nor are we capable of dwelling constantly in so high a region as the latter. The pleasures of taste refresh the mind after the toils of the intellect, and the labours of abstract study; and they gradually raise it above the attachments of sense, and prepare it for the enjoyments of virtue.

So consonant is this to experience, that in the education of youth, no object has in every age appeared more important to wise men than to tincture them early with a relish for the entertainments of taste. The transition is commonly made with ease from these to the discharge of the higher and more important duties of life. Good hopes may be entertained of those whose minds have this liberal and elegant turn. It is favourable to many virtues. Whereas to be entirely devoid of relish for eloquence, poetry, or any of the fine arts, is justly construed to be an unpromising symptom of youth; and raises suspicions of their being prone to low gratifications, or destined to drudge in the more vulgar and illiberal pursuits of life.

Blair.

§ 3. *Improvement of* TASTE *connected with Improvement in* VIRTUE.

There are indeed few good dispositions of any kind with which the improvement of taste is not more or less connected. A cultivated taste increases sensibility to all the tender and humane passions, by giving them frequent exercise; while it tends to weaken the more violent and fierce emotions.

——Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse seros.*

The elevated sentiments and high examples which poetry, eloquence, and history are often bringing under our view, naturally tend to nourish in our minds public spirit, the love of glory, contempt of external fortune, and the admiration of what is truly illustrious and great.

I will not go so far as to say that the improvement of taste and of virtue is the same; or that they may always be expected to co-exist in an equal degree. More powerful correctives than taste can apply, are necessary for reforming the corrupt propensities which too frequently prevail among mankind. Elegant speculations are sometimes found to float on the surface of the mind, while bad passions possess the interior regions of the heart. At the same time, this cannot but be admitted, that the exercise of taste is, in its native tendency, moral and purifying. From reading the most admired productions of genius, whether in poetry or prose, almost every one rises with some good impressions left on his mind; and though these may not always be durable, they are at least to be ranked among the means of disposing the heart to virtue. One thing is certain, and I shall hereafter have occasion to illustrate it more fully, that, without possessing the virtuous affections in a strong degree, no man can attain eminence in the sublime parts of eloquence. He must feel what a good man feels, if he expects greatly to move or to interest mankind. They are the ardent sentiments of honour, virtue, magnanimity, and public spirit, that only can kindle that fire of genius, and call up into

* These polish'd arts have humaniz'd mankind,
Soften'd the rude, and calm'd the boist'rous mind.

the mind those high ideas, which attract the admiration of ages; and if this spirit be necessary to produce the most distinguished efforts of eloquence, it must be necessary also to our relishing them with proper taste and feeling. *Blair.*

§ 4. *On* STYLE.

It is not easy to give a precise idea of what is meant by Style. The best definition I can give of it is, the peculiar manner in which a man expresses his conceptions, by means of Language. It is different from mere Language or words. The words which an author employs may be proper and faultless; and his Style, may, nevertheless, have great faults; it may be dry, or stiff, or feeble, or affected. Style has always some reference to an author's manner of thinking. It is a picture of the ideas which rise in his mind, and of the manner in which they rise there; and hence, when we are examining an author's composition, it is, in many cases, extremely difficult to separate the Style from the sentiment. No wonder these two should be so intimately connected, as Style is nothing else, than that sort of expression which our thoughts most readily assume. Hence, different countries have been noted for peculiarities of Style, suited to their different temper and genius. The eastern nations animated their Style with the most strong and hyberbolical figures. The Athenians, a polished and acute people, formed a Style, accurate, clear, and neat. The Asiatics, gay and loose in their manners, affected a Style florid and diffuse. The like sort of characteristical differences are commonly remarked in the Style of the French, the English, and the Spaniards. In giving the general characters of Style, it is usual to talk of a nervous, a feeble, or a spirited Style; which are plainly the characters of a writer's manner of thinking, as well as of expressing himself: so difficult it is to separate these two things from one another. Of the general characters of Style I am afterwards to discourse; but it will be necessary to begin with examining the more simple qualities of it; from the assemblage of which its more complex denominations, in a great measure, result.

All the qualities of a good Style may be ranged under two heads, Perspicuity and Ornament. For all that can possibly be required of Language is, to convey our ideas clearly to the minds of others, and, at the same time, in such a dress, as, by pleasing and interesting them, shall most effectually strengthen the impressions which we seek to make. When both these ends are answered, we certainly accomplish every purpose for which we use writing and discourse. *Ibid.*

§ 5. *On* PERSPICUITY.

Perspicuity, it will be readily admitted, is the fundamental quality of Style; a quality so essential in every kind of writing, that for the want of it nothing can atone. Without this, the richest ornaments of Style only glimmer through the dark; and puzzle, instead of pleasing, the reader. This, therefore, must be our first object to make our meaning clearly and fully understood, and understood without the least difficulty. "Discourse (says Quintilian) ought always to be obvious, even to the most careless and negligent hearer; so that the sense shall strike his mind, as the light of the sun does our eyes, though they are not directed upwards to it. We must study, not only that every hearer may understand us, but that it shall be impossible for him not to understand us." If we are obliged to follow a writer with much care, to pause, and to read over his

sentences a second time, in order to comprehend them fully, he will never please us long. Mankind are too indolent to relish so much labour. They may pretend to admire the author's depth after they have discovered his meaning; but they will seldom be inclined to take up his work a second time.

Authors sometimes plead the difficulty of their subject as an excuse for the want of Perspicuity. But the excuse can rarely, if ever, be admitted. For whatever a man conceives clearly, that it is in his power, if he will be at the trouble, to put into distinct propositions, or to express clearly to others: and upon no subject ought any man to write, where he cannot think clearly. His ideas, indeed, may, very excuseably, be on some subjects incomplete or inadequate; but still as far as they go, they ought to be clear; and, wherever this is the case, Perspicuity in expressing them is always attainable. The obscurity which reigns so much among many metaphysical writers, is, for the most part, owing to the indistinctness of their own conceptions. They see the object but in a confused light; and of course, can never exhibit it in a clear one to others.

Perspicuity in writing is not to be considered as merely a sort of negative virtue, or freedom from defect. It has higher merit: it is a degree of positive beauty. We are pleased with an author, we consider him as deserving praise, who frees us from all fatigue of searching for his meaning; who carries us through his subject without any embarrassment or confusion; whose style flows always like a limpid stream, where we see to the very bottom.

Blair.

§ 6. *On* PURITY *and* PROPRIETY.

Purity and Propriety of Language, are often used indiscriminately for each other; and, indeed, they are very nearly allied. A distinction, however, obtains between them. Purity is the use of such words, and such constructions, as belong to the idiom of the Language which we speak; in opposition to words and phrases that are imported from other Languages, or that are obsolete, or new-coined, or used without proper authority. Propriety is the selection of such words in the Language, as the best and most established usage has appropriated to those ideas which we intend to express by them. It implies the correct and happy application of them, according to that usage, in opposition to vulgarisms, or low expressions; and to words and phrases which would be less significant of the ideas that we mean to convey. Style may be pure, that is, it may all be strictly English, without Scotticisms or Gallicisms, or ungrammatical, irregular expressions of any kind, and may, nevertheless, be deficient in propriety. The words may be ill-chosen; not adapted to the subject, nor fully expressive of the author's sense. He has taken all his words and phrases from the general mass of English Language; but he has made his selection among these words unhappily. Whereas Style cannot be proper without being also pure; and where both Purity and Propriety meet, besides making Style perspicuous, they also render it graceful. There is no standard, either of Purity or of Propriety, but the practice of the best writers and speakers in the country.

When I mention obsolete or new-coined words as incongruous with Purity of Style, it will be easily understood, that some exceptions are to be made. On certain occasions, they may have grace. Poetry admits of greater latitude than prose, with respect to coining, or, at least, new-compounding words; yet, even here,

this liberty should be used with a sparing hand. In prose, such innovations are more hazardous, and have a worse effect. They are apt to give Style an affected and conceited air; and should never be ventured upon except by such, whose established reputation gives them some degree of dictatorial power over Language.

The introduction of foreign and learned words, unless where necessity requires them, should always be avoided. Barren Languages may need such assistances; but ours is not one of these. Dean Swift, one of our most correct writers, valued himself much on using no words but such as were of native growth; and his Language, may, indeed, be considered as a standard of the strictest Purity and Propriety in the choice of words. At present, we seem to be departing from this standard. A multitude of Latin words have, of late, been poured in upon us. On some occasions, they give an appearance of elevation and dignity to Style. But often, also, they render it stiff and forced: and, in general, a plain native Style, as it is more intelligible to all readers, so, by a proper management of words, it may be made equally strong and expressive with this Latinized English. *Blair.*

§ 7. *On* PRECISION.

The exact import of Precision may be drawn from the etymology of the word. It comes from "precidere," to cut off; it imports retrenching all superfluities, and pruning the expression so as to exhibit neither more nor less than an exact copy of his idea who uses it. I observed before, that it is often difficult to separate the qualities of Style from the qualities of Thought; and it is found so in this instance. For in order to write with Precision, though this be properly a quality of Style, one must possess a very considerable degree of distinctness and accuracy in his manner of thinking.

The words, which a man uses to express his ideas, may be faulty in three respects: They may either not express that idea which the author intends, but some other which only resembles, or is a-kin to it; or, they may express that idea, but not quite fully and completely; or, they may express it together with something more than he intends. Precision stands opposed to all these three faults; but chiefly to the last. In an author's writing with propriety, his being free from the two former faults seems implied. The words which he uses are proper; that is, they express that idea which he intends, and they express it fully; but to be Precise, signifies that they express that idea, and no more. There is nothing in his words which introduces any foreign idea, any superfluous, unseasonable accessory, so as to mix it confusedly with the principal object, and thereby to render our conception of that object loose and indistinct. This requires a writer to have, himself, a very clear apprehension of the object he means to present to us; to have laid fast hold of it in his mind; and never to waver in any one view he takes of it; a perfection to which, indeed, few writers attain. *Ibid.*

§ 8. *On the use and importance of Precision.*

The use and importance of precision, may be deduced from the nature of the human mind. It never can view, clearly and distinctly, above one object at a time. If it must look at two or three together, especially objects among which there is resemblance or connexion, it finds itself confused and embarrassed. It cannot clearly perceive in what they agree, and in what they differ. Thus were any object, suppose some ani-

mal, to be presented to me, of whose structure I wanted to form a distinct notion, I would desire all its trappings to be taken off, I would require it to be brought before me by itself, and to stand alone, that there might be nothing to distract my attention. The same is the case with words. If, when you would inform me of your meaning, you also tell me more than what conveys it; if you join foreign circumstances to the principal object; if, by unnecessarily varying the expression, you shift the point of view, and make me see sometimes the object itself, and sometimes another thing that is connected with it; you thereby oblige me to look on several objects at once, and I lose sight of the principal. You load the animal you are showing me with so many trappings and collars, and bring so many of the same species before me, somewhat resembling, and yet somewhat differing, that I see none of them clearly.

This forms what is called a Loose Style: and is the proper opposite to Precision. It generally arises from using a superfluity of words. Feeble writers employ a multitude of words, to make themselves understood, as they think, more distinctly; and they only confound the reader. They are sensible of not having caught the precise expression, to convey what they would signify; they do not, indeed, conceive their own meaning very precisely themselves; and, therefore, help it out, as they can, by this and the other word, which may, as they suppose, supply the defect, and bring you somewhat nearer to their idea: they are always going about it, and about it, but never just hit the thing. The image, as they set it before you, is always seen double; and no double image is distinct. When an author tells me of his hero's *courage* in the day of battle, the expression is precise, and I understand it fully. But if, from the desire of multiplying words, he will needs praise his *courage* and *fortitude*; at the moment he joins these words together, my idea begins to waver. He means to express one quality more strongly; but he is, in truth, expressing two. *Courage* resists danger; *fortitude* supports pain. The occasion of exerting each of these qualities is different; and being led to think of both together, when only one of them should be in my view, my view is rendered unsteady, and my conception of the object indistinct.

From what I have said, it appears that an author may, in a qualified sense, be perspicuous, while yet he is far from being precise. He uses proper words, and proper arrangement; he gives you the idea as clear as he conceives it himself; and so far he is perspicuous; but the ideas are not very clear in his own mind: they are loose and general; and, therefore, cannot be expressed with Precision. All subjects do not equally require Precision. It is sufficient on many occasions, that we have a general view of the meaning. The subject, perhaps, is of the known and familiar kind; and we are in no hazard of mistaking the sense of the author, though every word which he uses be not precise and exact.

Blair.

§ 9. *The Causes of a Loose* STYLE.

The great source of a Loose Style, in opposition to Precision, is the injudicious use of those words termed Synonymous. They are called Synonymous, because they agree in expressing one principal idea: but, for the most part, if not always, they express it with some diversity in the circumstances. They are varied by some accessory idea which every word introduces, and which forms the distinction between them. Hardly, in any Language, are there two

words that convey precisely the same idea; a person thoroughly conversant in the propriety of the Language, will always be able to observe something that distinguishes them. As they are like different shades of the same colour, an accurate writer can employ them to great advantage, by using them so as to heighten and finish the picture which he gives us. He supplies by one, what was wanting in the other, to the force, or to the lustre of the image which he means to exhibit. But in order to this end, he must be extremely attentive to the choice which he makes of them. For the bulk of writers are very apt to confound them with each other: and to employ them carelessly, merely for the sake of filling up a period, or of rounding and diversifying the Language, as if the signification were exactly the same, while, in truth, it is not. Hence a certain mist, and indistinctness, is unwarily thrown over Style.

Blair.

§ 10. *On the general Characters of* STYLE.

That different subjects require to be treated of in different sorts of Style, is a position so obvious, that I shall not stay to illustrate it. Every one sees that Treatises of Philosophy, for instance, ought not to be composed in the same Style with Orations. Every one sees also, that different parts of the same composition require a variation in the Style and manner. In a sermon, for instance, or any harangue, the application or peroration admits of more ornament, and requires more warmth, than the didactic part. But what I mean at present to remark is, that, amidst this variety, we still expect to find, in the compositions of any one man, some degree of uniformity or consistency with himself in manner; we expect to find some predominant character of Style impressed on all his writings, which shall be suited to, and shall mark, his particular genius, and turn of mind. The orations in Livy differ much in Style, as they ought to do, from the rest of his history. The same is the case with those in Tacitus. Yet both in Livy's orations, and in those of Tacitus, we are able clearly to trace the distinguishing manner of each historian: the magnificent fulness of the one, and the sententious conciseness of the other. The "Lettres Persanes," and "L'Esprit de Loix," are the works of the same author. They required very different composition surely, and accordingly they differ widely; yet still we see the same hand. Wherever there is real and native genius, it gives a determination to one kind of Style rather than another. Where nothing of this appears; where there is no marked nor peculiar character in the compositions of any author, we are apt to infer, not without reason, that he is a vulgar and trivial author, who writes from imitation, and not from the impulse of original genius. As the most celebrated painters are known by their hand; so the best and most original writers are known and distinguished, throughout all their works, by their Style and peculiar manner. This will be found to hold almost without exception. *Ibid.*

§ 11. *On the Concise* STYLE.

One of the first and most obvious distinctions of the different kinds of Style, is what arises from an author's spreading out his thoughts more or less. This distinction forms what are called the Diffuse and the Concise Styles. A concise writer compresses his thought into the fewest possible words; he seeks to employ none but such as are most expressive; he lops off, as redundant, every expression which does not add some-

thing material to the sense. Ornament he does not reject; he may be lively and figured; but his ornament is intended for the sake of force rather than grace. He never gives you the same thought twice. He places it in the light which appears to him the most striking; but if you do not apprehend it well in that light, you need not expect to find it in any other. His sentences are arranged with compactness and strength, rather than with cadence and harmony. The utmost precision is studied in them; and they are commonly designed to suggest more to the reader's imagination than they directly express. *Blair.*

§ 12. *On the Diffuse* STYLE.

A diffuse writer unfolds his thought fully. He places it in a variety of lights, and gives the reader every possible assistance for understanding it completely. He is not very careful to express it at first in its full strength, because he is to repeat the impression; and what he wants in strength, he proposes to supply by copiousness. Writers of this character generally love magnificence and amplification. Their periods naturally run out into some length, and having room for ornament of every kind, they admit it freely.

Each of these manners has its peculiar advantages; and each becomes faulty when carried to the extreme. The extreme of conciseness becomes abrupt and obscure; it is apt also to lead into a Style too pointed, and bordering on the epigrammatic. The extreme of diffuseness becomes weak and languid, and tires the reader. However, to one or other of these two manners a writer may lean, according as his genius prompts him: and under the general character of a concise, or of a more open and diffuse Style, may possess much beauty in his composition.

For illustrations of these general characters, I can only refer to the writers who are examples of them. It is not so much from detached passages, such as I was wont formerly to quote for instances, as from the current of an author's Style that we are to collect the idea of a formed manner of writing. The two most remarkable examples that I know, of conciseness carried as far as propriety will allow, perhaps in some cases farther, are Tacitus the Historian, and the President Montesquieu in "L'Esprit de Loix." Aristotle too holds an eminent rank among didactic writers for his brevity. Perhaps no writer in the world was ever so frugal of his words as Aristotle; but this frugality of expression frequently darkens his meaning. Of a beautiful and magnificent diffuseness, Cicero, is, beyond doubt, the most illustrious instance that can be given. Addison, also, and Sir William Temple, come in some degree under this class. *Ibid.*

§ 13. *On the Nervous and the Feeble* STYLE.

The Nervous and the Feeble, are generally held to be characters of Style, of the same import with the Concise and the Diffuse. They do indeed very often coincide. Diffuse writers have, for the most part, some degree of feebleness; and nervous writers will generally be inclined to a concise expression. This, however, does not always hold; and there are instances of writers, who, in the midst of a full and ample Style, have maintained a great degree of strength. Livy is an example; and in the English language Dr. Barrow. Barrow's Style has many faults. It is unequal, incorrect, and redundant; but withal, for force and expressiveness uncommonly distinguished. On every subject, he multiplies words with an overflowing copiousness; but

it is always a torrent of strong ideas and significant expressions which he pours forth. Indeed, the foundations of a nervous or a weak Style are laid in an author's manner of thinking. If he conceives an object strongly, he will express it with energy: but, if he has only an indistinct view of his subject; if his ideas be loose and wavering; if his genius be such, or, at the time of his writing, so carelessly exerted, that he has no firm hold of the conception which he would communicate to us; the marks of all this will clearly appear in his Style. Several unmeaning words and loose epithets will be found; his expressions will be vague and general; his arrangement indistinct and feeble; we shall conceive somewhat of his meaning, but our conception will be faint. Whereas a nervous writer, whether he employs an extended or a concise Style, gives us always a strong impression of his meaning; his mind is full of his subject, and his words are all expressive: every phrase and every figure which he uses, tends to render the picture, which he would set before us, more lively and complete. *Blair.*

§ 14. *On Harshness of* STYLE.

As every good quality in Style has an extreme, when pursued to which it becomes faulty, this holds of the Nervous Style as well as others. Too great a study of strength, to the neglect of the other qualities of Style, is found to betray writers into a harsh manner. Harshness arises from unusual words, from forced inversions in the construction of a sentence, and too much neglect of smoothness and ease. This is reckoned the fault of some of our earliest classics in the English Language; such as Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Francis Bacon, Hooker, Chillingworth, Milton in his prose works, Harrington, Cudworth, and other writers of considerable note in the days of Queen Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I. These writers had nerves and strength in a high degree, and are to this day eminent for that quality in Style. But the language in their hands was exceedingly different from what it is now, and was indeed entirely formed upon the idiom and construction of the Latin in the arrangement of sentences. Hooker, for instance, begins the Preface to his celebrated work of Ecclesiastical Polity with the following sentence: "Though for no other cause, yet for this, that posterity may know we have not loosely, through silence, permitted things to pass away as in dream, there shall be, for men's information, extant this much, concerning the present state of the church of God established amongst us, and their careful endeavours which would have upheld the same." Such a sentence now sounds harsh in our ears. Yet some advantages certainly attended this sort of Style; and whether we have gained, or lost, upon the whole, by departing from it, may bear a question. By the freedom of arrangement, which it permitted, it rendered the language susceptible of more strength, of more variety of collocation, and more harmony of period. But however this be, such a Style is now obsolete; and no modern writer could adopt it without the censure of harshness and affectation. The present form which the Language has assumed, has in some measure, sacrificed the study of strength to that of perspicuity and ease. Our arrangement of words has become less forcible, perhaps, but more plain and natural; and this is now understood to be the genius of our Language. *Ibid.*

§ 15. *On the Dry* STYLE.

The dry manner excludes all ornament of every kind. Content with

being understood, it has not the least aim to please either the fancy or the ear. This is tolerable only in pure didactic writing; and even there, to make us bear it, great weight and solidity of matter is requisite; and entire perspicuity of language. Aristotle is the complete example of a Dry Style. Never, perhaps, was there any author who adhered so rigidly to the strictness of a didactic manner, throughout all his writings, and conveyed so much instruction, without the least approach to ornament. With the most profound genius, and extensive views, he writes like a pure intelligence, who addresses himself solely to the understanding, without making any use of the channel of the imagination. But this is a manner which deserves not to be imitated. For, although the goodness of the matter may compensate the dryness or harshness of the Style, yet is that dryness a considerable defect; as it fatigues attention, and conveys our sentiments, with disadvantage, to the reader or hearer.

Blair.

§ 16. *On the Plain* STYLE.

A Plain Style rises one degree above a dry one. A writer of this character employs very little ornament of any kind, and rests almost entirely upon his sense. But, if he is at no pains to engage us by the employment of figures, musical arrangement, or any other art of writing, he studies, however, to avoid disgusting us, like a dry and a harsh writer. Besides Perspicuity, he pursues Propriety, Purity, and Precision, in his language: which form one degree, and no inconsiderable one, of beauty. Liveliness too, and force, may be consistent with a very Plain Style: and, therefore, such an author, if his sentiments be good, may be abundantly agreeable. The difference between a dry and plain writer, is that the former is incapable of ornament, and seems not to know what it is; the latter seeks not after it. He gives us his meaning, in good language, distinct and pure; any further ornament he gives himself no trouble about, either, because he thinks it unnecessary to his subject, or, because his genius does not lead him to delight in it; or, because it leads him to despise it.

This last was the case with Dean Swift, who may be placed at the head of those that have employed the Plain Style. Few writers have discovered more capacity. He treats every subject which he handles, whether serious or ludicrous, in a masterly manner. He knew, almost beyond any man, the Purity, the Extent, the Precision of the English Language; and, therefore, to such as wish to attain a pure and correct Style, he is one of the most useful models. But we must not look for much ornament and grace in his Language. His haughty and morose genius made him despise any embellishment of this kind, as beneath his dignity. He delivers his sentiments in a plain, downright, positive manner, like one who is sure he is in the right; and is very indifferent whether you be pleased or not. His sentences are commonly negligently arranged; distinctly enough as to the sense, but without any regard to smoothness of sound; often without much regard to compactness or elegance. If a metaphor, or any other figure, chanced to render his satire more poignant, he would, perhaps, vouchsafe to adopt it when it came in his way; but if it tended only to embellish and illustrate, he would rather throw it aside. Hence, in his serious pieces, his style often borders upon the dry and unpleasing; in his humorous ones, the plainness of his manner sets off his wit to the highest advantage. There is no froth nor affectation in it; it seems native

and unstudied; and while he hardly appears to smile himself, he makes his reader laugh heartily. To a writer of such a genius as Dean Swift, the Plain Style was most admirably fitted. Among our philosophical writers, Mr. Locke comes under this class; perspicuous and pure, but almost without any ornament whatever. In works which admit, or require, ever so much ornament, there are parts where the plain manner ought to predominate. But we must remember, that when this is the character which a writer affects throughout his whole composition, great weight of matter, and great force of sentiment, are required, in order to keep up the reader's attention, and prevent him from becoming tired of the author.

Blair.

§ 17. *On the Neat* STYLE.

What is called a Neat Style comes next in order; and here we are got into the region of ornament; but that ornament not of the highest or most sparkling kind. A writer of this character shows that he does not despise the beauty of language. It is an object of his attention. But his attention is shown in the choice of his words, and in a graceful collocation of them; rather than in any high efforts of imagination, or eloquence. His sentences are always clean, and free from the incumbrance of superfluous words; of a moderate length; rather inclining to brevity, than a swelling structure; closing with propriety; without any tails, or adjections dragging after the proper close. His cadence is varied; but not of the studied musical kind. His figures, if he uses any, are short and correct; rather than bold and glowing. Such a Style as this may be attained by a writer who has no great powers of fancy or genius, by industry merely, and careful attention to the rules of writing; and it is a Style always agreeable. It imprints a character of moderate elevation on our composition, and carries a decent degree of ornament, which is not unsuitable to any subject whatever. A familiar letter, or a law paper, on the driest subject, may be written with neatness; and a sermon, or a philosophical treatise, in a Neat Style, will be read with pleasure.

Ibid.

§ 18. *On an Elegant* STYLE.

An Elegant Style is a character, expressing a higher degree of ornament than a neat one; and, indeed, is the term usually applied to Style, when possessing all the virtues of ornament, without any of its excesses or defects. From what has been formerly delivered, it will easily be understood, that complete Elegance implies great perspicuity and propriety; purity in the choice of words, and care and dexterity in their harmonious and happy arrangement. It implies farther, the grace and beauty of imagination spread over Style, as far as the subject admits it; and all the illustration which figurative language adds, when properly employed. In a word, an elegant writer is one who pleases the fancy and the ear, while he informs the understanding; and who gives us his ideas clothed with all the beauty of expression, but not overcharged with any of its misplaced finery. In this class, therefore, we place only the first rate writers in the language; such as Addison, Dryden, Pope, Temple, Bolingbroke, Atterbury, and a few more; writers who differ widely from one another in many of the attributes of Style, but whom we now class together, under the denomination of Elegant, as, in the scale of Ornament, possessing nearly the same place.

Ibid.

§ 19. *On the Florid* STYLE.

When the ornaments, applied to Style, are too rich and gaudy in proportion to the subject; when they return upon us too fast, and strike us either with a dazzling lustre, or a false brilliancy, this forms what is called a Florid Style; a term commonly used to signify the excess of ornament. In a young composer this is very pardonable. Perhaps, it is even a promising symptom, in young people, that their Style should incline to the Florid and Luxuriant: "In youth," says Quinctilian, "I wish to see luxuriancy of fancy appear. Much of it will be diminished by years; much will be corrected by ripening judgment; some of it, by the mere practice of composition, will be worn away. Let there be only sufficient matter, at first, that can bear some pruning and lopping off. At this time of life, let genius be bold and inventive, and pride itself in its efforts, though these should not, as yet, be correct. Luxuriancy can easily be cured; but for barrenness there is no remedy." But, although the Florid Style may be allowed to youth, in their first essays, it must not receive the same indulgence from writers of maturer years. It is to be expected, that judgment, as it ripens, should chasten imagination, and reject, as juvenile, all such ornaments as are redundant, unsuitable to the subject, or not conducive to illustrate it. Nothing can be more contemptible than that tinsel splendour of language, which some writers perpetually affect. It were well, if this could be ascribed to the real overflowing of a rich imagination. We should then have something to amuse us, at least if we found little to instruct us. But the worst is, that with those frothy writers, it is a luxuriancy of words, not of fancy. We see a laboured attempt to rise to a splendour of composition, of which they have formed to themselves some loose idea; but having no strength of genius for attaining it, they endeavour to supply the defect by poetical words, by cold exclamations, by common-place figures, and every thing that has the appearance of pomp and magnificence. It has escaped these writers, that sobriety in ornament, is one great secret for rendering it pleasing; and that without a foundation of good sense, and solid thought, the most Florid Style is but a childish imposition on the Public. The Public, however, are but too apt to be so imposed on; at least, the mob of readers; who are very ready to be caught, at first, with whatever is dazzling and gaudy.

I cannot help thinking, that it reflects more honour on the religious turn, and good dispositions of the present age, than on the public taste, that Mr. Hervey's Meditations have had so great a currency. The pious and benevolent heart, which is always displayed in them, and the lively fancy which, on some occasions, appears, justly merited applause; but the perpetual glitter of expression, the swoln imagery, and strained description which abound in them, are ornaments of a false kind. I would, therefore, advise students of oratory to imitate Mr. Hervey's piety, rather than his Style; and, in all compositions of a serious kind, to turn their attention, as Mr. Pope says, "from sounds to things, from fancy to the heart." Admonitions of this kind I have already had occasion to give, and may hereafter repeat them; as I conceive nothing more incumbent on me, in this course of Lectures, than to take every opportunity of cautioning my readers against the affected and frivolous use of ornament; and, instead of that slight and superficial taste in writing, which I apprehend to be at present too fashionable, to introduce, as far as my endeavours can avail, a taste for more

solid thought, and more manly simplicity in Style. *Blair.*

§ 20. *On the different Kinds of* SIMPLICITY.

The first is, Simplicity of Composition, as opposed to too great a variety of parts. Horace's precept refers to this :

Denique sit quod vis simplex duntaxat et unum.*

This is the simplicity of plan in a tragedy, as distinguished from double plots, and crowded incidents ; the Simplicity of the Iliad, or Æneid, in opposition to the digressions of Lucan, and the scattered tales of Ariosto ; the Simplicity of Grecian architecture, in opposition to the irregular variety of the Gothic. In this sense, Simplicity is the same with Unity.

The second sense is, Simplicity of Thought, as opposed to refinement. Simple thoughts are what arise naturally; what the occasion or the subject suggest unsought : and what, when once suggested, are easily apprehended by all. Refinement in writing expresses a less natural and obvious train of thought, and which it required a peculiar turn of genius to pursue ; within certain bounds very beautiful ; but when carried too far, approaching to intricacy, and hurting us by the appearance of being *recherché*, or far-sought. Thus, we would naturally say, that Mr. Parnell is a poet of far greater simplicity, in his turn of thought, than Mr. Cowley ; Cicero's thoughts on moral subjects are natural ; Seneca's too refined and laboured. In these two senses of Simplicity, when it is opposed either to variety of parts, or to refinement of thought, it has no proper relation to Style.

There is a third sense of Simplicity, in which it has respect to Style ; and stands opposed to too much ornament, or pomp of language ; as when we say, Mr. Locke is a simple, Mr. Hervey, a florid writer ; and it is in this sense, that the "*simplex*," the "*tenue*," or "*subtile genus dicendi*," is understood by Cicero and Quinctilian. The simple style, in this sense, coincides with the plain or the neat style, which I before mentioned ; and therefore, requires no farther illustration.

But there is a fourth sense of Simplicity also respecting Style ; but not respecting the degree of ornament employed, so much as the easy and natural manner in which our language expresses our thoughts. This is quite different from the former sense of the word just now mentioned, in which Simplicity was equivalent to Plainness : whereas, in this sense, it is compatible with the highest ornament. Homer, for instance, possesses this Simplicity in the greatest perfection ; and yet no writer has more ornament and beauty. This Simplicity, which is what we are now to consider, stands opposed, not to ornament, but to affectation of ornament, or appearance of labour about our Style ; and it is a distinguishing excellency in writing.

Ibid.

§ 21. *Simplicity the Characteristic of* TILLOTSON'S *Style.*

Simplicity is the great beauty of Archbishop Tillotson's manner. Tillotson has long been admired as an eloquent writer, and a model for preaching. But his eloquence, if we can call it such, has been often misunderstood. For if we include in the idea of eloquence, vehemence and strength, picturesque description, glowing figures, or correct arrangement of sentences, in all these parts of oratory the Archbishop is exceedingly deficient. His Style is

* "Then learn the wand'ring humour to control,
"And keep one equal tenor through the whole." *Francis.*

always pure, indeed, and perspicuous, but careless and remiss, too often feeble and languid; little beauty in the construction of his sentences, which are frequently suffered to drag unharmoniously; seldom any attempt towards strength or sublimity. But, notwithstanding these defects, such a constant vein of good sense and piety runs through his works, such an earnest and serious manner, and so much useful instruction, conveyed in a Style so pure, natural, and unaffected, as will justly recommend him to high regard, as long as the English language remains; not, indeed, as a model of the highest eloquence, but as a simple and amiable writer, whose manner is strongly expressive of great goodness and worth. I observed, before, that Simplicity of manner may be consistent with some degree of negligence in Style; and it is only the beauty of that Simplicity which makes the negligence of such writers seem graceful. But, as appears in the Archbishop, negligence may sometimes be carried so far as to impair the beauty of Simplicity, and make it border on a flat and languid manner. *Blair.*

§ 22. *Simplicity of Sir* WILLIAM TEMPLE'S *Style.*

Sir William Temple is another remarkable writer in the Style of Simplicity. In point of ornament and correctness, he rises a degree above Tillotson; though, for correctness, he is not in the highest rank. All is easy and flowing in him; he is exceedingly harmonious; smoothness, and what may be called amenity, are the distinguishing characters of his manner; relaxing, sometimes, as such a manner will naturally do, into a prolix and remiss Style. No writer whatever has stamped upon his Style a more lively impression of his own character. In reading his works, we seem engaged in conversation with him; we become thoroughly acquainted with him, not merely as an author, but as a man; and contract a friendship for him. He may be classed as standing in the middle, between a negligent Simplicity and the highest degree of Ornament which this character of Style admits. *Ibid.*

§ 23. *Simplicity of Mr.* ADDISON'S *Style.*

Of the latter of these, the highest, most correct, and ornamented degree of the simple manner, Mr. Addison is beyond doubt, in the English language, the most perfect example: and therefore, though not without some faults, he is, on the whole, the safest model for imitation, and the freest from considerable defects, which the language affords. Perspicuous and pure he is in the highest degree; his precision, indeed, not very great; yet nearly as great as the subjects which he treats of require: the construction of his sentences easy, agreeable, and commonly very musical; carrying a character of smoothness, more than of strength. In figurative language he is rich, particularly in similes and metaphors; which are so employed, as to render his Style splendid without being gaudy. There is not the least affectation in his manner; we see no marks of labour; nothing forced or constrained; but great elegance joined with great ease and simplicity. He is, in particular, distinguished by a character of modesty and of politeness, which appears in all his writings. No author has a more popular and insinuating manner; and the great regard which he every where shows for virtue and religion, recommends him highly. If he fails in any thing, it is in want of strength and precision, which renders his manner, though perfectly suited to

such essays as he writes in the Spectator, not altogether a proper model for any of the higher and more elaborate kinds of composition. Though the public have ever done much justice to his merit, yet the nature of his merit has not always been seen in its true light: for, though his poetry be elegant, he certainly bears a higher rank among the prose writers, than he is entitled to among the poets; and, in prose, his humour is of a much higher and more original strain than his philosophy. The character of Sir Roger de Coverley discovers more genius than the critique on Milton. *Blair.*

§ 24. *Lord* SHAFTSBURY *deficient in Simplicity of Style.*

Of authors who, notwithstanding many excellencies, have rendered their Style much less beautiful by want of Simplicity, I cannot give a more remarkable example than Lord Shaftsbury. This is an author on whom I have made observations several times before; and shall now take leave of him, with giving his general character under this head. Considerable merit, doubtless, he has. His works might be read with profit for the moral philosophy which they contain, had he not filled them with so many oblique and invidious insinuations against the Christian Religion; thrown out, too, with so much spleen and satire, as do no honour to his memory, either as an author or a man. His language has many beauties. It is firm and supported in an uncommon degeee: it is rich and musical. No English author, as I formerly showed, has attended so much to the regular construction of his sentences, both with respect to propriety, and with respect to cadence. All this gives so much elegance and pomp to his language, that there is no wonder it should have been sometimes highly admired. It is greatly hurt, however, by perpetual stiffness and affectation. This is its capital fault. His lordship can express nothing with Simplicity. He seems to have considered it as vulgar, and beneath the dignity of a man of quality to speak like other men. Hence he is ever in buskins; full of circumlocutions and artificial elegance. In every sentence, we see the marks of labour and art; nothing of that ease which expresses a sentiment coming natural and warm from the heart. Of figures and ornament of every kind, he is exceedingly fond; sometimes happy in them; but his fondness for them is too visible; and having once laid hold of some metaphor or allusion that pleased him, he knows not how to part with it. What is most wonderful, he was a professed admirer of Simplicity; is always extolling it in the ancients, and censuring the moderns for the want of it; though he departs from it himself as far as any one modern whatever. Lord Shaftsbury possessed delicacy and refinement of taste, to a degree that we may call excessive and sickly; but he had little warmth of passion; few strong or vigorous feelings; and the coldness of his character led him to that artificial and stately manner which appears in his writings. He was fonder of nothing than of wit and raillery; but he is far from being happy in it. He attempts it often, but always awkwardly; he is stiff, even in his pleasantry; and laughs in form, like an author, and not like a man.*

From the account which I have

* It may, perhaps, be not unworthy of being mentioned, that the first edition of his Inquiry into Virtue was published, surreptitiously I believe, in a separate form, in the year 1699; and is sometimes, to be met with; by comparing which with the corrected edition of the same treatise, as it now stands among his works, we see one of the most curious and useful examples, that I know, of what is called *Limæ Labor;* the art of polishing language, breaking long sentences, and working up an imperfect draught into a highly-finished performance.

given of Lord Shaftsbury's manner, it may easily be imagined, that he would mislead many who blindly admired him. Nothing is more dangerous to the tribe of imitators, than an author, who with many imposing beauties, has also some very considerable blemishes. This is fully exemplified in Mr. Blackwall of Aberdeen, the author of the Life of Homer, the Letters on Mythology, and the Court of Augustus: a writer of considerable learning, and of ingenuity also; but infected with an extravagant love of an artificial Style, and of that parade of language which distinguishes the Shaftsburean manner.

Having now said so much to recommend Simplicity, or the easy and natural manner of writing, and having pointed out the defects of an opposite manner; in order to prevent mistakes on this subject, it is necessary for me to observe, that it is very possible for an author to write simply, and yet not beautifully. One may be free from affectation, and not have merit. The beautiful Simplicity supposes an author to possess real genius; to write with solidity, purity, and liveliness of imagination. In this case, the simplicity or unaffectedness of his manner, is the crowning ornament; it heightens every other beauty; it is the dress of nature, without which all beauties are imperfect. But if mere unaffectedness were sufficient to constitute the beauty of Style, weak, trifling, and dull writers might often lay claim to this beauty. And accordingly we frequently meet with pretended critics, who extol the dullest writers on account of what they call the "Chaste Simplicity of their manner;" which, in truth, is no other than the absence of every ornament, through the mere want of genius and imagination. We must distinguish, therefore, between that Simplicity which accompanies true genius, and which is perfectly compatible with every proper ornament of Style; and that which is no other than a careless and slovenly manner. Indeed the distinction is easily made from the effect produced. The one never fails to interest the reader; the other is insipid and tiresome. *Blair.*

§ 25. *On the Vehement* STYLE.

I proceed to mention one other manner or character of Style, different from any that I have yet spoken of; which may be distinguished by the name of the Vehement. This always implies strength; and is not, by any means, inconsistent with Simplicity; but, in its predominant character, is distinguishable from either the strong or the simple manner. It has a peculiar ardour; it is a glowing Style; the language of a man, whose imagination and passions are heated, and strongly affected by what he writes; who is therefore negligent of lesser graces, but pours himself forth with the rapidity and fulness of a torrent. It belongs to the higher kinds of oratory; and indeed is rather expected from a man who is speaking, than from one who is writing in his closet. The orations of Demosthenes furnish the full and perfect example of this species of Style. *Ibid.*

§ 26. *Lord* BOLINGBROKE *excelled in the Vehement Style.*

Among English writers, the one who has most of this character, though mixed indeed, with several defects, is Lord Bolingbroke. Bolingbroke was formed by nature to be a factious leader; the demagogue of a popular assembly. Accordingly, the Style that runs through all his political writings, is that of one declaiming with heat, rather than writing with deliberation. He abounds in rhetorical figures; and pours him-

self forth with great impetuosity. He is copious to a fault; places the same thought before us in many different views; but generally with life and ardour. He is bold, rather than correct; a torrent that flows strong, but often muddy. His sentences are varied as to length and shortness; inclining, however, most to long periods, sometimes including parentheses, and frequently crowding and heaping a multitude of things upon one another, as naturally happens in the warmth of speaking. In the choice of his words, there is great felicity and precision. In exact construction of sentences, he is much inferior to Lord Shaftsbury; but greatly superior to him in life and ease. Upon the whole, his merit, as a writer, would have been very considerable, if his matter had equalled his Style. But whilst we find many things to commend in the latter, in the former, as I before remarked, we can hardly find any thing to commend. In his reasonings, for the most part, he is slimsy and false; in his political writings, factious: in what he calls his philosophical ones, irreligious and sophistical in the highest degree. *Blair.*

§ 27. *Of the Rise of Poetry among the* ROMANS.

The Romans, in the infancy of their state, were entirely rude and unpolished. They came from shepherds; they were increased from the refuse of the nations around them; and their manners agreed with their original. As they lived wholly on tilling their ground at home, or on plunder from their neighbours, war was their business, and agriculture the chief art they followed. Long after this, when they had spread their conquests over a great part of Italy, and began to make a considerable figure in the world,—even their great men retained a roughness, which they raised into a virtue, by calling it Roman Spirit; and which might often much better have been called Roman Barbarity. It seems to me, that there was more of austerity than justice, and more of insolence than courage, in some of their most celebrated actions. However that be, this is certain, that they were at first a nation of soldiers and husbandmen: roughness was long an applauded character among them; and a sort of rusticity reigned, even in their senate-house.

In a nation originally of such a temper as this, taken up almost always in extending their territories, very often in settling the balance of power among themselves, and not unfrequently in both these at the same time, it was long before the politer arts made any appearance; and very long before they took root or flourished to any degree. Poetry was the first that did so; but such a poetry, as one might expect among a warlike, busied, unpolished people.

Not to inquire about the songs of triumph, mentioned even in Romulus's time, there was certainly something of poetry among them in the next reign under Numa: a prince, who pretended to converse with the Muses, as well as with Egeria; and who might possibly himself have made the verses which the Salian priests sung in his time. Pythagoras, either in the same reign, or if you please some time after, gave the Romans a tincture of poetry as well as of philosophy; for Cicero assures us, that the Pythagoreans made great use of poetry and music: and probably they, like our old Druids, delivered most of their precepts in verse. Indeed the chief employment of poetry, in that and the following ages, among the Romans, was of a religious kind. Their very prayers, and perhaps their whole liturgy, was poetical. They had also a sort of prophetic or sacred writers,

who seem to have written generally in verse; and were so numerous, that there were above two thousand of their volumes remaining even to Augustus's time. They had a kind of plays too, in these early times, derived from what they had seen of the Tuscan actors, when sent for to Rome to expiate a plague that raged in the city. These seem to have been either like our dumb-shows, or else a kind of extempore farces; a thing to this day a good deal in use all over Italy, and in Tuscany. In a more particular manner add to these, that extempore kind of jesting dialogues begun at their harvest and vintage feasts; and carried on so rudely and abusively afterwards, as to occasion a very severe law to restrain their licentiousness—and those lovers of poetry and good eating, who seem to have attended the tables of the richer sort, much like the old provincial poets, or our own British bards, and sang there, to some instrument of music, the achievements of their ancestors, and the noble deeds of those who had gone before them, to inflame others to follow their great examples.

The names of almost all these poets sleep in peace with all their works; and, if we may take the word of the other Roman writers of a better age, it is no great loss to us. One of their best poets represents them as very obscure and very contemptible; one of their best historians avoids quoting them, as too barbarous for politer ears; and one of their most judicious emperors ordered the greatest part of their writings to be burnt, that the world might be troubled with them no longer.

All these poets therefore may very well be dropped in the account: there being nothing remaining of their works; and probably no merit to be found in them, if they had remained. And so we may date the beginning of the Roman poetry from Livius Andronicus, the first of their poets of whom any thing does remain to us; and from whom the Romans themselves seem to have dated the beginning of their poetry, even in the Augustan age.

The first kind of poetry that was followed with any success among the Romans, was that for the stage. They were a very religious people; and stage plays in those times made no inconsiderable part in their public devotions; it is hence, perhaps, that the greatest number of their oldest poets, of whom we have any remains, and indeed almost all of them, are dramatic poets. *Spence.*

§ 28. *Of* LIVIUS, NÆVIUS, *and* ENNIUS.

The foremost in this list, were Livius, Nævius, and Ennius. Livius's first play (and it was the first written play that ever appeared at Rome, whence perhaps Horace calls him Livius Scriptor) was acted in the 514th year from the building of the city. He seems to have got whatever reputation he had, rather as their first, than as a good writer; for Cicero, who admired these old poets more than they were afterwards admired, is forced to give up Livius; and says, that his pieces did not deserve a second reading. He was for some time the sole writer for the stage; till Nævius rose to rival him, and probably far exceeded his master. Nævius ventured too on an epic, or rather an historical poem, on the first Carthaginian war. Ennius followed his steps in this, as well as in the dramatic way; and seems to have excelled him as much as he had excelled Livius; so much at least, that Lucretius says of him, "That he was the first of their poets who deserved a lasting crown from the muses." These three poets were actors as well as poets; and seem all of them to have written whatever was

wanted for the stage, rather than to have consulted their own turn or genius. Each of them published, sometimes tragedies, sometimes comedies, and sometimes a kind of dramatic satires; such satires, I suppose, as had been occasioned by the extempore poetry that had been in fashion the century before them. All the most celebrated dramatic writers of antiquity excel only in one kind. There is no tragedy of Terence, or Menander; and no comedy of Actius, or Euripides. But these first dramatic poets, among the Romans, attempted every thing indifferently; just as the present fancy, or the demand of the people, led them.

The quiet the Romans enjoyed after the second Punic war, when they had humbled their great rival Carthage; and their carrying on their conquests afterwards, without any great difficulties into Greece,—gave them leisure and opportunities for making very great improvements in their poetry. Their dramatic writers began to act with more steadiness and judgment; they followed one point of view: they had the benefit of the excellent patterns the Greek writers had set them; and formed themselves on those models. *Spence.*

§ 29. *Of* Plautus.

Plautus was the first that consulted his own genius, and confined himself to that species of dramatic writing, for which he was the best fitted by nature. Indeed, his comedy (like the old comedy at Athens) is of a ruder kind, and far enough from the polish that was afterwards given it among the Romans. His jests are often rough, and his wit coarse; but there is a strength and spirit in him, that make one read him with pleasure: at least, he is much to be commended for being the first that considered what he was most capable of excelling in, and not endeavouring to shine in too many different ways at once. Cæcilius followed his example in this particular; but improved their comedy so much beyond him, that he is named by Cicero, as perhaps the best of all the comic writers they ever had. This high character of him was not for his language, which is given up by Cicero himself as faulty and incorrect; but either for the dignity of his characters, or the strength and weight of his sentiments. *Ibid.*

§ 30. *Of* Terence.

Terence made his first appearance when Cæcilius was in high reputation. It is said, that when he offered his first play to the Ediles, they sent him with it to Cæcilius for his judgment of the piece. Cæcilius was at supper when he came to him; and as Terence was dressed very meanly, he was placed on a little stool, and desired to read away; but upon his having read a very few lines only, Cæcilius altered his behaviour, and placed him next himself at the table. They all admired him as a rising genius; and the applause he received from the public, answered the compliments they had made him in private. His Eunuchus, in particular, was acted twice in one day; and he was paid more for that piece than ever had been given before for a comedy: and yet, by the way, it was not much above thirty pounds. We may see by that, and the rest of his plays which remain to us, to what a degree of exactness and elegance the Roman comedy was arrived in his time. There is a beautiful simplicity, which reigns through all his works. There is no searching after wit, and no ostentation of ornament in him. All his speakers seem to say just what they should say and no more. The

story is always going on; and goes on just as it ought. This whole age, long before Terence, and long after, is rather remarkable for strength than beauty in writing. Were we to compare it with the following age, the compositions of this would appear to those of the Augustan, as the Doric order in building if compared with the Corinthian; but Terence's work is to those of the Augustan age, as the Ionic is to the Corinthian order; it is not so ornamented, or so rich; but nothing can be more exact and pleasing. The Roman language itself, in his hands, seems to be improved beyond what one could ever expect; and to be advanced almost a hundred years forwarder than the times he lived in. There are some who look upon this as one of the strangest phenomena in the learned world; but it is a phenomenon which may be well enough explained from Cicero. He says, "that in several families the Roman language was spoken in perfection, even in those times;" and instances particularly in the families of the Lælii and the Scipios. Every one knows that Terence was extremely intimate in both these families: and as the language of his pieces is that of familiar conversation, he had indeed little more to do, than to write as they talked at their tables. Perhaps, too, he was obliged to Scipio and Lælius, for more than their bare conversations. That is not at all impossible; and indeed the Romans themselves seem generally to have imagined, that he was assisted by them in the writing part too. If it was really so, that will account still better for the elegance of the language in his plays: because Terence himself was born out of Italy: and though he was brought thither very young, he received the first part of his education in a family, where they might not speak with so much correctness as Lælius and Scipio had been used to from their very infancy. Thus much for the language of Terence's plays: as for the rest, it seems, from what he says himself, that his most usual method was to take his plans chiefly, and his characters wholly, from the Greek comic poets. Those who say that he translated all the comedies of Menander, certainly carry the matter too far. They were probably more than Terence ever wrote. Indeed this would be more likely to be true of Afranius than Terence; though I suppose, it would scarce hold, were we to take both of them together.

Spence.

§ 31. *Of* AFRANIUS.

We have a very great loss in the works of Afranius: for he was regarded, even in the Augustan age, as the most exact imitator of Menander. He owns himself, that he had no restraint in copying him; or any other of the Greek comic writers, wherever they set him a good example. Afranius's stories and persons were Roman, as Terence's were Grecian. This was looked upon as so material a point in those days, that it made two different species of comedy. Those on a Greek story were called Palliatæ; and those on a Roman Togatæ. Terence excelled all the Roman poets in the former, and Afranius in the latter.

Ibid.

§ 32. *Of* PACUVIUS *and* ACTIUS.

About the same time that comedy was improved so considerably, Pacuvius and Actius (one a contemporary of Terence, and the other of Afranius) carried tragedy as far towards perfection as it ever arrived in Roman hands. The step from Ennius to Pacuvius was a very great one; so great, that he was reckoned, in Cicero's time, the best of all

their tragic poets. Pacuvius, as well as Terence, enjoyed the acquaintance and friendship of Lælius and Scipio: but he did not profit so much by it as to the improvement of his language. Indeed his style was not to be the common conversation style, as Terence's was; and all the stiffenings given to it, might take just as much from its elegance as they added to its dignity. What is remarkable in him, is, that he was almost as eminent for painting as he was for poetry. He made the decorations for his own plays; and Pliny speaks of some paintings by him, in a temple of Hercules, as the most celebrated work of their kind, done by any Roman of condition after Fabius Pictor. Actius began to publish when Pacuvius was leaving off: his language was not so fine, nor his verses so well turned, even as those of his predecessor. There is a remarkable story of him in an old critic, which, as it may give some light into their different manners of writing, may be worth relating. Pacuvius, in his old age, retired to Tarentum, to enjoy the soft air and mild winters of that place. As Actius was obliged, on some affairs, to make a journey into Asia, he took Tarentum in his way, and staid there some days with Pacuvius. It was in this visit that he read his tragedy of Atreus to him, and desired his opinion of it. Old Pacuvius, after hearing it out, told him very honestly, that the poetry was sonorous and majestic, but that it seemed to him too stiff and harsh. Actius replied, that he was himself very sensible of that fault in his writings; but that he was not at all sorry for it: "for," says he, "I have always been of opinion, that it is the same with writers as with fruits; among which those that are most soft and palatable, decay the soonest; whereas those of a rough taste last the longer, and have the finer relish, when once they come to be mellowed by time."—Whether this style ever came to be thus mellowed, I very much doubt; however that was, it is a point that seems generally allowed, that he and Pacuvius were the two best tragic poets the Romans ever had.

Spence.

§ 33. *Of the Rise of Satire: Of* LUCILIUS, LUCRETIUS, *and* CATULLUS.

All this while, that is, for above one hundred years, the stage, as you see, was almost solely in possession of the Roman poets. It was now time for the other kinds of poetry to have their turn; however, the first that sprung up and flourished to any degree, was still a scion from the same root. What I mean, is Satire; the produce of the old comedy. This kind of poetry had been attempted in a different manner by some of the former writers, and in particular by Ennius: but it was so altered and so improved by Lucilius, that he was called the inventor of it. This was a kind of poetry wholly of the Roman growth; and the only one they had that was so; and even as to this, Lucilius improved a good deal by the side lights he borrowed from the old comedy at Athens. Not long after, Lucretius brought their poetry acquainted with philosophy; and Catullus began to show the Romans something of the excellence of the Greek lyric poets. Lucretius discovers a great deal of spirit wherever his subject will give him leave; and the first moment he steps a little aside from it, in all his digressions, he is fuller of life and fire, and appears to have been of a more poetical turn, than Virgil himself; which is partly acknowledged in the fine compliment the latter seems to pay him in his Georgics. His subject often obliges him to go on heavily for an hundred lines together: but

wherever he breaks out, he breaks out like lightning from a dark cloud; all at once, with force and brightness. His character, in this, agrees with what is said of him: that a philtre he took had given him a frenzy, and that he wrote in his lucid intervals. He and Catullus wrote, when letters in general began to flourish at Rome much more than ever they had done. Catullus was too wise to rival him; and was the most admired of all his cotemporaries, in all the different ways of writing he attempted. His odes perhaps are the least valuable part of his works. The strokes of satire in his epigrams are very severe; and the descriptions in his Idylliums very full and picturesque. He paints strongly; but all his paintings have more of force than elegance, and put one more in mind of Homer than Virgil.

With these I shall choose to close the first age of the Roman poetry; an age more remarkable for strength than for refinement in writing. I have dwelt longer on it perhaps than I ought; but the order and succession of these poets wanted much to be settled: and I was obliged to say something of each of them, because I may have recourse to each on some occasion or another, in showing you my collection. All that remains to us of the poetical works of this age, are the miscellaneous poems of Catullus; the philosophical poem of Lucretius; six comedies by Terence; and twenty by Plautus. Of all the rest, there is nothing left us, except such passages from their works as happened to be quoted by the ancient writers, and particularly by Cicero and the old critics. *Spence.*

§ 34. *Of the flourishing State of Poetry among the* ROMANS.

The first age was only as the dawning of the Roman poetry, in comparison of the clear full light that opened all at once afterwards, under Augustus Cæsar. The state which had been so long tending towards a monarchy, was quite settled down to that form by this prince. When he had no longer any dangerous opponents, he grew mild, or at least concealed the cruelty of his temper. He gave peace and quiet to the people that were fallen into his hands; and looked kindly on the improvement of all the arts and elegancies of life among them. He had a minister too, under him, who (though a very bad writer himself) knew how to encourage the best; and who admitted the best poets, in particular, into a very great share of friendship and intimacy with him. Virgil was one of the foremost in this list; who, at his first setting out, grew soon their most applauded writer for genteel pastorals; then gave them the most beautiful and most correct poem that ever was written in the Roman language, in his rules of agriculture (so beautiful, that some of the ancients seem to accuse Virgil of having studied beauty too much in that piece); and last of all, undertook a political poem, in support of the new establishment. I have thought this to be the intent of the Æneid, ever since I first read Bossu; and the more one considers it, the more I think one is confirmed in that opinion. Virgil is said to have begun this poem the very year that Augustus was freed from his great rival Anthony; the government of the Roman empire was to be wholly in him: and though he chose to be called their father, he was, in every thing but the name, their king. This monarchical form of government must naturally be apt to displease the people. Virgil seems to have laid the plan of his poem to reconcile them to it. He takes advantage of their religious turn; and of some old prophecies that mus have been very flattering to the Ro-

man people, as promising them the empire of the whole world: he weaves this in with the most probable account of their origin, that of their being descended from the Trojans. To be a little more particular; Virgil, in his Æneid, shows that Æneas was called into their country by the express order of the gods; that he was made king of it, by the will of heaven, and by all the human rights that could be; that there was an uninterrupted succession of kings from him to Romulus; that his heirs were to reign there for ever; and that the Romans, under them, were to obtain the monarchy of the world. It appears from Virgil, and the other Roman writers, that Julius Cæsar was of the royal race, and that Augustus was his sole heir. The natural result of all this is, that the promises made to the Roman people, in and through this race, terminating in Augustus, the Romans, if they would obey the gods, and be masters of the world, were to yield obedience to the new establishment under that prince. As odd a scheme as this may seem now, it is scarce so odd as that of some people among us, who persuaded themselves, that an absolute obedience was owing to our kings, on their supposed descent from some unknown patriarch; and yet that had its effects with many, about a century ago; and seems not to have quite lost all its influence, even in our remembrance. However that be, I think it appears plain enough, that the two great points aimed at by Virgil in his Æneid, were to maintain their old religious tenets, and to support the new form of government in the family of the Cæsars. That poem therefore may very well be considered as a religious and political work, or rather (as the vulgar religion with them was scarce any thing more than an engine of state) it may fairly enough be considered as a work merely political. If this was the case, Virgil was not so highly encouraged by Augustus and Mæcenas for nothing. To speak a little more plainly: he wrote in the service of the new usurpation on the state; and all that can be offered in vindication of him, in this light, is, that the usurper he wrote for, was grown a tame one; and that the temper and bent of their constitution, at that time, was such, that the reins of government must have fallen into the hands of some one person or another; and might probably, on any new revolution, have fallen into the hands of some one less mild and indulgent than Augustus was, at the time when Virgil wrote this poem in his service. But whatever may be said of his reasons for writing it, the poem itself has been highly applauded in all ages, from its first appearance to this day; and though left unfinished by its author, has been always reckoned as much superior to all the other epic poems among the Romans, as Homer's is among the Greeks.

Spence.

§ 35. *Observations on the* ÆNEID, *and the Author's Genius.*

It preserves more to us of the religion of the Romans, than all the other Latin poets (excepting only Ovid) put together; and gives us the forms and appearances of their deities, as strongly as if we had so many pictures of them preserved to us, done by some of the best hands in the Augustan age. It is remarkable that he is commended by some of the ancients themselves, for the strength of his imagination as to this particular, though in general that is not his character, so much as exactness. He was certainly the most correct poet even of his time; in which all false thoughts and idle ornaments in writing were discouraged; and it is as certain, that there is but little of invention in his Æneid;

much less, I believe, than is generally imagined. Almost all the little facts in it are built on history; and even as to the particular lines, no one perhaps ever borrowed more from the poets that preceded him, than he did. He goes so far back as to old Ennius; and often inserts whole verses from him, and some other of their earliest writers. The obsoleteness of their style, did not hinder him much in this: for he was a particular lover of their old language; and no doubt inserted many more antiquated words in his poem, than we can discover at present. Judgment is his distinguishing character; and his great excellence consisted in choosing and ranging things aright. Whatever he borrowed he had the skill of making his own, by weaving it so well into his work, that it looks all of a piece; even those parts of his poems, where this may be most practised, resembling a fine piece of Mosaic, in which all the parts, though of such different marbles, unite together; and the various shades and colours are so artfully disposed as to melt off insensibly into one another.

One of the greatest beauties in Virgil's private character was, his modesty and good-nature. He was apt to think humbly of himself, and handsomely of others; and was ready to show his love of merit, even where it might seem to clash with his own. He was the first who recommended Horace to Mæcenas. *Spence.*

§ 36. *Of* HORACE.

Horace was the fittest man in the world for a court where wit was so particularly encouraged. No man seems to have had more, and all of the genteelest sort; or to have been better acquainted with mankind. His gaiety, and even his debauchery, made him still the more agreeable to Mæcenas: so that it is no wonder that his acquaintance with that minister grew up to so high a degree of friendship, as is very uncommon between a first minister and a poet; and which had possibly such an effect on the latter, as one shall scarce ever hear of between any two friends, the most on a level: for there is some room to conjecture, that he hastened himself out of this world to accompany his great friend in the next. Horace has been most generally celebrated for his lyric poems; in which he far excelled all the Roman poets, and perhaps was no unworthy rival of several of the Greek; which seems to have been the height of his ambition. His next point of merit, as it has been usually reckoned, was his refining satire; and bringing it from the coarseness and harshness of Lucilius to that genteel, easy manner, which he, and perhaps nobody but he and one person more in all the ages since, has ever possessed. I do not remember that any one of the ancients says any thing of his epistles; and this has made me sometimes imagine, that his epistles and satires might originally have passed under one and the same name; perhaps that of Sermones. They are generally written in a style approaching to that of conversation; and are so much alike, that several of the satires might just as well be called epistles, as several of his epistles have the spirit of satire in them. This latter part of his works, by whatever name you please to call them (whether satires and epistles, or discourses in verse on moral and familiar subjects) is what, I must own, I love much better even than the lyric part of his works. It is in these that he shows that talent for criticism, in which he so very much excelled; especially in his long epistle to Augustus; and that other to the Pisos, commonly called his Art of Poetry. They abound in strokes which show his great knowledge of

mankind, and in that pleasing way he had of teaching philosophy, of aughing away vice, and insinuating virtue into the minds of his readers. They may serve, as much as almost any writings can, to make men wiser and better: for he has the most agreeable way of preaching that ever was. He was, in general, an honest, good man himself; at least he does not seem to have had any one ill-natured vice about him. Other poets we admire; but there is not any of the ancient poets that I could wish to have been acquainted with, so much as Horace. One cannot be very conversant with his writings, without having a friendship for the man; and longing to have just such another as he was for one's friend.

Spence.

§ 37. *Of* TIBULLUS, PROPERTIUS, *and* OVID.

In that happy age, and in the same court, flourished Tibullus. He enjoyed the acquaintance of Horace, who mentions him in a kind and friendly manner, both in his Odes and in his Epistles. Tibullus is evidently the most exact and most beautiful writer of love verses among the Romans, and was esteemed so by their best judges; though there were some, it seems, even in their better ages of writing and judging, who preferred Porpertius to him. Tibullus's talent seems to have been only for elegiac verse: at least his compliment on Messala (which is his only poem out of it) shows, I think, too plainly that he was neither designed for heroic verse, nor panegyric. Elegance is as much his distinguishing character, among the elegiac writers of this age, as it is Terence's, among the comic writers of the former; and if his subject will never let him be sublime, his judgment at least always keeps him from being faulty.—His rival and cotemporary, Propertius, seems to have set himself too many different models, to copy either of them so well as he might otherwise have done. In one place, he calls himself the Roman Callimachus; in another, he talks of rivalling Philetas; and he is said to have studied Mimnermus, and some other of the Greek lyric writers, with the same view. You may see by this, and the practice of all their poets in general, that it was the constant method of the Romans (whenever they endeavoured to excel) to set some great Greek pattern or other before them. Propertius, perhaps, might have succeeded better, had he fixed on any one of these; and not endeavoured to improve by all of them indifferently.—Ovid makes up the triumvirate of the elegiac writers of this age; and is more loose and incorrect than either of the other. As Propertius followed too many masters, Ovid endeavoured to shine in too many different kinds of writing at the same time. Besides he had a redundant genius; and almost always chose rather to indulge, than to give any restraint to it. If one was to give any opinion of the different merits of his several works, one should not perhaps be much beside the truth in saying, that he excels most in his Fasti; then perhaps in his love-verses; next in his heroic epistles; and lastly, in his Metamorphoses. As for the verses he wrote after his misfortunes, he has quite lost his spirit in them; and though you may discover some difference in his manner, after his banishment came to sit a little lighter on him, his genius never shines out fairly after that fatal stroke. His very love of being witty had forsaken him; though before it seems to have grown upon him, when it was least becoming, towards his old age: for his Metamorphoses (which was the last poem he wrote at Rome, and which indeed was not quite finished when he

was sent into banishment) has more instances of false wit in it, than perhaps all his former writings put together. One of the things I have heard him most cried up for, in that piece, is his transitions from one story to another. The ancients thought differently of this point; and Quinctilian, where he is speaking of them, endeavours rather to excuse than to commend him on that head. We have a considerable loss in the latter half of his Fasti; and in his Medea, which is much commended. Dramatic poetry seems not to have flourished, in proportion to the other sorts of poetry, in the Augustan age. We scarce hear any thing of the comic poets of that time; and if tragedy had been much cultivated then, the Roman writers would certainly produce some names from it, to oppose to the Greeks, without going so far back as to those of Actius and Pacuvius. Indeed their own critics, in speaking of the dramatic writings of this age, boast rather of single pieces than of authors: and the two particular tragedies, which they talk of in the highest strain, are the Medea of Ovid, and Varius's Thyestes. However, if it was not the age for plays, it was certainly the age in which almost all the other kinds of poetry were in their greatest excellence at Rome. *Spence.*

§ 38. *Of* PHÆDRUS.

Under this period of the best writing, I should be inclined to insert Phædrus. For though he published after the good manner of writing was in general on the decline, he flourished and formed his style under Augustus: and his book, though it did not appear till the reign of Tiberius, deserves, on all accounts, to be reckoned among the works of the Augustan age. Fabulæ Æsopeæ, was probably the title which he gave his fables. He professedly follows Æsop in them; and declares, that he keeps to his manner, even where the subject is of his own invention. By this it appears, that Æsop's way of telling stories was very short and plain; for the distinguishing beauty of Phædrus's fables is, their conciseness and simplicity. The taste was so much fallen at the time when he published them, that both these were objected to him as faults. He used those critics as they deserved. He tells a long, tedious story to those who objected against the conciseness of his style; and answers some others who condemned the plainness of it, with a run of bombast verses, that have a great many noisy elevated words in them, without any sense at the bottom. *Ibid.*

§ 39. *Of* MANILIUS.

Manilius can scarce be allowed a place in this list of the Augustan poets; his poetry is inferior to a great many of the Latin poets, who have wrote in these lower ages, so long since Latin has ceased to be a living language. There is at least, I believe, no instance, in any one poet of the flourishing ages, of such language, or such versification, as we meet with in Manilius; and there is not any one ancient writer that speaks one word of any such poet about those times. I doubt not, there were bad poets enough in the Augustan age; but I question whether Manilius may deserve the honour of being reckoned even among the bad poets of that time. What must be said, then, to the many passages in the poem which relate to the times in which the author lived, and which all have a regard to the Augustan age? If the whole be not a modern forgery, I do not see how one can deny his being of that age: and if it be a modern forgery, it is very lucky that it should agree so exactly, in so many little particulars, with the

ancient globe of the heavens, in the Farnese palace. Allowing Manilius's poem to pass for what it pretends to be, there is nothing remains to us of the poetical works of this Augustan age, besides what I have mentioned: except the garden poem of Columella; the little hunting piece of Gratius; and, perhaps, an elegy or two of Gallus. *Spence.*

§ 40. *Of the Fall of Poetry among the Romans.*

There are some who assert that the great age of the Roman eloquence I have been speaking of began to decline a little even in the latter part of Augustus's reign. It certainly fell very much under Tiberius; and grew every day weaker and weaker, till it was wholly changed under Caligula. Hence therefore we may date the third age, or the fall of the Roman poetry. Augustus, whatever his natural temper was, put on at least a mildness that gave a calm to the state during his time: the succeeding emperors flung off the mask; and not only were, but openly appeared to be, rather monsters than men. We need not go to their historians for proofs of their prodigious vileness: it is enough to mention the bare names of Tiberius, Caligula, Nero. Under such heads, every thing that was good ran to ruin. All discipline in war, all domestic virtues, the very love of liberty, and all the taste for sound eloquence and good poetry, sunk gradually; and faded away, as they had flourished, together. Instead of the sensible, chaste, and manly way of writing, that had been in use in the former age, there now rose up a desire of writing smartly, and an affectation of shining in every thing they said. A certain prettiness, and glitter, and luxuriance of ornaments, was what distinguished their most applauded writers in prose; and their poetry was quite lost in high flights and obscurity. Seneca, the favourite prose writer of those times; and Petronius Arbiter, so great a favourite with many of our own; afford too many proofs of this. As to the prose in Nero's time; and as to the poets, it is enough to say, that they had then Lucan and Persius, instead of Virgil and Horace. *Ibid.*

§ 41. *Of* LUCAN.

Persius and Lucan, who were the most celebrated poets under the reign of Nero, may very well serve for examples of the faults I have just mentioned, one of the swelling, and the other of the obscure style, then in fashion. Lucan's manner in general runs too much into fustian and bombast. His muse was a kind of dropsy, and looks like the soldier described in his own Pharsalia, who in passing the desert sands of Africa, was bit by a serpent, and swelled to such an immoderate size, "that he was lost (as he expresses it) in the tumours of his own body." Some critics have been in too great haste to make Quinctilian say some good things of Lucan, which he never meant to do. What this poet has been always for, and what he will ever deserve to be admired for, are the several philosophical passages that abound in his works; and his generous sentiments, particularly on the love of liberty, and the contempt of death. In his calm hours he is very wise; but he is often in his rants, and never more so than when he is got into a battle, or a storm at sea: but it is remarkable, that even on those occasions, it is not so much a violence of rage, as a madness of affectation, that appears most strongly in him. To give a few instances of it, out of many; in the very beginning of Lucan's storm, when Cæsar ventured to cross the sea in so small a vessel, "the fixed stars them-

selves seem to be put in motion." Then "the waves rise over the mountains, and carry away the tops of them." Their next step is to heaven; where they catch the rain "in the clouds:" I suppose, to increase their force. The sea opens in several places, and leaves its bottom dry land. All the foundations of the universe are shaken; and nature is afraid of a second chaos. His little skiff, in the mean time, sometimes cuts along the clouds with her sails; and sometimes seems in danger of being stranded on the sands at the bottom of the sea; and must inevitably have been lost, had not the storm (by good fortune) been so strong from every quarter, that she did not know on which side to bulge first.

When the two armies are going to join battle in the plains of Pharsalia, we are told, that all the soldiers were incapable of any fear for themselves, because they were wholly taken up with their concern for the danger which threatened Pompey and the commonwealth. On this great occasion, the hills about them, according to his account, seem to be more afraid than the men; for some of the mountains looked as if they would thrust their heads into the clouds; and others, as if they wanted to hide themselves under the valleys at their feet. And these disturbances in nature were universal: for that day, every single Roman, in whatever part of the world he was, felt a strange gloom spread all over his mind, on a sudden; and was ready to cry, though he did not know why or wherefore.

Such strange things as these make me always wonder the more, how Lucan can be so wise as he is in some parts of his poem. Indeed his sentences are more solid than one could otherwise expect from so young a writer, had he wanted such an uncle as Seneca, and such a master as Cornutus. The swellings in the other parts of his poem may be partly accounted for, perhaps, from his being born in Spain, and in that part of it which was the farthest removed from Greece and Rome; nay, of that very city, which is marked by Cicero as particularly over-run with a bad taste. After all, what I most dislike him for, is a blot in his moral character. He was at first pretty high in the favour of Nero. On the discovery of his being concerned in a plot against him. this philosopher (who had written so much, and so gallantly, about the pleasure of dying) behaved himself in the most despicable manner. He named his own mother as guilty of the conspiracy, in hopes of saving himself. After this, he added several of his friends to his former confession; and thus continued labouring for a pardon, by making sacrifices to the tyrant of such lives, as any one, much less of a philosopher than he seems to have been, ought to think dearer than their own. All this baseness was of no use to him; for, in the end, Nero ordered him to execution too. His veins were opened: and the last words he spoke, were some verses of his own. *Spence.*

§ 42. *Of* PERSIUS.

Persius is said to have been Lucan's school-fellow under Cornutus; and, like him, was bred up more a philosopher than a poet. He has the character of a good man; but scarce deserves that of a good writer, in any other than the moral sense of the word: for his writings are very virtuous, but not very poetical. His great fault is obscurity. Several have endeavoured to excuse or palliate this fault in him, from the danger of the times he lived in; and the necessity a satirist then lay under, of writing so, for his own security. This may hold as to some passages in him; but to say the truth, he seems to have a tendency and love

to obscurity in himself: for it is not only to be found where he may speak of the emperor or the state; but in the general course of his satires. So that, in my conscience, I must give him up for an obscure writer; as I should Lucan for a tumid and swelling one.

Such was the Roman poetry under Nero. The three emperors after him were made in a hurry, and had short tumultuous reigns. Then the Flavian family came in. Vespasian, the first emperor of that line, endeavoured to recover something of the good taste that had formerly flourished in Rome; his son Titus, the delight of mankind, in his short reign, encouraged poetry by his example, as well as by his liberalities; and even Domitian loved to be thought a patron of the muses. After him, there was a succession of good emperors, from Nerva to the Antonines. And this extraordinary good fortune (for indeed, if one considers the general run of the Roman emperors, it would have been such, to have had any two good ones only together) gave a new spirit to the arts, that had long been in so languishing a condition, and made poetry revive, and raise up its head again, once more among them. Not that there were very good poets even now: but they were better, at least, than they had been under the reign of Nero. *Spence.*

§ 43. *Of* SILIUS, STATIUS, *and* VALERIUS FLACCUS.

This period produced three epic poets, whose works remain to us; Silius, Statius, and Valerius Flaccus. Silius, as if he had been frightened at the high flight of Lucan, keeps almost always on the ground, and scarce once attempts to soar throughout his whole work. It is plain, however, though it is low; and if he has but little of the spirit of poetry, he is free at least from the affectation, and obscurity, and bombast, which prevailed so much among his immediate predecessors. Silius was honoured with the consulate; and lived to see his son in the same high office. He was a great lover and collector of pictures and statues; some of which he worshipped; especially one he had of Virgil. He used to offer sacrifices too at his tomb near Naples. It is a pity that he could not get more of his spirit in his writings: for he had scarce enough to make his offerings acceptable to the genius of that great poet.—Statius had more of spirit, with a less share of prudence: for his Thebaid is certainly ill-conducted, and scarcely well written. By the little we have of his Achilleid, that would probably have been a much better poem, at least as to the writing part, had he lived to finish it. As it is, his description of Achilles's behaviour at the feast which Lycomedes makes for the Grecian ambassadors, and some other parts of it, read more pleasingly to me than any part of the Thebaid. I cannot help thinking, that the passage quoted so often from Juvenal, as an encomium on Statius, was meant as a satire on him. Martial seems to strike at him too, under the borrowed name of Sabellus. As he did not finish his Achilleid, he may deserve more reputation perhaps as a miscellaneous than as an epic writer; for though the odes and other copies of verses in his Sylvæ are not without their faults, they are not so faulty as his Thebaid. The chief faults of Statius, in his Sylvæ and Thebaid, are said to have proceeded from very different causes: the former, from their having been written incorrectly and in a great deal of haste; and the other, from its being over corrected and hard. Perhaps his greatest fault of all, or rather the greatest sign of his bad judgment, is his admiring Lucan so extravagantly as he does.

It is remarkable, that poetry run more lineally in Statius's family, than perhaps in any other. He received it from his father; who had been an eminent poet in his time, and lived to see his son obtain the laurel-crown at the Alban games; as he had formerly done himself.—Valerius Flaccus wrote a little before Statius. He died young, and left his poem unfinished. We have but seven books of his Argonautics, and part of the eighth, in which the Argonauts are left on the sea, in their return homewards. Several of the modern critics, who have been some way or other concerned in publishing Flaccus's works, make no scruple of placing him next to Virgil, of all the Roman epic poets; and I own I am a good deal inclined to be seriously of their opinion; for he seems to me to have more fire than Silius, and to be more correct than Statius; and as for Lucan, I cannot help looking upon him as quite out of the question. He imitates Virgil's language much better than Silius, or even Statius; and his plan, or rather his story, is certainly less embarrassed and confused than the Thebaid. Some of the ancients themselves speak of Flaccus with a great deal of respect; and particularly Quinctilian; who says nothing at all of Silius or Statius; unless the latter is to be included in that general expression of "several others," whom he leaves to be celebrated by posterity.

As to the dramatic writers of this time, we have not any one comedy, and only ten tragedies, all published under the name of Lucius Annæus Seneca. They are probably the work of different hands; and might be a collection of favourite plays, put together by some bad grammarian; for either the Roman tragedies of this age were very indifferent, or these are not their best. They have been attributed to authors as far distant as the reigns of Augustus and Trajan. It is true, the person who is so positive that one of them in particular must be of the Augustan age, says this of a piece that he seems resolved to cry up at all rates; and I believe one should do no injury to any one of them, in supposing them all to have been written in this third age, under the decline of the Roman poetry.

Of all the other poets under this period, there are none whose works remain to us, except Martial and Juvenal. The former flourished under Domitian; and the latter under Nerva, Trajan, and Adrian.

Spence.

§ 44. *Of* MARTIAL.

Martial is a dealer only in a little kind of writing; for Epigram is certainly (what it is called by Dryden) the lowest step of poetry. He is at the very bottom of the hill; but he diverts himself there, in gathering flowers and playing with insects, prettily enough. If Martial made a new-year's gift, he was sure to send a distich with it: if a friend died, he made a few verses to put on his tomb-stone: if a statue was set up, they came to him for an inscription. These were the common offices of his muse. If he struck a fault in life, he marked it down in a few lines; and if he had a mind to please a friend, or to get the favour of the great, his style was turned to panegyric; and these were his highest employments. He was, however, a good writer in his way; and there are instances even of his writing with some dignity on higher occasions.

Ibid.

§ 45. *Of* JUVENAL.

Juvenal began to write after all I have mentioned; and, I do not know

by what good fortune, writes with a greater spirit of poetry than any of them. He has scarce any thing of the gentility of Horace: yet he is not without humour, and exceeds all the satirists in severity. To say the truth, he flashes too much like an angry executioner; but the depravity of the times, and the vices then in fashion, may often excuse some degree of rage in him. It is said he did not write till he was elderly; and after he had been too much used to declaiming. However, his satires have a great deal of spirit in them; and show a strong hatred of vice, with some very fine and high sentiments of virtue. They are indeed so animated, that I do not know any poem of this age, which one can read with near so much pleasure as his satires.

Juvenal may very well be called the last of the Roman poets. After his time, poetry continued decaying more and more, quite down to the time of Constantine; when all the arts were so far lost and extinguished among the Romans, that from that time they themselves may very well be called by the name they used to give to all the world, except the Greeks; for the Romans then had scarce any thing to distinguish them from the Barbarians.

There are, therefore, but three ages of the Roman poetry, that can carry any weight with them in an inquiry of this nature. The first age, from the first Punic war to the time of Augustus, is more remarkable for strength, than any great degree of beauty in writing. The second age, or the Augustan, is the time when they wrote with a due mixture of beauty and strength. And the third, from the beginning of Nero's reign to the end of Adrian's, when they endeavoured after beauty more than strength. when they lost much of their vigour, and run too much into affectation. Their poetry, in its youth, was strong and nervous: in its middle age, it was manly and polite; in its latter days, it grew tawdry and feeble; and endeavoured to hide the decays of its former beauty and strength, in false ornaments of dress, and a borrowed flush on the the face; which did not so much render it pleasing, as it showed that its natural complexion was faded and lost.

Spence.

§ 46. *Of the Introduction, Improvement, and Fall of the Arts at Rome.*

The city of Rome, as well as its inhabitants, was in the beginning rude and unadorned. Those old rough soldiers looked on the effects of the politer arts as things fit only for an effeminate people; as too apt to soften and unnerve men; and to take from that martial temper and ferocity, which they encouraged so much and so universally in the infancy of their state. Their houses were (what the name they gave them signified) only a covering for them, and a defence against bad weather. These sheds of theirs were more like the caves of wild beasts, than the habitations of men; and were rather flung together as chance led them, than formed into regular streets and openings: their walls were half mud, and their roofs pieces of wood stuck together; nay, even this was an after-improvement; for in Romulus's time, their houses were only covered with straw. If they had any thing that was finer than ordinary, that was chiefly taken up in setting off the temples of their gods; and when these began to be furnished with statues (for they had none till long after Numa's time) they were probably more fit to give terror than delight; and seemed rather formed so as to be horrible enough to strike an awe into those who worshipped

them, than handsome enough to invite any one to look upon them for pleasure. Their design, I suppose, was answerable to the materials they were made of; and if their gods were of earthen ware, they were reckoned better than ordinary; for many of them were chopped out of wood. One of the chief ornaments in those times, both of the temples and private houses, consisted in their ancient trophies: which were trunks of trees cleared of their branches, and so formed into a rough kind of posts. These were loaded with the arms they had taken in war, and you may easily conceive what sort of ornaments these posts must make, when half decayed by time, and hung about with old rusty arms, besmeared with the blood of their enemies. Rome was not then that beautiful Rome, whose very ruins at this day are sought after with so much pleasure: it was a town, which carried an air of terror in its appearance; and which made people shudder whenever they first entered within its gates.

Spence.

§ 47. *The Condition of the* ROMANS *in the second* PUNIC *War.*

Such was the state of this imperial city, when its citizens had made so great a progress in arms as to have conquered the better part of Italy, and to be able to engage in a war with the Carthaginians; the strongest power then by land, and the absolute masters by sea. The Romans, in the first Punic war, added Sicily to their dominions. In the second, they greatly increased their strength, both by sea and land; and acquired a taste of the arts and elegancies of life, with which till then they had been totally unacquainted. For though before this they were masters of Sicily (which in the old Roman geography made a part of Greece) and of several cities in the eastern parts of Italy, which were inhabited by colonies from Greece, and were adorned with the pictures, and statues and other works, in which that nation delighted, and excelled the rest of the world so much; they had hitherto looked upon them with so careless an eye, that they had felt little or nothing of their beauty. This insensibility they preserved so long, either from the grossness of their minds, or perhaps from their superstition, and a dread of reverencing foreign deities as much as their own; or (which is the most likely of all) out of mere politics, and the desire of keeping up their martial spirit and natural roughness, which they thought the arts and elegancies of the Grecians would be but too apt to destroy. However that was, they generally preserved themselves from even the least suspicion of taste for the polite arts, pretty far into the second Punic war; as appears by the behaviour of Fabius Maximus in that war, even after the scales were turned on their side. When that general took Tarentum, he found it full of riches, and extremely adorned with pictures and statues. Among others, there were some very fine colossal figures of the gods, represented as fighting against the rebel giants. These were made by some of the most eminent masters in Greece; and the Jupiter not improbably, by Lysippus. When Fabius was disposing of the spoil, he ordered the money and plate to be sent to the treasury at Rome, but the statues and pictures to be left behind. The secretary who attended him in his survey, was somewhat struck with the largeness and noble air of the figures just mentioned; and asked, Whether they too must be left with the rest? "Yes," replied Fabius, "leave their angry gods to the Tarentines; we will have nothing to do with them."

Ibid.

§ 48. MARCELLUS *attacks* SYRACUSE, *and sends all his Pictures and Statues to* ROME.

Marcellus had indeed behaved himself very differently in Sicily, a year or two before this happened. As he was to carry on the war in that province, he bent the whole force of it against Syracuse. There was at that time no one city which belonged to the Greeks, more elegant, or better adorned than the city of Syracuse; it abounded in the works of the best masters. Marcellus, when he took the city, cleared it entirely, and sent all their statues and pictures to Rome. When I say all, I use the language of the people of Syracuse; who soon after laid a complaint against Marcellus before the Roman senate, in which they charged him with stripping all their houses and temples, and leaving nothing but bare walls throughout the city. Marcellus himself did not at all disown it, but fairly confessed what he had done: and used to declare, that he had done so, in order to adorn Rome, and to introduce a taste for the fine arts among his countrymen.

Such a difference of behaviour in their two greatest leaders, soon occasioned two different parties in Rome. The old people in general joined in crying up Fabius.—Fabius was not rapacious, as some others were; but temperate in his conquests. In what he had done, he had acted, not only with that moderation which becomes a Roman general, but with much prudence and foresight. "These fineries," they cried, "are a pretty diversion for an idle effeminate people: let us leave them to the Greeks. The Romans desire no other ornaments of life, than a simplicity of manners at home, and fortitude against our enemies abroad. It is by these arts that we have raised our name so high, and spread our dominions so far: and shall we suffer them now to be exchanged for a fine taste, and what they call elegance of living? No, great Jupiter, who presidest over the capitol! let the Greeks keep their arts to themselves, and let the Romans learn only how to conquer and to govern mankind."—Another set, and particularly the younger people, who were extremely delighted with the noble works of the Grecian artists that had been set up for some time in the temples and porticos, and all the most public places of the city, and who used frequently to spend the greatest part of the day in contemplating the beauties of them, extolled Marcellus as much for the pleasure he had given them. "We shall now," said they, "no longer be reckoned among the Barbarians. That rust, which we have been so long contracting, will soon be worn off. Other generals have conquered our enemies, but Marcellus has conquered our ignorance. We begin to see with new eyes, and have a new world of beauties opening before us. Let the Romans be polite, as well as victorious; and let us learn to excel the nations in taste, as well as to conquer them with our arms."

Whichever side was in the right, the party for Marcellus was the successful one; for, from this point of time we may date the introduction of the arts into Rome. The Romans by this means began to be fond of them; and the love of the arts is a passion which grows very fast in any breast, wherever it is once entertained.

We may see how fast and how greatly it prevailed at Rome, by a speech which old Cato the censor made in the senate, not above seventeen years after the taking of Syracuse. He complains in it that their people began to run into Greece and Asia; and to be infected with a desire of playing with their fine things:

that as to such spoils, there was less honour in taking them, than there was danger of their being taken by them: that the gods brought from Syracuse, had revenged the cause of its citizens, in spreading this taste among the Romans: that he heard but too many daily crying up the ornaments of Corinth and Athens; and ridiculing the poor old Roman gods; who had hitherto been propitious to them; and who, he hoped, would still continue so, if they would but let their statues remain in peace upon their pedestals. *Spence.*

§ 49. *The* ROMAN *Generals, in their several Conquests, convey great Numbers of Pictures and Statues to* ROME.

It was in vain too that Cato spoke against it; for the love of the arts prevailed every day more and more; and from henceforward the Roman generals, in their several conquests, seem to have strove who should bring away the greatest number of statues and pictures, to set off their triumphs, and to adorn the city of Rome. It is surprising what accessions of this kind were made in the compass of a little more than half a century after Marcellus had set the example. The elder Scipio Africanus brought in a great number of wrought vases from Spain and Africa, toward the end of the second Punic war; and the very year after that was finished, the Romans entered into a war with Greece, the great school of all the arts, and the chief repository of most of the finest works that ever were produced by them. It would be endless to mention all their acquisitions from hence; I shall only put you in mind of some of the most considerable. Flaminius made a great show both of statues and vases in his triumph over Philip king of Macedon; but he was much exceeded by Æmilius, who reduced that kingdom into a province. Æmilius's triumph lasted three days; the first of which was wholly taken up in bringing in the fine statues he had selected in his expedition; as the chief ornament of the second consisted of vases and sculptured vessels of all sorts, by the most eminent hands. These were all the most chosen things, culled from the collection of that successor of Alexander the Great; for as to the inferior spoils of no less than seventy Grecian cities, Æmilius had left them all to his soldiery, as not worthy to appear among the ornaments of his triumph. Not many years after this, the young Scipio Africanus (the person who is most celebrated for his polite taste of all the Romans hitherto, and who was scarce exceeded by any one of them in all the succeeding ages) destroyed Carthage, and transferred many of the chief ornaments of that city, which had so long bid fair for being the seat of empire, to Rome, which soon became undoubtedly so. This must have been a vast accession; though that great man, who was as just in his actions as he was elegant in his taste, did not bring all the finest of his spoils to Rome, but left a great part of them in Sicily, from whence they had formerly been taken by the Carthaginians. The very same year that Scipio freed Rome from its most dangerous rival, Carthage, Mummius (who was as remarkable for his rusticity, as Scipio was for elegance and taste) added Achaia to the Roman state; and sacked, among several others, the famous city of Corinth, which had been long looked upon as one of the principal reservoirs of the finest works of art. He cleared it of all its beauties, without knowing any thing of them: even without knowing that an old Grecian statue was better than a new Roman one. He used, however, the surest method of not being mistaken; for he took all indifferently as they came in his

way; and brought them off in such quantities, that he alone is said to have filled Rome with statues and pictures. Thus, partly from the taste, and partly from the vanity of their generals, in less than seventy years' time (reckoning from Marcellus's taking of Syracuse to the year in which Carthage was destroyed) Italy was furnished with the noblest productions of the ancient artists, that before lay scattered all over Spain, Africa, Sicily, and the rest of Greece. Sylla, beside many others, added vastly to them afterwards; particularly by his taking of Athens, and by his conquests in Asia; where, by his too great indulgence to his armies, he made taste and rapine a general thing, even among the common soldiers, as it had been for a long time, among their leaders.

In this manner the first considerable acquisitions were made by their conquering armies; and they were carried on by the persons sent out to govern their provinces, when conquered. As the behaviour of these in their governments, in general, was one of the greatest blots on the Roman nation, we must not expect a full account of their transactions in the old historians, who treat particularly of the Roman affairs: for such of these that remain to us, are either Romans themselves, or else Greeks who were too much attached to the Roman interest, to speak out the whole truth in this affair. But what we cannot have fully from their own historians, may be pretty will supplied from other hands. A poet of their own, who seems to have been a very honest man, has set the rapaciousness of their governors in general in a very strong light; as Cicero has set forth that of Verres in particular, as strongly. If we may judge of their general behaviour by that of this governor of Sicily, they were more like monsters and harpies, than men. For that public robber (as Cicero calls him, more than once) hunted over every corner of his island, with a couple of finders (one a Greek painter, and the other a statuary of the same nation) to get together his collection; and was so curious and so rapacious in that search, that Cicero says, there was not a gem, or statue, or relievo, or picture, in all Sicily which he did not see; nor any one he liked, which he did not take away from its owner. What he thus got he sent into Italy. Rome was the centre both of their spoils in war, and of their rapines in peace: and if many of their prætors and proconsuls acted but in half so abandoned a manner as this Verres appears to have done, it is very probable that Rome was more enriched in all these sort of things secretly by their governors, than it had been openly by their generals.

Spence.

§ 50. *The Methods made use of in drawing the Works of the best ancient Artists into* ITALY.

There was another method of augmenting these treasures at Rome, not so infamous as this, and not so glorious as the former. What I mean, was the custom of the Ædiles, when they exhibited their public games, of adorning the theatres and other places where they were performed, with great numbers of statues and pictures: which they bought up or borrowed for that purpose, all over Greece, and sometimes even from Asia. Scaurus, in particular, in his ædileship, had no less than three thousand statues and relievos for the mere ornamenting of the stage in a theatre built only for four or five days. This was the same Scaurus who (whilst he was in the same office too) brought to Rome all the pictures of Sicyon, which had been so long one of the most eminent schools in Greece for painting; in lieu of debts owing, or pretended to

be owed, from that city to the Roman people.

From these public methods of drawing the works of the best ancient artists into Italy, it grew at length to be a part of private luxury, affected by almost every body that could afford it, to adorn their houses, their porticos, and their gardens, with the best statues and pictures they could procure out of Greece or Asia. None went earlier into this taste, than the family of the Luculli, and particularly Lucius Lucullus, who carried on the war against Mithridates. He was remarkable for his love of the arts and polite learning even from a child; and in the latter part of his life gave himself up so much to collections of this kind, that Plutarch reckons it among his follies. "As I am speaking of his faults (says that historian in his life) I should not omit his vast baths, and piazzas for walking; or his gardens, which were much more magnificent than any in his time at Rome, and equal to any in the luxurious ages that followed; nor his excessive fondness for statues and pictures, which he got from all parts, to adorn his walks and gardens, at an immense expense; and with the vast riches he had heaped together in the Mithridatic war." There were several other families which fell about that time into the same sort of excess; and among the rest, the Julian. The first emperor, who was of that family, was a great collector; and, in particular, was as fond of old gems, as his successor, Augustus, was of Corinthian vases.

This may be called the first age of the flourishing of the politer arts at Rome; or rather the age in which they were introduced there: for the people in this period were chiefly taken up in getting fine things, and bringing them together. There were perhaps some particular persons in it of a very good taste: but in general one may say, there was rather a love, than any great knowledge of their beauties, during this age, among the Romans. They were brought to Rome in the first part of it, in greater numbers than can be easily conceived; and in some time every body began to look upon them with pleasure. The collection was continually augmenting afterwards, from the several methods I have mentioned; and I doubt not but a good taste would have been a general thing among them much earlier than it was, had it not been for the frequent convulsions in their state, and the perpetual struggles of some great man or other to get the reins of government into his hands. These continued quite from Sylla's time to the establishment of the state under Augustus. The peaceful times that then succeeded, and the encouragement which was given by that emperor to all the arts, afforded the Romans full leisure to contemplate the fine works that were got together at Rome in the age before, and to perfect their taste in all the elegancies of life. The artists, who were then much invited to Rome, worked in a style greatly superior to what they had done even in Julius Cæsar's time: so that it is under Augustus that we may begin the second and most perfect age of sculpture and painting, as well as of poetry. Augustus changed the whole appearance of Rome itself; he found it ill built, and left it a city of marble. He adorned it with buildings extremely finer than any it could boast before his time, and set off all those buildings, and even the common streets, with an addition of some of the finest statues in the world.

Spence.

§ 51. *On the Decline of the Arts, Eloquence, and Poetry, upon the Death of Augustus.*

On the death of Augustus, though the arts, and the taste for them, did

relates every thing with that *naïveté* and simplicity of manner, which never fails to interest the reader. Though the manner of Thucydides be more dry and harsh, yet, on great occasions, as when he is giving an account of the plague of Athens, the siege of Platæa, the sedition in Corcyra, the defeat of the Athenians in Sicily, he displays a very strong and masterly power of description. Xenophon's Cyropædia, and his Anabasis, or retreat of the ten thousand, are extremely beautiful. The circumstances are finely selected, and the narration is easy and engaging; but his Hellenics, or continuation of the history of Thucydides, is a much inferior work. Sallust's art of historical painting in his Catilinarian, but more especially in his Jugurthine war, is well known; though his style is liable to censure, as too studied and affected. *Blair.*

§ 75. LIVY *remarkable for Historical Painting.*

Livy is more unexceptionable in his manner; and is excelled by no historian whatever in the art of narration: several remarkable examples might be given from him. His account, for instance, of the famous defeat of the Roman army by the Samnites, at the Furcæ Caudinæ, in the beginning of the ninth book, affords one of the most beautiful exemplifications of historical painting, that is any where to be met with. We have first, an exact description of the narrow pass between two mountains, into which the enemy had decoyed the Romans. When they find themselves caught, and no hope of escape left, we are made to see first their astonishment, next, their indignation, and then, their dejection, painted in the most lively manner, by such circumstances and actions as were natural to persons in their situation. The restless and unquiet manner in which they pass the night; the consultations of the Samnites; the various measures proposed to be taken; the messages between the two armies, all heighten the scene. At length, in the morning the consuls return to the camp, and inform them that they could receive no other terms but that of surrendering their arms, and passing under the yoke, which was considered as the last mark of ignominy for a conquered army. *Ibid.*

§ 76. TACITUS *remarkable for Historical Painting.*

Tacitus is another author eminent for historical painting, though in a manner altogether different from that of Livy. Livy's descriptions are more full, more plain, and natural; those of Tacitus consist in a few bold strokes. He selects one or two remarkable circumstances, and sets them before us in a strong, and, generally, in a new and uncommon light. Such is the following picture of the situation of Rome, and of the emperor Galba, when Otho was advancing against him: "Agebatur huc illuc Galba vario, turbæ fluctuantis impulsu, completis undique basilicis et templis, lugubri prospectu. Neque populi, aut plebis ulla vox; sed attoniti vultus et conversæ ad omnia aures. Non tumultus, non quies; sed quale magni metus, et magnæ iræ, silentium est."* No image, in any poet, is more strong and expressive than this last stroke of the description; "Non tumultus, non quies, sed quale," &c. This is a conception of the sublime kind, and dis-

*"Galba was driven to and fro by the tide of the multitude shoving him from place to place. The temples and public buildings were filled with crowds, of a dismal appearance. No clamours were heard, either from the citizens, or from the rabble. Their countenances were filled with consternation; their ears were employed in listening with anxiety. It was not a tumult; it was not quietness; it was the silence of terror and of wrath."

covers high genius. Indeed, throughout all his work, Tacitus shows the hand of a master. As he is profound in reflection, so he is striking in description, and pathetic in sentiment. The philosopher, the poet, and the historian, all meet in him. Though the period of which he writes may be reckoned unfortunate for an historian, he has made it afford us many interesting exhibitions of human nature. The relations which he gives of the deaths of several eminent personages, are as affecting as the deepest tragedies. He paints with a glowing pencil; and possesses, beyond all writers, the talent of painting, not to the imagination merely, but to the heart. With many of the most distinguished beauties, he is, at the same time, not a perfect model for history; and such as have formed themselves upon him, have seldom been successful. He is to be admired, rather than imitated. In his reflections he is too refined; in his style too concise, sometimes quaint and affected, often abrupt and obscure. History seems to require a more natural, flowing, and popular manner. *Blair.*

§ 77. *On the Beauty of Epistolary Writing.*

Its first and fundamental requisite is, to be natural and simple; for a stiff and laboured manner is as bad in a letter as it is in conversation. This does not banish sprightliness and wit. These are graceful in letters, just as they are in conversation: when they flow easily, and without being studied; when employed so as to season, not to cloy. One who, either in conversation or in letters, affects to shine and to sparkle always, will not please long. The style of letters should not be too highly polished. It ought to be neat and correct, but no more. All nicety about words betrays study; and hence musical periods, and appearances of number and harmony in arrangement, should be carefully avoided in letters. The best letters are commonly such as the authors have written with most facility. What the heart or the imagination dictates, always flows readily; but where there is no subject to warm or interest these, constraint appears; and hence those letters of mere compliment, congratulation, or affected condolence, which have cost the authors most labour in composing, and which, for that reason, they perhaps consider as their master-pieces, never fail of being the most disagreeable and insipid to the readers.

Ibid.

§ 78. *Ease in writing Letters must not degenerate to carelessness.*

It ought, at the same time, to be remembered, that the ease and simplicity which I have recommended in epistolary correspondence, are not to be understood as importing entire carelessness. In writing to the most intimate friend, a certain degree of attention, both to the subject and the style, is requisite and becoming. It is no more than what we owe both to ourselves, and to the friend with whom we correspond. A slovenly and negligent manner of writing is a disobliging mark of want of respect. The liberty besides, of writing letters with too careless a hand, is apt to betray persons into imprudence in what they write. The first requisite, both in conversation and correspondence, is to attend to all the proper decorums which our own character, and that of others, demand. An imprudent expression in conversation may be forgotten and pass away; but when we take the pen into our hand, we must remember, that "Litera scripta manet."*

Ibid.

* What is written is permanent.

§ 79. *On* PLINY'S *Letters.*

Pliny's letters are one of the most celebrated collections which the ancients have given us, in the epistolary way. They are elegant and polite; and exhibit a very pleasing and amiable view of the author. But according to the vulgar phrase, they smell too much of the lamp. They are too elegant and fine; and it is not easy to avoid thinking, that the author is casting an eye towards the Public, when he is appearing to write only for his friends. Nothing indeed is more difficult, than for an author, who publishes his own letters, to divest himself altogether of attention to the opinion of the world in what he says; by which means, he becomes much less agreeable than a man of parts would be, if, without any constraint of this sort, he were writing to his intimate friend.

Blair.

§ 80. *On* CICERO'S *Letters.*

Cicero's Epistles, though not so showy as those of Pliny, are, on several accounts, a far more valuable collection; indeed, the most valuable collection of letters extant in any language. They are letters of real business, written to the greatest men of the age, composed with purity and elegance, but without the least affectation; and what adds greatly to their merit, written without any intention of being published to the world. For it appears that Cicero never kept copies of his own letters; and we are wholly indebted to the care of his freedman Tyro, for the large collection that was made, after his death, of those which are now extant, amounting to near a thousand.* They contain the most authentic materials of the history of that age; and are the last monuments which remain of Rome in its free state; the greatest part of them being written during that important crisis, when the republic was on the point of ruin; the most interesting situation, perhaps, which is to be found in the affairs of mankind. To his intimate friends, especially to Atticus, Cicero lays open himself and his heart, with entire freedom. In the course of his correspondence with others, we are introduced into acquaintance with several of the principal personages of Rome; and it is remarkable that most of Cicero's correspondents, as well as himself, are elegant and polite writers; which serves to heighten our idea of the taste and manners of that age.

Ibid.

§ 81. *On* POPE'S *and* SWIFT'S *Letters.*

The most distinguished collection of letters in the English language, is that of Mr. Pope, Dean Swift, and their friends; partly published in Mr. Pope's works, and partly in those of Dean Swift. This collection is, on the whole, an entertaining and agreeable one; and contains much wit and ingenuity. It is not, however, altogether free of the fault which I imputed to Pliny's Epistles, of too much study and refinement. In the variety of letters from different persons, contained in that collection, we find many that are written with ease, and a beautiful simplicity. Those of Dr. Arbuthnot, in particular, always deserve that praise. Dean Swift's also are unaffected; and as a proof of their being so, they exhibit his character fully, with all its defects; though it were to be wished, for the honour of his memory, that his epistolary correspon-

*See his Letter to Atticus, which was written a year or two before his death, in which he tells him, in answer to some inquiries concerning his epistles, that he had no collection of them, and that Tyro had only about seventy of them. *Ad Att.* 16. 5.

dence had not been drained to the dregs by so many successive publications, as have been given to the world. Several of Lord Bolingbroke's, and of Bishop Atterbury's letters, are masterly. The censure of writing letters in too artificial a manner, falls heaviest on Mr. Pope himself. There is visibly more study, and less of nature and the heart in his letters, than in those of some of his correspondents. He had formed himself on the manner of Voiture, and is too fond of writing like a wit. His letters to ladies are full of affectation. Even in writing to his friends, how forced an introduction is the following, of a letter to Mr. Addison: "I am more joyed at your return, than I should be at that of the Sun, as much as I wish for him in this melancholy wet season; but it is his fate too, like yours, to be displeasing to owls and obscene animals, who cannot bear his lustre." How stiff a compliment is it, which he pays to Bishop Atterbury:— "Though the noise and daily bustle for the Public be now over, I dare say, you are still tendering its welfare; as the Sun in winter, when seeming to retire from the world, is preparing warmth and benedictions for a better season." This sentence might be tolerated in an harangue; but is very unsuitable to the style of one friend corresponding with another. *Blair.*

§ 82. *Lyric Poetry. On* PINDAR.

Pindar, the great father of lyric poetry, has been the occasion of leading his imitators into some defects. His genius was sublime; his expressions are beautiful and happy; his descriptions picturesque. But finding it a very barren subject to sing the praises of those who had gained the prize in the public games, he is perpetually digressive, and fills up his poems with fables of the gods and heroes, that have little connexion either with his subject, or with one another. The ancients admired him greatly; but as many of the histories of particular families and cities, to which he alludes, are now unknown to us, he is so obscure, partly from his subjects, and partly from his rapid, abrupt manner of treating them, that, notwithstanding the beauty of his expression, our pleasure in reading him is much diminished. One would imagine, that many of his modern imitators thought the best way to catch his spirit, was to imitate his disorder and obscurity. In several of the choruses of Euripides and Sophocles, we have the same kind of lyric poetry as in Pindar, carried on with more clearness and connexion, and at the same time with much sublimity. *Ibid.*

§ 83. *On* HORACE, *as a Lyric Poet.*

Of all the writers of odes, ancient or modern, there is none that, in point of correctness, harmony, and happy expression, can vie with Horace. He has descended from the Pindaric rapture to a more moderate degree of elevation; and joins connected thought, and good sense, with the highest beauties of poetry. He does not often aspire beyond that middle region, which I mentioned as belonging to the ode; and those odes, in which he attempts the sublime, are perhaps not always his best.* The peculiar character, in which he excels, is grace and elegance; and in this style of composition, no poet has ever attained to a greater perfec-

* There is no ode whatever of Horace's, without great beauties. But though I may be singular in my opinion, I cannot help thinking that in some of those odes which have been much admired for sublimity, (such as Ode iv. Lib. iv. "Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem, &c.") there appears somewhat of a strained and forced effort to be lofty. The genius of this amiable poet shows itself, according to my judgment, to greater advantage, in themes of a more temperate kind.

tion than Horace. No poet supports a moral sentiment with more dignity, touches a gay one more happily, or possesses the art of trifling more agreeably, when he chooses to trifle. His language is so fortunate, that with a single word or epithet, he often conveys a whole description to the fancy. Hence he ever has been, and ever will continue to be a favourite author with all persons of taste.

Blair.

§ 84. *On the different kinds of Poetical Composition in the Sacred Books; and of the distinguishing characters of the chief writers. 1st. Of the Didactic.*

The several kinds of poetical composition which we find in scripture, are chiefly the didactic, elegiac, pastoral, and lyric. Of the didactic species of poetry, the Book of Proverbs is the principal instance. The nine first chapters of that book are highly poetical, adorned with many distinguished graces, and figures of expression. At the 10th chapter, the style is sensibly altered, and descends into a lower strain, which is continued to the end; retaining however that sententious, pointed manner, and that artful construction of period, which distinguishes all the Hebrew poetry. The Book of Ecclesiastes comes likewise under this head; and some of the Psalms, as the 119th in particular. *Ibid.*

§ 85. *Of the Elegiac and Pastoral Poetry of Scripture.*

Of elegiac poetry, many very beautiful specimens occur in Scripture; such as the lamentation of David over his friend Jonathan; several passages in the prophetical books; and several of David's Psalms, composed on occasions of distress and mourning. The 42d Psalm, in particular, is, in the highest degree, tender and plaintive. But the most regular and perfect elegiac composition in the Scripture, perhaps in the whole world, is the book entitled the Lamentations of Jeremiah. As the prophet mourns in that book over the destruction of the Temple, and the Holy City, and the overthrow of the whole state, he assembles all the affecting images which a subject so melancholy could suggest. The composition is uncommonly artificial. By turns the prophet, and the city of Jerusalem, are introduced, as pouring forth their sorrows; and in the end, a chorus of the people send up the most earnest and plaintive supplications to God. The lines of the original too, as may, in part, appear from our translation, are longer than is usual in the other kinds of Hebrew poetry; and the melody is rendered thereby more flowing, and better adapted to the querimonious strain of elegy.

The Song of Solomon affords us a high exemplification of pastoral poetry. Considered with respect to its spiritual meaning, it is undoubtedly a mystical allegory; in its form, it is a dramatic pastoral, or a perpetual dialogue between personages in the character of shepherds: and, suitably to that form, it is full of rural and pastoral images, from beginning to end. *Ibid.*

§ 86. *On the Lyric Poetry of Scripture.*

Of lyric poetry, or that which is intended to be accompanied with music, the Old Testament is full. Besides a great number of hymns and songs, which we find scattered in the historical and prophetical books, such as the song of Moses, the song of Deborah, and many others of like nature, the whole book of Psalms is to be considered as a collection of sacred odes. In these, we find the ode exhibited in

all the varieties of its form, and supported with the highest spirit of lyric poetry; sometimes sprightly, cheerful, and triumphant; sometimes solemn and magnificent; sometimes tender and soft. From these instances, it clearly appears, that there are contained in the holy scriptures full exemplifications of several of the chief kinds of poetical writing.

Blair.

§ 87. *A diversity of style and manner in the different Composers of the Sacred Books. On* JOB, DAVID, *and* ISAIAH.

Among the different composers of the sacred books, there is an evident diversity of style and manner; and to trace their different characters in this view, will contribute not a little towards our reading their writings with greater advantage. The most eminent of the sacred poets are, the author of the Book of Job, David, and Isaiah. As the compositions of David are of the lyric kind, there is a greater variety of style and manner in his works, than in those of the other two. The manner in which, considered merely as a poet, David chiefly excels, is the pleasing, the soft, and the tender. In his Psalms, there are many lofty and sublime passages; but, in strength of description, he yields to Job; in sublimity, he yields to Isaiah. It is a sort of temperate grandeur for which David is chiefly distinguished; and to this he always soon returns, when, upon some occasions, he rises above it. The psalms in which he touches us most, are those in which he describes the happiness of the righteous, or the goodness of God; expresses the tender breathings of a devout mind, or sends up moving and affectionate supplications to heaven. Isaiah is, without exception, the most sublime of all poets. This is abundantly visible in our translation; and, what is a material circumstance, none of the books of scripture appear to have been more happily translated than the writings of this prophet. Majesty is his reigning character; a majesty more commanding, and more uniformly supported, than is to be found among the rest of the Old Testament poets. He possesses, indeed, a dignity and grandeur, both in his conceptions and expressions, which are altogether unparalleled, and peculiar to himself. There is more clearness and order too, and a more visible distribution of parts, in his book, than in any other of the prophetical writings. *Ibid.*

§ 88. *On the Book of* JOB.

It only now remains to speak of the book of Job. It is known to be extremely ancient; generally reputed the most ancient of all the poetical books; the author uncertain. It is remarkable, that this book has no connexion with the affairs or manners of the Jews, or Hebrews. The scene is laid in the land of Uz, or Idumæa, which is a part of Arabia; and the imagery employed is generally of a different kind, from what I before showed to be peculiar to the Hebrew poets. We meet with no allusions to the great events of sacred history, to the religious rites of the Jews, to Lebanon or to Carmel, or any of the peculiarities of the climate of Judæa. We find few comparisons founded on rivers or torrents; these were not familiar objects in Arabia. But the longest comparison that occurs in the book, is to an object frequent and well known in that region, a brook that fails in the season of heat, and disappoints the expectation of the traveller.

The poetry, however, of the book of Job, is not only equal to that of any other of the sacred writings, but is superior to them all, except those of Isaiah alone. As Isaiah is the

most sublime, David the most pleasing and tender, so Job is the most descriptive, of all the inspired poets. A peculiar glow of fancy, and strength of description, characterize the author. No writer whatever abounds so much in metaphors. He may be said, not to describe, but to render visible, whatever he treats of. A variety of instances might be given. Let us remark only those strong and lively colours, with which, in the following passages, taken from the 18th and 20th chapters of his book, he paints the condition of the wicked; observe how rapidly his figures rise before us; and what a deep impression, at the same time, they leave on the imagination. "Knowest thou not this of old, since man was placed upon the earth, that the triumphing of the wicked is short, and the joy of the hypocrite but for a moment? Though his excellency mount up to the heavens, and his head reach the clouds, yet he shall perish for ever. He shall fly away as a dream, and shall not be found; yea, he shall be chased away, as a vision of the night. The eye also which saw him, shall see him no more; they which have seen him, shall say, where is he?—He shall suck the poison of asps, the viper's tongue shall slay him. In the fulness of his sufficiency, he shall be in straits; every hand shall come upon him. He shall flee from the iron weapon, and the bow of steel shall strike him through. All darkness shall be hid in his secret places. A fire not blown shall consume him. The heaven shall reveal his iniquity, and the earth shall rise up against him. The increase of his house shall depart. His goods shall flow away in the day of wrath. The light of the wicked shall be put out; the light shall be dark in his tabernacle. The steps of his strength shall be straitened, and his own counsel shall cast him down. For he is cast into a net, by his own feet. He walketh upon a snare. Terrors shall make him afraid on every side; and the robber shall prevail against him. Brimstone shall be scattered upon his habitation. His remembrance shall perish from the earth, and he shall have no name in the street. He shall be driven from light into darkness. They that come after him shall be astonished at his day. He shall drink of the wrath of the Almighty." *Blair.*

§ 89. *On the Iliad of* HOMER.

The subject of the Iliad must unquestionably be admitted to be, in the main, happily chosen. In the days of Homer, no object could be more splendid and dignified than the Trojan war. So great a confederacy of the Grecian states, under one leader, and the ten years' siege which they carried on against Troy, must have spread far abroad the renown of many military exploits, and interested all Greece in the traditions concerning the heroes who had most eminently signalized themselves.—Upon these traditions, Homer grounded his poem; and though he lived, as is generally believed, only two or three centuries after the Trojan war, yet, through the want of written records, tradition must, by his time, have fallen into the degree of obscurity most proper for poetry; and have left him at full liberty to mix as much fable as he pleased, with the remains of true history. He has not chosen, for his subject, the whole Trojan war; but, with great judgment, he has selected one part of it, the quarrel betwixt Achilles and Agamemnon, and the events to which that quarrel gave rise; which, though they take up forty-seven days only, yet include the most interesting, and most critical period of the war. By this management, he has given greater unity to what would have otherwise been an unconnected

history of battles. He has gained one hero, or principal character, Achilles, who reigns throughout the work; and he has shown the pernicious effect of discord among confederated princes. At the same time, I admit that Homer is less fortunate in his subject than Virgil. The plan of the Æneid includes a greater compass and a more agreeable diversity of events; whereas the Iliad is almost entirely filled with battles.

The praise of high invention has in every age been given to Homer, with the greatest reason. The prodigious number of incidents, of speeches, of characters divine and human, with which he abounds; the surprising variety with which he has diversified his battles, in the wounds and deaths, and little history-pieces of almost all the persons slain, discover an invention next to boundless. But the praise of judgment is, in my opinion, no less due to Homer, than that of invention. His story is all along conducted with great art. He rises upon us gradually; his heroes are brought out, one after another, to be objects of our attention. The distress thickens, as the poem advances; and every thing is so contrived as to aggrandize Achilles, and to render him, as the poet intended he should be, the capital figure.

But that wherein Homer excels all writers, is the characteristical part. Here, he is without a rival. His lively and spirited exhibition of characters, is, in a great measure, owing to his being so dramatic a writer, abounding every where with dialogue and conversation. There is much more dialogue in Homer than in Virgil; or, indeed, than in any other poet. *Blair.*

§ 90. *On the Odyssey of* HOMER.

My observations, hitherto, have been made upon the Iliad only. It is necessary to take some notice of the Odyssey also. Longinus's criticism upon it is not without foundation, that Homer may, in this poem, be compared to the setting sun, whose grandeur still remains, without the heat of his meridian beams. It wants the vigour and sublimity of the Iliad; yet, at the same time, possesses so many beauties, as to be justly entitled to high praise. It is a very amusing poem, and has much greater variety than the Iliad; it contains many interesting stories; and beautiful descriptions. We see every where the same descriptive and dramatic genius, and the same fertility of invention, that appears in the other work. It descends indeed from the dignity of gods, and heroes, and warlike achievements; but in recompense, we have more pleasing pictures of ancient manners. Instead of that ferocity which reigns in the Iliad, the Odyssey presents us with the most amiable images of hospitality and humanity; entertains us with many a wonderful adventure, and many a landscape of nature; and instructs us by a constant vein of morality and virtue, which runs through the poem. *Ibid.*

§ 91. *On the Beauties of* VIRGIL.

Virgil possesses beauties which have justly drawn the admiration of ages, and which, to this day, hold the balance in equilibrium between his fame and that of Homer. The principal and distinguishing excellency of Virgil, and which, in my opinion he possesses beyond all poets, is tenderness. Nature had endowed him with exquisite sensibility; he felt every affecting circumstance in the scenes he describes; and, by a single stroke, he knows how to reach the heart. This, in an epic poem, is the merit next to sublimity; and puts it in an author's power to ren-

der his composition extremely interesting to all readers.

The chief beauty of this kind, in the Iliad, is the interview of Hector with Andromache. But, in the Æneid, there are many such. The second book is one of the greatest master-pieces that ever was executed by any hand; and Virgil seems to have put forth there the whole strength of his genius, as the subject afforded a variety of scenes, both of the awful and tender kind. The images of horror, presented by a city burned and sacked in the night, are finely mixed with pathetic and affecting incidents. Nothing, in any poet, is more beautifully described than the death of old Priam; and the family-pieces of Æneas, Anchises, and Creusa, are as tender as can be conceived. In many passages of the Æneid, the same pathetic spirit shines; and they have been always the favourite passages in that work. The fourth book, for instance, relating the unhappy passion and death of Dido, has been always most justly admired, and abounds with beauties of the highest kind. The interview of Æneas with Andromache and Helenus, in the third book; the episodes of Pallas and Evander, of Nisus and Euryalus, of Lausus and Mezentius, in the Italian wars, are all striking instances of the poet's power of raising the tender emotions. For we must observe, that though the Æneid be an unequal poem, and, in some places, languid, yet there are beauties scattered through it all; and not a few, even in the last six books. The best and most finished books, upon the whole, are the first, the second, the fourth, the sixth, the seventh, the eighth, and the twelfth. *Blair.*

§ 92. *On the comparative Merit of* HOMER *and* VIRGIL.

Upon the whole, as to the comparative merit of those two great princes of epic poetry, Homer and Virgil; the former must undoubtedly be admitted to be the greater genius; the latter, to be the more correct writer. Homer was an original in his art, and discovers both the beauties and the defects, which are to be expected in an original author, compared with those who succeed him; more boldness, more nature and ease, more sublimity and force; but greater irregularities and negligences in composition. Virgil has, all along, kept his eye upon Homer; in many places he has not so much imitated, as he has literally translated him. The description of the storm, for instance, in the first Æneid, and Æneas's speech upon that occasion, are translations from the fifth book of the Odyssey; not to mention almost all the similes of Virgil, which are no other than copies of those of Homer. The pre-eminence in invention, therefore, must, beyond doubt, be ascribed to Homer. As to the pre-eminence in judgment, though many critics are disposed to give it to Virgil, yet, in my opinion, it hangs doubtful. In Homer, we discern all the Greek vivacity; in Virgil, all the Roman stateliness. Homer's imagination is by much the most rich and copious; Virgil's the most chaste and correct. The strength of the former lies, in his power of warming the fancy; that of the latter, in his power of touching the heart. Homer's style is more simple and animated; Virgil's more elegant and uniform. The first has, on many occasions, a sublimity to which the latter never attains; but the latter, in return, never sinks below a certain degree of epic dignity, which cannot so clearly be pronounced of the former. Not, however, to detract from the admiration due to both these great poets, most of Homer's defects may reasonably be imputed, not to his genius, but to the

manners of the age in which he lived; and for the feeble passages of the Æneid, this excuse ought to be admitted, that the Æneid was left an unfinished work. *Blair.*

§ 93. *On the Connexion between Taste and Moral Sentiment.*

If the beauty of the material world were altogether independent of expression; if any original law had imperiously prescribed the objects in which the eye and the ear alone could find delight, the pleasures of taste must have been independent of all moral emotion, and the qualities of beauty and sublimity as distinct from moral sensibility as those of number or of figure. The scenery of nature would have produced only an organic pleasure, which would have expired with the moment in which it was felt; and the compositions of the artist, instead of awakening all the enthusiasm of fancy, and of feeling, must have been limited to excite only the cold approbation of faithful outline, and accurate detail. No secret analogies, no silent expressions, would then have connected enjoyment with improvement; and in contradiction to every other appearance of human nature, an important source of pleasure would have been bestowed, without any relation to the individual or the social advancement of the human race.

In the system which is established, on the contrary; in that system which makes matter sublime or beautiful only as it is significant of mind; we perceive the lofty end which is pursued; and that pleasure is here, as in every other case, made instrumental to the moral purposes of our being. While the objects of the material world are made to attract our infant eyes, there are latent ties by which they reach our hearts; and wherever they afford us delight, they are always the signs or expressions of higher qualities, by which our moral sensibilities are called forth. It may not be our fortune, perhaps, to be born amid its nobler scenes. But wander where we will, trees wave, rivers flow, mountains ascend, clouds darken, or winds animate the face of heaven; and over the whole scenery, the sun sheds the cheerfulness of his morning, the splendour of his noon-day, or the tenderness of his evening light. There is not one of these features of scenery which is not fitted to awaken us to moral emotion; to lead us, when once the key of our imagination is struck, to trains of fascinating and of endless imagery; and in the indulgence of them to make our bosoms either glow with conceptions of mental excellence, or melt in the dreams of moral good. Even upon the man of the most uncultivated taste, the scenes of nature have some inexplicable charm: there is not a chord perhaps of the human heart which may not be awakened by their influence; and I believe there is no man of genuine taste, who has not often felt, in the lone majesty of nature, some unseen spirit to dwell, which in his happier hours, touched, as if with magic hand, all the springs of his moral sensibility, and rekindled in his heart those original conceptions of the moral or intellectual excellence of his nature, which it is the melancholy tendency of the vulgar pursuits of life to diminish, if not altogether to destroy.

In the sublimity or beauty of the works of art, this purpose of nature is yet more evident. If it is from their natural beauty they affect us, from their being expressive of fineness, delicacy, gentleness, majesty, solemnity, &c. they then awaken corresponding emotions in our bosoms, and give exercise to some of the most virtuous feelings of our nature. If it is from their relative beauty, from their being expressive

of invention, genius, taste, or fancy in the artist, they produce effects no less important to our intellectual improvement. They raise us to those high conceptions of the powers and of the attainments of the human mind, which is the foundation of every noble ambition. They extend our views of the capacities of our nature for whatever is great or excellent; and whatever be the pursuits from which we come, they stimulate us to higher exertions in them, by the prospect of the genius which has been exhibited, and the excellence which has been attained.

But it is chiefly in the beauty *of the human countenance and form* that the great purpose of nature is most apparent. When we feel these, it is not a mere organic or animal effect we experience. Whatever is lovely or beloved in the character of MIND, whatever in the powers or dispositions of man can awaken admiration or excite sensibility; the loveliness of innocence, the charms of opening genius, the varied tenderness of domestic affection; the dignity of heroic, or the majesty of patriotic virtue; all these are expressed to us in the features of the countenance, or in the positions and movements of the form. While we behold them, we feel not only a feeling of temporary pleasure, but what Lord Kames has profoundly and emphatically called the "sympathetic emotion of virtue;" we share in some measure in those high dispositions, the expressions of which we contemplate; our own bosoms glow with kindred sensibilities; and we return to life and to its duties, with minds either softened to a wider benevolence, or awakened to a higher tone of morality.

It is thus, by means of the expressions of which it is every where significant, that the material universe around us becomes a scene of moral discipline; and that in the hours when we are most unconscious of it, an influence is perpetually operating, by which our moral feelings are awakened, and our moral sensibility exercised. Whether in the scenery of nature, amid the works and inventions of men, amid the affections of home, or in the intercourse of general society, the material forms which surround us are secretly but incessantly influencing our character and dispositions. And in the hours of the most innocent delight, while we are conscious of nothing but the pleasures we enjoy, the beneficence of Him that made us is employed in conducting a secret discipline, by which our moral improvement is consulted, and those sentiments and principles are formed, which are afterwards to create not only our own genuine honour, but the happiness of all with whom it is our fortune to be connected.

There is yet, however, a greater expression which the appearances of the material world are fitted to convey, and a more important influence which, in the design of nature, they are destined to produce upon us; their influence I mean in leading us directly to RELIGIOUS sentiment. Had organic enjoyment been the only object of our formation, it would have been sufficient to establish senses for the reception of these enjoyments. But if the promises of our nature are greater; if it is destined to a nobler conclusion; if it is enabled to look to the Author of Being himself, and to feel its proud relation to HIM; then nature, in all its aspects around us, ought only to be felt as signs of his providence, and as conducting us, by the universal language of these signs, to the throne of the DEITY.

How much this is the case with every pure and innocent mind, I flatter myself few of my readers will require any illustration. Wherever, in fact, the eye of man opens upon

any sublime or any beautiful scene of nature, the first impression is to consider it as designed, as the *effect* or workmanship of the Author of nature, and as significant of his power, his wisdom, or his goodness: and perhaps it is chiefly for *this fine* issue, that the heart of man is *thus finely touched*, that devotion may spring from delight; that the imagination, in the midst of its highest enjoyment, may be led to terminate in the only object in which it finally can repose; and that all the noblest convictions, and confidences of religion, may be acquired in the simple school of nature, and amid the scenes which perpetually surround us. Wherever we observe, accordingly, the workings of the human mind, whether in its rudest or its most improved appearances, we every where see this union of devotional sentiment with sensibility to the expressions of natural scenery. It calls forth the hymn of the infant bard, as well as the anthem of the poet of classic times. It prompts the nursery tale of superstition, as well as the demonstration of the school of philosophy. There is no era so barbarous in which man has existed, in which the traces are not to be seen of the alliance which he has felt between earth and heaven; or of the conviction he has acquired of the mind that created nature, by the signs which it exhibits: and amid the wildest, as amid the most genial scenes of an uncultivated world, the rude altar of the savage every where marks the emotions that swelled in his bosom when he erected it to the awful or the beneficent deities, whose imaginary presence it records. In ages of civilization and refinement, this union of devotional sentiment with sensibility to the beauties of natural scenery, forms one of the most characteristic marks of human improvement, and may be traced in every art which professes to give delight to the imagination. The funeral urn, and the inscription to the dead, present themselves every where as the most interesting incidents in the scenes of ornamental nature. In the landscape of the painter, the columns of the temple, or the spire of the church, rise amid the ceaseless luxuriance of vegetable life, and by their contrast, give the mighty moral to the scene, which we love, even while we dread it; the powers of music have reached only their highest perfection when they have been devoted to the services of religion; and the description of the genuine poet has seldom concluded without some hymn to the Author of the universe, or some warm appeal to the devotional sensibility of mankind.

Alison.

§ 94. *The Beauty of the human Countenance depends on Expression.*

If the real beauty of the human countenance arises from the union of certain forms and colours, that are originally beautiful, then every man ought to feel the sentiment of beauty in those cases alone, where those certain appearances were united. Of the truth of this proposition every man is a judge. I will presume, on the contrary, to say, that there is no man who has ever felt the sentiment of beauty, who will not acknowledge, that he has felt it in the most various and even opposite conformations of features; that he has felt, that instead of being governed by any physical law of form or colour, it has been governed by the individual circumstances of the countenance; that whenever it has been felt, it has been felt as significant of some pleasing or interesting disposition of mind; that the union of every feature and colour has been experienced as beautiful, when it was felt as expressive of amiable or interesting sentiment; and that, in fact, the only limit to

the beauty of the human countenance, is the limit which separates vice from virtue: which separates the dispositions or affections we approve, from those which we disapprove or despise.

If this evidence should be insufficient, there is a yet stronger one, which arises from the usual language of mankind. We hear, every day, the admiration of beauty:—Ask, then, the enthusiast to explain to you, in what this beauty consists. Did he feel that it were in any certain conformation of features, or any precise tone of colouring that beauty consists, he would tell you minutely the forms and proportions and colours of this admired countenance; and were this the law of your nature, you could feel it only by this physical description. But is it thus, in fact, that the communication is made? Is it not, on the contrary, by stating the *expression* which this countenance conveys to him? Are not the forms and magnitude of the features, and the tone and degree of colouring, made all subservient in his description, to the character of mind he wishes to convey to you? And do you not feel, at the same time, that if he succeeds in persuading you of the lovely or interesting expression of the countenance, you take for granted, at once, that whatever may be the form of the features, or the nature of the colouring, the countenance itself has that simplicity and strength of expression which justifies the admiration of the person who describes it? All this, however, which may happen every day, is utterly inexplicable upon any other principle, than the foundation of beauty in expression; and the language itself would be unintelligible, if it arose only from some definite form of features, or definite appearance of colour.

The observation may be extended to the usual and habitual language of the world. There is no one who must not have observed, that the description of human beauty in common life, is always by terms significant of its expression. When we say that a countenance is noble, or magnanimous, or heroic, or gentle, or feeling, or melancholy, we convey at once to every hearer, a belief of some degree of sublimity or beauty; but no one ever asks us to describe the form of the features which compose it. When we differ, in the same manner, with regard to individual beauty, we do not support ourselves by any physical investigation of features. It is the *character* of the countenance we disagree in: and when we feel that this character is either unmeaning, or expressive of unpleasing dispositions, no conformation of features, and no splendour of colours, will ever render it beautiful to us. How much this is the case in society; how much the opinion of beauty is dependent upon the character of the mind which observes it; how profusely the good find beauty in every class of mankind around them; how much, on the contrary, the habits of vice tend to obliterate all the genuine beauty of nature to the vicious, must, to every man of common thought, have been the subject both of pleasing and of melancholy observation.

It is observable, in the same manner, that the most beautiful countenance is not permanently and uniformly beautiful, as it necessarily would be, if this beauty arose from any original law of our nature; but that its beauty is always dependent upon the nature of the temporary dispositions, or qualities of mind which it signifies. Every man who has had the good fortune to live in the society of beautiful women, must often have observed, that there were many days of his life, and many hours in every day, when he was altogether insensible to their beauty.

The little unmeaning and uninteresting details of domestic life; the usual cares and concerns of female duty; sometimes, perhaps, the irritations and disturbances of domestic economy, produce expressions which are neither interesting nor affecting; and, while they produce these, the beauty of the countenance (however latently great) is unfelt and unobserved. Whenever the countenance assumes the expression of any amiable or interesting emotion, the beauty of it immediately returns.

While there is scarcely any countenance that thus remains beautiful under the expression of vulgar or uninteresting emotions, and none which can preserve it under the dominion of vicious or improper dispositions, it may at the same time be observed, that there are very few countenances which are not raised into beauty, by the influence of amiable or lofty expression. They, who have had the happiness to witness the effects of sudden joy or unlooked-for hope in the countenances, even of the lowest of the people;—who have attended to the influence of sorrow, or sympathy, in the expression of faces unknown to affectation —they, still more, who have ever looked steadily upon the bed of sickness or of death, and have seen the influences of submission and of resignation upon every feature of the suffering or expiring countenance, can, I am persuaded, well tell, that there is scarcely any form of features which such interesting and lofty expressions cannot and do not exalt into beauty. It is on the same account, that the young who live familiarly together, are so seldom sensible to each other's beauty. The countenance, however beautiful, must often appear to them with very unmeaning and uninteresting expressions: the quiet detail of domestic life gives birth to no strong emotions in the countenances of either; they meet without animation, and they separate without tenderness; the habits of simple friendship call forth no transports of passion, and they go abroad into less known societies, to look for those agitations of hope or fear which they do not experience at home. To lovers, on the contrary, and for the same reason, every look and every feature is beautiful, because they are expressive to them of the most delightful emotions which their age can feel; because the countenance is then animated with expressions the most amiable and genuine which it ever can display, and still more, perhaps, because they are the signs to them of those imaginary scenes of future happiness, in the promise of which youth and love are so happily profuse.

It is the same principle which is the obvious cause of the infrequency of beauty among the lower orders. Something of this is undoubtedly to be ascribed to the influences of climate, and of weather, and to the negligence of those arts, by which, in the higher ranks of life, the physical beauty, at least of feature and of complexion, is so assiduously preserved. But the principal cause of it is in the character of mind, which such situations too naturally create. They who live for subsistence cannot live for beauty. The occupations in which they are engaged, the modes of life to which they are doomed, are little consistent with any amiable or interesting emotions; and their countenances, therefore, (however latently beautiful,) express nothing to us but low care or painful occupation. In their usual hours, therefore, their beauty is scarcely more than that of youth and health: and we observe it with satisfaction rather than pleasure. Let us follow them, however, from these vulgar and degrading occupations, into the scenes of their gaiety and enjoyment

—let us follow them into scenes of distress or sympathy, when finer emotions are excited, or when their countenances waken into correspondent expression, and we shall be astonished to find, that amid the most common features, beauty arises, and amid the most common forms, grace is to be found. In every country of Europe, I believe, in the same manner, the traveller has felt that the greatest beauty exists among women of the highest rank, or in those who live in affluence and independence; and it ought to be so. They who live not for subsistence, but for society; who, from their earliest days are unbroken by labour, or by care; who, still more, exist for their hour only in the search of admiration, are under the necessity of gaining it by every flattery to the feelings of others, by assuming virtues if they possess them not, and, by counterfeiting, for the time at least, every disposition of mind and every expression of countenance which renders society amiable, or woman lovely.

Observations of this kind may be extended to every scene almost of our intercourse with mankind. I presume only to add the following, which perhaps every one of my readers can verify by their own experience.

Were the beauty of the human countenance dependent altogether upon certain forms or colours, it would be very difficult to account for those different beauties of age or sex, in which all men and all ages have agreed. If we consider them as arising from the expression of those qualities or dispositions which we expect and love in sex and in age, we shall find no difficulty in reconciling the facts with the theory. In men and in women, every countenance is to a certain degree beautiful, which is expressive of interesting or amiable dispositions: and from the cradle to the grave, every conformation of the human countenance is in some measure beautiful, which is significant of the qualities or character of mind, which we think that age ought to display.

There is, however, a difference in this respect; and it is obviously with very different sentiments that we regard male and female beauty. The one we regard with love and admiration, the other scarcely with more than satisfaction: of these different sentiments the account is simple. The forms of the male countenance in manhood, are not in general expressive of very amiable qualities, nor do we expect them. It is spirit, thought, resolution, which we look for as the predominant expressions of that age; but none of these are expressions extremely interesting to us, and all of them may be painful or exaggerated. The dispositions of mind, on the contrary, that we look for in the female countenance, are modesty, humility, timidity, sensibility, and kindness. These are dispositions which we never observe without deep emotion. They are not only delightful in themselves, but they are such as we expect in that sex; and there is no expression of them which does not affect us, both with the tenderness of love and with the sentiment of propriety. But while this is the case with the countenance of manhood, it is not the same (as every one has observed) with other periods of male existence. Infancy is equally beautiful in the one sex as in the other, and the early youth of man, (before it is corrupted by the business of the world,) is not unfrequently susceptible of as great a degree of beauty as is, perhaps, ever to be found in human conformation. In old age again, the male countenance reassumes, as it were, its beauty; because the character it expresses, the disposition which it displays, and still more, the melan-

choly contrast which we draw between its maturity and its decline, affect us with emotions of a far more profound and exquisite kind, than we ever experienced in the noon-day of its strength. *Alison.*

§ 95. *Ancient and modern Oratory compared.*

At the revival of letters in modern Europe, Eloquence, together with her sister muses, awoke, and shook the poppies from her brow. But their torpors still tingled in her veins. In the interval her voice was gone; her favourite languages were extinct; her organs were no longer attuned to harmony, and her hearers could no longer understand her speech. The discordant jargon of feudal anarchy had banished the musical dialects, in which she had always delighted. The theatres of her former triumphs were either deserted, or they were filled with the babblers of sophistry and chicane. She shrunk intuitively from the forum, for the last object she remembered to have seen there was the head of her darling Cicero, planted upon the rostrum. She ascended the tribunals of justice; there she found her child, Persuasion, manacled and pinioned by the letter of the law; there she beheld an image of herself, stammering in barbarous Latin, and staggering under the lumber of a thousand volumes. Her heart fainted within her She lost all confidence in herself. Together with her irresistible powers, she lost proportionably the consideration of the world, until, instead of comprising the whole system of public education, she found herself excluded from the circle of sciences, and declared an outlaw from the realms of learning. She was not however doomed to eternal silence. With the progress of freedom and of liberal science, in various parts of modern Europe, she obtained access to mingle in the deliberations of their parliaments. With labour and difficulty she learned their languages, and lent her aid in giving them form and polish. But she has never recovered the graces of her former beauty, nor the energies of her ancient vigour.

The immeasurable superiority of ancient over modern oratory is one of the most remarkable circumstances, which offer themselves to the scrutiny of reflecting minds, and it is in the languages, the institutions, and the manners of modern Europe, that the solution of a phenomenon, so extraordinary, must be sought. The assemblies of the people, of the select councils, or of the senate in Athens and Rome, were held for the purpose of real deliberation. The fate of measures was not decided before they were proposed. Eloquence produced a powerful effect, not only upon the minds of the hearers, but upon the issue of the deliberation. In the only countries of modern Europe, where the semblance of deliberative assemblies has been preserved, corruption, here in the form of executive influence, there in the guise of party spirit, by introducing a more compendious mode of securing decisions, has crippled the sublimest efforts of oratory, and the votes upon questions of magnitude to the interest of nations are all told, long before the questions themselves are submitted to discussion. Hence those nations, which for ages have gloried in the devotion to literature, science, and the arts, have never been able to exhibit a specimen of deliberative oratory, that can bear a comparison with those transmitted down to us from antiquity.

Religion indeed has opened one new avenue to the career of eloquence. Amidst the sacrifices of paganism to her three hundred thousand gods, amidst her sagacious and solemn consultations in the entrails

of slaughtered brutes, in the flight of birds, and the feeding of fowls, it had never entered her imagination to call upon the pontiff, the haruspex, or the augur, for discourses to the people, on the nature of their duties to their Maker, their fellow-mortals, and themselves. This was an idea, too august to be mingled with the absurd and ridiculous, or profligate and barbarous rites of her deplorable superstition. It is an institution, for which mankind are indebted to christianity; introduced by the Founder himself of this divine religion, and in every point of view worthy of its high original. Its effects have been to soften the tempers and purify the morals of mankind; not in so high a degree as benevolence could wish, but enough to call forth our strains of warmest gratitude to that good being, who provides us with the means of promoting our own felicity, and gives us power to stand, though leaving us free to fall. Here then is an unbounded and inexhaustible field for eloquence, never explored by the ancient orators; and here alone have the modern Europeans cultivated the art with much success. In vain should we enter the halls of justice, in vain should we listen to the debates of senates for strains of oratory, worthy of remembrance, beyond the duration of the occasion, which called them forth. The art of embalming thought by oratory, like that of embalming bodies by aromatics, would have perished, but for the exercises of religion. These alone have in the latter ages furnished discourses, which remind us, that eloquence is yet a faculty of the human mind.

Among the causes, which have contributed thus to depress the oratory of modern times, must be numbered the indifference, with which it has been treated, as an article of education. The ancients had fostered an opinion, that this talent was in a more than usual degree the creature of discipline; and it is one of the maxims, handed down to us, as the result of their experience, that men must be born to poetry, and bred to eloquence; that the bard is always the child of nature, and the orator always the issue of instruction. The doctrine seems to be not entirely without foundation, but was by them carried in both its parts to an extravagant excess.

The foundations for the oratorical talent, as well as those of the poetical faculty, must be laid in the bounties of nature; and as the muse in Homer, impartial in her distribution of good and evil, struck the bard with blindness, when she gave him the powers of song, her sister not unfrequently, by a like mixture of tenderness and rigor, bestows the blessing of wisdom, while she refuses the readiness of utterance. Without entering however into a disquisition which would lead me far beyond the limits of this occasion, I may remark, that the modern Europeans have run into the adverse extreme, and appear, during a considerable period, in their system of public education, to have passed upon eloquence a sentence of proscription. Even when they studied RHETORIC, as a theory, they neglected ORATORY, as an art; and while assiduously unfolding to their pupils the bright displays of Greek and Roman eloquence, they never attempted to make them eloquent themselves. *J. Q. Adams.*

§ 96. *On Oratory, as an Art.*

Oratory then is an art. This point has not been seriously controverted in modern times; though among the ancients it was debated with great warmth and ingenuity. A more important question, however, which has been agitated in all ages, and will perhaps never be placed altogether beyond the reach of controversy, is

whether oratory can be numbered among the useful arts? Whether its tendencies are not as strong to the perversion, as to the improvement of men? Whether it has not more frequently been made an engine of evil, than of good to the world? Or whether at best it is not one of those frivolous arts, which consists more in arbitrary, multifarious subdivisions and hard words, than in any real, practical utility. The question is to you, my friends, of so much importance, that in justice to you, to myself, and to the institution, under which I address you, I think a more ample consideration of its merits proper and necessary. Your time and your talents are precious, not only to yourselves, but to your connexions, and to your country. They ought therefore not to be wasted upon any trifling or unprofitable, and much less to be mispent upon any mischievous pursuit. In the observations, which I shall now submit to you, it is my intention to suggest the peculiar utility of the art, in the situation of this country, and adapted to the circumstances, which may probably call upon many of you for its exercise, in the progress of your future lives.

In the state of society, which exists among us, some professional occupation is, to almost every man in the community, the requisition of necessity, as well as of duty. None of us liveth to himself; and as we live to our families, by the several relations and employments of domestic life, to our friends, by the intercourse of more intimate society and mutual good offices, so we live to our country and to mankind in general, by the performance of those services, and by the discharge of those labours, which belong to the profession we have chosen, as the occupation of our lives. Whatsoever it is incumbent upon a man to do it is surely expedient to do well. Now of the three learned professions, which more especially demand the preparatory discipline of a learned education, there are two, whose most important occupations consist in the act of public speaking. And who can doubt, but that in the sacred desk, or at the bar, the man, who speaks well, will enjoy a larger share of reputation, and be more useful to his fellow creatures, than the divine or the lawyer of equal learning and integrity, but unblest with the talent of oratory?

But the pulpit is especially the throne of modern eloquence. There it is, that speech is summoned to realize the fabled wonders of the orphean lyre. The preacher has no control over the will of his audience, other than the influence of his discourse. Yet, as the ambassador of Christ, it is his great and awful duty to call sinners to repentance. His only weapon is the voice; and with this he is to appal the guilty, and to reclaim the infidel; to rouse the indifferent, and to shame the scorner. He is to inflame the lukewarm, to encourage the timid, and to cheer the desponding believer. He is to pour the healing balm of consolation into the bleeding heart of sorrow, and to sooth with celestial hope the very agonies of death. Now tell me who it is, that will best possess and most effectually exercise these more than magic powers? Who is it, that will most effectually stem the torrent of human passions, and calm the raging waves of human vice and folly? Who is it, that, with the voice of a Joshua, shall control the course of nature herself in the perverted heart, and arrest the luminaries of wisdom and virtue in their rapid revolutions round this little world of man? Is it the cold and languid speaker, whose words fall in such sluggish and drowsy motion from his lips, that they can promote nothing but the slumbers of his audi-

tory, and administer opiates to the body, rather than stimulants to the soul? Is it the unlettered fanatic, without method, without reason; with incoherent raving, and vociferous ignorance, calculated to fit his hearers, not for the kingdom of heaven, but for a hospital of lunatics? Is it even the learned, ingenious, and pious minister of Christ, who, by neglect or contempt of the oratorical art, has contracted a whining, monotonous sing-song of delivery to exercise the patience of his flock, at the expense of their other Christian graces? Or is it the genuine orator of heaven, with a heart sincere, upright, and fervent; a mind stored with that universal knowledge, required as the foundation of the art; with a genius for the invention, a skill for the disposition, and a voice for the elocution of every argument to convince and of every sentiment to persuade? If then we admit, that the art of oratory qualifies the minister of the gospel to perform in higher perfection the duties of his station, we can no longer question, whether it be proper for his cultivation. It is more than proper; it is one of his most solemn and indispensable duties. If

> Nature never lends
> The smallest scruple of her excellence,
> But like a thrifty goddess, she determines
> Herself the glory of a creditor,
> Both thanks and use,

more especially is the obligation of exerting every talent, of improving every faculty incumbent upon him, who undertakes the task of instructing, of reforming, and of guiding in the paths of virtue and religion, his fellow mortals.

The practitioner at the bar, having a just idea of his professional duties, will consider himself as the minister of justice among men, and feel it his obligation to maintain and protect the rights of those, who entrust their affairs to his charge, whether they are rights of person or of property; whether public or private; whether of civil or of criminal jurisdiction. The litigation of these rights in the courts of justice often requires the exertion of the most exalted intellectual powers; and it is by public speaking alone, that they can be exerted. For the knowledge of the law the learning of the closet may suffice; for its application to the circumstances of the individual case, correct reasoning and a sound judgment will be competent. But when an intricate controversy must be unfolded in a perspicuous manner to the mind of the judge, or a tangled tissue of blended facts and law must be familiarly unravelled to a jury; that is, at the very crisis, when the contest is to be decided by the authority of the land, learning and judgment are of no avail to the client or his counsel, without the assistance of an eloquent voice to make them known. Then it is, that all the arts of the orator are called into action, and that every part of a rhetorical discourse finds its place for the success of the cause. The diamond in the mine is no brighter, than the pebble upon the beach. From the hand of the lapidary must it learn to sparkle in the solar beam, and to glitter in the imperial crown. The crowd of clients, the profits of practice, and the honours of reputation, will all inevitably fly to him, who is known to possess, not only the precious treasures of legal learning, but the keys, which alone can open them to the public eye. Hence if personal utility, the acquisition of wealth, of honour, and of fame, is the pursuit of the lawyer, the impulse of eloquence can alone speed him in his course. If relative utility, the faculty of discharging in the utmost perfection the duties of his station, and the means of being most serviceable to his fellow creatures, is the nobler

object of his ambition, still he can soar to that elevated aim only upon the pinions of eloquence.

J. Q. Adams.

§ 97. *On ideal Excellence in Oratory.*

The Grecian philosophers first conceived, and Plato has largely expatiated upon, what they call the beautiful, and the good, in the abstract. Beauty and goodness are properties, and, as to any object perceptible to the senses, neither of them can exist without some substance, in which they may exist. A good man, or a beautiful woman, is perceptible to the eye and to the reason of us all; but the qualities themselves we cannot readily discern, without the aid of imagination. But as imperfection is stamped upon every work of nature, the imagination is able to conceive of goodness and beauty more perfect, than they can be found in any of the works of nature, or of man. This creature of the imagination Plato designates by the name of the good and fair. That is, goodness and beauty, purified from all the dross of natural imperfection. And then, by one step more of the imagination, we are required to personify these sublime abstractions, and call up to the eye of fancy images, in which goodness and beauty would appear, if they could assume a human shape. This principle was applied to the fine arts, as well as to morals; and the painters and sculptors, in imitating the productions of nature, improved upon them by these ideal images, and created those wonders of art, which still excite the astonishment of every beholder. The antique statues of the Apollo and Venus have thus been considered, for nearly three thousand years, the perfect models of human beauty. Such exquisite proportions, such an assemblage of features was never found in any human form. But the idea was in the mind of the artist, and his chisel has given it a local habitation in the minds of others. It was the conception and the pursuit of this ideal beauty, which produced all the wonders of Grecian art. Cicero applied it to eloquence. It appears to have been the study of his whole life to form an idea of a perfect orator, and of exhibiting his image to the world. In this treatise he has concentrated the result of all his observation, experience, and reflection. It is the idealized image of a speaker, in the mind of Cicero; what a speaker should be; what no speaker ever will be; but what every speaker should devote the labours of his life to approximate.

Let it be remembered, that this inflexible, unremitting pursuit of ideal and unattainable excellence is the source of all the real excellence, which the world has ever seen. It is the foundation of every thing great and good, of which man can boast. It is one of the proofs, that the soul of man is immortal; and it is at the foundation of the whole doctrine of christianity. It is the root of all real excellence in religion, in morals, and in taste. It was so congenial to the mind of Cicero, that in the treatise, of which I am now speaking, he took the most elaborate pains, and the most exquisite pleasure, in setting it forth. He addressed it to his friend Brutus, at whose desire it was written; and in one of the familiar epistles Cicero declares, that he wishes this work to be considered, as the test of his capacity; that it contains the quintessence of all his faculties.

The principal difficulty of the subject was to settle a standard of eloquence; for the original controversy between the rival Asiatic and Attic schools, which I have mentioned, was so far from being decided, that

it had given rise to a third system, partaking of both the others, and usually known by the name of the Rhodian manner. Cicero therefore determines, that there are subjects, peculiarly fitted to each of these three modes of speaking, and that the perfection of the orator consists in the proper use and variation of them all, according to the occasion. The most remarkable example of which, he thinks, is to be found in the famous oration of Demosthenes for Ctesiphon; commonly called the oration for the crown. In the distinction, which he draws between the schools of Isocrates and of Aristotle, we find the true criterion for judging their respective pretensions. The first he pronounces to have been the cradle of eloquence. Its florid colours, its dazzling splendours, its studied and laborious decorations, he thinks peculiarly adapted to representation, and not to action; to the first essays of youth, and not to the serious labours of manhood. But it is in judicial controversies, where the conflict of rights must be decided by the conflict of talents, that the manhood, the highest energies of the art, must be exerted. Here all the resources of invention, of selection, of arrangement, of style, and of action, must successively be applied, and here alone can the highest perfection of the art be found.

To professional speakers, the Orator of Cicero is a work, which they should familiarize and master, at the very threshold of their studies. It contains a lively image of what they ought to be, and a specific indication of what they ought to do. It is in many passages a comment upon the writer's own orations. It points out the variations of his style and manner, in many of those eloquent discourses, and gives you the reasons, which inspired his sublime, indignant vehemence in the accusation of Verres and of Catiline; his temperate, insinuating elegance upon the Manilian law, and the solicitations for Ligarius; and his close and irresistible cogency of argument in disclosing and elucidating the intricate case of Caecina. I would particularly recommend it to those of you, who may hereafter engage in the profession of the law, to read over these orations, and compare the management of the cause with this account, given by the author, of his motives for proceeding as he did in each of them.

But to whatever occupation your future inclinations or destinies may direct you, that pursuit of ideal excellence, which constituted the plan of Cicero's Orator, and the principle of Cicero's life, if profoundly meditated, and sincerely adopted, will prove a never failing source of virtue and of happiness. I say profoundly meditated, because no superficial consideration can give you a conception of the real depth and extent of this principle. I say sincerely adopted, because its efficacy consists not in resolutions, much less in pretensions; but in action. Its affectation can only disclose the ridiculous coxcomb, or conceal the detestable hypocrite; nor is it in occasional, momentary gleams of virtue and energy, preceded and followed by long periods of indulgence or inaction, that this sublime principle can be recognised. It must be the steady purpose of a life, maturely considered, deliberately undertaken, and inflexibly pursued, through all the struggles of human opposition, and all the vicissitudes of fortune. It must mark the measure of your duties in the relations of domestic, of social, and of public life. Must guard from presumption your rapid moments of prosperity, and nerve with fortitude your lingering hours of misfortune. It must mingle with you in the busy murmurs of the city, and retire in silence with you to the

shades of solitude. Like hope it must "travel through, nor quit you when you die." Your guide amid the dissipations of youth; your counsellor in the toils of manhood; your companion in the leisure of declining age. It must, it will, irradiate the darkness of dissolution; will identify the consciousness of the past with the hope of futurity; will smooth the passage from this to a better world; and link the last pangs of expiring nature with the first rapture of never ending joy. *J. Q. Adams.*

§ 98. *On Deliberative Oratory.*

The principles of deliberative oratory are important also in another point of view; inasmuch as they are applicable to the ordinary concerns of life. Whoever in the course of human affairs is called to give advice, or to ask a favour of another, must apply to the same principles of action, as those, which the deliberative orator must address. The arguments which persuade an assembly, are the same which are calculated to persuade an individual; and in speaking to a deliberative body the orator can often employ no higher artifice, than to consider himself as discoursing to a single man.

The objects of deliberative eloquence then are almost co-extensive with human affairs. They embrace every thing which can be a subject of advice, of exhortation, of consolation, or of petition. The most important scenes of deliberative oratory however in these states are the congress of the union, and the state legislature. The objects of their deliberation affect the interests of individuals and of the nation, in the highest degree. In seeking the sources of deliberative argument I shall therefore so modify the rules, generally to be observed, as to bear constant reference to them. They include all the subjects of legislation, of taxation, of public debt, public credit, and public revenue; of the management of public property; of commerce; treaties and alliances; peace and war.

Suppose yourself then, as a member of a deliberative assembly, deliberating upon some question involving these great and important concerns; desirous of communicating your own sentiments, and of influencing the decision of the body you are to address. Your means of persuasion are to be derived from three distinct general sources; having reference respectively, first to the subject of deliberation; secondly to the body deliberating; and thirdly to yourself, the speaker.

1. In considering the subject of deliberation, your arguments may result from the circumstances of legality, of possibility, of probability, of facility, of necessity, or of contingency.

The argument of legality must always be modified by the extent of authority with which the deliberating body is invested. In its nature it is an argument only applicable to the negative side of the question. It is an objection, raised against the measure under consideration, as being contrary to law. It can therefore have no weight in cases where the deliberating body itself has the power of changing the law. Thus in a town meeting it would be a decisive objection against any measure proposed, that it would infringe a law of the state. But in the legislature of the commonwealth this would be no argument, because that body is empowered to change the law. Again, in the state legislature a measure may be assailed, as contrary to a law of the Union; and the objection, if well founded, must be fatal to the measure proposed; though it could have no influence upon a debate in congress. There however the same argument may be adduced

in a different form, if the proposition discussed interferes with any stipulation by treaty, or with the constitution of the United States. The argument of illegality therefore is equivalent to denial of the powers of the deliberating body. It is of great and frequent use in all deliberative discussions; but it is not always that which is most readily listened to by the audience. Men are seldom inclined to abridge their own authority; and the orator, who questions the competency of his hearers to act upon the subject in discussion, must be supported by proof strong enough to control their inclinations, as well as to convince their reason.

The arguments of possibility and of necessity are those, which first command the consideration of the speaker, whose object is persuasion. Since, if impossibility on the one hand, or necessity on the other, be once ascertained, there is no room left for further deliberation. But, although nothing more can be required for dissuasion, than to show that the intended purpose is impracticable, barely to show its possibility can have very little influence in a debate; and it becomes the province of the speaker to consider its probability and facility; insisting upon every circumstance which contributes to strengthen these.

It is to be remarked, that the task of dissuasion or opposition is much easier to the orator, than that of persuasion; because for the rejection of a measure it is sufficient to show, either that it is impracticable, or inexpedient. But for its adoption, both its possibility and its expediency must be made to appear. The proposer of the measure must support both the alternatives; the opponent needs only to substantiate one of them.

In discussing the probabilities and facilities of a measure, the speaker often indulges himself in the use of amplification, which here consists in the art of multiplying the incidents, favourable to his purpose, and presenting them in such aspects, as to give each other mutual aid and relief. As in the arguments of impossibility and necessity, he borrows from demonstrative oratory the art of approximation, and represents as impossible that, which is only very difficult, or as absolutely necessary that, which is of extreme importance.

The argument of contingency, or, as it is styled by the ancient rhetoricians, the argument from the event, derives a recommendation of the measure in debate from either alternative of a successful issue or of failure. An admirable instance of this kind of argument is contained in that advice of Cardinal Wolsey to Cromwell.

"Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not;
Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr."

2. With regard to the deliberating body, there are two views, in which they must be presented to the speaker's reflections, as accessible to persuasion; the motives, by which they are to be stimulated, and their own manners and character. As motives of persuasion, an orator may address himself to the sense of duty, of honour, of interest, or of passion; motives, which I have here arranged according to the comparative weight which they ought respectively to carry, but which in the influence, which they really possess over most deliberative assemblies, should be ranked in precisely an inverted order.

Of the sense of duty may be observed, what I have already said of arguments, pointed against the power of the audience. They are indeed only different modifications of the same thing. To call upon the auditory to perform a duty is to speak

the language of command; it virtually denies the power of deliberation; and, although the force and efficacy of the appeal may be admitted, it is seldom listened to with pleasure, and always rather controls, than persuades the will.

The most proper and the most powerful arguments, which are usually employed for the purposes of persuasion, are those, addressed to the sense of honour and of interest. But in the choice and management of these you are to consult in a special manner the character of your audience; for one class of men will be most powerfully swayed by motives of honour, while another will most readily yield to the impulse of interest. "The discourse must be accommodated," I am now speaking the words of Cicero, "not only to the truth, but to the taste of the hearers. Observe then first of all, that there are two different descriptions of men; the one rude and ignorant, who always set profit before honour; the other polished and civilized, who prefer honour to every thing. Urge then to the latter of these classes considerations of praise, of honour, of glory, of fidelity, of justice; in short of every virtue. To the former present images of gain, of emolument, of thrift; nay, in addressing this kind of men, you must even allure them with the bait of pleasure. Pleasure, always hostile to virtue, always corrupting by fraudulent imitation the very nature of goodness herself, is yet most eagerly pursued by the worst of men; and by them often preferred not only to every instigation of honour, but even to the dictates of necessity. Remember too, that mankind are more anxious to escape evil, than to obtain good; less eager to acquire honour, than to avoid shame. Who ever sought honour, glory, praise, or fame of any kind, with the same ardour, that we fly from those most cruel of afflictions, ignominy, contumely, and scorn? Again, there is a class of men, naturally inclined to honourable sentiments, but corrupted by evil education and vitiated opinions. Is it your purpose then to exhort or persuade, remember that the task before you is that of teaching how to obtain good, and eschew evil. Are you speaking to men of liberal education, enlarge upon topics of praise and honour; insist with the keenest earnestness upon those virtues, which contribute to the common safety and advantage of mankind. But if you are discoursing to gross, ignorant, untutored minds, to them hold up profit, lucre, money-making, pleasure, and escape from pain. Deter them also by the prospect of shame and ignominy; for no man, however insensible to positive glory, is made of such impenetrable stuff, as not to be vehemently moved by the dread of infamy and disgrace." This passage of Cicero, extracted from the dialogue between himself and his son, I recommend to your meditations, as the truly paternal advice of a father to his child. You will find it not only a most useful guide in the practice of deliberative oratory; but, if properly applied, it will furnish you a measure for many an audience, and many a speaker. It is however proper to remind you, that arguments of interest are in some degree purified of their dross by the constitution of our principal deliberative assemblies. They are representative bodies. Their measures operate upon their constituents, more than upon themselves. The interests, to which you appeal in arguing to them, are not their individual interests, but those of the nation. They are therefore often identified with the more elevated topics of honour; since to promote the interest of the people is the highest honour of the legislator. This however is sufficiently understood by

most of our deliberative orators. As for you, my young friends, whenever you may be called to deliberate upon the concerns of your country, I trust you will feel, that the honour, as well as the interest of the public, is the object of your pursuit; and without ever forgetting the sacred regard to the general interest, which becomes a virtuous citizen, you will still perceive the immeasurable distance between those regions of the soul, which are open only to the voice of honour, and those which are trodden by the foot of avarice.

In all numerous assemblies the characters, opinions, and prejudices of the auditors will be various; a certain proportion of them will belong to each of the classes, enumerated by Cicero. In such cases the deliberative orator will find it adviseable to introduce a variety of arguments; some addressed to the generous, and some to the selfish feelings; some to the coarsest, and some to the most refined principles of action. But I cannot with Quinctilian discuss the question, how far an orator may exert his talents of persuasion for base and dishonourable purposes; or urge his hearers to actions, which he himself would detest or despise. In judicial controversies, where the discussion relates to time and actions irretrievably past, it may often be the fortune of the orator to defend what he cannot justify; and in the most rigorous court of justice or of honour, he may say, like Shakspeare's Isabella,

> "I something do excuse the thing I hate,
> For his advantage, whom I dearly love."

But of deliberative eloquence the first principle is sincerity. No honest man would advise what he cannot approve; and a counsellor should disdain to recommend that which he would not join in executing himself. And this leads me to the third general head, from which the means of persuasion are to be drawn in deliberative oratory, the speaker himself.

3. The eloquence of deliberation will necessarily take much of its colour from the orator himself. He must be careful to suit his discourse to his own character and situation. In early life he may endeavour to make strong impression by the airy splendour of his style, contrasted with the unaffected modesty of his address. If advanced in years, and elevated in reputation and dignity, the gravity of his manner and the weight of sentiment should justly correspond with the reverence due to his station. It is in deliberative assemblies, more than upon any other stage of public speaking, that the good opinion of his auditory is important to the speaker. The demonstrative orator, the lawyer at the bar, derive great advantage from a fair reputation and the good will of their hearers; but the peculiar province of the deliberative speaker is to advise; and what possible effect can be expected from advice, where there is no confidence in the adviser. This subject however is so important and so copious, that I shall reserve it for a separate lecture, in which I propose to consider those qualities of the heart and of the mind, which are or ought to be best adapted to acquire that benevolence of the auditory, which is so powerful an auxiliary to the power of speech.

In treating this part of the subject, Aristotle, according to his usual custom, has pursued his train of analysis to its deepest root, and to its minutest ramification. Assuming, as a fundamental position, that utility, that is the attainment of good or avoidance of evil, is the ultimate object of all deliberation, he proceeds to enumerate a catalogue of every thing, considered as a blessing by human beings. These blessings he divides into two classes; first of

those, universally recognised, and positive; and second of those, which are only relative, and subject to controversy. Among the former he includes virtue, health, beauty, riches, eloquence, arts, and sciences. Among the latter are the least of two evils; the contrary to what your enemy desires; the esteem of the wise; what multitudes desire; and specific objects to individual men. The forms of government also modify the prevailing estimate of good and evil. The end of civil government, under a democracy, is liberty; under an oligarchy, property; under an aristocracy, law: and under a monarchy, security. These are all positive blessings for all mankind. But their relative importance is greatly enhanced, where they constitute the basis of the social compact. The deliberative orator, whose appeal must always be to the sentiments of good and evil, rooted in the minds of his auditory, must always adapt his discourse to that standard measure of the land.

The ancient practice of declamation was an ingenious and useful exercise for improving in the art of deliberative oratory. A character and a situation, generally known in history, were assumed; and the task of the declaimer was to compose and deliver a discourse suitable to them. The Greek and Roman historians introduce speeches of this kind in the midst of their narratives; and among them are so many examples of the most admirable eloquence, that we regret the cold accuracy of modern history, which has discarded this practice, without providing any adequate substitute in its stead.

As amplification has been said to be the favourite resort of demonstrative oratory, the allegation of examples is the most effectual support of deliberative discourses. There is nothing new under the sun. The future is little more than a copy of the past. What hath been shall be again. And to exhibit an image of the past is often to present the clearest prospect of the future. The examples, which are adduced successfully by the deliberative speaker, are of two kinds; first, fictitious inventions of his own, second, real events borrowed from historical fact. The first of these are called by Aristotle fables, and the second parables. The fable, which may be invented at the pleasure of the speaker, is more easily applied to his purpose; but the parable, always derived from matter of fact, makes a deeper impression upon the minds of the audience. In the rude ages of society, and among the uncultivated class of mankind, the power of fable, and still more of parable to influence the will, is scarcely conceivable upon mere speculative investigation. But it is demonstrated by the uniform tenor of all human experience. The fable of Menenius Agrippa stands conspicuous in the Roman annals. It pacified one of the most dangerous insurrections which ever agitated that turbulent but magnanimous people. The scriptures of the old testament bespeak the efficacy of these instruments in a manner no less energetic. But their unrivalled triumph is in the propagation of the christian gospel; whose exalted founder we are told "needed not that any should testify of man; for he knew what was in man;" and who delivered his incomparable system of morality altogether through the medium of fables and parables; both of which in the writings of the evangelists are included in the latter term. "And with many parables spake he the word unto them, as they were able to hear it; but without a parable spake he not unto them."*

* Mark, iv. 33.

The principal feature in the style of deliberative oratory should be simplicity. Not that it disdains, but that it has seldom occasion for decoration. The speaker should be much more solicitous for the thought, than for the expression. This constitutes the great difference between the diction proper for this, and that, which best suits the two other kinds of oratory. Demonstrative eloquence, intended for show, delights in ostentatious ornament. The speaker is expected to have made previous preparation. His discourse is professedly studied, and all the artifices of speech are summoned to the gratification of the audience. The heart is cool for the reception, the mind is at leisure for the contemplation of polished periods, oratorical numbers, coruscations of metaphor, profound reflection, and subtle ingenuity. But deliberative discussions require little more than prudence and integrity. Even judicial oratory supposes a previous painful investigation of his subject by the speaker, and exacts an elaborate, methodical conduct of the discourse. But deliberative subjects often arise on a sudden, and allow of no premeditation. Hearers are disinclined to advice, which they perceive the speaker has been dressing up in his closet. Ambitious ornament should then be excluded, rather than sought. Plain sense, clear logic, and above all ardent sensibility, these are the qualities, needed by those who give, and those who take counsel. A profusion of brilliancy betrays a speaker more full of himself, than of his cause; more anxious to be admired, than believed. The stars and ribands of princely favour may glitter on the breast of the veteran hero at a birth-day ball; but, exposed to the rage of battle, they only direct the bullet to his heart. A deliberative orator should bury himself in his subject. Like a superintending providence, he should be visible only in his mighty works. Hence that universal prejudice, both of ancient and modern times, against written, deliberative discourses; a prejudice which bade defiance to all the thunders of Demosthenes. In the midst of their most enthusiastic admiration of his eloquence, his countrymen nevertheless remarked, that his orations "smelt too much of the lamp."

Let it however be observed, that upon great and important occasions the deliberative orator may be allowed a more liberal indulgence of preparation. When the cause of ages and the fate of nations hangs upon the thread of a debate, the orator may fairly consider himself, as addressing not only his immediate hearers, but the world at large; and all future times. Then it is, that, looking beyond the moment in which he speaks, and the immediate issue of the deliberation, he makes the question of an hour a question for every age and every region; takes the vote of unborn millions upon the debate of a little senate, and incorporates himself and his discourse with the general history of mankind. On such occasions and at such times, the oration naturally and properly assumes a solemnity of manner and a dignity of language, commensurate with the grandeur of the cause. Then it is, that deliberative eloquence lays aside the plain attire of her daily occupation, and assumes the port and purple of the queen of the world. Yet even then she remembers, that majestic grandeur best comports with simplicity. Her crown and sceptre may blaze with the brightness of the diamond, but she must not, like the kings of the gorgeous east, be buried under a shower of barbaric pearls and gold.

J. Q. Adams.

§ 99. *Reflections upon seeing Mr.* POPE'S *House at Binfield. In a Letter.*

Your letter found me just upon my return from an excursion into Berkshire, where I have been paying a visit to a friend, who is drinking the waters at Sunning-Hill. In one of my morning rides over that delightful country, I accidentally passed through a little village, which afforded me much agreeable meditation; as in times to come, perhaps, it will be visited by the lovers of the polite arts, with as much veneration as Virgil's tomb, or any other celebrated spot of antiquity. The place I mean is Binfield, where the Poet, to whom I am indebted (in common with every reader of taste) for so much exquisite entertainment, spent the earliest part of his youth. I will not scruple to confess, that I looked upon the scene where he planned some of those beautiful performances, which first recommended him to the notice of the world, with a degree of enthusiasm; and could not but consider the ground as sacred, that was impressed with the footsteps of a genius that undoubtedly does the highest honour to our age and nation.

The situation of mind in which I found myself upon this occasion, suggested to my remembrance a passage in Tully, which I thought I never so thoroughly entered into the spirit of before. That noble author, in one of his philosophical conversation-pieces, introduces his friend Atticus as observing the pleasing effect which scenes of this nature are wont to have upon one's mind: "Movemur enim," says that polite Roman, "nescio quo pacto, locis ipsis, in quibus eorum, quos diligimus aut admiramur, adsunt vestigia. Me quidem ipsæ illæ nostræ Athenæ, non tam operibus magnificis exquisitisque antiquorum artibus delectant, quam recordatione summorum virorum, ubi quisque habitare, ubi sedere, ubi disputare sit solitus."*

Thus, you see, I could defend myself by an example of great authority, were I in danger upon this occasion of being ridiculed as a romantic visionary. But I am too well acquainted with the refined sentiments of Orontes, to be under any apprehension he will condemn the impressions I have here acknowledged. On the contrary, I have often heard you mention with approbation, a circumstance of this kind which is related of Silius Italicus. The annual ceremonies which that poet performed at Virgil's sepulchre, gave you a more favourable opinion of his taste, you confessed, than any thing in his works was able to raise.

It is certain, that some of the greatest names of antiquity have distinguished themselves, by the high reverence they showed to the poetical character. Scipio, you may remember, desired to be laid in the same tomb with Ennius; and I am inclined to pardon that successful madman Alexander many of his extravagancies, for the generous regard he paid to the memory of Pindar, at the sacking of Thebes.

There seems, indeed, to be something in poetry that raises the professors of that very singular talent, far higher in the estimation of the world in general, than those who excel in any other of the refined arts. And accordingly we find that poets have been distinguished by antiquity with the most remarkable honours. Thus Homer, we are told, was deified at Smyrna; as the citizens of Mitylene stamped the image of Sappho upon their public coin: Anacreon received a solemn invita-

* "We are affected, I know not how, by those places in which we see the traces of those whom we love or admire. Indeed, I am not so much delighted at Athens by the magnificent works and the exquisite arts of antiquity, as by the recollection of her great men, where they used to live, sit, and dispute."

tion to spend his days at Athens, and Hipparchus, the son of Pisistratus, fitted out a splendid vessel in order to transport him thither: and when Virgil came into the theatre at Rome, the whole audience rose up and saluted him, with the same respect as they would have paid to Augustus himself.

Painting, one would imagine, has the fairest pretensions of rivalling her sister art in the number of admirers; and yet, where Apelles is mentioned once, Homer is celebrated a thousand times. Nor can this be accounted for by urging that the works of the latter are still extant, while those of the former have perished long since; for is not Milton's Paradise Lost more universally esteemed than Raphael's Cartoons?

The truth, I imagine, is, there are more who are natural judges of the harmony of numbers, than of the grace of proportions. One meets with but few who have not, in some degree at least, a tolerable ear; but a judicious eye is a far more uncommon possession. For as words are the universal medium, which all men employ in order to convey their sentiments to each other; it seems a just consequence, that they should be more generally formed for relishing and judging of performances in that way: whereas the art of representing ideas by means of lines and colours, lies more out of the road of common use, and is therefore less adapted to the taste of the general run of mankind.

I hazard this observation, in the hopes of drawing from you your sentiments upon a subject, in which no man is more qualified to decide; as indeed it is to the conversation of Orontes, that I am indebted for the discovery of many refined delicacies in the imitative arts, which, without his judicious assistance, would have lain concealed to me with other common observers. *Fitzosborne.*

§ 100. *On the Delicacy of every Author of Genius, with respect to his own performances. In a Letter.*

If the ingenious piece you communicated to me, requires any farther touches of your pencil, I must acknowledge the truth to be, what you are inclined to suspect, that my friendship has imposed upon my judgment. But though in the present instance your delicacy seems far too refined; yet, in general, I must agree with you, that works of the most permanent kind, are not the effects of a lucky moment, nor struck out at a single heat. The best performances, indeed, have generally cost the most labour; and that ease, which is so essential to fine writing, has seldom been attained without repeated and severe corrections: *Ludentis speciem dabit et torquebitur*,* is a motto that may be applied, I believe, to most successful authors of genius. With as much facility as the numbers of the natural Prior seem to have flowed from him, they were the result (if I am not misinformed) of much application: and a friend of mine, who undertook to transcribe one of the noblest performances of the finest genius that this, or perhaps any age can boast, has often assured me, that there is not a single line, as it is now published, which stands in conformity with the original manuscript. The truth is, every sentiment has its peculiar expression, and every word its precise place, which do not always immediately present themselves, and generally demand frequent trials, before they can be properly adjusted; not to mention the more important difficulties, which necessarily occur in settling the plan and regulating the higher parts which compose the structure of a finished work.

Those, indeed, who know what

* The appearance of ease, the result of labour.

pangs it costs even the most fertile genius to be delivered of a just and regular production, might be inclined, perhaps, to cry out with the most ancient of authors, *Oh! that mine adversary had written a book!* A writer of refined taste has the continual mortification to find himself incapable of taking entire possession of that ideal beauty which warms and fills his imagination. His conceptions still rise above all the powers of his art, and he can but faintly copy out those images of perfection, which are impressed upon his mind. Never was any thing, says Tully, more beautiful than the Venus of Apelles, or the Jove of Phidias; yet were they by no means equal to those high notions of beauty which animated the geniuses of those wonderful artists. In the same manner, he observes, the great masters of oratory imagined to themselves a certain perfection of eloquence, which they could only contemplate in idea, but in vain attempted to draw out in expression. Perhaps no author ever perpetuated his reputation, who could write up to the full standard of his own judgment: and I am persuaded that he, who upon a survey of his compositions can with entire complacency pronounce them good, will hardly find the world join with him in the same favourable sentence.

The most judicious of all poets, the inimitable Virgil, used to resemble his productions to those of that animal, who, agreeably to the notions of the Ancients, was supposed to bring forth her young into the world, a mere rude and shapeless mass; he was obliged to retouch them again and again, he acknowledged, before they acquired their proper form and beauty. Accordingly we are told, that after having spent eleven years in composing his Æneid, he intended to have set apart three more for the revisal of that glorious performance. But being prevented by his last sickness from giving those finishing touches, which his exquisite judgment conceived to be still necessary, he directed his friends Tucca and Varius to burn the noblest poem that ever appeared in the Roman language. In the same spirit of delicacy, Mr. Dryden tells us, that had he taken more time in translating this author, he might possibly have succeeded better: but never, he assures us, could he have succeeded so well as to have satisfied himself.

In a word, Hortensius, I agree with you, that there is nothing more difficult than to fill up the character of an author, who proposes to raise a just and lasting admiration; who is not contented with those little transient flashes of applause, which attend the ordinary race of writers, but considers only how he may shine out to posterity; who extends his views beyond the present generation, and cultivates those productions which are to flourish in future ages. What Sir William Temple observes of poetry, may be applied to every other work where taste and imagination are concerned: "It requires the greatest contraries to compose it; a genius both penetrating and solid; an expression both strong and delicate. There must be a great agitation of mind to invent, a great calm to judge and correct: there must be upon the same tree, and at the same time, both flower and fruit." But though I know you would not value yourself upon any performance, wherein these very opposite and very singular qualities were not conspicuous; yet I must remind you at the same time, that when the file ceases to polish, it must necessarily weaken. You will remember, therefore, that there is a medium between the immoderate caution of that orator, who was three Olympiads in writing a single oration: and the extravagant

expedition of that poet, whose funeral pile was composed of his own numberless productions. *Fitzosborne.*

§ 101. *Reflections upon Style. In a Letter.*

The beauties of Style seem to be generally considered as below the attention both of an author and a reader. I know not, therefore, whether I may venture to acknowledge, that among the numberless graces of your late performance, I particularly admired that strength and elegance with which you have enforced and adorned the noblest sentiments.

There was a time, however, (and it was a period of the truest refinements) when an excellence of this kind was esteemed in the number of the politest accomplishments; as it was the ambition of some of the greatest names of antiquity to distinguish themselves in the improvement of their native tongue. Julius Cæsar, who was not only the greatest hero, but the finest gentleman that ever, perhaps, appeared in the world, was desirous of adding this talent to his other most shining endowments: and we are told he studied the language of his country with much application: as we are sure he possessed it in its highest elegance. What a loss, Euphronius, is it to the literary world, that the treatise which he wrote upon this subject is perished with many other valuable works of that age! But though we are deprived of the benefit of his observations, we are happily not without an instance of their effects; and his own memoirs will ever remain as the best and brightest exemplar, not only of true generalship, but of fine writing. He published them, indeed, only as materials for the use of those who should be disposed to enlarge upon that remarkable period of the Roman story; yet the purity and gracefulness of his style were such, that no judicious writer durst attempt to touch the subject after him.

Having produced so illustrious an instance in favour of an art, for which I have ventured to admire you; it would be impertinent to add a second, were I to cite a less authority than that of the immortal Tully. This noble author, in his dialogue concerning the celebrated Roman orators, frequently mentions it as a very high encomium, that they possessed the elegance of their native language; and introduces Brutus as declaring, that he should prefer the honour of being esteemed the great master and improver of Roman eloquence, even to the glory of many triumphs.

But to add reason to precedent, and to view this art in its use as well as its dignity; will it not be allowed of some importance, when it is considered, that eloquence is one of the most considerable auxiliaries of truth? Nothing indeed contributes more to subdue the mind to the force of reason, than her being supported by the powerful assistance of masculine and vigorous oratory. As on the contrary, the most legitimate arguments may be disappointed of that success they deserve, by being attended with a spiritless and enfeebled expression. Accordingly, that most elegant of writers, the inimitable Mr. Addison, observes, in one of his essays, that "there is as much difference between comprehending a thought clothed in Cicero's language and that of an ordinary writer, as between seeing an object by the light of a taper and the light of the sun."

It is surely then a very strange conceit of the celebrated Malbranche, who seems to think the pleasure which arises from perusing a well written piece, is of the criminal kind, and has its source in the weakness and effeminacy of the human heart. A man must have a very un-

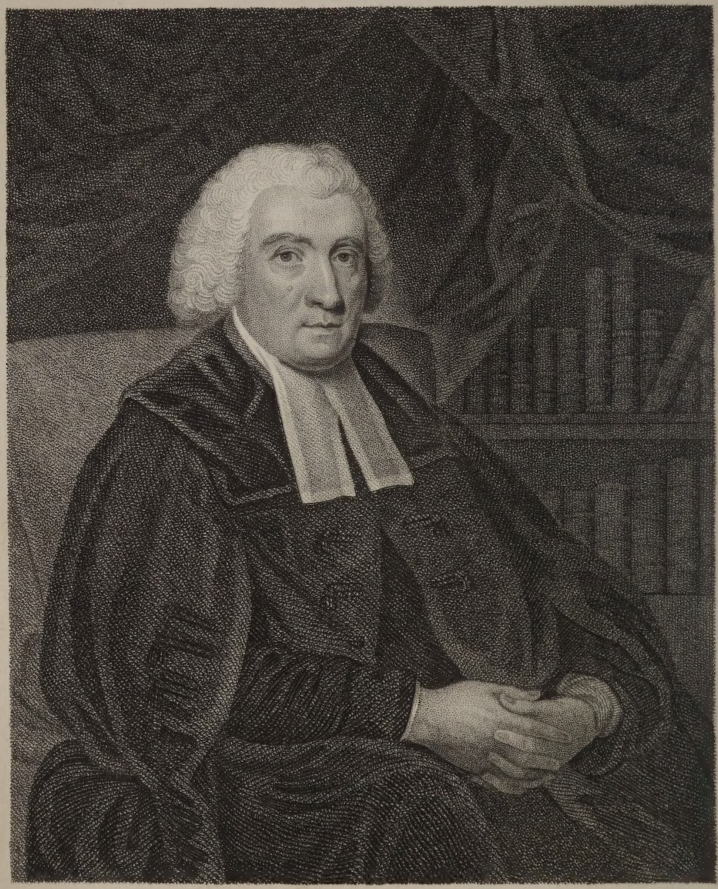
common severity of temper indeed, who can find any thing to condemn in adding charms to truth, and gaining the heart by captivating the ear; in uniting roses with the thorns of science, and joining pleasure with instruction.

The truth is, the mind is delighted with a fine style, upon the same principle that it prefers regularity to confusion, and beauty to deformity. A taste of this sort is indeed so far from being a mark of any depravity of our nature, that I should rather consider it as an evidence, in some degree, of the moral rectitude of its constitution, as it is a proof of its retaining some relish at least of harmony and order.

One might be apt indeed to suspect, that certain writers amongst us had considered all beauties of this sort in the same gloomy view with Malbranche: or, at least, that they avoided every refinement in style, as unworthy a lover of truth and philosophy. Their sentiments are sunk by the lowest expressions, and seem condemned to the first curse, of creeping upon the ground all the days of their life. Others, on the contrary, mistake pomp for dignity; and, in order to raise their expressions above vulgar language, lift them up beyond common apprehensions, esteeming it (one should imagine) a mark of their genius, that it requires some ingenuity to penetrate their meaning. But how few writers, like Euphronius, know to hit that true medium which lies between those distant extremes! How seldom do we meet with an author, whose expressions, like those of my friend, are glowing but not glaring, whose metaphors are natural but not common, whose periods are harmonious but not poetical; in a word, whose sentiments are well set, and shown to the understanding in their truest and most advantageous lustre

Fitzosborne.

END OF VOL. I.



Raeburn pinx. *T. Kelly Sculp.*

HUGH BLAIR, D.D.

Published by Samuel Walker, Harlem Place, Washington Street Boston.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS,

OR

USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING PASSAGES,

FROM THE

BEST ENGLISH AUTHORS AND TRANSLATIONS;

PRINCIPALLY DESIGNED

FOR THE USE OF YOUNG PERSONS.

ORIGINALLY COMPILED BY THE

REV. VICESIMUS KNOX, D. D.

A new Edition, embellished with elegant Engravings.

PREPARED BY

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. II.—PROSE.

BOSTON:
BENJAMIN B. MUSSEY.

1842.

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, *to wit:*
District Clerk's Office.

L. S. BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the seventeenth day of March A. D. 1826, in the fiftieth year of the Independence of the United States of America, SAMUEL WALKER, of the said District, has deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in the words following, *to wit:*

Elegant Extracts, or Useful and Entertaining Passages from the best English Authors and Translations; principally designed for the use of young persons. Originally compiled by the Rev. Vicesimus Knox, D. D. a new Edition, embellished with elegant Engravings, prepared by James G. Percival, in six volumes. Vol. 2. PROSE.

In Conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned:" and also to an Act entitled "An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

JNO. W. DAVIS, *Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.*

CONTENTS.

VOL. II.

BOOK III. *Orations, Characters, and Letters.*

Sect.		Page.
1	On the Great Historical Ages *Voltaire.*	1
2	On the Constitution of England *Montesquieu.*	3
3	Of Columbus, and the Discovery of America *Voltaire.*	10
4	The effects of a dissolution of the Federal Union *Hamilton.*	16
5	Extent of Country not dangerous to the Union *Madison.*	20
6	Necessity of the Union *Jay.*	23
7	The influence of the Progress of Science on the Manners and Characters of Men *Robertson.*	26
8	The Resignation of the Emperor Charles V. *Ibid.*	28
9	The Feudal System *Ibid.*	30
10	The Crusades *Ibid.*	32
11	Chivalry *Ibid.*	33
12	Assassination of David Rizio *Ibid.*	34
13	Death of Queen Mary of Scotland *Ibid.*	35
14	Execution of Lady Jane Grey *Hume.*	38
15	Fall of Cardinal Wolsey *Ibid.*	40
16	Execution of Archbishop Cranmer *Ibid.*	42
17	Rienzi restores liberty to Rome—his fall *Gibbon.*	43
18	The Death of Cæsar *Ferguson.*	52
19	Death and Character of Cicero *Ibid.*	56
20	A remarkable Instance of Filial Duty *Val. Max. Plin.*	58
21	The Continence of Scipio Africanus *Livy.*	59
22	The private Life of Emilius Scipio *Rollin.*	59
23	Declaration of American Independence *Jefferson.*	62
24	Battle of Lexington and Concord *E. Everett.*	65
25	General Washington resigns his commission and retires to private life *Marshall.*	71
26	Death of General Washington *Ibid.*	74
27	The first Oration against Philip: pronounced in the Archonship of Aristodemus, in the first year of the Hundred and Seventh Olympiad, and the ninth of Philip's Reign *Leland.*	75
28	The first Olynthiac Oration: pronounced four years after the first Philippic, in the Archonship of Callimachus, the fourth Year of the Hundred and Seventh Olympiad, and the twelfth of Philip's Reign *Ibid.*	84
29	Oration against Catiline *Whitworth's Cicero.*	89
30	Oration against Catiline *Ibid.*	98
31	Part of Cicero's Oration against Verres *Cicero's Orations.*	106
32	The Oration which was spoken by Pericles, at the public funeral of those Athenians who had been first killed in the Peloponnesian War *Thucydides.*	108
33	The Character of Sylla *Middleton.*	113
34	The Character of Pompey *Ibid.*	114
35	Submission; Complaint; Entreating.—The Speech of Seneca the Philosopher to Nero, complaining of the Envy of his Enemies, and requesting the Emperor to reduce him back to his former narrow Circumstances, that he might no longer be an Object of their Malignity *Tacitus.*	116
36	The Character of Julius Cæsar *Middleton.*	117
37	The Character of Cato *Ibid.*	118
38	A Comparison of Cæsar with Cato *Sallust, by Mr. Rose.*	119
39	Caius Marius to the Romans, showing the Absurdity of their hesitating to confer on him the Rank of General, merely on account of his Extraction *Ibid.*	119
40	The Character of Catiline *Ibid.*	121
41	Speech of Titus Quinctius to the Romans, when the Equi and Volsci, taking Advantage of their intestine Commotions, ravaged their country to the Gates of Rome *Hooke.*	121
42	The Character of Hannibal *Livy.*	123
43	The Character of Martin Luther *Robertson.*	123
44	Character of Alfred, King of England *Hume.*	125
45	Character of William the Conqueror *Ibid.*	126
46	The Character of William Rufus *Ibid.*	126
47	Character of Henry I. *Ibid.*	127
48	Character of Stephen. *Ibid.*	127
49	Character of Henry II. *Ibid.*	128
50	Character of Richard I. *Ibid.*	128
51	Character of John *Ibid.*	129
52	Character of Henry III. *Ibid.*	129
53	Character of Edward I. *Ibid.*	130
54	Character of Edward II. *Ibid.*	130
55	Character of Edward III. *Ibid.*	131
56	Character of Richard II. *Ibid.*	131
57	Character of Henry IV. *Ibid.*	132
58	Character of Henry V. *Ibid.*	133
59	Hume's Account of Henry VI.	133
60	Smollett's Account of the Death of Henry VI. with some Strictures of Character	133
61	Character of Edward IV. *Hume.*	134
62	Another Character of Edward IV. *Rapin.*	134
63	Character of Edward V.	135
64	Character of Richard III. *Hume.*	135
65	Character of Henry VII. *Ibid.*	136
66	Character of Henry VIII. *Ibid.*	136
67	Character of Edward VI. *Ibid.*	137
68	Character of Mary *Ibid.*	137
69	Character of Elizabeth *Ibid.*	138
70	Character of James I. *Ibid.*	139
71	Character of Charles I. *Ibid.*	139
72	Character of Cromwell *Noble.*	141
73	Character of Charles II *Hume.*	141
74	Character of James II. *Macpherson.*	142
75	Character of William III. *Smollett.*	142
76	Character of Mary, Queen Consort of William III. *Ibid.*	143
77	Character of Anne *Ibid.*	143

Sect.		Page.
78	Character of Francis I. with some Reflections on his Rivalship with Charles V. - - *Robertson.*	144
79	Character of Charles V. - *Ibid.*	146
80	Character of Lord Townshend *Chesterfield.*	147
81	Character of Mr. Pope - *Ibid.*	148
82	Character of Lord Bolingbroke *Ibid.*	149
83	Character of Mr. Pulteney - *Ibid.*	150
84	Character of Sir Robert Walpole *Ibid.*	151
85	Character of Lord Granville *Ibid.*	152
86	Character of Mr. Grenville - *Burke.*	153
87	Character of Mr. Pelham *Chesterfield.*	154
88	Character of Richard Earl of Scarborough - - - *Ibid.*	154
89	Character of Lord Hardwicke *Ibid.*	156
90	Character of the Duke of Newcastle *Ibid.*	157
91	Character of Mr. Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland - *Ibid.*	158
92	Character of Mr. Pitt - *Ibid.*	158
93	Characters of Lord Chatham and Mr. C. Townshend - - - *Burke.*	159
94	Character of Washington - *Ames.*	162
95	Character of Mr. Ames - *Kirkland.*	164
96	Speech of Sir Robert Phillips on Public Grievances - - -	166
97	Mr. Pulteney's Speech on the motion for reducing the Army - -	167
98	Speech of Sir G. Heathcote, on the establishment of Excise Officers -	169
99	Sir Robert Walpole's Speech on the Establishment of Excise Officers -	170
100	Sir John St. Aubin's Speech for repealing the Septennial Act - -	171
101	Sir Robert Walpole's Reply -	174
102	Lord Lyttelton's Speech on the Repeal of the Act, called the Jew Bill in the year 1753 - - -	177
103	Speech of Mr. Pitt (afterwards Earl of Chatham) on American taxation, 1765 - - -	179
104	Speech of Mr. Grenville on the same subject - - - -	182
105	Speech of Mr. Pitt, in reply to Mr. Grenville - - - -	183
106	Speech of Lord Mansfield, on the Bill for preventing the delays of Justice by claiming the Privilege of Parliament - - - -	186
107	Lord Chatham's Speech for the immediate removal of the troops from Boston in America - -	188
108	Speech of the Earl of Chatham, on the subject of employing Indians to fight against the Americans -	191
109	Part of Mr. Fox's Speech, on his Bill for the better government of India - - - -	193
110	Part of a Speech of Mr. Burke on the same occasion - - -	195
111	Part of a Speech of Mr. Burke, on the Debts of the Nabob of Arcot	197
112	Personal Invective of Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, in the debate on the Irish Propositions—Mr. Pitt - -	199
	Mr. Fox - - - -	200
113	Speech of Mr. Curran on the bill to limit the amount of Pensions. 1786	202
114	Speech of Mr. Wilberforce, on the Slave Trade - - - -	204
115	Speech of Patrick Henry on the Virginia Resolutions. 1775 - *Wirt.*	208
116	Part of Mr. Ames' Speech on the British Treaty - - - -	210
117	Conclusion of Mr. Harper's Speech on resisting the encroachments of France. 1797 - - - -	214
118	The Landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth - - - *Webster.*	216
119	The Slave Trade - - *Ibid.*	218
120	Conclusion of Mr. Webster's Speech at Plymouth - - -	219
121	Part of Mr. Webster's Speech on the Greek Question, 1824—On the Policy of the Holy Alliance -	220

BOOK IV. *Narratives, Dialogues, &c.*

Sect.		Page.
1	The Story of Le Fevre - *Sterne.*	224
2	Story of La Roche - *Mackenzie.*	229
3	On Human Grandeur *Goldsmith.*	236
4	A Dialogue between Mr. Addison and Dr. Swift - *Dialogues of the Dead.*	237
5	The Hill of Science. A Vision - - - *Aikin's Miscel.*	240
6	On the Love of Life - *Goldsmith.*	242
7	The Canal and the Brook. A Reverie - - - *Aikin's Miscel.*	244
8	The Story of a Disabled Soldier *Goldsmith.*	246
9	On Dignity of Manners *Chesterfield.*	249
10	On Vulgarity - - - *Ibid.*	250
11	On Good-breeding - - *Ibid.*	251
12	Bayes's Rules for Composition	253
13	The Art of Pleasing - *Chesterfield.*	254
14	A Dialogue between Pliny the Elder and Pliny the Younger *Dialogues of the Dead.*	255
15	Endeavour to please, and you can scarcely fail to please - *Chesterfield.*	257
16	Humorous Scene between Prince Henry and Falstaff, in which the Prince detects Falstaff's monstrous Lies *Shakspeare*	229
17	Scene between Iago and Cassio, in which Cassio regrets his folly in getting drunk - - - *Shakspeare.*	261
18	Directions for the Management of Wit - - - *Chesterfield.*	262
19	Egotism to be avoided - *Ibid.*	263
20	Cruelty to Animals - - *Pope.*	265
21	The Manners of a Bookseller *Ibid.*	266
22	Description of a Country Seat *Ibid.*	269
23	Apology for his Religious Tenets *Ibid.*	271
24	Defence against a noble Lord's Reflections - - - - *Ibid.*	273
25	Envy - - - - *Rambler.*	275
26	Epicurus, a Review of his Character - - *Orrery's Life of Swift.*	276
27	Example, its prevalence *Bolingbroke.*	277
28	Exile only an imaginary Evil *Ibid.*	278
29	The Love of Fame *Fitzosborne's Letters.*	279
30	Enthusiasm - - - *Ibid.*	280
31	Fortune not to be trusted *Bolingbroke.*	281
32	Delicacy constitutional, and often dangerous - - *Hume's Essays.*	282
33	Detraction a detestable Vice *Rambler*	284

Sect.		Page.
34	Learning should be sometimes applied to cultivate our Morals *Rambler.*	285
35	Mankind, a Portrait of *Sterne's Sermons.*	288
36	Hard Words defended - *Idler.*	289
37	Discontent, the common lot of all Mankind - - *Rambler.*	290
38	Justice, its Nature and real Import defined - - *Goldsmith's Essays.*	292
39	Habit, the Difficulty of conquering *Idler.*	292
40	History, our natural Fondness for it, and its true use - *Bolingbroke.*	293
41	Human Nature, its Dignity *Hume's Essays.*	295
42	The Operations of Human Nature considered - - - *Orrery.*	295
43	On the Liberty of the Press *Milton.*	296
44	Patience recommended *Bolingbroke.*	299
45	Patience exemplified in the Story of an Ass - - - *Sterne.*	299
46	True Pleasure defined *Seed's Sermons.*	301
47	How Politeness is manifested *Hume's Essays.*	301
48	The Business and Qualifications of a Poet described *Johnson's Rasselas.*	302
49	Remarks on some of the best Poets, both ancient and modern - *Dryden.*	303
50	Remarks on some of the best English Dramatic Poets - *Dryden's Essays.*	305
51	Retirement of no use to some *Bolingbroke.*	307
52	Defence of Riddles: In a letter to a Lady - *Fitzosborne's Letters.*	308
53	The true Use of the Senses perverted by Fashion - - *Smollett.*	309
54	Swearing an indelicate as well as a wicked Practice - *Connoisseur.*	311
55	Sympathy a Source of the Sublime - - *Burke on the Sublime.*	312
56	Effects of Sympathy in the Distresses of others - - - *Ibid.*	313
57	Tears not unworthy of a Hero *Dryden*	314
58	Terror a Source of the Sublime - - *Burke on the Sublime.*	315
59	Tragedy compared with Epic Poetry - - - *Dryden.*	315
60	History of Translations - *Idler.*	317
61	What Talents are requisite to form a good Translator - - *Dryden.*	320
62	Examples that Words may affect without raising Images *Burke on the Sublime.*	322
63	Painting disagreeable in Women - - - *Connoisseur.*	324
64	Juvenal and Horace compared as Satirists - - *Dryden.*	325
65	Delicate Satire not easily hit off *Ibid.*	326
66	The Works of Art defective in entertaining the Imagination *Spectator.*	327
67	On the Progress of the Arts - *Idler.*	329
68	The Study of Astronomy peculiarly delightful - - *Tatler.*	329
69	The planetary and terrestrial Worlds comparatively considered *Spectator.*	330
70	Causes of national Characters - - - *Hume's Essays.*	331
71	Chastity an additional Ornament to Beauty - - *Spectator.*	332
72	Chastity a valuable Virtue in a Man - - - *Guardian.*	333
73	The Characters of Gamesters *Connoisseur.*	334
74	Curiosity - - *Sterne's Sermons.*	336
75	Controversy seldom decently conducted - - - *Browne's Essays.*	337
76	How to please in Conversation *Rambler.*	338
77	The various Faults in Conversation and Behaviour pointed out *Connoisseur.*	338
78	Distempers of the Mind cured *B. Thornton.*	341
79	Character of a mighty good kind of Man - - - - *Ibid.*	342
80	Character of a mighty good sort of Woman - - *Ibid.*	344
81	Interview between Waverly and Miss Mac-Ivor previous to the Execution of her Brother - *Sir W. Scott.*	346
82	Meg Merrilies' threat to the Laird of Ellangowan - - *Ibid.*	348
83	Edie Ochiltree's Address to the Duellists - - - *Ibid.*	349
84	The Funeral of the Fisherman's Son *Ibid.*	350
85	Macbriar's Exhortation after the Battle of Loudon Hill - - *Ibid.*	355
86	Interview between Jeanie Deans and Effie Deans in prison - - *Ibid.*	357
87	Jeanie Deans' Address to Queen Caroline - - - *Ibid.*	361
88	Interview between Rebecca and Bois Guilbert in the Castle of Front-de-Bœuf - - *Ibid.*	361
89	Interview between Leicester and the Countess at Kenilworth - *Ibid.*	366
90	Queen Elizabeth discovers the Marriage of Leicester - - *Ibid.*	370
91	Sorrow for the Dead - *W. Irving.*	374
92	An Autumnal Evening - *Ibid.*	376
93	The Storm Ship - - *Ibid.*	377
CHRONOLOGY—Remarkable Events, Discoveries and Inventions -		381
Table of Men of Learning and Genius		403

ELEGANT EXTRACTS

IN PROSE.

BOOK THE THIRD.

ORATIONS, CHARACTERS, AND LETTERS.

§ 1. *On the Great Historical Ages.*

Every age has produced heroes and politicians; all nations have experienced revolutions; and all histories are nearly alike, to those who seek only to furnish their memories with facts; but whosoever thinks, or, what is still more rare, whosoever has taste, will find but four ages in the history of the world. These four happy ages are those in which the arts were carried to perfection; and which, by serving as the æra of the greatness of the human mind, are examples for posterity.

The first of these ages to which true glory is annexed, is that of Philip and Alexander, or that of a Pericles, a Demosthenes, an Aristotle, a Plato, an Apelles, a Phidias, and a Praxiteles; and this honour has been confined within the limits of ancient Greece; the rest of the known world was then in a state of barbarism.

The second age is that of Cæsar and Augustus, distinguished likewise by the names of Lucretius, Cicero, Titus, Livius, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Varro, and Vitruvius.

The third is that which followed the taking of Constantinople by Mahomet II. Then a family of private citizens were seen to do that which the kings of Europe ought to have undertaken. The Medicis invited to Florence the Learned, who had been driven out of Greece by the Turks. —This was the age of Italy's glory. The polite arts had already recovered a new life in that country; the Italians honoured them with the title of Virtu, as the first Greeks had distinguished them by the name of Wisdom. Every thing tended towards perfection; a Michael Angelo, a Raphael, a Titian, a Tasso, and an Ariosto, flourished. The art of engraving was invented; elegant architecture appeared again, as admirable as in the most triumphant ages of Rome; and the Gothic barbarism, which had disfigured Europe in every kind of production, was driven from Italy, to make way for good taste.

The arts, always transplanted from Greece to Italy, found themselves in

a favourable soil, where they instantly produced fruit. France, England, Germany, and Spain, aimed in their turns to gather these fruits; but either they could not live in those climates, or else they degenerated very fast.

Francis I. encouraged learned men, but such as were merely learned men: he had architects; but he had no Michael Angelo, nor Palladio: he endeavoured in vain to establish schools for painting; the Italian masters whom he invited to France, raised no pupils there. Some epigrams and a few loose tales, made the whole of our poetry. Rabelais was the only prose writer in vogue, in the time of Henry II.

In a word, the Italians alone were in possession of every thing that was beautiful, excepting music, which was then but in a rude state; and experimental philosophy, which was every where equally unknown.

Lastly, the fourth age is that known by the name of the age of Lewis XIV. and is perhaps that which approaches the nearest to perfection of all the four; enriched by the discoveries of the three former ones, it has done greater things in certain kinds than those three together. All the arts, indeed, were not carried farther than under the Medicis, Augustus, and Alexander; but human reason in general was more improved. In this age we first became acquainted with sound philosophy. It may truly be said, that from the last years of Cardinal Richelieu's administration till those which followed the death of Lewis XIV. there has happened such a general revolution in our arts, our genius, our manners, and even in our government, as will serve as an immortal mark to the true glory of our country. This happy influence has not been confined to France; it has communicated itself to England, where it has stirred up an emulation which that ingenious and deeply-learned nation stood in need of at that time; it has introduced taste into Germany, and the sciences into Russia; it has even re-animated Italy, which was languishing; and Europe is indebted for its politeness and spirit of society, to the court of Lewis XIV.

Before this time, the Italians called all the people on this side the Alps by the name of Barbarians. It must be owned that the French, in some degree, deserved this reproachful epithet. Our forefathers joined the romantic gallantry of the Moors with the Gothic rudeness. They had hardly any of the agreeable arts amongst them; which is a proof that the useful arts were likewise neglected; for, when once the things of use are carried to perfection, the transition is quickly made to the elegant and the agreeable; and it is not at all astonishing, that painting, sculpture, poetry, eloquence, and philosophy, should be in a manner unknown to a nation, who, though possessed of harbours on the Western ocean and the Mediterranean sea, were without ships; and who, though fond of luxury to an excess, were hardly provided with the most common manufactures.

The Jews, the Genoese, the Venetians, the Portuguese, the Flemish, the Dutch, and the English, carried on, in their turns, the trade of France, which was ignorant even of the first principles of commerce. Lewis XIII. at his accession to the crown, had not a single ship; the city of Paris contained not quite four hundred thousand men, and had not above four fine public edifices; the other cities of the kingdom resembled those pitiful villages which we see on the other side of the Loire. The nobility, who were all stationed in the country, in dungeons surrounded with deep ditches, oppressed the peasant who cultivated the land. The high roads were almost impassable;

the towns were destitute of police; and the government had hardly any credit among foreign nations.

We must acknowledge, that, ever since the decline of the Carlovingian family, France had languished more or less in this infirm state, merely for want of the benefit of a good administration.

For a state to be powerful, the people must either enjoy a liberty founded on the laws, or the royal authority must be fixed beyond all opposition. In France, the people were slaves till the reign of Philip Augustus; the noblemen were tyrants till Lewis XI.; and the kings, always employed in maintaining their authority against their vassals, had neither leisure to think about the happiness of their subjects, nor the power of making them happy.

Lewis XI. did a great deal for the regal power, but nothing for the happiness or glory of the nation. Francis I. gave birth to trade, navigation, and all the arts: but he was too unfortunate to make them take root in the nation during his time, so that they all perished with him. Henry the Great was on the point of raising France from the calamities and barbarisms in which she had been plunged by thirty years of discord, when he was assassinated in his capital, in the midst of a people whom he had begun to make happy. The Cardinal de Richelieu, busied in humbling the house of Austria, the Calvinists, and the Grandees, did not enjoy a power sufficiently undisturbed to reform the nation; but he had at least the honour of beginning this happy work.

Thus, for the space of 900 years, our genius had been almost always restrained under a Gothic government, in the midst of divisions and civil wars; destitute of any laws or fixed customs; changing every second century a language which still continued rude and unformed. The nobles were without discipline, and strangers to every thing but war and idleness: the clergy lived in disorder and ignorance; and the common people without industry, and stupified in their wretchedness.

The French had no share either in the great discoveries, or admirable inventions of other nations: they have no title to the discoveries of printing, gunpowder, glasses, telescopes, the sector, compass, the air-pump, or the true system of the universe: they were making tournaments, while the Portuguese and Spaniards were discovering and conquering new countries from the east to the west of the known world. Charles V. had already scattered the treasures of Mexico over Europe, before the subjects of Francis I. had discovered the uncultivated country of Canada; but, by the little which the French did in the beginning of the sixteenth century, we may see what they are capable of when properly conducted. *Voltaire.*

§ 2. *On the Constitution of* ENGLAND.

In every government there are three sorts of power: the legislative; the executive, in respect to things dependent on the law of nations; and the executive, in regard to things that depend on the civil law.

By virtue of the first, the prince or magistrate enacts temporary or perpetual laws, and amends or abrogates those that have been already enacted. By the second, he makes peace or war, sends or receives embassies, he establishes the public security, and provides against invasions. By the third, he punishes criminals, or determines the disputes that arise between individuals. The latter we shall call the judiciary power, and the other simply the executive power of the state.

The political liberty of the subject

is a tranquillity of mind, arising from the opinion each person has of his safety. In order to have this liberty, it is requisite the government be so constituted as one man need not to be afraid of another.

When the legislative and executive powers are united in the same person, or in the same body of magistrates, there can be no liberty; because apprehensions may arise, lest the same monarch or senate should enact tyrannical laws, to execute them in a tyrannical manner.

Again, there is no liberty, if the power of judging be not separated from the legislative and executive powers. Were it joined with the legislative, the life and liberty of the subject would be exposed to arbitrary control; for the judge would be then the legislator. Were it joined to the executive power, the judge might behave with all the violence of an oppressor.

There would be an end of every thing, were the same man, or the same body, whether of the nobles, or of the people, to exercise those three powers, that of enacting laws, that of executing the public resolutions, and that of judging the crimes or differences of individuals.

Most kingdoms of Europe enjoy a moderate government, because the prince, who is invested with the two first powers, leaves the third to his subjects. In Turkey, where these three powers are united in the Sultan's person, the subjects groan under the weight of a most frightful oppression.

In the republics of Italy, where these three powers are united, there is less liberty than in our monarchies. Hence their government is obliged to have recourse to as violent methods for its support, as even that of the Turks; witness the state inquisitors at Venice, and the lion's mouth, into which every informer may at all hours throw his written accusations.

What a situation must the poor subject be in under those republics! The same body of magistrates are possessed, as executors of the law, of the whole power they have given themselves in quality of legislators. They may plunder the state by their general determinations; and, as they have likewise the judiciary power in their hands, every private citizen may be ruined by their particular decisions.

The whole power is here united in one body; and though there is no external pomp that indicates a despotic sway, yet the people feel the effects of it every moment.

Hence it is that many of the princes of Europe, whose aim has been levelled at arbitrary power, have constantly set out with uniting in their own persons all the branches of magistracy, and all the great offices of state.

I allow, indeed, that the mere hereditary aristocracy of the Italian republics, does not answer exactly to the despotic power of the eastern princes. The number of magistrates sometimes softens the power of the magistracy; the whole body of the nobles do not always concur in the same designs; and different tribunals are erected, that temper each other. Thus, at Venice, the legislative power is in the Council, the executive in the Pregadi, and the judiciary in the Quarantia. But the mischief is, that these different tribunals are composed of magistrates all belonging to the same body, which constitutes almost one and the same power.

The judiciary power ought not to be given to a standing senate; it should be exercised by persons taken from the body of the people (as at Athens) at certain times of the year, and pursuant to a form and manner prescribed by law, in order to erect a tribunal that should last only as long as necessity requires.

By this means the power of judg-

ing, a power so terrible to mankind, not being annexed to any particular state or profession, becomes, as it were, invisible. People have not then the judges continually present to their view; they fear the office, but not the magistrate.

In accusations of a deep or criminal nature, it is proper the person accused should have the privilege of choosing in some measure his judges, in concurrence with the law; or at least he should have a right to except against so great a number, that the remaining part may be deemed his own choice.

The other two powers may be given rather to magistrates or permanent bodies, because they are not exercised on any private subject; one being no more than the general will of the state, and the other the execution of that general will.

But though the tribunals ought not to be fixed, yet the judgments ought, and to such a degree as to be always conformable to the exact letter of the law. Were they to be the private opinion of the judge, people would then live in society without knowing exactly the obligations it lays them under.

The judges ought likewise to be in the same station as the accused, or in other words, his peers, to the end that he may not imagine he is fallen into the hands of persons inclined to treat him with rigour.

If the legislature leaves the executive power in possession of a right to imprison those subjects who can give security for their good behaviour, there is an end of liberty; unless they are taken up, in order to answer without delay to a capital crime: in this case they are really free, being subject only to the power of the law.

But should the legislature think itself in danger by some secret conspiracy against the state, or by a correspondence with a foreign enemy, it might authorise the executive power, for a short and limited time, to imprison suspected persons, who in that case would lose their liberty only for a while, to preserve it for ever.

And this is the only reasonable method that can be substituted to the tyrannical magistracy of the Ephori, and to the state inquisitors of Venice who are also despotical.

As in a free state, every man who is supposed a free agent, ought to be his own governor; so the legislative power should reside in the whole body of the people. But since this is impossible in large states, and in small ones is subject to many inconveniences, it is fit the people should act by their representatives, what they cannot act by themselves.

The inhabitants of a particular town are much better acquainted with its wants and interests, than with those of other places; and are better judges of the capacity of their neighbours, than of that of the rest of their countrymen. The members therefore of the legislature should not be chosen from the general body of the nation; but it is proper, that in every considerable place, a representative should be elected by the inhabitants.

The great advantage of representatives is their being capable of discussing affairs. For this the people collectively are extremely unfit, which is one of the greatest inconveniences of a democracy.

It is not at all necessary that the representatives, who have received a general instruction from their electors, should wait to be particularly instructed in every affair, as is practised in the diets of Germany. True it is, that by this way of proceeding, the speeches of the deputies might with greater propriety be called the voice of the nation; but, on the other hand, this would throw them into infinite delays, would give each deputy a power of controlling the assembly; and on the most urgent and pressing occa

sions, the springs of the nation might be stopped by a single caprice.

When the deputies, as Mr. Sidney well observes, represent a body of people, as in Holland, they ought to be accountable to their constituents: but it is a different thing in England, where they are deputed by boroughs.

All the inhabitants of the several districts ought to have a right of voting at the election of a representative, except such as are in so mean a situation, as to be deemed to have no will of their own.

One great fault there was in most of the ancient republics; that the people had a right to active resolutions, such as require some execution; a thing of which they are absolutely incapable. They ought to have no hand in the government, but for the choosing of representatives, which is within their reach. For though few can tell the exact degree of men's capacities, yet there are none but are capable of knowing, in general, whether the person they choose is better qualified than most of his neighbours.

Neither ought the representative body to be chosen for active resolutions, for which it is not so fit; but for the enacting of laws, or to see whether the laws already enacted be duly executed; a thing they are very capable of, and which none indeed but themselves can properly perform.

In a state, there are always persons distinguished by their birth, riches, or honours; but were they to be confounded with the common people, and to have only the weight of a single vote like the rest, the common liberty would be their slavery, and they would have no interest in supporting it, as most of the popular resolutions would be against them. The share they have, therefore, in the legislature, ought to be proportioned to the other advantages they have in the state; which happens only when they form a body that has a right to put a stop to the enterprises of the people, as the people have a right to put a stop to theirs.

The legislative power is therefore committed to the body of the nobles, and to the body chosen to represent the people, which have each their assemblies and deliberations apart, each their separate views and interests.

Of the three powers above mentioned, the judiciary is in some measure next to nothing. There remains therefore only two; and as those have need of a regulating power to temper them, the part of the legislative body, composed of the nobility, is extremely proper for this very purpose.

The body of the nobility ought to be hereditary. In the first place it is so in its own nature: and in the next, there must be a considerable interest to preserve its privileges; privileges that in themselves are obnoxious to popular envy, and of course, in a free state, are always in danger.

But as an hereditary power might be tempted to pursue its own particular interests, and forget those of the people; it is proper that, where they may reap a singular advantage from being corrupted, as in the laws relating to the supplies, they should have no other share in the legislation, than the power of rejecting, and not that of resolving.

By the power of resolving, I mean the right of ordaining by their own authority, or of amending what has been ordained by others. By the power of rejecting, I would be understood to mean the right of annulling a resolution taken by another, which was the power of the tribunes at Rome. And though the person possessed of the privilege of rejecting may likewise have the right of approving, yet this approbation passes for no more than a declaration, that he intends to make no use of his privilege of rejecting, and is derived from that very privilege.

The executive power ought to be

in the hands of a monarch: because this branch of government, which has always need of expedition, is better administered by one than by many: whereas whatever depends on the legislative power, is oftentimes better regulated by many than by a single person.

But if there was no monarch, and the executive power was committed to a certain number of persons selected from the legislative body, there would be an end then of liberty; by reason the two powers would be united, as the same persons would actually sometimes have, and would moreover be always able to have, a share in both.

Were the legislative body to be a considerable time without meeting, this would likewise put an end to liberty. For one of these two things would naturally follow; either that there would be no longer any legislative resolutions, and then the state would fall into anarchy; or that these resolutions would be taken by the executive power, which would render it absolute.

It would be needless for the legislative body to continue always assembled. This would be troublesome to the representatives, and moreover would cut out too much work for the executive power, so as to take off its attention from executing, and oblige it to think only of defending its own prerogatives, and the right it has to execute.

Again, were the legislative body to be always assembled, it might happen to be kept up only by filling the places of the deceased members with new representatives; and in that case, if the legislative body was once corrupted, the evil would be past all remedy. When different legislative bodies succeed one another, the people, who have a bad opinion of that which is actually sitting, may reasonably entertain some hopes of the next: but were it to be always the same body, the people, upon seeing it once corrupted, would no longer expect any good from its laws; and of course they would either become desperate, or fall into a state of indolence.

The legislative body should not assemble of itself. For a body is supposed to have no will but when it is assembled; and besides, were it not to assemble unanimously, it would be impossible to determine which was really the legislative body, the part assembled, or the other. And if it had a right to prorogue itself, it might happen never to be prorogued; which would be extremely dangerous in case it should ever attempt to encroach on the executive power. Besides, there are seasons, some of which are more proper than others, for assembling the legislative body: it is fit therefore that the executive power should regulate the time of convening as well as the duration of those assemblies, according to the circumstances and exigencies of state known to itself.

Were the executive power not to have a right of putting a stop to the encroachments of the legislative body, the latter would become despotic; for as it might arrogate to itself what authority it pleased, it would soon destroy all the other powers.

But it is not proper, on the other hand, that the legislative power should have a right to stop the executive. For as the executive has its natural limits, it is useless to confine it; besides, the executive power is generally employed in momentary operations. The power, therefore, of the Roman tribunes was faulty, as it put a stop not only to the legislation, but likewise to the execution itself; which was attended with infinite mischiefs.

But if the legislative power, in a free government, ought to have no right to stop the executive, it has a right, and ought to have the means of examining in what manner its laws

have been executed; an advantage which this government has over that of Crete and Sparta, where the Cosmi and the Ephori gave no account of their administration.

But whatever may be the issue of that examination, the legislative body ought not to have a power of judging the person, nor of course the conduct, of him who is intrusted with the executive power. His person should be sacred, because, as it is necessary for the good of the state to prevent the legislative body from rendering themselves arbitrary, the moment he is accused or tried, there is an end of liberty.

In this case the state would be no longer a monarchy, but a kind of republican, though not a free government. But as the person intrusted with the executive power cannot abuse it without bad counsellors, and such as hate the laws as ministers, though the laws favour them as subjects; these men may be examined and punished. An advantage which this government has over that of Gnidus, where the law allowed of no such thing as calling the Amymones* to an account, even after their administration;† and therefore the people could never obtain any satisfaction for the injuries done them.

Though, in general, the judiciary power ought not to be united with any part of the legislative, yet this is liable to three exceptions, founded on the particular interest of the party accused.

The great are always obnoxious to popular envy; and were they to be judged by the people, they might be in danger from their judges, and would moreover be deprived of the privilege which the meanest subject is possessed of, in a free state, of being tried by their peers. The nobility, for this reason, ought not to be cited before the ordinary courts of judicature, but before that part of the legislature which is composed of their own body.

It is possible that the law, which is clear-sighted in one sense, and blind in another, might in some cases be too severe. But as we have already observed, the national judges are no more than the mouth that pronounces the words of the law, mere passive beings incapable of moderating either its force or rigour. That part, therefore, of the legislative body, which we have just now observed to be a necessary tribunal, on another occasion, is also a necessary tribunal in this; it belongs to its supreme authority to moderate the law in favour of the law itself, by mitigating the sentence.

It might also happen, that a subject intrusted with the administration of public affairs, might infringe the rights of the people, and be guilty of crimes which the ordinary magistrates either could not, or would not punish. But in general the legislative power cannot judge; and much less can it be a judge in this particular case, where it represents the party concerned, which is the people. It can only therefore impeach: but before what court shall it bring its impeachment? Must it go and abase itself before the ordinary tribunals, which are its inferiors, and being composed moreover of men who are chosen from the people as well as itself, will naturally be swayed by the authority of so powerful an accuser? No: in order to preserve the dignity of the people, and the security of the subject, the legislative part which represents the people, must bring in its charge before the legislative part which represents the nobility, who have neither the same interests nor the same passions.

Here is an advantage which this

* These were magistrates chosen annually by the people. See Stephen of Byzantium.

† It was lawful to accuse the Roman magistrates after the expiration of their several offices. See Dionys. Halicarn. l. 9. the affair of Genutius the tribune.

government has over most of the ancient republics, where there was this abuse, that the people were at the same time both judge and accuser.

The executive power, pursuant to what has been already said, ought to have a share in the legislature by the power of rejecting, otherwise it would soon be stripped of its prerogative. But should the legislative power usurp a share of the executive, the latter would be equally undone.

If the prince were to have a share in the legislature by the power of resolving, liberty would be lost. But as it is necessary he should have a share in the legislature, for the support of his own prerogative, this share must consist in the power of rejecting.

The change of government at Rome was owing to this, that neither the senate, who had one part of the executive power, nor the magistrates, who were intrusted with the other, had the right of rejecting, which was entirely lodged in the people.

Here then is the fundamental constitution of the government we are treating of. The legislative body being composed of two parts, one checks the other by the mutual privilege of rejecting: they are both checked by the executive power, as the executive is by the legislative.

These three powers should naturally form a state of repose or inaction. But as there is a necessity for movement in the course of human affairs, they are forced to move, but still to move in concert.

As the executive power has no other part in the legislative than the privilege of rejecting, it can have no share in the public debates. It is not even necessary that it should propose, because, as it may always disapprove of the resolutions that shall be taken, it may likewise reject the decisions on those proposals which were made against its will.

In some ancient commonwealths, where public debates were carried on by the people in a body, it was natural for the executive power to propose and debate with the people, otherwise their resolutions must have been attended with a strange confusion.

Were the executive power to ordain the raising of public money, otherwise than by giving its consent, liberty would be at an end; because it would become legislative in the most important point of legislation.

If the legislative power was to settle the subsidies, not from year to year, but for ever, it would run the risk of losing its liberty, because the executive power would no longer be dependent; and when once it was possessed of such a perpetual right, it would be a matter of indifference, whether it held it of itself, or of another. The same may be said, if it should fix, not from year to year, but for ever, the sea and land forces with which it is to intrust the executive power.

To prevent the executive power from being able to oppress, it is requisite that the armies with which it is intrusted should consist of the people, and have the same spirit as the people; as was the case at Rome till the time of Marius. To obtain this end, there are only two ways; either that the persons employed in the army should have sufficient property to answer for their conduct to their fellow-subjects, and be enlisted only for a year, as was customary at Rome: or if there should be a standing army, composed chiefly of the most despicable part of the nation, the legislative power should have a right to disband them as soon as it pleased; the soldiers should live in common with the rest of the people; and no separate camp, barracks, or fortress, should be suffered.

When once an army is established, it ought not to depend immediately on the legislative, but on the execu-

tive power; and this from the very nature of the thing; its business consisting more in acting than in deliberation.

From a manner of thinking that prevails amongst mankind, they set a higher value upon courage than timorousness, on activity than prudence, on strength than counsel. Hence the army will ever despise a senate, and respect their own officers. They will naturally slight the orders sent them by a body of men, whom they look upon as cowards, and therefore unworthy to command them. So that as soon as the army depends on the legislative body, the government becomes a military one; and if the contrary has ever happened, it has been owing to some extraordinary circumstances. It is because the army has always kept divided; it is because it was composed of several bodies, that depended each on their particular province: it is because the capital towns were strong places, defended by their natural situation, and not garrisoned with regular troops. Holland, for instance, is still safer than Venice: she might drown or starve the revolted troops; for as they are not quartered in towns capable of furnishing them with necessary subsistence, this subsistence is of course precarious.

Whoever shall read the admirable treatise of Tacitus on the manners of the Germans, will find that it is from them the English have borrowed the idea of their political government. This beautiful system was invented first in the woods.

As all human things have an end, the state we are speaking of will lose its liberty, it will perish. Have not Rome, Sparta, and Carthage perished? It will perish when the legislative power shall be more corrupted than the executive.

It is not my business to examine whether the English actually enjoy this liberty, or not. It is sufficient for my purpose to observe, that it is established by their laws; and I inquire no further.

Neither do I pretend by this to undervalue other governments, nor to say that this extreme political liberty ought to give uneasiness to those who have only a moderate share of it. How should I have any such design, I, who think that even the excess of reason is not always desirable, and that mankind generally find their account better in mediums than in extremes?

Harrington, in his Oceana, has also inquired into the highest point of liberty to which the constitution of a state may be carried. But of him indeed it may be said, that for want of knowing the nature of real liberty, he busied himself in pursuit of an imaginary one; and that he built a Chalcedon, though he had a Byzantium before his eyes.

Montesquieu.

§ 3. *Of* COLUMBUS, *and the Discovery of* AMERICA.

It is to the discoveries of the Portuguese in the old world, that we are indebted for the new; if we may call the conquest of America an obligation, which proved so fatal to its inhabitants, and at times to the conquerors themselves.

This was doubtless the most important event that ever happened on our globe, one half of which had been hitherto strangers to the other. Whatever had been esteemed most great or noble before, seemed absorbed in this kind of new creation. We still mention with respectful admiration, the names of the Argonauts, who did not perform the hundredth part of what was done by the sailors under Gama and Albuquerque. How many altars would have been raised by the ancients to a Greek, who had discovered America! and yet Bartholomew and Christopher

Columbus were not thus rewarded. Columbus, struck with the wonderful expeditions of the Portuguese, imagined that something greater might be done; and from a bare inspection of the map of our world, concluded that there must be another, which might be found by sailing always west. He had courage equal to his genius, or indeed superior, seeing he had to struggle with the prejudices of his contemporaries, and the repulses of several princes to whom he tendered his services. Genoa, which was his native country, treated his schemes as visionary, and by that means lost the only opportunity that could have offered of aggrandizing her power Henry VII. king of England, who was too greedy of money to hazard any on this noble attempt, would not listen to the proposals made by Columbus's brother; and Columbus himself was rejected by John II. of Portugal, whose attention was wholly employed upon the coast of Africa. He had no prospect of success in applying to the French, whose marine lay totally neglected, and their affairs more confused than ever, during the minority of Charles VIII. The emperor Maximilian had neither ports for shipping, money to fit out a fleet, nor sufficient courage to engage in a scheme of this nature. The Venetians, indeed, might have undertaken it; but whether the natural aversion of the Genoese to these people would not suffer Columbus to apply to the rivals of his country, or that the Venetians had no idea of any thing more important than the trade they carried on from Alexandria and in the Levant, Columbus at length fixed all his hopes on the court of Spain.

Ferdinand, king of Arragon, and Isabella, queen of Castile, had by their marriage united all Spain under one dominion, excepting only the kingdom of Grenada, which was still in the possession of the Moors; but which Ferdinand soon after took from them. The union of these two princes had prepared the way for the greatness of Spain: which was afterwards begun by Columbus; he was however obliged to undergo eight years of incessant application, before Isabella's court would consent to accept of the inestimable benefit this great man offered it. The bane of all great projects is the want of money. The Spanish court was poor; and the prior, Perez, and two merchants, named Pinzono, were obliged to advance seventeen thousand ducats towards fitting out the armament. Columbus procured a patent from the court, and at length set sail from the port of Palos in Andalusia, with three ships, on August 23, in the year 1492.

It was not above a month after his departure from the Canary islands, where he had come to an anchor to get refreshment, when Columbus discovered the first island in America; and during this short run, he suffered more from the murmurings and discontent of the people of his fleet, than he had done even from the refusals of the princes he had applied to. This island, which he discovered, and named St. Salvador, lies about a thousand leagues from the Canaries; presently after, he likewise discovered the Lucayan islands, together with those of Cuba and Hispaniola, now called St. Domingo.

Ferdinand and Isabella were in the utmost surprise to see him return, at the end of nine months, with some of the American natives of Hispaniola, several rarities from that country, and a quantity of gold, with which he presented their majesties.

The king and queen made him sit down in their presence, covered like a grandee of Spain, and created him high admiral and viceroy of the new world. Columbus was now every where looked upon as an extraordinary person sent from heaven. Every one was vieing who should be

foremost in assisting him in his undertakings, and embarking under his command. He soon set sail again, with a fleet of seventeen ships. He now made the discovery of several other new islands, particularly the Caribbees and Jamaica. Doubt had been changed into admiration on his first voyage; in this, admiration was turned into envy.

He was admiral and viceroy, and to these titles might have been added that of the benefactor of Ferdinand and Isabella. Nevertheless he was brought home prisoner to Spain, by judges who had been purposely sent out on board to observe his conduct. As soon as it was known that Columbus was arrived, the people ran in shoals to meet him, as the guardian genius of Spain. Columbus was brought from the ship, and appeared on shore chained hands and feet.

He had been thus treated by the orders of Fonseca, bishop of Burgos, the intendant of the expedition, whose ingratitude was as great as the other's services. Isabella was ashamed of what she saw, and did all in her power to make Columbus amends for the injuries done to him: however, he was not suffered to depart for four years, either because they feared that he would seize upon what he had discovered for himself, or that they were willing to have time to observe his behaviour. At length he was sent on another voyage to the new world; and now it was that he discovered the continent, at six degrees distance from the equator, and saw that part of the coast on which Carthagena has been since built.

At the time that Columbus first promised a new hemisphere, it was insisted upon that no such hemisphere could exist; and after he had made the actual discovery of it, it was pretended that it had been known long before. I shall not mention one Martin Behem, of Nuremburg, who, it is said, went from that city to the straits of Magellan in 1460, with a patent from the Duchess of Burgundy, who, as she was not alive at that time, could not issue patents. Nor shall I take notice of the pretended charts of this Martin Behem, which are still shown; nor of the evident contradictions which discredit this story: but, in short, it was not pretended that Martin Behem had peopled America; the honour was given to the Carthaginians, and a book of Aristotle was quoted on the occasion, which he never wrote. Some found out a conformity between some words in the Caribbee and Hebrew languages, and did not fail to follow so fine an opening. Others were positive that the children of Noah, after settling in Siberia, passed from thence over to Canada on the ice; and that their descendants, afterwards born in Canada, had gone and peopled Peru. According to others again, the Chinese and Japanese sent colonies into America, and carried over lions with them for their diversion, though there are no lions either in China or Japan. In this manner have many learned men argued upon the discoveries made by men of genius. If it should be asked, how men first came upon the continent of America? is it not easily answered, that they were placed there by the same Power who causes trees and grass to grow?

The reply which Columbus made to some of those who envied him the high reputation he had gained, is still famous. These people pretended that nothing could be more easy than the discoveries he had made; upon which he proposed to them to set an egg upright on one of its ends; but when they had tried in vain to do it, he broke one end of the egg, and set it upright with ease. They told him any one could do that: How comes it, then, replied Columbus, that not one among you thought of it?—This story is related of Brunelleschi, who improved architecture at Florence

many years before Columbus was born. Most bon mots are only the repetition of things that have been said before.

The ashes of Columbus cannot be affected by the reputation he gained while living, in having doubled for us the works of the creation. But mankind delight to do justice to the illustrious dead, either from a vain hope that they enhance thereby the merit of the living, or that they are naturally fond of truth. Americo Vespucci, whom we call Americus Vespusius, a merchant of Florence, had the honour of giving his name to this new half of the globe, in which he did not possess one acre of land, and pretended to be the first who discovered the continent. But supposing it true, that he was the first discoverer, the glory was certainly due to him, who had the penetration and courage to undertake and perform the first voyage. Honour, as Newton says in his dispute with Leibnitz, is due only to the first inventor; those that follow after are only his scholars. Columbus had made three voyages as admiral and viceroy, five years before Americus Vespusius had made one as a geographer, under the command of admiral Ojeda; but this latter writing to his friends at Florence, that he had discovered a new world, they believed him on his word; and the citizens of Florence decreed, that a grand illumination should be made before the door of his house every three years, on the feast of All Saints. And yet could this man be said to deserve any honours, for happening to be on board a fleet that, in 1489, sailed along the coast of Brazil, when Columbus had, five years before, pointed out the way to the rest of the world?

There has lately appeared at Florence a life of this Americus Vespusius, which seems to be written with very little regard to truth, and without any conclusive reasoning. Several French authors are there complained of, who have done justice to Columbus's merit; but the writer should not have fallen upon the French authors, but on the Spanish, who were the first that did this justice. This writer says, that "he will confound the vanity of the French nation, who have always attacked with impunity the honour and success of the Italian nation." What vanity can there be in saying, that it was a Genoese who first discovered America? or how is the honour of the Italian nation injured in owning, that it was to an Italian, born in Genoa, that we are indebted for the new world? I purposely remark this want of equity, good breeding, and good sense, as we have too many examples of it; and I must say, that the good French writers have in general been the least guilty of this insufferable fault; and one great reason of their being so universally read throughout Europe, is their doing justice to all nations.

The inhabitants of these islands, and of the continent, were a new race of men. They were all without beards, and were as much astonished at the faces of the Spaniards, as they were at their ships and artillery: they at first looked upon these new visitors as monsters or gods, who had come out of the sky or the sea. These voyages, and those of the Portuguese, had now taught us how inconsiderable a spot of the globe our Europe was, and what an astonishing variety reigns in the world. Indostan was known to be inhabited by a race of men whose complexions were yellow. In Africa and Asia, at some distance from the equator, there had been found several kinds of black men; and after travellers had penetrated into America as far as the line, they met with a race of people who were tolerably white. The natives of Brazil are of the colour of bronze. The Chinese still appear to

differ entirely from the rest of mankind, in the make of their eyes and noses. But what is still to be remarked is, that into whatsoever regions these various races are transplanted, their complexions never change, unless they mingle with the natives of the country. The mucous membrane of the negroes, which is known to be of a black colour, is a manifest proof that there is a differential principle in each species of men, as well as plants.

Dependent upon this principle, nature has formed the different degrees of genius, and the characters of nations, which are seldom known to change. Hence the negroes are slaves to other men, and are purchased on the coast of Africa, like beasts, for a sum of money: and the vast multitudes of negroes transplanted into our American colonies, serve as slaves under a very inconsiderable number of Europeans. Experience has likewise taught us how great a superiority the Europeans have over the Americans, who are every where easily overcome, and have not dared to attempt a revolution, though a thousand to one superior in numbers.

This part of America was also remarkable on account of its animals and plants, which are not to be found in the other three parts of the world, and which are of so great use to us. Horses, corn of all kinds, and iron, were not wanting in Mexico and Peru; and among the many valuable commodities unknown to the old world, cochineal was the principal, and was brought us from this country. Its use in dying has now made us forget the scarlet, which for time immemorial had been the only thing known for giving a fine red colour.

The importation of cochineal was soon succeeded by that of indigo, cacao, vahille, and those woods which serve for ornament and medicinal purposes, particularly the quinquina, or jesuits' bark, which is the only specific against intermitting fevers. Nature has placed this remedy in the mountains of Peru, whilst she had dispersed the disease it cured through all the rest of the world. This new continent likewise furnished pearls, coloured stones, and diamonds.

It is certain, that America at present furnishes the meanest citizen of Europe with his conveniences and pleasures. The gold and silver mines, at their first discovery, were of service only to the kings of Spain and the merchants; the rest of the world was impoverished by them, for the great multitudes who did not follow business, found themselves possessed of a very small quantity of specie, in comparison with the immense sums accumulated by those, who had the advantage of the first discoveries. But by degrees, the great quantity of gold and silver which was sent from America, was dispersed throughout all Europe, and by passing into a number of hands, the distribution is become more equal. The price of commodities is likewise increased in Europe, in proportion to the increase of specie.

To comprehend how the treasures of America passed from the possession of the Spaniards into that of other nations, it will be sufficient to consider these two things: the use which Charles V. and Philip II. made of their money; and the manner in which other nations acquired a share in the wealth of Peru.

The emperor Charles V. who was always travelling, and always at war, necessarily dispersed a great quantity of that specie which he received from Mexico and Peru, through Germany and Italy. When he sent his son Philip over to England, to marry queen Mary, and take upon him the title of King of England, that prince deposited in the tower of London twenty-seven large chests of silver in bars, and a hundred horse loads of gold and silver coin. The troubles

in Flanders, and the intrigues of the league in France, cost this Philip, according to his own confession, above three thousand millions of livres of our money.

The manner in which the gold and silver of Peru is distributed amongst all the people of Europe, and from thence is sent to the East Indies, is a surprising, though well known circumstance. By a strict law enacted by Ferdinand and Isabella, and afterwards confirmed by Charles V. and all the kings of Spain, all other nations were not only excluded the entrance into any of the ports in Spanish America, but likewise from having the least share, directly or indirectly, in the trade of that part of the world. One would have imagined, that this law would have enabled the Spaniards to subdue all Europe; and yet Spain subsists only by the continual violation of this very law. It can hardly furnish exports for America to the value of four millions; whereas the rest of Europe sometimes send over merchandise to the amount of near fifty millions. This prodigious trade of the nations at enmity or in alliance with Spain, is carried on by the Spaniards themselves, who are always faithful in their dealings with individuals, and always cheating their king. The Spaniards gave no security to foreign merchants for the performance of their contracts; a mutual credit, without which there never could have been any commerce, supplies the place of other obligations.

The manner in which the Spaniards for a long time consigned the gold and silver to foreigners, which was brought home by their galleons, was still more surprising. The Spaniard, who at Cadiz is properly factor for the foreigner, delivered the bullion he received to the care of certain bravoes called *meteors:* these, armed with pistols at their belt, and a long sword, carried the bullion in parcels properly marked, to the ramparts, and flung them over to other meteors, who waited below, and carried them to the boats which were to receive them, and these boats carried them on board the ships in the road. These meteors and the factors, together with the commissaries and the guards, who never disturbed them, had each a stated fee, and the foreign merchant was never cheated. The king, who received a duty upon his money at the arrival of the galleons, was likewise a gainer; so that, properly speaking, the law only was cheated; a law which would be absolutely useless if not eluded, and which, nevertheless, cannot yet be abrogated, because old prejudices are always the most difficult to be overcome amongst men.

The greatest instance of the violation of this law, and of the fidelity of the Spaniards, was in the year 1684, when war was declared between France and Spain. His Catholic majesty endeavoured to seize upon the effects of all the French in his kingdom; but he in vain issued edicts and admonitions, inquiries and excommunications; not a single Spanish factor would betray his French correspondent. This fidelity, which does so much honour to the Spanish nation, plainly shows, that men only willingly obey those laws, which they themselves have made for the good of society, and that those which are the mere effects of a sovereign's will, always meet with opposition.

As the discovery of America was at first the source of much good to the Spaniards, it afterwards occasioned them many and considerable evils. One has been, the depriving that kingdom of its subjects, by the great numbers necessarily required to people the colonies: another was, the infecting the world with a disease, which was before known only in the new world, and particularly in the island of Hispaniola. Several of the

companions of Christopher Columbus returned home infected with this contagion, which afterwards spread over Europe. It is certain, that this poison, which taints the springs of life, was peculiar to America, as the plague and the small pox were diseases originally endemial to the southern parts of Numidia. We are not to believe, that the eating of human flesh, practised by some of the American savages occasioned this disorder. There were no cannibals on the island of Hispaniola, where it was most frequent and inveterate; neither are we to suppose, with some, that it proceeded from too great an excess of sensual pleasures. Nature had never punished excesses of this kind with such disorders in the world; and even to this day, we find that a momentary indulgence, which has been passed for eight or ten years, may bring this cruel and shameful scourge upon the chastest union.

The great Columbus, after having built several houses on these islands, and discovered the continent, returned to Spain, where he enjoyed a reputation unsullied by rapine or cruelty, and died at Valladolid in 1506. But the governors of Cuba and Hispaniola, who succeeded him, being persuaded that these provinces furnished gold, resolved to make the discovery at the price of the lives of the inhabitants. In short, whether they thought the natives had conceived an implacable hatred to them; or that they were apprehensive of their superior numbers; or that the rage of slaughter, when once begun, knows no bounds, they, in the space of a few years, entirely depopulated Hispaniola and Cuba, the former of which contained three millions of inhabitants, and the latter above six hundred thousand.

Bartholomew de la Casas, bishop of Chiapa, who was an eye-witness to these desolations, relates, that they hunted down the natives with dogs. These wretched savages, almost naked and without arms, were pursued like wild beasts in the forests, devoured alive by dogs, shot to death, or surprised and burnt in their habitations.

He farther declares, from ocular testimony, that they frequently caused a number of these miserable wretches to be summoned by a priest to come in, and submit to the Christian religion, and to the king of Spain; and that after this ceremony, which was only an additional act of injustice, they put them to death without the least remorse.—I believe that De la Casas has exaggerated in many parts of his relation; but, allowing him to have said ten times more than is truth, there remains enough to make us shudder with horror.

It may seem surprising, that this massacre of a whole race of men could have been carried on in the sight, and under the administration of several religious of the order of St. Jerome; for we know that Cardinal Ximenes, who was prime minister of Castile before the time of Charles V. sent over four monks of this order, in quality of presidents of the royal council of the island. Doubtless they were not able to resist the torrent; and the hatred of the natives to their new masters, being with just reason become implacable, rendered their destruction unhappily necessary.

Voltaire.

§ 4. *The effects of a dissolution of the Federal Union.*

Assuming it therefore as an established truth, that, in case of disunion, the several states, or such combinations of them as might happen to be formed out of the wreck of the general confederacy, would be subject to those vicissitudes of peace and war, of friendship and enmity with each other, which have fallen to the lot of

all neighbouring nations not united under one government, let us enter into a concise detail of some of the consequences that would attend such a situation.

War between the states, in the first periods of their separate existence, would be accompanied with much greater distresses than it commonly is in those countries, where regular military establishments have long obtained. The disciplined armies always kept on foot on the continent of Europe, though they bear a malignant aspect to liberty and economy, have, notwithstanding, been productive of the signal advantage of rendering sudden conquests impracticable, and of preventing that rapid desolation, which used to mark the progress of war, prior to their introduction. The art of fortification has contributed to the same ends. The nations of Europe are encircled with chains of fortified places, which mutually obstruct invasion. Campaigns are wasted in reducing two or three frontier garrisons, to gain admittance into an enemy's country. Similar impediments occur at every step, to exhaust the strength, and delay the progress of an invader. Formerly, an invading army would penetrate into the heart of a neighbouring country, almost as soon as intelligence of its approach could be received; but now, a comparatively small force of disciplined troops, acting on the defensive, with the aid of posts, is able to impede, and finally to frustrate, the enterprises of one much more considerable. The history of war, in that quarter of the globe, is no longer a history of nations subdued and empires overturned; but of towns taken and retaken, of battles that decide nothing, of retreats more beneficial than victories, of much effort and little acquisition.

In this country, the scene would be altogether reversed. The jealousy of military establishments would postpone them as long as possible. The want of fortifications, leaving the frontiers of one state open to another, would facilitate inroads. The populous states would, with little difficulty, over-run their less populous neighbours. Conquests would be as easy to be made, as difficult to be retained. War, therefore, would be desultory and predatory. Plunder and devastation ever march in the train of irregulars. The calamities of individuals would make the principal figure in the events, which would characterize our military exploits.

This picture is not too highly wrought; though, I confess, it would not long remain a just one. Safety from external danger is the most powerful director of national conduct. Even the ardent love of liberty will, after a time, give way to its dictates. The violent destruction of life and property incident to war; the continual effort and alarm attendant on a state of continual danger, will compel nations the most attached to liberty, to resort for repose and security to institutions which have a tendency to destroy their civil and political rights. To be more safe, they, at length, become willing to run the risk of being less free.

The institutions chiefly alluded to, are STANDING ARMIES, and the correspondent appendages of military establishment. Standing armies, it is said, are not provided against in the new constitution; and it is thence inferred that they would exist under it.* This inference, from the very form of the proposition, is, at best, problematical and uncertain. But STANDING ARMIES, it may be replied, must inevitably result from a disso-

* This objection will be fully examined in its proper place: and it will be shown, that the only rational precaution which could have been taken on this subject, has been taken; and a much better one than is to be found in any constitution that has been heretofore framed in America, most of which contain no guard at all on this subject

lution of the confederacy. Frequent war, and constant apprehension, which require a state of as constant preparation, will infallibly produce them. The weaker states, or confederacies, would first have recourse to them, to put themselves upon an equality with their more potent neighbours. They would endeavour to supply the inferiority of population and resources, by a more regular and effective system of defence, by disciplined troops, and by fortifications. They would, at the same time, be obliged to strengthen the executive arm of government; in doing which, their constitutions would require a progressive direction towards monarchy. It is of the nature of war to increase the executive, at the expense of the legislative authority.

The expedients which have been mentioned would soon give the states, or confederacies, that made use of them, a superiority over their neighbours. Small states, or states of less natural strength, under vigorous governments, and with the assistance of disciplined armies, have often triumphed over large states, or states of greater natural strength, which have been destitute of these advantages. Neither the pride, nor the safety, of the important states, or confederacies, would permit them long to submit to this mortifying and adventitious superiority. They would quickly resort to means similar to those by which it had been effected, to reinstate themselves in their lost pre-eminence. Thus we should in a little time see established in every part of this country, the same engines of despotism which have been the scourge of the old world. This, at least, would be the natural course of things; and our reasonings will be likely to be just, in proportion as they are accommodated to this standard.

These are not vague inferences deduced from speculative defects in a constitution, the whole power of which is lodged in the hands of the people, or their representatives and delegates; they are solid conclusions, drawn from the natural and necessary progress of human affairs.

It may perhaps be asked, by way of objection, why did not standing armies spring up out of the contentions which so often distracted the ancient republics of Greece? Different answers, equally satisfactory, may be given to this question. The industrious habits of the people of the present day, absorbed in the pursuits of gain, and devoted to the improvements of agriculture and commerce, are incompatible with the condition of a nation of soldiers, which was the true condition of the people of those republics. The means of revenue, which have been so greatly multiplied by the increase of gold and silver, and of the arts of industry, and the science of finance, which is the offspring of modern times, concurring with the habits of nations, have produced an entire revolution in the system of war, and have rendered disciplined armies, distinct from the body of the citizens, the inseparable companion of frequent hostility.

There is a wide difference also, between military establishments in a country which, by its situation, is seldom exposed to invasions, and in one which is often subject to them, and always apprehensive of them. The rulers of the former can have no good pretext, if they are even so inclined, to keep on foot armies so numerous as must of necessity be maintained in the latter. These armies being, in the first case, rarely, if at all, called into activity for interior defence, the people are in no danger of being broken to military subordination. The laws are not accustomed to relaxations, in favour of military exigencies; the civil state remains in full vigour, neither corrupted nor confounded with the prin-

ciples or propensities of the other state. The smallness of the army forbids competition with the natural strength of the community, and the citizens, not habituated to look up to the military power for protection, or to submit to its oppressions, neither love nor fear the soldiery: they view them with a spirit of jealous acquiescence in a necessary evil, and stand ready to resist a power which they suppose may be exerted to the prejudice of their rights.

The army under such circumstances, though it may usefully aid the magistrate to suppress a small faction, or an occasional mob, or insurrection, will be utterly incompetent to the purpose of enforcing encroachments against the united efforts of the great body of the people.

But in a country, where the perpetual menacings of danger oblige the government to be always prepared to repel it, her armies must be numerous enough for instant defence. The continual necessity for his services enhances the importance of the soldier, and proportionably degrades the condition of the citizen. The military state becomes elevated above the civil. The inhabitants of territories often the theatre of war, are unavoidably subjected to frequent infringements on their rights, which serve to weaken their sense of those rights; and, by degrees, the people are brought to consider the soldiery not only as their protectors, but as their superiors. The transition from this disposition to that of considering them as masters, is neither remote nor difficult: but it is very difficult to prevail upon a people under such impressions, to make a bold, or effectual resistance, to usurpations supported by the military power.

The kingdom of Great Britain falls within the first description. An insular situation, and a powerful marine, guarding it in a great measure against the possibility of foreign invasion, supersede the necessity of a numerous army within the kingdom. A sufficient force to make head against a sudden descent till the militia could have time to rally and embody, is all that has been deemed requisite. No motive of national policy has demanded, nor would public opinion have tolerated a larger number of troops upon its domestic establishment. This peculiar felicity of situation* has, in a great degree, contributed to preserve the liberty, which that country to this day enjoys, in spite of the prevalent venality and corruption. If Britain had been situated on the continent, and had been compelled, as she would have been, by that situation, to make her military establishments at home coextensive with those of the other great powers of Europe, she, like them, would, in all probability, at this day be a victim to the absolute power of a single man. It is possible, though not easy, for the people of that island to be enslaved from other causes; but it cannot be by the prowess of an army so inconsiderable as that which has been usually kept up within the kingdom.

If we are wise enough to preserve the union, we may for ages enjoy an advantage similar to that of an insulated situation. Europe is at a great distance from us. Her colonies in our vicinity will be likely to continue too much disproportioned in strength, to be able to give us any dangerous annoyance. Extensive military establishments cannot, in this position, be necessary to our security. But, if we should be disunited, and the integral parts should either remain separated, or, which is most probable, should be thrown together into two or three confederacies, we should be, in a short course of time,

* The recent prodigious aggrandizement of France has, probably, altered the situation of Great Britain in this respect: it will be happy if the alteration has no tendency inauspicious to British liberty.

in the predicament of the continental powers of Europe. Our liberties would be a prey to the means of defending ourselves against the ambition and jealousy of each other.

This is an idea not superficial nor futile, but solid and weighty. It deserves the most serious and mature consideration of every prudent and honest man, of whatever party: if such men will make a firm and solemn pause, and meditate dispassionately on its vast importance; if they will contemplate it in all its attitudes, and trace it to all its consequences, they will not hesitate to part with trivial objections to a constitution, the rejection of which would in all probability put a final period to the Union. The airy phantoms that now flit before the distempered imaginations of some of its adversaries, would then quickly give place to the more substantial prospects of dangers, real, certain, and extremely formidable.

Hamilton.

§. 5. *Extent of Country not dangerous to the Union.*

We have seen the necessity of the union, as our bulwark against foreign danger; as the conservator of peace among ourselves; as the guardian of our commerce, and other common interests; as the only substitute for those military establishments which have subverted the liberties of the old world; and as the proper antidote for the diseases of faction, which have proved fatal to other popular governments, and of which alarming symptoms have been betrayed by our own. All that remains, within this branch of our inquiries, is to take notice of an objection, that may be drawn from the great extent of country which the union embraces. A few observations on this subject, will be the more proper, as it is perceived, that the adversaries of the new constitution are taking advantage of a prevailing prejudice, with regard to the practicable sphere of republican administration, in order to supply, by imaginary difficulties, the want of those solid objections, which they endeavour in vain to find.

The error which limits republican government to a narrow district, has been unfolded and refuted in preceding papers. I remark here only, that it seems to owe its rise and prevalence chiefly to the confounding of a republic with a democracy—and by applying to the former, reasons drawn from the nature of the latter. The true distinction between these forms, was also adverted to on a former occasion.—It is, that in a democracy, the people meet and exercise the government in person; in a republic, they assemble and administer it by their representatives and agents. A democracy, consequently, must be confined to a small spot. A republic may be extended over a large region.

To this accidental source of the error, may be added the artifice of some celebrated authors, whose writings have had a great share in forming the modern standard of political opinions. Being subjects, either of an absolute, or limited monarchy, they have endeavoured to heighten the advantages, or palliate the evils, of those forms, by placing, in comparison with them, the vices and defects of the republican—and by citing, as specimens of the latter, the turbulent democracies of ancient Greece, and modern Italy. Under the confusion of names, it has been an easy task to transfer to a republic, observations applicable to a democracy only; and, among others, the observation, that it can never be established but among a small number of people, living within a small compass of territory.

Such a fallacy may have been the less perceived, as most of the popular governments of antiquity were of the

democratic species; and even in modern Europe, to which we owe the great principle of representation, no example is seen of a government wholly popular, and founded, at the same time, wholly on that principle. If Europe has the merit of discovering this great mechanical power in government, by the simple agency of which, the will of the largest political body may be concentered, and its force directed to any object, which the public good requires—America can claim the merit of making the discovery the basis of unmixed and extensive republics. It is only to be lamented, that any of her citizens should wish to deprive her of the additional merit of displaying its full efficacy in the establishment of the comprehensive system now under her consideration.

As the natural limit of a democracy, is that distance from the central point, which will just permit the most remote citizens to assemble as often as their public functions demand; and will include no greater number than can join in those functions: so the natural limit of a republic, is that distance from the centre, which will barely allow the representatives of the people to meet as often as may be necessary for the administration of public affairs. Can it be said, that the limits of the United States exceed this distance? It will not be said by those who recollect, that the Atlantic coast is the longest side of the union; that, during the term of thirteen years, the representatives of the states have been almost continually assembled; and that the members, from the most distant states, are not chargeable with greater intermissions of attendance, than those from the states in the neighbourhood of Congress.

That we may form a juster estimate with regard to this interesting subject, let us resort to the actual dimensions of the union. The limits, as fixed by the treaty of peace, are on the east the Atlantic, on the south the latitude of thirty-one degrees, on the west the Mississippi, and on the north an irregular line running in some instances beyond the forty-fifth degree, in others falling as low as the forty-second. The southern shore of lake Erie lies below that latitude. Computing the distance between the thirty-first and forty-fifth degrees, it amounts to nine hundred and seventy-three common miles; computing it from thirty-one to forty-two degrees, to seven hundred sixty-four miles and a half. Taking the mean for the distance, the amount will be eight hundred sixty-eight miles and three fourths. The mean distance from the Atlantic to the Mississippi does not probably exceed seven hundred and fifty miles. On a comparison of this extent, with that of several countries in Europe, the practicability of rendering our system commensurate to it, appears to be demonstrable. It is not a great deal larger than Germany, where a diet, representing the whole empire, is continually assembled; or than Poland before the late dismemberment, where another national diet was the depository of the supreme power. Passing by France and Spain, we find that in Great Britain, inferior as it may be in size, the representatives of the northern extremity of the island, have as far to travel to the national council, as will be required of those of the remote parts of the union.

Favourable as this view of the subject may be, some observations remain, which will place it in a light still more satisfactory.

In the first place, it is to be remembered, that the general government is not to be charged with the whole power of making and administering laws: its jurisdiction is limited to certain enumerated objects, which concern all the members of the republic, but which are not to be at-

tained by the separate provisions of any. The subordinate governments, which can extend their care to all those other objects, which can be separately provided for, will retain their due authority and activity. Were it proposed by the plan of the convention, to abolish the governments of the particular states, its adversaries would have some ground for their objection; though it would not be difficult to show, that if they were abolished, the general government would be compelled, by the principle of self-preservation, to reinstate them in their proper jurisdiction.

A second observation to be made is, that the immediate object of the federal constitution, is to secure the union of the Thirteen primitive States, which we know to be practicable; and to add to them such other states, as may arise in their own bosoms, or in their neighbourhoods, which we cannot doubt to be equally practicable. The arrangements that may be necessary for those angles and fractions of our territory, which lie on our north-western frontier, must be left to those whom further discoveries and experience will render more equal to the task.

Let it be remarked, in the third place, that the intercourse throughout the union will be daily facilitated by new improvements. Roads will every where be shortened, and kept in better order; accommodations for travellers will be multiplied and ameliorated; an interior navigation on our eastern side will be opened throughout, or nearly throughout, the whole extent of the Thirteen States. The communication between the western and Atlantic districts, and between different parts of each, will be rendered more and more easy, by those numerous canals, with which the beneficence of nature has intersected our country, and which art finds it so little difficult to connect and complete.

A fourth, and still more important consideration, is, that as almost every state will, on one side or other, be a frontier, and will thus find in a regard to its safety, an inducement to make some sacrifices for the sake of the general protection; so the states which lie at the greatest distance from the heart of the union, and which of course may partake least of the ordinary circulation of its benefits, will be at the same time immediately contiguous to foreign nations, and will consequently stand, on particular occasions, in greatest need of its strength and resources. It may be inconvenient for Georgia, or the states forming our western or north-eastern borders, to send their representatives to the seat of government; but they would find it more so to struggle alone against an invading enemy, or even to support alone the whole expense of those precautions, which may be dictated by the neighbourhood of continual danger. If they should derive less benefit therefore from the union in some respects, than the less distant states, they will derive greater benefit from it in other respects, and thus the proper equilibrium will be maintained throughout.

I submit to you, my fellow citizens, these considerations, in full confidence that the good sense which has so often marked your decisions, will allow them their due weight and effect; and that you will never suffer difficulties, however formidable in appearance, or however fashionable the error on which they may be founded, to drive you into the gloomy and perilous scenes into which the advocates for disunion would conduct you. Hearken not to the unnatural voice, which tells you that the people of America, knit together as they are by so many cords of affection, can no longer live together as members of the same family; can no longer continue the mutual guardians of their mutual happiness; can no lon

ger be fellow citizens of one great, respectable, and flourishing empire. Hearken not to the voice, which petulantly tells you, that the form of government recommended for your adoption, is a novelty in the political world; that it has never yet had a place in the theories of the wildest projectors; that it rashly attempts what it is impossible to accomplish. No, my countrymen; shut your ears against this unhallowed language. Shut your hearts against the poison which it conveys; the kindred blood which flows in the veins of American citizens, the mingled blood which they have shed in defence of their sacred rights, consecrate their union, and excite horror at the idea of their becoming aliens, rivals, enemies. And if novelties are to be shunned, believe me, the most alarming of all novelties, the most wild of all projects, the most rash of all attempts, is that of rending us in pieces, in order to preserve our liberties, and promote our happiness. But why is the experiment of an extended republic to be rejected, merely because it may comprise what is new? Is it not the glory of the people of America, that whilst they have paid a decent regard to the opinions of former times and other nations, they have not suffered a blind veneration for antiquity, for custom, or for names, to overrule the suggestions of their own good sense, the knowledge of their own situation, and the lessons of their own experience? To this manly spirit, posterity will be indebted for the possession, and the world for the example, of the numerous innovations displayed on the American theatre, in favour of private rights and public happiness. Had no important step been taken by the leaders of the revolution, for which a precedent could not be discovered, no government established of which an exact model did not present itself, the people of the United States might, at this moment, have been numbered among the melancholy victims of misguided councils; must at best have been labouring under the weight of some of those forms which have crushed the liberties of the rest of mankind. Happily for America, happily we trust for the whole human race, they pursued a new and more noble course. They accomplished a revolution which has no parallel in the annals of human society. They reared the fabrics of governments which have no model on the face of the globe. They formed the design of a great confederacy, which it is incumbent on their successors to improve and perpetuate. If their works betray imperfections, we wonder at the fewness of them. If they erred most in the structure of the union, this was the work most difficult to be executed; this is the work which has been new modelled by the act of your convention, and it is that act on which you are now to deliberate and to decide.

Madison.

§ 6. *Necessity of the Union.*

When the people of America reflect, that the question now submitted to their determination, is one of the most important that has engaged, or can well engage, their attention, the propriety of their taking a very comprehensive, as well as a very serious view of it, must be evident.

Nothing is more certain than the indispensable necessity of government; and it is equally undeniable, that whenever and however it is instituted, the people must cede to it some of their natural rights, in order to vest it with requisite powers. It is well worthy of consideration therefore, whether it would conduce more to the interest of the people of America, that they should, to all general purposes, be one nation, under one federal government, than that they should divide themselves into sepa-

rate confederacies, and give to the head of each, the same kind of powers which they are advised to place in one national government.

It has until lately been a received and uncontradicted opinion, that the prosperity of the people of America depended on their continuing firmly united; and the wishes, prayers, and efforts, of our best and wisest citizens, have been constantly directed to that object. But politicians now appear, who insist that this opinion is erroneous, and that instead of looking for safety and happiness in union, we ought to seek it in a division of the states into distinct confederacies or sovereignties. However extraordinary this new doctrine may appear, it nevertheless has its advocates; and certain characters who were formerly much opposed to it, are at present of the number. Whatever may be the arguments or inducements, which have wrought this change in the sentiments and declarations of these gentlemen, it certainly would not be wise in the people at large to adopt these new political tenets, without being fully convinced that they are founded in truth and sound policy.

It has often given me pleasure to observe, that independent America was not composed of detached and distant territories, but that one connected, fertile, wide-spreading country, was the portion of our western sons of liberty. Providence has in a particular manner blessed it with a variety of soils and productions, and watered it with innumerable streams, for the delight and accommodation of its inhabitants. A succession of navigable waters forms a kind of chain round its borders, as if to bind it together; while the most noble rivers in the world, running at convenient distances, present them with highways for the easy communication of friendly aids, and the mutual transportation and exchange of their various commodities.

With equal pleasure I have as often taken notice, that Providence has been pleased to give this one connected country to one united people; a people descended from the same ancestors, speaking the same language, professing the same religion, attached to the same principles of government, very similar in their manners and customs, and who, by their joint counsels, arms, and efforts, fighting side by side throughout a long and bloody war, have nobly established their general liberty and independence.

This country and this people seem to have been made for each other; and it appears as if it was the design of Providence, that an inheritance so proper and convenient for a band of brethren, united to each other by the strongest ties, should never be split into a number of unsocial, jealous, and alien sovereignties.

Similar sentiments have hitherto prevailed among all orders and denominations of men among us. To all general purposes, we have uniformly been one people. Each individual citizen every where enjoying the same national rights, privileges, and protection. As a nation, we have made peace and war: as a nation, we have vanquished our common enemies: as a nation, we have formed alliances, and made treaties, and entered into various compacts and conventions with foreign states.

A strong sense of the value and blessings of Union induced the people, at a very early period, to institute a federal government to preserve and perpetuate it. They formed it almost as soon as they had a political existence; nay, at a time, when their habitations were in flames, when many of them were bleeding in the field; and when the progress of hostility and desolation left little room for those calm and mature inquiries and reflections, which must ever precede the formation of a wise

and well balanced government for a free people. It is not to be wondered at that a government instituted in times so inauspicious, should on experiment be found greatly deficient, and inadequate to the purpose it was intended to answer.

This intelligent people perceived and regretted these defects. Still continuing no less attached to union, than enamoured of liberty, they observed the danger which immediately threatened the former and more remotely the latter, and being persuaded that ample security for both, could only be found in a national government more wisely framed, they, as with one voice, convened the late Convention at Philadelphia, to take that important subject under consideration.

This Convention, composed of men who possessed the confidence of the people, and many of whom had become highly distinguished by their patriotism, virtue, and wisdom, in times which tried the souls of men, undertook the arduous task. In the mild season of peace, with minds unoccupied by other subjects, they passed many months in cool uninterrupted and daily consultations: and finally without having been awed by power, or influenced by any passion, except love for their country, they presented and recommended to the people the plan produced by their joint and very unanimous counsels.

Admit, for so is the fact, that this plan is only *recommended*, not imposed, yet, let it be remembered, that it is neither recommended to *blind* approbation, nor to *blind* reprobation; but to that sedate and candid consideration, which the magnitude and importance of the subject demand, and which it certainly ought to receive. But, as has been already remarked, it is more to be wished than expected that it may be so considered and examined. Experience on a former occasion teaches us not to be too sanguine in such hopes. It is not yet forgotten, that well grounded apprehensions of imminent danger, induced the people of America to form the memorable Congress of 1774. That body recommended certain measures to their constituents, and the event proved their wisdom; yet it is fresh in our memories how soon the press began to teem with pamphlets and weekly papers against those very measures. Not only many of the officers of government who obeyed the dictates of personal interest, but others from a mistaken estimate of consequences, from the undue influence of ancient attachments, or whose ambition aimed at objects which did not correspond with the public good, were indefatigable in their endeavours to persuade the people to reject the advice of that patriotic Congress. Many indeed were deceived and deluded, but the great majority reasoned and decided judiciously; and happy they are in reflecting that they did so.

They considered that the Congress was composed of many wise and experienced men. That being convened from different parts of the country, they brought with them and communicated to each other, a variety of useful information. That in the course of the time they passed together in inquiring into and discussing the true interests of their country, they must have acquired very accurate knowledge on that head. That they were invividually interested in the public liberty and prosperity, and therefore that it was not less their inclination than their duty, to recommend such measures only, as after the most mature deliberation they really thought prudent and advisable.

These and similar considerations then induced the people to rely greatly on the judgment and integrity of the Congress; and they took their advice, notwithstanding the various arts and endeavours used

to deter and dissuade them from it. But if the people at large had reason to confide in the men of that Congress, few of whom had then been fully tried or generally known, still greater reason have they now to respect the judgment and advice of the Convention; for it is well known, that some of the most distinguished members of that Congress, who have been since tried and justly approved for patriotism and abilities, and who have grown old in acquiring political information, were also members of this Convention, and carried into it their accumulated knowledge and experience.

It is worthy of remark, that not only the first, but every succeeding Congress, as well as the late Convention, have invariably joined with the people in thinking that the prosperity of America depended on its Union. To preserve and perpetuate it, was the great object of the people in forming that Convention; and it is also the great object of the plan which the Convention has advised them to adopt. With what propriety therefore, or for what good purposes, are attempts at this particular period made, by some men, to depreciate the importance of the Union? or why is it suggested that three or four confederacies would be better than one? I am persuaded in my own mind, that the people have always thought right on this subject, and that their universal and uniform attachment to the cause of the Union, rests on great and weighty reasons.

They who promote the idea of substituting a number of distinct confederacies in the room of the plan of the Convention, seem clearly to foresee that the rejection of it would put the continuance of the Union in the utmost jeopardy: that certainly would be the case; and I sincerely wish that it may be as clearly foreseen by every good citizen, that whenever the dissolution of the Union arrives, America will have reason to exclaim in the words of the Poet, "FAREWELL! A LONG FAREWELL, TO ALL MY GREATNESS!"

Jay.

§ 7. *The influence of the Progress of Science on the Manners and Characters of Men.*

The progress of science and the cultivation of literature, had considerable effect in changing the manners of the European nations, and introducing that civility and refinement by which they are now distinguished. At the time when their empire was overturned, the Romans, though they had lost that correct taste which has rendered the productions of their ancestors the standards of excellence, and models for imitation to succeeding ages, still preserved their love of letters, and cultivated the arts with great ardour. But rude Barbarians were so far from being struck with any admiration of these unknown accomplishments, that they despised them. They were not arrived at that state of society, in which those faculties of the human mind, that have beauty and elegance for their objects, begin to unfold themselves. They were strangers to all those wants and desires which are the parents of ingenious invention; and as they did not comprehend either the merit or utility of the Roman arts, they destroyed the monuments of them, with industry not inferior to that with which their posterity have since studied to preserve, or to recover them. The convulsions occasioned by their settlement in the empire; the frequent as well as violent revolutions in every kingdom which they established; together with the interior defects in the form of government which they introduced, banished security and leisure; prevented the growth of taste or the culture of science; and kept Europe, during several centu-

ries, in a state of ignorance. But as soon as liberty and independence began to be felt by every part of the community, and communicated some taste of the advantages arising from commerce, from public order, and from personal security, the human mind became conscious of powers which it did not formerly perceive, and fond of occupations or pursuits of which it was formerly incapable. Towards the beginning of the twelfth century, we discern the first symptoms of its awakening from that lethargy in which it had long been sunk, and observe it turning with curiosity and attention towards new objects.

The first literary efforts, however, of the European nations, in the middle ages, were extremely ill-directed. Among nations, as well as individuals, the powers of imagination attain some degree of vigour before the intellectual faculties are much exercised in speculative or abstract disquisition. Men are poets before they are philosophers. They feel with sensibility, and describe with force, when they have made but little progress in investigation or reasoning. The age of Homer and of Hesiod long preceded that of Thales, or of Socrates. But unhappily for literature, our ancestors, deviating from this course which nature points out, plunged at once into the depths of abstruse and metaphysical inquiry. They had been converted to the Christain faith soon after they settled in their new conquests: but they did not receive it pure. The presumption of men had added to the simple and instructive doctrines of Christianity, the theories of a vain philosophy, that attempted to penetrate into mysteries, and to decide questions which the limited faculties of the human mind are unable to comprehend, or to resolve. These over curious speculations were incorporated with the system of religion, and came to be considered as the most essential part of it. As soon then, as curiosity prompted men to inquire and to reason, these were the subjects which first presented themselves, and engaged their attention. The scholastic theology, with its infinite train of bold disquisitions, and subtile distinctions concerning points which are not the object of human reason, was the first production of the spirit of inquiry after it began to resume some degree of activity and vigour in Europe.

It was not this circumstance alone that gave such a wrong turn to the minds of men, when they began again to exercise talents which they had so long neglected. Most of the persons who attempted to revive literature in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, had received instruction, or derived their principles of science from the Greeks in the eastern empire, or from the Arabians in Spain and Africa. Both these people, acute and inquisitive to excess, corrupted those sciences which they cultivated. The former rendered theology a system of speculative refinement, or of endless controversy. The latter communicated to philosophy a spirit of metaphysical and frivolous subtlety. Misled by these guides, the persons who first applied to science were involved in a maze of intricate inquiries. Instead of allowing their fancy to take its natural range, and to produce such works of invention as might have improved their taste, and refined their sentiments; instead of cultivating those arts which embellish human life and render it comfortable; they were fettered by authority; they were led astray by example, and wasted the whole force of their genius in speculations as unavailing as they were difficult.

But fruitless and ill-directed as these speculations were, their novelty roused, and their boldness interested, the human mind. The ardour with which men pursued these unin-

viting studies was astonishing. Genuine philosophy was never cultivated in any enlightened age, with greater zeal. Schools, upon the model of those instituted by Charlemagne, were opened in every cathedral, and almost in every monastery of note. Colleges and universities were erected, and formed into communities, or corporations, governed by their own laws, and invested with separate and extensive jurisdiction over their own members. A regular course of studies was planned. Privileges of great value were conferred on masters and scholars. Academical titles and honours of various kinds were invented, as a recompense for both. Nor was it in the schools alone that superiority in science led to reputation and authority; it became the object of respect in life, and advanced such as acquired it to a rank of no inconsiderable eminence. Allured by all these advantages, an incredible number of students resorted to these new seats of learning, and crowded with eagerness into that new path which was open to fame and distinction.

But how considerable soever these first efforts may appear, there was one circumstance which prevented the effects of them from being as extensive as they ought to have been. All the languages in Europe during the period under review,* were barbarous. They were destitute of elegance of force, and even of perspicuity. No attempt had been hitherto made to improve or to polish them. The Latin tongue was consecrated by the church to religion. Custom, with authority scarce less sacred, had appropriated it to literature. All the sciences cultivated in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries were taught in Latin. All the books with respect to them, were written in that language. To have treated of any important subject in a modern language, would have been deemed a degradation of it. This confined science within a very narrow circle. The learned alone were admitted into the temple of knowledge; the gate was shut against all others, who were allowed to remain involved in their former darkness and ignorance.

But though science was thus prevented, during several ages, from diffusing itself through society, and its influence was circumscribed, the progress of it may be mentioned, nevertheless, among the great causes which contributed to introduce a change of manners into Europe. That ardent, though ill-judged spirit of inquiry, which I have described, occasioned a fermentation of mind, which put ingenuity and invention in motion, and gave them vigour. It led men to a new employment of their faculties, which they found to be agreeable, as well as interesting. It accustomed them to exercises and occupations which tended to soften their manners, and to give them some relish for those gentle virtues which are peculiar to nations among whom science hath been cultivated with success. *Robertson.*

* From the subversion of the Roman empire to the beginning of the sixteenth century.

§ 8. *The Resignation of the Emperor* CHARLES V.

Charles resolved to resign his kingdoms to his son, with a solemnity suitable to the importance of the transaction; and to perform this last act of sovereignty with such formal pomp, as might leave an indelible impression on the minds, not only of his subjects, but of his successor With this view, he called Philip out of England, where the peevish temper of his queen, which increased with her despair of having issue, rendered him extremely unhappy; and the jealousy of the English left him no hopes of obtaining the direction of their affairs. Having assembled the states of the Low Countries, at Brus-

sels, on the twenty-fifth of October, one thousand five hundred and fifty-five, Charles seated himself, for the last time, in the chair of state; on one side of which was placed his son, and on the other his sister, the queen of Hungary, regent of the Netherlands; with a splendid retinue of the grandees of Spain, and princes of the empire, standing behind him. The president of the council of Flanders, by his command, explained, in a few words, his intention in calling this extraordinary meeting of the states. He then read the instrument of resignation, by which Charles surrendered to his son Philip all his territories, jurisdiction, and authority in the Low Countries; absolving his subjects there from their oath of allegiance to him, which he required them to transfer to Philip, his lawful heir, and to serve him with the same loyalty and zeal which they had manifested, during so long a course of years, in support of his government.

Charles then rose from his seat, and leaning on the shoulder of the prince of Orange, because he was unable to stand without support, he addressed himself to the audience, and, from a paper which he held in his hand, in order to assist his memory, he recounted with dignity, but without ostentation, all the great things which he had undertaken and performed since the commencement of his administration. He observed, that, from the seventeenth year of his age, he had dedicated all his thoughts and attention to public objects; reserving no portion of his time for the indulgence of his ease, and very little for the enjoyment of private pleasure: that, either in a pacific or hostile manner, he had visited Germany nine times, Spain six times, France four times, Italy seven times, the Low Countries ten times, England twice, Africa as often, and had made eleven voyages by sea: that, while his health permitted him to discharge his duty, and the vigour of his constitution was equal, in any degree, to the arduous office of governing such extensive dominions, he had never shunned labour, nor repined under fatigue: that now, when his health was broken and his vigour exhausted by the rage of an incurable distemper, his growing infirmities admonished him to retire; nor was he so fond of reigning, as to retain the sceptre in an impotent hand, which was no longer able to protect his subjects, or to render them happy: that, instead of a sovereign worn out with diseases, and scarcely half alive, he gave them one in the prime of life, accustomed already to govern, and who added to the vigour of youth, all the attention and sagacity of maturer years; that if, during the course of a long administration, he had committed any material error in government; or if, under the pressure of so many and great affairs, and amidst the attention which he had been obliged to give to them, he had either neglected, or injured any of his subjects, he now implored their forgiveness: that, for his part, he should ever retain a grateful sense of their fidelity and attachment, and would carry the remembrance of it along with him to the place of his retreat, as his sweetest consolation, as well as the best reward for all his services; and, in his last prayers to Almighty God, would pour forth his ardent wishes for their welfare.

Then turning towards Philip, who fell on his knees and kissed his father's hand, "If, says he, "I had left you by my death, this rich inheritance, to which I have made such large additions, some regard would have been justly due to my memory on that account: but now, when I voluntarily resign to you what I might still have retained, I may well expect the warmest expressions of thanks on your part. With these, however, I dispense; and shall consider your concern for the welfare of your sub-

jects, and your love of them, as the best and most acceptable testimony of your gratitude to me. It is in your power, by a wise and virtuous administration, to justify the extraordinary proof which I this day give of my paternal affection; and to demonstrate, that you are worthy of the confidence which I repose in you. Preserve an inviolable regard for religion; maintain the Catholic faith in its purity; let the laws of your country be sacred in your eyes; encroach not on the rights and privileges of your people: and, if the time shall ever come, when you shall wish to enjoy the tranquillity of private life, may you have a son endowed with such qualities that you can resign your sceptre to him with as much satisfaction as I give up mine to you."

As soon as Charles had finished this long address to his subjects, and to their new sovereign, he sunk into the chair, exhausted, and ready to faint with the fatigue of such an extraordinary effort. During his discourse, the whole audience melted into tears; some, from admiration of his magnanimity; others, softened by the expressions of tenderness towards his son, and of love to his people; and all were affected with the deepest sorrow, at losing a sovereign, who had distinguished the Netherlands, his native country, with particular marks of his regard and attachment.

A few weeks afterwards Charles, in an assembly no less splendid, and with a ceremony equally pompous, resigned to his son the crowns of Spain, with all the territories depending on them, both in the Old and in the New World. Of all these vast possessions he reserved nothing to himself, but an annual pension of a hundred thousand crowns, to defray the charges of his family, and to afford him a small sum for acts of beneficence and charity.

The place he had chosen for his retreat, was the monastery of St. Justus, in the province of Estramadura. It was seated in a vale of no great extent, watered by a small brook, and surrounded by rising grounds, covered with lofty trees. From the nature of the soil, as well as the temperature of the climate, it was esteemed the most healthful and delicious situation in Spain. Some months before his resignation, he had sent an architect thither, to add a new apartment to the monastery, for his accommodation; but he gave strict orders, that the style of the building should be such as suited his present situation rather than his former dignity. It consisted only of six rooms; four of them in the form of friars' cells, with naked walls; the other two, each twenty feet square, were hung with brown cloth, and furnished in the most simple manner. They were all on a level with the ground; with a door on one side, into a garden, of which Charles himself had given the plan, and which he had filled with various plants, intending to cultivate them with his own hands. On the other side, they communicated with the chapel of the monastery, in which he was to perform his devotions. In this humble retreat, hardly sufficient for the comfortable accommodation of a private gentleman, did Charles enter, with twelve domestics only. He buried there, in solitude and silence, his grandeur, his ambition, together with all those vast projects which, during half a century, had alarmed and agitated Europe, filling every kingdom in it, by turns, with the terror of his arms, and the dread of being subjected to his power.

Robertson.

§ 9. *The Feudal System.*

The feudal policy and laws were established with little variation in

every kingdom of Europe. This uniformity originated from the similar state of society and manners to which they were accustomed. Instead of those loose associations, which were sufficient for their defence in their original countries, they saw the necessity of uniting in more close confederacy, to defend themselves against new invaders, or the ancient inhabitants whom their clemency had spared. Every freeman, upon receiving a portion of the lands which were divided, bound himself to appear in arms against the enemies of the community. This military service was the condition upon which he received and held his lands; and as they were exempted from every other burden, that tenure, among a warlike people, was deemed both easy and honourable. The king or general who led them to conquest, continuing still to be the head of the colony, had of course the largest portion allotted to him. Having thus acquired the means of rewarding past services, as well as of gaining new adherents, he parcelled out his lands with this view, binding those on whom they were bestowed to follow his standard with a number of men in proportion to the territory which they received, and to bear arms in his defence. His chief officers imitated the example of the sovereign, and in distributing portions of their lands among their dependents, annexed the same condition to the grant. Thus, a feudal kingdom resembled a military establishment rather than a civil institution. The victorious army, cantoned out in the country which it seized, continued ranged under its proper officers, and subordinate to military command. The names of a soldier and of a freeman were synonymous. Every proprietor of land, girt with a sword, was ready to march at the command of his superior, and to take the field against the common enemy.

The principles of disorder and corruption are discernible in that constitution under its best and most perfect form. They soon unfolded themselves, and, spreading with rapidity through every part of the system, produced the most fatal effects. The bond of political union was extremely feeble; the sources of anarchy were innumerable. The monarchical and the aristocratical parts of the constitution, having no intermediate power to balance them, were perpetually at variance, and justling with each other. The powerful vassals of the crown soon extorted a confirmation for life of those grants of lands, which, being at first purely gratuitous, had been bestowed only during pleasure. Not satisfied with this, they prevailed to have them converted into hereditary possessions. One step more completed their usurpation, and rendered them unalienable. With an ambition no less enterprising, and more preposterous, they appropriated to themselves titles of honour, as well as offices of power or trust. These personal marks of distinction, which the public administration bestows on illustrious merit, or which the public confidence confers on extraordinary abilities, were annexed to certain families, and transmitted like fiefs, from father to son, by hereditary right. The crown vassals having thus secured the possession of their lands and dignities, the nature of the feudal institutions, which though founded on subordination verged to independence, led them to new and still more dangerous encroachments on the prerogatives of the sovereign. They obtained the power of supreme jurisdiction both civil and criminal within their own territories, the right of coining money, together with the privilege of carrying on war against their private enemies, in their own name and by their own authority. The ideas of political subjection were almost entirely lost, and frequently scarcely

any appearance of feudal subordination remained. Nobles who had acquired such enormous power scorned to consider themselves as subjects. They aspired openly at being independent: the bonds which connected the principal members of the constitution with the crown were dissolved. A kingdom, considerable in name and in extent, was broken into as many separate principalities as it contained powerful barons. A thousand causes of jealousy and discord subsisted among them, and gave rise to as many wars. Every country in Europe, wasted or kept in alarm, during these endless contests, was filled with castles or places of strength, erected for the security of the inhabitants, not against foreign force, but against internal hostilities. A universal anarchy, destructive in a great measure of all the advantages which men expect to derive from society, prevailed. The people, the most numerous, as well as the most useful part of the community, were either reduced to a state of actual servitude, or treated with the same insolence and rigour, as if they had been degraded into that wretched state. The king, stripped of almost every prerogative, and without authority to enact or to execute salutary laws, could neither protect the innocent nor punish the guilty. The nobles, superior to all restraint, harassed each other with perpetual wars, oppressed their fellow-subjects, and humbled or insulted their sovereign. To crown all, time gradually fixed and rendered venerable this pernicious system, which violence had established. Such was the state of Europe with respect to the interior administration of government, from the seventh to the eleventh century. *Robertson.*

§ 10. *The Crusades.*

The Crusades, in order to rescue the holy land from the hands of the infidels, first roused Europe, and introduced a change in her government and manners. Venerating the spot where the Son of God accomplished the redemption of mankind, and impressed with the current idea, that the end of the world was near at hand, multitudes hastened to the holy land, there to meet with Christ in judgment. When the minds of men were thus prepared, the zeal of a fanatical monk, who conceived the idea of leading all the forces of Christendom against the infidels, and of driving them out of the holy land by violence, was sufficient to give a beginning to that wild enterprise.

Peter the Hermit, for that was the name of that martial apostle, ran from province to province with a crucifix in his hand, exciting princes and people to the holy war; and wherever he came, kindled the same enthusiastic ardour for it with which he himself was animated. The Council of Placentia, where upwards of thirty thousand persons were assembled, pronounced the scheme to have been suggested by the immediate inspiration of Heaven. In the Council of Clermont, still more numerous, as soon as the measure was proposed, all cried out with one voice, 'It is the will of God.' Persons of all ranks catched the contagion; not only the gallant nobles of that age, with their martial followers, whom we may suppose to have been allured by the boldness of a romantic enterprise; but men in the more humble and pacific stations of life; ecclesiastics of every order, and even women and children, engaged with emulation in an undertaking, which was deemed sacred and meritorious. According to the testimony of contemporary historians, six millions of persons assumed the cross, which was the badge that distinguished such as devoted themselves to this holy warfare. All Europe, torn up from the foundation, seemed ready to pre-

cipitate itself in one united body upon Asia. Nor did the fumes of this enthusiastic zeal evaporate at once; the frenzy was as lasting as it was extravagant. During two centuries, Europe seems to have had no object but to recover or to keep possession of the holy land; and through that period, vast armies continued to march thither.

Robertson.

§ 11. *Chivalry.*

The spirit of chivalry inspired the nobles of Europe with more liberal and generous sentiments than had formerly prevailed. This institution, though considered of a wild nature, the effect of caprice, and the source of extravagance, arose naturally from the state of society, at that period, and had a very serious influence in refining the European manners.

The feudal was a state of almost perpetual war, rapine, and anarchy, during which the weak and unarmed were exposed to insults or injuries. The power of the sovereign was too limited to prevent these wrongs, and the administration of justice too feeble to redress them. The most effectual protection against violence and oppression was often found to be that which the valour and generosity of private persons afforded. The same spirit of enterprise which had prompted so many gentlemen to take arms in defence of the oppressed pilgrims in Palestine, incited others to declare themselves the patrons and avengers of injured innocence at home. When the final reduction of the holy land under the dominion of infidels put an end to those foreign expeditions, the latter was the only employment left for the activity and courage of adventurers. To check the insolence of overgrown oppressors; to rescue the helpless from captivity; to protect, or to avenge women, orphans, and ecclesiastics, who could not bear arms in their own defence; to redress wrongs and to remove grievances; were deemed acts of the highest prowess and merit. Valour, humanity, courtesy, justice, and honour, were the characteristic qualities of chivalry. To these were added religion, which mingled itself with every passion and institution during the middle ages, and by infusing a large proportion of enthusiastic zeal, gave them such force as carried them to romantic excess. Men were trained to knighthood by a long previous discipline; they were admitted into the order by solemnities no less devout than pompous; every person of noble birth courted that honour; it was deemed a distinction superior to royalty, and monarchs were proud to receive it from the hands of private gentlemen.

This singular institution, in which valour, gallantry, and religion, were so strangely blended, was wonderfully adapted to the taste and genius of martial nobles, and its effects were soon visible in their manners. War was carried on with less ferocity, when humanity came to be deemed the ornament of knighthood no less than courage. More gentle and polished manners were introduced, when courtesy was recommended as the most amiable of knightly virtues. Violence and oppression decreased, when it was reckoned meritorious to check and to punish them. A scrupulous adherence to truth, with the most religious attention to fulfil every engagement, became the distinguishing characteristic of a gentleman, because chivalry was regarded as the school of honour, and inculcated the most delicate sensibility with respect to those points. The admiration of these qualities, together with the high distinctions and prerogatives conferred on knighthood in every part of Europe, inspired persons of noble birth on some occasions with a species of military fanaticism, and led

them to extravagant enterprises. But they deeply imprinted on their minds the principles of generosity and honour. These were strengthened by every thing that can affect the senses or touch the heart. The wild exploits of those romantic knights who sallied forth in quest of adventures, are well known, and have been treated with proper ridicule. The humanity which accompanies all the operations of war, the refinements of gallantry, and the point of honour, are sentiments inspired by chivalry, and have had a wonderful influence on manners and conduct, during the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. They were so deeply rooted, that they continued to operate after the vigour and reputation of the institution itself began to decline.

Robertson.

§ 12. *Assassination of David Rizio.*

The low birth and indigent condition of this man placed him in a station in which he ought naturally to have remained unknown to posterity. But what fortune called him to act and to suffer in Scotland, obliges history to descend from its dignity, and to record his adventures. He was the son of a musician in Turin; and having accompanied the Piedmontese ambassador into Scotland, gained admission into the queen's family by his skill in music. As his servile condition had taught him suppleness of spirit and insinuating manners, he quickly crept into the queen's favour; and her French secretary happening to return at that time into his own country, was preferred by her to that office. He now began to make a figure in court, and to appear as a man of weight and consequence. The whole train of suitors and expectants, who have an extreme sagacity in discovering the paths which lead most directly to success, applied to him. His recommendations were observed to have great influence over the queen, and he grew to be considered not only as a favourite but as a minister. Nor was Rizio careful to abate that envy which always attends such an extraordinary and rapid change of fortune. He studied, on the contrary, to display the whole extent of his favour. He affected to talk often and familiarly with the queen in public. He equalled the greatest and most opulent subjects in richness of dress and in the number of his attendants. He discovered in all his behaviour that unassuming insolence, with which unmerited prosperity inspires an ignoble mind. It was with the utmost indignation that the nobles beheld the power, it was with the utmost difficulty that they tolerated the arrogance, of this unworthy minion. Even in the queen's presence they could not forbear treating him with marks of contempt. Nor was it his exorbitant power alone which exasperated the Scots. They considered him, and not without reason, as a dangerous enemy to the protestant religion, and suspected that he held, for this purpose, a secret correspondence with the court of Rome.

In consequence of such a conduct, the king and nobles mutually conspired to take away his life. Nothing now remained but to concert the plan of operation, to choose the actors, and to assign them their parts in perpetrating this detestable crime. Every circumstance here paints and characterizes the manners and men of that age, and fills us with horror at both. The place chosen for committing such a deed was the queen's bed-chamber. Though Mary was now in the sixth month of her pregnancy, and though Rizio might have been seized elsewhere without any difficulty, the king pitched upon this place, that he might enjoy the mali-

cious pleasure of reproaching Rizio with his crimes before the queen's face. The earl of Morton, the lord high chancellor of the kingdom, undertook to direct an enterprise, carried on in defiance of all the laws, of which he was bound to be the guardian. The lord Ruthven, who had been confined to his bed for three months by a very dangerous distemper, and who was still so feeble that he could scarcely walk, or bear the weight of his own armour, was intrusted with the executive part; and while he himself needed to be supported by two men, he came abroad to commit a murder, in the presence of his sovereign.

On the 9th of March, Morton entered the court of the palace with a hundred and sixty men; and without noise, or meeting with any resistance, seized all the gates. While the queen was at supper with the countess of Argyle, Rizio, and a few domestics, the king suddenly entered the apartment by a private passage. At his back was Ruthven, clad in complete armour, and with that ghastly and horrid look which long sickness had given him. Three or four of his most trusty accomplices followed him. Such an unusual appearance alarmed those who were present. Rizio instantly apprehended that he was the victim at whom the blow was aimed; and in the utmost consternation retired behind the queen, of whom he laid hold, hoping that the reverence due to her person might prove some protection to him. The conspirators had proceeded too far to be restrained by any consideration of that kind. Numbers of armed men rushed into the chamber. Ruthven drew his dagger, and with a furious mien and voice commanded Rizio to leave a place of which he was unworthy, and which he had occupied too long. Mary employed tears, and entreaties, and threatenings, to save her favourite. But, notwithstanding all these, he was torn from her by violence, and before he could be dragged through the next apartment, the rage of his enemies put an end to his life, piercing his body with fifty-six wounds.

Robertson.

§ 13. *Death of Queen Mary of Scotland.*

On Tuesday, the 7th of February, the earls of Shrewsbury and Kent arrived at Fotheringay, and, demanding access to the queen, read in her presence the warrant of execution, and required her to prepare to die next morning. Mary heard them to the end without emotion, and crossing herself in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, "That soul," said she, "is not worthy of the joys of Heaven, which repines because the body must endure the stroke of the executioner; and though I did not expect that the queen of England would set the first example of violating the sacred person of a sovereign prince, I willingly submit to that which Providence has decreed to be my lot;" and laying her hand on a Bible, which happened to be near her, she solemnly protested that she was innocent of that conspiracy which Babington had carried on against Elizabeth's life. She then mentioned the request contained in her letter to Elizabeth, but obtained no satisfactory answer. She entreated, with particular earnestness, that now, in her last moments, her almoner might be suffered to attend her, and that she might enjoy the consolation of those pious institutions prescribed by her religion. Even this favour, which is usually granted to the vilest criminal, was absolutely denied.

Her attendants, during this conversation, were bathed in tears, and though overawed by the presence of the two earls, with difficulty sup-

pressed their anguish; but no sooner did Kent and Shrewsbury withdraw, than they ran to their mistress, and burst out into the most passionate expressions of tenderness and sorrow. Mary, however, not only retained perfect composure of mind, but endeavoured to moderate their excessive grief; and falling on her knees, with all her domestics around her, she thanked Heaven that her sufferings were now so near an end, and prayed that she might be enabled to endure what still remained with decency and with fortitude. The greater part of the evening she employed in settling her worldly affairs. She wrote her testament with her own hand. Her money, her jewels, and her clothes, she distributed among her servants, according to their rank or merit. She wrote a short letter to the king of France, and another to the duke of Guise, full of tender but magnanimous sentiments, and recommended her soul to their prayers, and her afflicted servants to their protection. At supper she ate temperately, as usual, and conversed not only with ease, but with cheerfulness; she drank to every one of her servants, and asked their forgiveness, if ever she had failed in any part of her duty towards them. At her wonted time she went to bed, and slept calmly a few hours. Early in the morning she retired into her closet, and employed a considerable time in devotion. At eight o'clock the high sheriff and his officers entered her chamber, and found her still kneeling at the altar. She immediately started up, and with a majestic mien, and a countenance undismayed, and even cheerful, advanced towards the place of execution, leaning on two of Paulet's attendants. She was dressed in a mourning habit, but with an elegance and splendour which she had long laid aside, except on a few festival days. An Agnus Dei hung by a pomander chain at her neck; her beads at her girdle; and in her hand she carried a crucifix of ivory. At the foot of the stairs, the two earls, attended by several gentlemen from the neighbouring counties, received her: and there Sir Andrew Melvil, the master of her household, who had been secluded for some weeks from her presence, was permitted to take his last farewell. At the sight of a mistress whom he tenderly loved, in such a situation, he melted into tears; and as he was bewailing her condition, and complaining of his own hard fate, in being appointed to carry the account of such a mournful event into Scotland, Mary replied, "Weep not, good Melvil, there is at present great cause for rejoicing. Thou shalt this day see Mary Stuart delivered from all her cares, and such an end put to her tedious sufferings, as she has long expected. Bear witness that I die constant in my religion; firm in my fidelity towards Scotland; and unchanged in my affection to France. Commend me to my son. Tell him I have done nothing injurious to his kingdom, to his honour, or to his rights; and God forgive all those who have thirsted, without cause, for my blood."

With much difficulty, and after many entreaties, she prevailed on the two earls to allow Melvil, together with three of her men servants and two of her maids, to attend her to the scaffold. It was erected in the same hall where she had been tried, raised a little above the floor, and covered, as well as the chair, the cushion, and block, with black cloth. Mary mounted the steps with alacrity, beheld all this apparatus of death with an unaltered countenance, and signing herself with the cross, she sat down in the chair. Beale read the warrant for execution with a loud voice, to which she listened with a careless air, and like one occupied in other thoughts. Then the dean

of Peterborough began a devout discourse, suitable to her present condition, and offered up prayers to Heaven in her behalf: but she declared that she could not in conscience hearken to the one, nor join with the other; and falling on her knees, repeated a Latin prayer. When the dean had finished his devotions, she, with an audible voice, and in the English tongue, recommended unto God the afflicted state of the church, and prayed for prosperity to her son, and for a long life and peaceable reign to Elizabeth. She declared that she hoped for mercy only through the death of Christ, at the foot of whose image she now willingly shed her blood; and lifting up and kissing the crucifix, she thus addressed it: "As thy arms, O Jesus, were extended on the cross, so with the outstretched arms of thy mercy receive me, and forgive my sins."

She then prepared for the block, by taking off her veil and upper garments; and one of the executioners rudely endeavouring to assist, she gently checked him, and said, with a smile, that she had not been accustomed to undress before so many spectators, nor to be served by such valets. With calm but undaunted fortitude, she laid her neck on the block; and while one executioner held her hands, the other, at the second stroke, cut off her head, which, falling out of its attire, discovered her hair already grown quite gray with cares and sorrows. The executioner held it up still streaming with blood, and the dean crying out, "So perish all Queen Elizabeth's enemies," the earl of Kent alone answered, Amen. The rest of the spectators continued silent, and drowned in tears; being incapable at that moment of any other sentiments but those of pity or admiration.

None of her women were suffered to come near her dead body, which was carried into a room adjoining to the place of execution, where it lay for some days, covered with a coarse cloth torn from a billiard table. The block, the scaffold, the aprons of the executioners, and every thing stained with her blood, were reduced to ashes. Not long after, Elizabeth appointed her body to be buried in the cathedral of Peterborough with royal magnificence. But this vulgar artifice was employed in vain; the pageantry of a pompous funeral did not efface the memory of those injuries which laid Mary in her grave. James, soon after his accession to the English throne, ordered her body to be removed to Westminster Abbey, and to be deposited among the monarchs of England.

Such was the tragical death of Mary Queen of Scots, after a life of forty-four years and two months, almost nineteen years of which she passed in captivity. The political parties which were formed in the kingdom during her reign have subsisted, under various denominations, ever since that time. The rancour with which they were at first animated, hath descended to succeeding ages, and their prejudices as well as their rage, have been perpetuated, and even augmented. Among historians, who were under the dominion of all those passions, and who have either ascribed to her every virtuous and amiable quality, or have imputed to her all the vices of which the human heart is susceptible, we search in vain for Mary's real character. She neither merited the exaggerated praises of the one, nor the undistinguishing censure of the other.

To all the charms of beauty, and the utmost elegance of external form, she added those accomplishments which render their impression irresistible: polite, affable, insinuating, sprightly, and capable of speaking and of writing with equal ease and dignity. Sudden, however, and violent in all her attachments; be-

cause her heart was warm and unsuspicious. Impatient of contradiction; because she had been accustomed from her infancy to be treated as a queen. No stranger, on some occasions, to dissimulation; which, in that perfidious court where she received her education, was reckoned among the necessary arts of government. Not insensible of flattery, or unconscious of that pleasure with which almost every woman beholds the influence of her own beauty. Formed with the qualities which we love, not with the talents that we admire, she was an agreeable woman rather than an illustrious queen. The vivacity of her spirit not sufficiently tempered with sound judgment, and the warmth of her heart, which was not at all times under the restraint of discretion, betrayed her both into errors and into crimes. To say that she was always unfortunate, will not account for that long and almost uninterrupted succession of calamities which befel her; we must likewise add, that she was often imprudent. Her passion for Darnley was rash, youthful, and excessive; and though the sudden transition to the opposite extreme, was the natural effect of her ill-requited love, and of his ingratitude, insolence, and brutality; yet neither these, nor Bothwell's artful address and important services, can justify her attachment to that nobleman. Even the manners of the age, licentious as they were, are no apology for this unhappy passion; nor can they induce us to look on that tragical and infamous scene which followed upon it, with less abhorrence. Humanity will draw a veil over this part of her character which it cannot approve, and may, perhaps, prompt some to impute some of her actions to her situation, more than to her dispositions; and to lament the unhappiness of the former, rather than accuse the perverseness of the latter. Mary's sufferings exceed, both in degree and in duration, those tragical distresses which fancy has feigned to excite sorrow and commiseration; and while we survey them, we are apt altogether to forget her frailties, we think of her faults with less indignation, and approve of our tears, as if they were shed for a person who had attained much nearer to pure virtue.

With regard to the queen's person, a circumstance not to be omitted in writing the history of a female reign, all contemporary authors agree in ascribing to Mary the utmost beauty of countenance, and elegance of shape, of which the human form is capable. Her hair was black, though according to the fashion of that age, she frequently wore borrowed locks, and of different colours. Her eyes were a dark gray; her complexion was exquisitely fine; and her hands and arms remarkably delicate, both as to shape and colour. Her stature was of an height that rose to the majestic. She danced, she walked, and rode with equal grace. Her taste for music was just, and she both sung and played upon the lute with uncommon skill. Towards the end of her life she began to grow fat, and her long confinement, and the coldness of the houses in which she was imprisoned, brought on a rheumatism, which often deprived her of the use of her limbs. No man, says Brantome, ever beheld her person without admiration and love, or will read her history without sorrow.

Robertson.

§ 14. *Execution of Lady Jane Grey.*

This excellent personage was descended from the royal line of England by both her parents.

She was carefully educated in the principles of the Reformation: and her wisdom and virtue rendered her a shining example to her sex. But

it was her lot to continue only a short period on this stage of being; for, in early life, she fell a sacrifice to the wild ambition of the Duke of Northumberland; who promoted a marriage between her and his son, lord Guilford Dudley; and raised her to the throne of England, in opposition to the rights of Mary and Elizabeth. At the time of their marriage she was only about eighteen years of age, and her husband was also very young: a season of life very unequal to oppose the interested views of artful and aspiring men; who, instead of exposing them to danger, should have been the protectors of their innocence and youth.

This extraordinary young person, besides the solid endowments of piety and virtue, possessed the most engaging disposition, the most accomplished parts; and being of an equal age with King Edward VI., she had received all her education with him, and seemed even to possess a greater facility in acquiring every part of manly and classical literature. She had attained a knowledge of the Roman and Greek languages, as well as of several modern tongues; had passed most of her time in an application to learning; and expressed a great indifference for other occupations and amusements usual with her sex and station. Roger Ascham, tutor to the Lady Elizabeth, having at one time paid her a visit, found her employed in reading Plato, whilst the rest of the family were engaged in a party of hunting in the park, and upon his admiring the singularity of her choice, she told him, that she "received more pleasure from that author, than others could reap from all their sport and gaiety."—Her heart, replete with this love of literature and serious studies, and with tenderness towards her husband, who was deserving of her affection, had never opened itself to the flattering allurements of ambition; and the information of her advancement to the throne was by no means agreeable to her. She even refused to accept of the crown; pleaded the preferable right of the two princesses; expressed her dread of the consequences attending an enterprise so dangerous, not to say so criminal; and desired to remain in that private station in which she was born. Overcome at last with the entreaties, rather than reasons, of her father and father-in-law, and, above all, of her husband, she submitted to their will, and was prevailed on to relinquish her own judgment. But her elevation was of very short continuance. The nation declared for Queen Mary; and the lady Jane, after wearing the vain pageantry of a crown during ten days, returned to a private life, with much more satisfaction than she felt when royalty was tendered to her.

Queen Mary, who appears to have been incapable of generosity or clemency, determined to remove every person, from whom the least danger could be apprehended. Warning was, therefore, given to lady Jane to prepare for death; a doom which she had expected, and which the innocence of her life, as well as the misfortunes to which she had been exposed, rendered no unwelcome news to her. The queen's bigoted zeal, under colour of tender mercy to the prisoner's soul, induced her to send priests, who molested her with perpetual disputation; and even a reprieve of three days was granted her, in hopes that she would be persuaded, during that time, to pay, by a timely conversion to popery, some regard to her eternal welfare. Lady Jane had presence of mind, in those melancholy circumstances, not only to defend her religion by solid arguments, but also to write a letter to her sister, in the Greek language; in which, besides sending her a copy of the Scriptures in that tongue, she exhorted her to maintain, in every fortune, a like steady perseverance.

On the day of her execution, her husband, lord Guilford, desired permission to see her; but she refused her consent, and sent him word, that the tenderness of their parting would overcome the fortitude of both; and would too much unbend their minds from that constancy, which their approaching end required of them.—Their separation, she said, would be only for a moment; and they would soon rejoin each other in a scene, where their affections would be for ever united; and where death, disappointment, and misfortunes, could no longer have access to them, or disturb their eternal felicity.

It had been intended to execute the lady Jane and lord Guilford together on the same scaffold, at Tower-hill; but the council, dreading the compassion of the people for their youth, beauty, innocence, and noble birth, changed their orders, and gave directions that she should be beheaded within the verge of the Tower. She saw her husband led to execution, and having given him from the window some token of her remembrance, she waited with tranquillity till her own appointed hour should bring her to a like fate. She even saw his headless body carried back in a cart; and found herself more confirmed by the reports which she heard of the constancy of his end, than shaken by so tender and melancholy a spectacle. Sir John Gage, constable of the Tower, when he led her to execution, desired her to bestow on him some small present, which he might keep as a perpetual memorial of her. She gave him her table-book, in which she had just written three sentences, on seeing her husband's dead body; one in Greek, another in Latin, a third in English. The purport of them was, "that human justice was against his body, but the Divine Mercy would be favourable to his soul: and that if her fault deserved punishment, her youth at least, and her imprudence, were worthy of excuse; and that God and posterity, she trusted, would show her favour." On the scaffold, she made a speech to the by-standers, in which the mildness of her disposition led her to take the blame entirely on herself, without uttering one complaint against the severity with which she had been treated. She said, that her offence was not having laid her hand upon the crown, but not rejecting it with sufficient constancy: that she had less erred through ambition, than through reverence to her parents, whom she had been taught to respect and obey: that she willingly received death, as the only satisfaction which she could now make to the injured state; and though her infringement of the laws had been constrained, she would show, by her voluntary submission to their sentence, that she was desirous to atone for that disobedience, into which too much filial piety had betrayed her: that she had justly deserved this punishment, for being made the instrument, though the unwilling instrument, of the ambition of others: and that the story of her life, she hoped, might at least be useful, by proving that innocence excuses not great misdeeds, if they tend any way to the destruction of the commonwealth.—After uttering these words, she caused herself to be disrobed by her women; and with a steady, serene countenance, submitted herself to the executioner.

Hume.

§ 15. *Fall of Cardinal Wolsey.*

Cardinal Wolsey, the favourite of Henry VIII. was the most absolute and wealthy minister of state that England ever saw. In his rise and fall, he was the greatest instance which many ages had produced, of the mutability of human affairs.

When the intrigues of his enemies

had weakened the king's attachment, the meditated blow was for a time suspended, and fell not suddenly on the cardinal's head. The king, who probably could not justify, by any good reason, his alienation from his ancient favourite, seems to have remained some time in doubt; and he received him, if not with all his former kindness, at least with the appearance of trust and regard. But constant experience evinces how rarely high confidence and affection receive the least diminution, without sinking into absolute indifference, or even running into the opposite extreme. The king was at length determined to bring on the ruin of the cardinal, with a motion almost as precipitate as he had formerly employed in his elevation. The dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk were sent to require the great seal from him; and on his scrupling to deliver it, without a more express warrant, Henry wrote him a letter, upon which it was surrendered; and it was delivered by the king to sir Thomas More, a man who, besides the ornaments of an elegant literature, possessed the highest virtue, integrity, and capacity.

Wolsey was ordered to depart from York Place, a palace which he had built in London, and which, though it really belonged to the see of York, was seized by Henry, and became afterwards the residence of the kings of England, by the title of Whitehall. All his furniture and plate were also seized: their riches and splendour befitted rather a royal than a private fortune. The walls of his palace were covered with cloth of gold, or cloth of silver. He had a cupboard of plate of massy gold. There were found a thousand pieces of fine Holland belonging to him. The rest of his riches and furniture was in proportion: and his opulence was, probably, no small inducement to this violent persecution.

The Cardinal was ordered to retire to Asher, a country-seat which he possessed near Hampton Court. The world that had paid him such abject court during his prosperity, now entirely deserted him on this fatal reverse of all his fortunes. He himself was much dejected with the change; and from the same turn of mind which had made him be so vainly elated with his grandeur, he felt the stroke of adversity with double rigour. The smallest appearance of his return to favour, threw him into transports of joy unbecoming a man. The king had seemed willing, during some time, to intermit the blows which overwhelmed him. He granted him his protection, and left him in possession of the sees of York and Winchester. He even sent him a gracious message, accompanied with a ring, as a testimony of his affection. Wolsey, who was on horseback when the messenger met him, immediately alighted; and throwing himself on his knees in the mire, received, in that humble attitude, these marks of his majesty's gracious disposition towards him. But his enemies, who dreaded his return to court, never ceased plying the king with accounts of his several offences. He dismissed, therefore, his numerous retinue; and as he was a kind and beneficent master, the separation passed not without a plentiful effusion of tears on both sides. The king's heart, notwithstanding some gleams of kindness, seemed now totally hardened against his old favourite. He ordered him to be indicted in the Star Chamber, where a sentence was passed against him. And not content with this severity, he abandoned him to all the rigour of the parliament.

After Wolsey had remained some time at Asher, he was allowed to remove to Richmond, a palace which he had received as a present from Henry, in return for Hampton Court. But the courtiers, dreading still his

vicinity to the king, procured an order for him to remove to his see of York. The Cardinal knew it was in vain to resist. He took up his residence at Cawood in Yorkshire, where he rendered himself extremely popular in the neighbourhood, by his affability and hospitality; but he was not allowed to remain long unmolested in this retreat. The earl of Northumberland received orders, without regard to Wolsey's ecclesiastical character, to arrest him for high treason, and to conduct him to London, in order to his trial. The cardinal, partly from the fatigues of his journey, partly from the agitation of his anxious mind, was seized with a disorder which turned into a dysentery; and he was able, with some difficulty, to reach Leicester Abbey. When the abbot and the monks advanced to receive him with much respect and reverence, he told them that he was come to lay his bones among them; and he immediately took to his bed, whence he never rose more. A little before he expired, he addressed himself in the following words to sir William Kingston, constable of the Tower, who had him in custody: "I pray you have me heartily recommended to his royal majesty; and beseech him, on my behalf, to call to his remembrance all matters that have passed between us from the beginning, especially with regard to his business with the queen; and then will he know in his conscience whether I have offended him. He is a prince of a most royal carriage, and hath a princely heart; but rather than he will miss or want any part of his desire, he will endanger the one half of his kingdom. I do assure you, that I have often kneeled before him, sometimes three hours together, to persuade him from his will and appetite; but could not prevail. Had I but served God as diligently as I have served the king, he would not have given me over in my gray hairs. But this is the just reward that I must receive for my indulgent pains and study, not regarding my service to God, but only to my prince."

Thus died this famous cardinal, whose character seems to have contained as singular a variety as the fortune to which he was exposed. The obstinacy and violence of the king's temper may alleviate much of the blame which some of his favourite's measures have undergone; and when we consider, that the subsequent part of Henry's reign was much more criminal than that which had been directed by Wolsey's counsels, we shall be inclined to suspect those historians of partiality, who have endeavoured to load the memory of this minister with such violent reproaches. Henry much regretted his death, when informed of it; and always spoke favourably of his memory; a proof that humour more than reason, or any discovery of treachery, had occasioned the last persecutions against him.

Hume.

§ 16. *Execution of Archbishop Cranmer.*

Queen Mary determined to bring Cranmer, whom she had long detained in prison, to punishment; and in order more fully to satiate her vengeance, she resolved to punish him for heresy, rather than for treason. He was cited by the Pope to stand his trial at Rome; and though he was known to be kept in close custody at Oxford, he was, upon his not appearing, condemned as contumacious. Bonner, bishop of London, and Thirleby, bishop of Ely, were sent to degrade him; and the former executed the melancholy ceremony, with all the joy and exultation which suited his savage nature. The implacable spirit of the queen, not satisfied with the future misery of Cranmer, which she believed inevi-

table, and with the execution of that dreadful sentence to which he was condemned, prompted her also to seek the ruin of his honour, and the infamy of his name. Persons were employed to attack him, not in the way of disputation, against which he was sufficiently armed; but by flattery, insinuation, and address; by representing the dignities to which his character still entitled him, if he would merit them by a recantation; by giving him hopes of long enjoying those powerful friends, whom his beneficent disposition had attached to him, during the course of his prosperity. Overcome by the fond love of life; terrified by the prospect of those tortures which awaited him; he allowed, in an unguarded hour, the sentiments of nature to prevail over his resolution, and agreed to subscribe the doctrines of the papal supremacy, and of the real presence. The court, equally perfidious and cruel, was determined that this recantation should avail him nothing; and sent orders that he should be required to acknowledge his errors in church before the whole people; and that he should thence be immediately carried to execution.

Cranmer, whether he had received a secret intimation of their design, or had repented of his weakness, surprised the audience by a contrary declaration. He said, that he was well apprised of the obedience which he owed to his sovereign and the laws; but that this duty extended no further than to submit patiently to their commands: and to bear, without resistance, whatever hardships they should impose upon him: that a superior duty, the duty which he owed to his Maker, obliged him to speak truth on all occasions; and not to relinquish, by a base denial, the holy doctrine which the Supreme Being had revealed to mankind: that there was one miscarriage in his life, of which, above all others, he severely repented; the insincere declaration of faith to which he had the weakness to consent, and which the fear of death alone had extorted from him; that he took this opportunity of atoning for his error, by a sincere and open recantation; and was willing to seal, with his blood, that doctrine which he firmly believed to be communicated from heaven: and that, as his hand had erred, by betraying his heart, it should first be punished, by a severe but just doom, and should first pay the forfeit of its offences.

He was then led to the stake, amidst the insults of his enemies; and having now summoned up all the force of his mind, he bore their scorn, as well as the torture of his punishment, with singular fortitude. He stretched out his hand, and without betraying, either by his countenance or motions, the least sign of weakness, or even of feeling, he held it in the flames till it was entirely consumed. His thoughts seemed wholly occupied with reflections on his former fault, and he called aloud several times, "This hand has offended." Satisfied with that atonement, he then discovered a serenity in his countenance; and when the fire attacked his body, he seemed to be quite insensible of his outward sufferings, and, by the force of hope and resolution, to have collected his mind, altogether within itself, and to repel the fury of the flames. He was undoubtedly a man of merit; possessed of learning and capacity, and adorned with candour, sincerity, and beneficence, and all those virtues which were fitted to render him useful and amiable in society. *Hume.*

§ 17. *Rienzi restores liberty to Rome—his fall.*

In a quarter of the city which was inhabited only by mechanics and Jews, the marriage of an inn-keeper and a washerwoman produced the fu-

ture deliverer of Rome. From such parents Nicholas Rienzi Gabrini could inherit neither dignity nor fortune; and the gift of a liberal education, which they painfully bestowed, was the cause of his glory and untimely end. The study of history and eloquence, the writings of Cicero, Seneca, Livy, Cæsar, and Valerius Maximus, elevated above his equals and contemporaries the genius of the young plebeian: he perused with indefatigable diligence the manuscripts and marbles of antiquity; loved to dispense his knowledge in familiar language; and was often provoked to exclaim, "Where are now these Romans? their virtue, their justice, their power? why was I not born in those happy times!" When the republic addressed to the throne of Avignon an embassy of the three orders, the spirit and eloquence of Rienzi recommended him to a place among the thirteen deputies of the commons. The orator had the honour of haranguing pope Clement the sixth, and the satisfaction of conversing with Petrarch, a congenial mind; but his aspiring hopes were chilled by disgrace and poverty; and the patriot was reduced to a single garment and the charity of the hospital. From this misery he was relieved by the sense of merit or the smile of favour; and the employment of apostolic notary afforded him a daily stipend of five gold florins, a more honourable and extensive connexion; and the right of contrasting, both in words and actions, his own integrity with the vices of the state. The eloquence of Rienzi was prompt and persuasive: the multitude is always prone to envy and censure: he was stimulated by the loss of a brother and the impunity of the assassins; nor was it possible to excuse or exaggerate the public calamities. The blessings of peace and justice, for which civil society has been instituted, were banished from Rome: the jealous citizens, who might have endured every personal or pecuniary injury, were most deeply wounded in the dishonour of their wives and daughters: they were equally oppressed by the arrogance of the nobles and the corruption of the magistrates; and the abuse of arms or of laws was the only circumstance that distinguished the lions, from the dogs and serpents, of the Capitol. These allegorical emblems were variously repeated in the pictures which Rienzi exhibited in the streets and churches; and while the spectators gazed with curious wonder, the bold and ready orator unfolded the meaning, applied the satire, inflamed their passions, and announced a distant hope of comfort and deliverance. The privileges of Rome, her eternal sovereignty over her princes and provinces, was the theme of his public and private discourse; and a monument of servitude became in his hands a title and incentive of liberty. The decree of the senate, which granted the most ample prerogatives to the emperor Vespasian, had been inscribed on a copper-plate still extant in the choir of the church of St. John Lateran. A numerous assembly of nobles and plebeians was invited to this political lecture, and a convenient theatre was erected for their reception. The notary appeared, in a magnificent and mysterious habit, explained the inscription by a version and commentary, and descanted with eloquence and zeal on the ancient glories of the senate and people, from whom all legal authority was derived. The supine ignorance of the nobles was incapable of discerning the serious tendency of such representations: they might sometimes chastise with words and blows the plebeian reformer; but he was often suffered in the Colonna palace to amuse the company with his threats and predictions; and the modern Brutus was concealed under the mask of folly and the

character of a buffoon. While they indulged their contempt, the restoration of the *good estate*, his favourite expression, was entertained among the people as a desirable, a possible, and at length as an approaching, event; and while all had the disposition to applaud, some had the courage to assist, their promised deliverer.

A prophecy, or rather a summons, affixed on the church-door of St. George, was the first public evidence of his designs; a nocturnal assembly of a hundred citizens on mount Aventine, the first step to their execution. After an oath of secrecy and aid, he represented to the conspirators the importance and facility of their enterprise; that the nobles, without union or resources, were strong only in the fear of their imaginary strength; that all power, as well as right, was in the hands of the people; that the revenues of the apostolical chamber might relieve the public distress; and that the pope himself would approve their victory over the common enemies of government and freedom. After securing a faithful band to protect his first declaration, he proclaimed through the city, by sound of trumpet, that on the evening of the following day all persons should assemble without arms before the church of St. Angelo, to provide for the re-establishment of the good estate. The whole night was employed in the celebration of thirty masses of the Holy Ghost; and in the morning, Rienzi, bareheaded, but in complete armour, issued from the church, encompassed by the hundred conspirators. The pope's vicar, the simple bishop of Orvieto, who had been persuaded to sustain a part in this singular ceremony, marched on his right hand; and three great standards were borne aloft as the emblems of their design. In the first, the banner of *liberty*, Rome was seated on two lions, with a palm in one hand and a globe in the other: St. Paul, with a drawn sword, was delineated in the banner of *justice;* and in the third, St. Peter held the keys of *concord* and *peace*. Rienzi was encouraged by the presence and applause of an innumerable crowd, who understood little, and hoped much; and the procession slowly rolled forwards from the castle of St. Angelo to the Capitol. His triumph was disturbed by some secret emotion which he laboured to suppress: he ascended without opposition, and with seeming confidence, the citadel of the republic; harangued the people from the balcony; and received the most flattering confirmation of his acts and laws. The nobles, as if destitute of arms and counsels, beheld in silent consternation this strange revolution; and the moment had been prudently chosen, when the most formidable, Stephen Colonna, was absent from the city. On the first rumour, he returned to his palace, affected to despise this plebeian tumult, and declared to the messengers of Rienzi, that at his leisure he would cast the madman from the windows of the Capitol. The great bell instantly rang an alarm, and so rapid was the tide, so urgent was the danger, that Colonna escaped with precipitation to the suburb of St. Laurence: from thence, after a moment's refreshment, he continued the same speedy career till he reached in safety his castle of Palestrina; lamenting his own imprudence, which had not trampled the spark of this mighty conflagration. A general and peremptory order was issued from the Capitol to all the nobles, that they should peaceably retire to their estates: they obeyed; and their departure secured the tranquillity of the free and obedient citizens of Rome.

But such voluntary obedience evaporates with the first transports of zeal; and Rienzi felt the importance of justifying his usurpation by a re-

gular form and a legal title. At his own choice, the Roman people would have displayed their attachment and authority, by lavishing on his head the names of senator or consul, of king or emperor: he preferred the ancient and modest appellation of tribune; the protection of the commons was the essence of that sacred office; and they were ignorant, that it had never been invested with any share in the legislative or executive powers of the republic. In this character, and with the consent of the Romans, the tribune enacted the most salutary laws for the restoration and maintenance of the good estate. By the first he fulfils the wish of honesty and inexperience, that no civil suit should be protracted beyond the term of fifteen days. The danger of frequent perjury might justify the pronouncing against a false accuser the same penalty which his evidence would have inflicted: the disorders of the times might compel the legislator to punish every homicide with death, and every injury with equal retaliation. But the execution of justice was hopeless, till he had previously abolished the tyranny of the nobles. It was formerly provided, that none, except the supreme magistrate, should possess or command the gates, bridges, or towers, of the state: that no private garrisons should be introduced into the towns or castles of the Roman territory; that none should bear arms, or presume to fortify their houses in the city or country; that the barons should be responsible for the safety of the highways, and the free passage of provisions; and that the protection of malefactors and robbers should be expiated by a fine of a thousand marks of silver. But these regulations would have been impotent and nugatory, had not the licentious nobles been awed by the sword of the civil power. A sudden alarm from the bell of the Capitol could still summon to the standard above twenty thousand volunteers: the support of the tribune and the laws required a more regular and permanent force. In each harbour of the coast, a vessel was stationed for the assurance of commerce; a standing militia of three hundred and sixty horse and thirteen hundred foot was levied, clothed, and paid in the thirteen quarters of the city: and the spirit of a commonwealth may be traced in the grateful allowance of one hundred florins, or pounds, to the heirs of every soldier who lost his life in the service of his country. For the maintenance of the public defence, for the establishment of granaries, for the relief of widows, orphans, and indigent convents, Rienzi applied, without fear of sacrilege, the revenues of the apostolic chamber: the three branches of hearth-money, the salt-duty, and the customs, were each of the annual produce of one hundred thousand florins; and scandalous were the abuses, if in four or five months the amount of the salt-duty could be trebled by his judicious economy. After thus restoring the forces and finances of the republic, the tribune recalled the nobles from their solitary independence; required their personal appearance in the Capitol; and imposed an oath of allegiance to the new government, and of submission to the laws of the good estate. Apprehensive for their safety, but still more apprehensive of the danger of a refusal, the princes and barons returned to their houses at Rome in the garb of simple and peaceful citizens: the Colonna and Ursini, the Savelli and Frangipani, were confounded before the tribunal of a plebeian, of the vile buffoon whom they had so often derided, and their disgrace was aggravated by the indignation which they vainly struggled to disguise. The same oath was successively pronounced by the several orders of society, the clergy, and gentlemen, the judges and notaries, the merchants and artisans, and

the gradual descent was marked by the increase of sincerity and zeal. They swore to live and die with the republic and the church, whose interest was artfully united by the nominal association of the bishop of Orvieto, the pope's vicar, to the office of tribune. It was the boast of Rienzi, that he had delivered the throne and patrimony of St. Peter from a rebellious aristocracy; and Clement the sixth, who rejoiced in its fall, affected to believe the professions, to applaud the merits, and to confirm the title, of his trusty servant. The speech, perhaps the mind, of the tribune, was inspired with a lively regard for the purity of the faith; he insinuated his claim to a supernatural mission from the Holy Ghost; enforced by a heavy forfeiture the annual duty of confession and communion; and strictly guarded the spiritual as well as temporal welfare of his faithful people.

Never perhaps has the energy and effect of a single mind been more remarkably felt than in the sudden, though transient, reformation of Rome by the tribune Rienzi. A den of robbers was converted to the discipline of a camp or convent; patient to hear, swift to redress, inexorable to punish, his tribunal was always accessible to the poor and stranger; nor could birth, or dignity, or the immunities of the church, protect the offender or his accomplices. The privileged houses, the private sanctuaries in Rome, on which no officer of justice would presume to trespass, were abolished; and he applied the timber and iron of their barricades in the fortifications of the Capitol. The venerable father of the Colonna was exposed in his own palace to the double shame of being desirous, and of being unable, to protect a criminal. A mule, with a jar of oil, had been stolen near Capranica; and the lord, of the Ursina family, was condemned to restore the damage, and to discharge a fine of four hundred florins for his negligence in guarding the highways. Nor were the persons of the barons more inviolate than their lands or houses: and, either from accident or design, the same impartial rigour was exercised against the heads of the adverse factions. Peter Agapet Colonna, who had himself been senator of Rome, was arrested in the street for injury or debt; and justice was appeased by the tardy execution of Martin Ursini, who, among his various acts of violence and rapine, had pillaged a shipwrecked vessel at the mouth of the Tyber. His name, the purple of two cardinals, his uncles, a recent marriage, and a mortal disease, were disregarded by the inflexible tribune, who had chosen his victim. The public officers dragged him from his palace and nuptial bed: his trial was short and satisfactory: the bell of the Capitol convened the people: stript of his mantle, on his knees, with his hands bound behind his back, he heard the sentence of death; and after a brief confession, Ursini was led away to the gallows. After such an example, none who were conscious of guilt could hope for impunity, and the flight of the wicked, the licentious, and the idle, soon purified the city and territory of Rome. In this time (says the historian) the woods began to rejoice that they were no longer infested with robbers; the oxen began to plough; the pilgrims visited the sanctuaries; the roads and inns were replenished with travellers; trade, plenty, and good faith, were restored in the markets; and a purse of gold might be exposed without danger in the midst of the highway. As soon as the life and property of the subject are secure, the labours and rewards of industry spontaneously revive: Rome was still the metropolis of the Christian world; and the fame and fortunes of the tribune were diffused in every country by the strangers who

had enjoyed the blessings of his government.

The deliverance of his country inspired Rienzi with a vast, and perhaps visionary idea of uniting Italy in a great federative republic, of which Rome should be the ancient and lawful head, and the free cities and princes the members and associates. His pen was not less eloquent than his tongue; and his numerous epistles were delivered to swift and trusty messengers. On foot, with a white wand in their hand, they traversed the forests and mountains; enjoyed, in the most hostile states, the sacred security of ambassadors; and reported, in the style of flattery or truth, that the highways along their passage were lined with kneeling multitudes, who implored heaven for the success of their undertaking. Could passion have listened to reason; could private interest have yielded to the public welfare; the supreme tribunal and confederate union of the Italian republic might have healed their intestine discord, and closed the Alps against the Barbarians of the North. But the propitious season had elapsed; and if Venice, Florence, Sienna, Perugia, and many inferior cities, offered their lives and fortunes to the good estate, the tyrants of Lombardy and Tuscany must despise, or hate, the plebeian author of a free constitution. From them, however, and from every part of Italy, the tribune received the most friendly and respectful answers: they were followed by the ambassadors of the princes and republics: and in this foreign conflux, on all the occasions of pleasure or business, the low-born notary could assume the familiar or majestic courtesy of a sovereign. The most glorious circumstance of his reign was an appeal to his justice from Lewis king of Hungary, who complained, that his brother, and her husband, had been perfidiously strangled by Jane queen of Naples: her guilt or innocence was pleaded in a solemn trial at Rome; but after hearing the advocates, the tribune adjourned this weighty and invidious cause, which was soon determined by the sword of the Hungarian. Beyond the Alps, more especially at Avignon, the revolution was the theme of curiosity, wonder, and applause. Petrarch had been the private friend, perhaps the secret counsellor, of Rienzi: his writings breathe the most ardent spirit of patriotism and joy; and all respect for the pope, all gratitude for the Colonna, was lost in the superior duties of a Roman citizen. The poet-laureat of the Capitol maintains the act, applauds the hero, and mingles with some apprehension and advice the most lofty hopes of the permanent and rising greatness of the republic.

While Petrarch indulged these prophetic visions, the Roman hero was fast declining from the meridian of fame and power; and the people who had gazed with astonishment on the ascending meteor, began to mark the irregularity of its course, and the vicissitudes of light and obscurity. More eloquent than judicious, more enterprising than resolute, the faculties of Rienzi were not balanced by cool and commanding reason: he magnified in a tenfold proportion the objects of hope and fear; and prudence, which could not have erected, did not presume to fortify his throne. In the blaze of prosperity, his virtues were insensibly tinctured with the adjacent vices; justice with cruelty, liberality with profusion, and the desire of fame with puerile and ostentatious vanity. He might have learned, that the ancient tribunes, so strong and sacred in the public opinion, were not distinguished in style, habit, or appearance, from an ordinary plebeian; and that as often as they visited the city on foot, a single *viator*, or beadle, attended the exercise of their office. The Gracchi

would have frowned or smiled, could they have read the sonorous titles and epithets of their successor, "NICHOLAS, SEVERE AND MERCIFUL; DELIVERER OF ROME; DEFENDER OF ITALY; FRIEND OF MANKIND, AND OF LIBERTY, PEACE, AND JUSTICE; TRIBUNE AUGUST:" his theatrical pageants had prepared the revolution; but Rienzi abused, in luxury and pride, the political maxim of speaking to the eyes, as well as the understanding, of the multitude. From nature he had received the gift of a handsome person, till it was swelled and disfigured by intemperance; and his propensity to laughter was corrected in the magistrate by the affectation of gravity and sternness. He was clothed, at least on public occasions in a party-coloured robe of velvet or satin, lined with fur, and embroidered with gold: the rod of justice, which he carried in his hand, was a sceptre of polished steel, crowned with a globe and cross of gold, and enclosing a small fragment of the true and holy wood. In his civil and religious processions through the city, he rode on a white steed, the symbol of royalty: the great banner of the republic, a sun with a circle of stars, a dove with an olive branch, was displayed over his head; a shower of gold and silver was scattered among the populace; fifty guards with halberds encompassed his person; a troop of horse preceded his march; and their tymbals and trumpets were of massy silver.

The ambition of the honours of chivalry betrayed the meanness of his birth, and degraded the importance of his office; and the equestrian tribune was not less odious to the nobles, whom he adopted, than to the plebeians, whom he deserted. All that yet remained of treasure, or luxury, or art, was exhausted on that solemn day. Rienzi led the procession from the Capitol to the Lateran; the tediousness of the way was relieved with decorations and games; the ecclesiastical, civil, and military orders marched under their various banners; the Roman ladies attended his wife; and the ambassadors of Italy might loudly applaud, or secretly deride, the novelty of the pomp. In the evening, when they had reached the church and palace of Constantine, he thanked and dismissed the numerous asasembly, with an invitation to the festival of the ensuing day. From the hands of a venerable knight he received the order of the Holy Ghost; the purification of the bath was a previous ceremony; but in no step of his life did Rienzi excite such scandal and censure as by the profane use of the porphyry vase, in which Constantine (a foolish legend) had been healed of his leprosy by pope Sylvester. With equal presumption the tribune watched or reposed within the consecrated precints of the baptistery; and the failure of his state-bed was interpreted as an omen of his approaching downfal. At the hour of worship he showed himself to the returning crowds in a majestic attitude, with a robe of purple, his sword, and gilt spurs; but the holy rites were soon interrupted by his levity and insolence. Rising from his throne, and advancing towards the congregation, he proclaimed in a loud voice: "We summon to our tribunal pope Clement; and command him to reside in his diocese of Rome: we also summon the sacred college of Cardinals. We again summon the two pretenders, Charles of Bohemia and Lewis of Bavaria, who style themselves emperors: we likewise summon all the electors of Germany, to inform us on what pretence they have usurped the unalienable right of the Roman people, the ancient and lawful sovereigns of the empire." Unsheathing his maiden sword, he thrice brandished it to the three parts of the world, and thrice repeated the extravagant declaration, "And this

too is mine!" The pope's vicar, the bishop of Orvieto, attempted to check this career of folly; but his feeble protest was silenced by martial music; and instead of withdrawing from the assembly, he consented to dine with his brother tribune, at a table which had hitherto been reserved for the supreme pontiff. A banquet such as the Cæsars had given, was prepared for the Romans. The apartments, porticoes, and courts of the Lateran were spread with innumerable tables for either sex, and every condition; a stream of wine flowed from the nostrils of Constantine's brazen horse; no complaint, except of the scarcity of water, could be heard; and the licentiousness of the multitude was curbed by discipline and fear. A subsequent day was appointed for the coronation of Rienzi; seven crowns of different leaves or metals were successively placed on his head by the most eminent of the Roman clergy; they represented the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost; and he still professed to imitate the example of the ancient tribunes. These extraordinary spectacles might deceive or flatter the people; and their own vanity was gratified in the vanity of their leader. But in his private life he soon deviated from the strict rule of frugality and abstinence; and the plebeians, who were awed by the splendour of the nobles, were provoked by the luxury of their equal. His wife, his son, his uncle (a barber in name and profession,) exposed the contrast of vulgar manners and princely expense: and without acquiring the majesty, Rienzi degenerated into the vices of a king.

A simple citizen describes with pity, or perhaps with pleasure, the humiliation of the barons of Rome. "Bareheaded, their hands crossed on their breast, they stood with downcast looks in the presence of the tribune; and they trembled, good God, how they trembled!" As long as the yoke of Rienzi was that of justice and their country, their conscience forced them to esteem the man, whom pride and interest provoked them to hate: his extravagant conduct soon fortified their hatred by contempt; and they conceived the hope of subverting a power which was no longer so deeply rooted in the public confidence. The old animosity of the Colonna and Ursini was suspended for a moment by their common disgrace: they associated their wishes and perhaps their designs; an assassin was seized and tortured; he accused the nobles; and as soon as Rienzi deserved the fate, he adopted the suspicions and maxims of a tyrant. On the same day, under various pretences, he invited to the Capitol his principal enemies, among whom were five members of the Ursini and three of the Colonna name. But instead of a council or a banquet, they found themselves prisoners under the sword of despotism or justice; and the consciousness of innocence or guilt might inspire them with equal apprehensions of danger. At the sound of the great bell the people assembled; they were arraigned for a conspiracy against the tribune's life; and though some might sympathise in their distress, not a hand, nor a voice, was raised to rescue the first of the nobility from their impending doom. Their apparent boldness was prompted by despair; they passed in separate chambers a sleepless and painful night; and the venerable hero, Stephen Colonna, striking against the door of his prison, repeatedly urged his guards to deliver him by a speedy death from such ignominious servitude. In the morning they understood their sentence from the visit of a confessor and the tolling of the bell. The great hall of the Capitol had been decorated for the bloody scene with red and white hangings: the countenance of the

tribune was dark and severe; the swords of the executioners were unsheathed; and the barons were interrupted in their dying speeches by the sound of trumpets. But in this decisive moment, Rienzi was not less anxious or apprehensive than his captives: he dreaded the splendour of their names, their surviving kinsmen, the inconstancy of the people, the reproaches of the world, and, after rashly offering a mortal injury, he vainly presumed that, if he could forgive, he might himself be forgiven. His elaborate oration was that of a Christian and a suppliant; and, as the humble minister of the commons, he entreated his masters to pardon these noble criminals, for whose repentance and future service he pledged his faith and authority. "If you are spared," said the tribune, "by the mercy of the Romans, will you not promise to support the good estate with your lives and fortunes?" Astonished by this marvellous clemency, the barons bowed their heads; and, while they devoutly repeated the oath of allegiance, might whisper a secret, and more sincere assurance of revenge. A priest, in the name of the people, pronounced their absolution: they received the communion with the tribune, assisted at the banquet, followed the procession; and, after every spiritual and temporal sign of reconciliation, were dismissed in safety to their respective homes, with the new honours and titles of generals, consuls, and patricians."

During some weeks they were checked by the memory of their danger, rather than of their deliverance, till the most powerful of the Ursini, escaping with the Colonna from the city, erected at Marino the standard of rebellion. The fortifications of the castle were instantly restored; the vassals attended their lord; the outlaws armed against the magistrate; the flocks and herds, the harvests and vineyards, from Marino to the gates of Rome, were swept away or destroyed; and the people arraigned Rienzi as the author of the calamities which his government had taught them to forget. In the camp, Rienzi appeared to less advantage than in the rostrum; and he neglected the progress of the rebel barons till their numbers were strong, and their castles impregnable. From the pages of Livy he had not imbibed the art, or even the courage, of a general: an army of twenty thousand Romans returned without honour or effect from the attack of Marino: and his vengeance was amused by painting his enemies, their heads downwards, and drowning two dogs (at least they should have been bears) as the representatives of the Ursini. The belief of his incapacity encouraged their operations; they were invited by their secret adherents; and the barons attempted, with four thousand foot and sixteen hundred horse, to enter Rome by force or surprise. The city was prepared for their reception: the alarm-bell rung all night; the gates were strictly guarded, or insolently open; and after some hesitation they sounded a retreat. The two first divisions had passed along the walls, but the prospect of a free entrance tempted the headstrong valour of the nobles in the rear; and after a successful skirmish, they were overthrown and massacred without quarter by the crowds of the Roman people. Stephen Colonna the younger, the noble spirit to whom Petrarch ascribed the restoration of Italy, was preceded or accompanied in death by his son John, a gallant youth, by his brother Peter, who might regret the ease and honours of the church, by a nephew of legitimate birth, and by two bastards of the Colonna race; and the number of seven, the seven crowns, as Rienzi styled them, of the Holy Ghost, was completed by the agony of the deplorable parent, and the ve-

teran chief, who had survived the hope and fortune of his house. The vision and prophecies of St. Martin and pope Boniface had been used by the tribune to animate his troops: he displayed, at least in the pursuit, the spirit of a hero; but he forgot the maxims of the ancient Romans, who abhorred the triumphs of civil war. The conqueror ascended the Capitol; deposited his crown and sceptre on the altar; and boasted with some truth, that he had cut off an ear which neither pope nor emperor had been able to amputate. His base and implacable revenge denied the honours of burial; and the bodies of the Colonna, which he threatened to expose with those of the vilest malefactors, were secretly interred by the holy virgins of their name and family. The people sympathized in their grief, repented of their own fury, and detested the indecent joy of Rienzi, who visited the spot where these illustrious victims had fallen. It was on that fatal spot, that he conferred on his son the honour of knighthood: and the ceremony was accomplished by a slight blow from each of the horsemen of the guard, and by a ridiculous and inhuman ablution from a pool of water, which was yet polluted with patrician blood.

A short delay would have saved the Colonna, the delay of a single month, which elapsed between the triumph and exile of Rienzi. In the pride of victory, he forfeited what yet remained of his civil virtues, without acquiring the fame of military prowess. A free and vigorous opposition was formed in the city; and when the tribune proposed in the public council to impose a new tax, and to regulate the government of Perugia, thirty-nine members voted against his measures; repelled the injurious charge of treachery and corruption; and urged him to prove, by their forcible exclusion, that, if the populace adhered to his cause, it was already disclaimed by the most respectable citizens. The pope and the sacred college had never been dazzled by his specious professions; they were justly offended by the insolence of his conduct; a cardinal legate was sent to Italy, and after some fruitless treaty, and two personal interviews, he fulminated a bull of excommunication, in which the tribune is degraded from his office, and branded with the guilt of rebellion, sacrilege, and heresy. The surviving barons of Rome were now humbled to a sense of allegiance; their interest and revenge engaged them in the service of the church; but as the fate of the Colonna was before their eyes, they abandoned to a private adventurer the peril and glory of the revolution. John Pepin, count of Minorbino in the kingdom of Naples, had been condemned for his crimes, or his riches, to perpetual imprisonment; and Petrarch, by soliciting his release, indirectly contributed to the ruin of his friend. At the head of one hundred and fifty soldiers, the count of Minorbino introduced himself into Rome; barricaded the quarter of the Colonna; and found the enterprise as easy as it had seemed impossible. From the first alarm, the bell of the Capitol incessantly tolled; but, instead of repairing to the well-known sound, the people was silent and inactive; and the pusillanimous Rienzi, deploring their ingratitude with sighs and tears, abdicated the government and palace of the republic.

Gibbon.

§ 18. *The Death of Cæsar.*

A meeting of the Senate being already summoned, for the ides, or fifteenth, of March, the proposal to bestow on Cæsar the title of King, as a qualification enjoined by the Sybils to make war on the Parthians, was expected to be the principal business

of the assembly. This circumstance determined the conspirators in the choice of a place for the execution of their design. They had formerly deliberated, whether to pitch upon the Campus Martius, and to strike their blow in the presence of the Roman people assembled, or in the entry to the theatre, or in a street through which Cæsar often passed in the way to his own house. But this meeting of the Senate seemed now to present the most convenient place, and the most favourable opportunity. The presence of the Senate, it was supposed, would render the action of the conspirators sufficiently awful and solemn; the common cause would be instantly acknowledged by all the members of that body; and the execution done would be justified under their authority. If any were disposed to resist, they were not likely to be armed; and the affair might be ended by the death of Cæsar alone, or without any effusion of blood beyond that which was originally intended.

It was at first proposed that Antony, being likely to carry on the same military usurpations which Cæsar had begun, should be taken off at the same time; but this was over-ruled. It was supposed that Antony, and every other Senator and citizen, would readily embrace the state of independence and personal consideration which was to be offered to them; or if they should not embrace it, they would not be of sufficient numbers or credit to distress the republic, or to overset that balance of parties in which the freedom of the whole consisted. It was supposed that the moment Cæsar fell, there would not be any one left to covet or to support an usurpation which had been so unfortunate in his person. "If we do any thing more than is necessary to set the Romans at liberty," said Marcus Brutus, "we shall be thought to act from private resentment, and to intend restoring the party of Pompey, not the republic."

The intended assembly of the Senate was to be held in one of the recesses of Pompey's theatre. It was determined by the conspirators, that they should repair to this meeting as usual, either separately, or in the retinue of the Consuls and Prætors; and that, being armed with concealed weapons, they should proceed to the execution of their purpose as soon as Cæsar had taken his seat. To guard against any disturbance or tumult that might arise to frustrate their intentions, Decimus Brutus, who was master of a troop of gladiators undertook to have this troop, under pretence of exhibiting some combats on that day to the people, posted in the theatre, and ready at his command for any service.

During the interval of suspense which preceded the meeting of the Senate, although in public Brutus seemed to perform all the duties of his station with an unaltered countenance; at home he was less guarded, and frequently appeared to have something uncommon on his mind. His wife Porcia suspected that some arduous design respecting the State was in agitation; and when she questioned him, was confirmed in this apprehension, by his eluding her inquiries. Thinking herself, by her extraction and by her alliance, entitled to confidence, she bore this appearance of distrust with regret; and, under the idea that the secret which was withheld from her, must be such as, upon any suspicion, might occasion the torture to be employed to force a confession; and supposing that she herself was distrusted more on account of the weakness than of the indiscretion of her sex, she determined to make a trial of her own strength, before she desired that the secret should be communicated to her. For this purpose she gave her-

self a wound in the thigh, and while it festered, and produced acute pain and fever, she endeavoured to preserve her usual countenance, without any sign of suffering or distress. Being satisfied with this trial of her own strength, she told her husband the particulars, and with some degree of triumph, added, "*Now you may trust me; I am the wife of Brutus and the daughter of Cato; keep me no longer in doubt or suspense upon any subject in which I too must be so deeply concerned.*" The circumstance of her wound, the pretensions which she otherwise had to confidence, drew the secret from her husband, and undoubtedly from thenceforward, by the passions which were likely to agitate the mind of a tender and affectionate woman, exposed the design to additional hazard of a discovery and of a failure.

But the morning of the Ides of March, the day on which this conspiracy was to be executed, arrived, and there was yet no suspicion. The conspirators had been already together at the house of one of the Prætors. Cassius was to present his son that morning to the people, with the ceremony usual in assuming the habit of manhood; and he was upon this account to be attended by his friends into the place of assembly. He was afterwards, together with Brutus, in their capacity of magistrates, employed as usual, in giving judgment on the causes that were brought before them. As they sat in the Prætor's chair they received intimation that Cæsar, having been indisposed over night, was not to be abroad; and that he had commissioned Antony, in his name, to adjourn the Senate to another day. Upon this report, they suspected a discovery; and while they were deliberating what should be done, Popilius Lænas, a Senator whom they had not entrusted with their design, whispered them as he passed, "I pray that God may prosper what you have in view. Above all things despatch." Their suspicions of a discovery being thus still further confirmed, the intention soon after appeared to be public. An acquaintance told Casca, "You have concealed this business from me, but Brutus told me of it." They were struck with surprise; but Brutus presently recollected that he had mentioned to this person no more than Casca's intention of standing for Ædile, and that the words which he spoke probably referred only to that business; they accordingly determined to wait the issue of these alarms.

In the mean time, Cæsar, at the persuasion of Decimus Brutus, though once determined to remain at home, had changed his mind, and was already in the streets, being carried to the Senate in his litter. Soon after he had left his own house, a slave came thither in haste, desired protection, and said he had a secret of the greatest moment to impart. He had probably overheard the conspirators, or had observed that they were armed; but not being aware how pressing the time was, he suffered himself to be detained till Cæsar's return. Others, probably, had observed circumstances which led to a discovery of the plot, and Cæsar had a billet to this effect given to him as he passed in the streets; he was entreated by the person who gave it instantly to read it; and he endeavoured to do so, but was prevented by the multitudes who crowded around him with numberless applications; and he still carried this paper in his hand when he entered the Senate.

Brutus and most of the conspirators had taken their places a little while before the arrival of Cæsar, and continued to be alarmed by many circumstances which tended to shake their resolution. Porcia, in the same moments, being in great agitation,

exposed herself to public notice. She listened with anxiety to every noise in the streets; she despatched, without any pretence of business, continual messages towards the place where the Senate was assembled; she asked every person who came from that quarter if they observed what her husband was doing. Her spirit at last sunk under the effect of such violent emotions; she fainted away, and was carried for dead into her apartment. A message came to Brutus in the Senate with this account. He was much affected, but kept his place. Popilius Lænas, who a little before seemed, from the expression he had dropped, to have got notice of their design, appeared to be in earnest conversation with Cæsar, as he lighted from his carriage. This left the conspirators no longer in doubt that they were discovered; and they made signs to each other, that it would be better to die by their own hands than to fall into the power of their enemy. But they saw of a sudden the countenance of Lænas change into a smile, and perceived that his conversation with Cæsar could not relate to such a business as theirs.

Cæsar's chair of state had been placed near to the pedestal of Pompey's statue. Numbers of the conspirators had seated themselves around it. Trebonius, under pretence of business, had taken Antony aside at the entrance of the theatre. Cimber, who, with others of the conspirators, met Cæsar in the Portico, presented him with a petition in favour of his brother, who had been excepted from the late indemnity; and in urging the prayer of this petition, attended the Dictator to his place. Having there received a denial from Cæsar, uttered with some expressions of impatience at being so much importuned, he took hold of his robe as if to press the entreaty. *Nay*, said Cæsar, *this is violence.* While he spoke these words, Cimber flung back the gown from his shoulders; and this being the signal agreed upon, called out to strike. Casca aimed the first blow. Cæsar started from his place, and in the first moment of surprise, pushed Cimber with one arm, and laid hold of Casca with the other. But he soon perceived that resistance was vain; and while the swords of the conspirators clashed with each other, in their way to his body, he wrapped himself up in his gown, and fell without any farther struggle. It was observed, in the superstition of the times, that in falling, the blood which sprung from his wounds sprinkled the pedestal of Pompey's statue. And thus having employed the greatest abilities to subdue his fellow citizens, with whom it would have been a much greater honour to have been able to live on terms of equality, he fell, in the height of his security, a sacrifice to their just indignation; a striking example of what the arrogant have to fear in trifling with the feelings of a free people, and at the same time a lesson of jealousy and of cruelty to tyrants, or an admonition not to spare, in the exercise of their power, those whom they may have insulted by usurping it.

When the body lay breathless on the ground, Cassius called out, that there lay the worst of men. Brutus called upon the Senate to judge of the transaction which had passed before them, and was proceeding to state the motives of those who were concerned in it, when the members, who had for a moment stood in silent amazement, rose on a sudden, and began to separate in great consternation. All those who had come to the Senate in the train of Cæsar, his Lictors, the ordinary officers of state, citizens and foreigners, with many servants and dependants of every sort, had been instantly seized with a panic; and as if the swords of

the conspirators were drawn against themselves, had already rushed into the streets, and carried terror and confusion wherever they went. The Senators themselves now followed. No man had presence of mind to give any account of what had happened, but repeated the cry that was usual on great alarms for all persons to withdraw, and to shut up their habitations and shops. This cry was communicated from one to another in the streets. The people, imagining that a general massacre was somewhere begun, shut up and barred all their doors as in the dead of night, and every one prepared to defend his own habitation.

Antony upon the first alarm had changed his dress, and retired to a place of safety. He believed that the conspirators must have intended to take his life, together with that of Cæsar; and he fled in the apprehension of being instantly pursued. Lepidus repaired to the suburbs, where the legion he commanded was quartered; and uncertain whether Cæsar's death was the act of the whole Senate, or of a private party, waited for an explanation, or an order from the surviving consul, to determine in what manner he should act. In these circumstances a general pause, and an interval of suspense and silence, took place over the whole city.

Ferguson.

§ 19. *Death and Character of Cicero.*

Marcus Cicero having got safe to Astura, embarked, and with a fair wind arrived at Circeii. When the vessel was again about to set sail, his mind wavered, he flattered himself that matters might yet take a more favourable turn; he landed, and travelled about twelve miles on his way to Rome: but his resolution again failed him, and he once more returned towards the sea. Being arrived on the coast, he still hesitated, remained on shore, and passed the night in agonies of sorrow, which were interrupted only by momentary starts of indignation and rage. Under these emotions, he sometimes solaced himself with a prospect of returning to Rome in disguise, of killing himself in the presence of Octavius, and of staining the person of that young traitor with the blood of a man, whom he had so ungratefully and so vilely betrayed. Even this appeared to his frantic imagination some degree of revenge; but the fear of being discovered before he could execute his purpose, the prospect of the tortures and indignities he was likely to suffer, deterred him from this design; and, being unable to take any resolution whatever, he committed himself to his attendants, was carried on board of a vessel, and steered for Capua. Near to this place, having another villa on the shore, he was again landed, and being fatigued with the motion of the sea, went to rest; but his servants, according to the superstition of the times, being disturbed with prodigies and unfavourable presages, or rather being sensible of their master's danger, after a little repose awakened him from his sleep, forced him into his litter, and hastened again to embark. Soon after they were gone, Popilius Lænas, a Tribune of the legions, and Herennius, a Centurion, with a party who had been for some days in search of this prey, arrived at the villa. Popilius had received particular obligations from Cicero, having been defended by him when tried upon a criminal accusation; but these were times, in which bad men could make a merit of ingratitude to their former benefactors, when it served to ingratiate them with those in power. This officer, with his party, finding the gates of the court and the passages of the vil la shut, burst them open, but miss-

ing the person they sought for, and suspecting that he must have taken his flight again to the sea, they pursued through an avenue that led to the shore, and came in sight of Cicero's litter, before he had left the walks of his own garden.

On the appearance of a military party, Cicero perceiving the end of his labours, ordered the bearers of his litter to halt; and having been hitherto, while there were any hopes of escape, distressed chiefly by the perplexity and indecision of his own mind, he became, as soon as his fate appeared to be certain, determined and calm. In this situation, he was observed to stroke his chin with his left hand, a gesture for which he was remarked in his moments of thoughtfulness, and when least disturbed. Upon the approach of the party, he put forth his head from the litter, and fixed his eyes upon the Tribune with great composure. The countenance of a man so well known to every Roman, now worn out with fatigue and dejection, and disfigured by neglect of the usual attention to his person, made a moving spectacle even to those who came to assist in his murder. They turned away, while the assassin performed his office, and severed the head from his body.

Thus perished Marcus Tullius Cicero, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. Although his character may be known from the part which he bore in several transactions, of which the accounts are scattered in different parts of this history, yet it is difficult to close the scene of his life, without some recollection of the circumstances which were peculiar to so distinguished a personage. He appears to have been the last of the Romans, who rose to the highest offices of the state by the force of his personal character, and by the fair arts of a republican candidate for public honours. None of his ancestors having enjoyed any considerable preferments, he was upon this account considered as a new man, and with reluctance admitted by the nobility to a participation of honours. It was however impossible to prevent his advancement, so long as preferments were distributed according to the civil and political forms of the republic, which gave so large a scope to the industry, abilities, and genius of such men. Under those forms, all the virtues of a citizen were allowed to have some effect, and all the variety of useful qualifications were supposed to be united in forming a title to the confidence of the public; the qualifications of a warrior were united with those of a statesman, and even the talents of a lawyer and barrister, with those of a Senator and Counsellor of State. The law required that the same person should be a warrior and statesman, and it was at least expedient or customary, that he should be also a barrister, in order to secure the public favour, and to support his consideration with the People.

Cicero was by no means the first person at Rome, who with peculiar attention cultivated the talents of a pleader, and applied himself with ardour to literary studies. He is nevertheless universally acknowledged, by his proficiency in these studies, to have greatly excelled all those who went before him, so much, as to have attained the highest preferments in the commonwealth, without having quitted the gown, and to have made his first campaign in the capacity of Roman Proconsul, and above ten years after he had already exercised the supreme executive power in the state.

To the novelty of this circumstance, as well as to the novelty of his family-name in the list of officers of state, was owing some part of that obloquy which his enemies employed against him; and it may be admitted, that for a Roman he was too much a mere man of the robe, and that he

possibly may have been less a statesman and a warrior, for having been so much a man of letters, and so accomplished a pleader.

Cicero, whether we suppose him to have been governed by original vanity, or by a habit of considering the world as a theatre for the display of his talents, and the acquisition of fame, more than as a scene of real affairs, in which objects of serious consequence to mankind were to be treated, was certainly too fond of applause, courted it as a principal object even in the fairest transactions of his life, and was too much dependent on the opinion of other men to possess himself sufficiently amidst the difficulties which occur in the very arduous situation which fell to his lot. Though disposed, in the midst of a very corrupt age, to merit commendation by honest means, and by the support of good government, he could not endure reproach or censure, even from those whose disapprobation was a presumption of innocence and of merit; and he felt the unpopularity of his actions, even where he thought his conduct the most meritorious, with a degree of mortification which greatly distracted his mind, and shook his resolution. Being, towards the end of his life, by the almost total extirpation of the more respectable citizens and members of the Senate who had laboured with him for the preservation of the commonwealth, left in a situation which required the abilities of a great warrior, as well as those of the ablest statesman, and in which, even such abilities could not have stemmed the torrent which burst forth to overwhelm the republic, it is not surprising that he failed in the attempt.

Ferguson.

§ 20. *A remarkable Instance of filial Duty.*

The prætor had given up to the triumvir, a woman of some rank, condemned, for a capital crime, to be executed in the prison. He who had charge of the execution, in consideration of her birth, did not immediately put her to death. He even ventured to let her daughter have access to her in prison; carefully searching her, however, as she went in, lest she should carry with her any sustenance; concluding, that in a few days the mother must of course perish for want, and that the severity of putting a woman of family to a violent death, by the hand of the executioner, might thus be avoided. Some days passing in this manner, the triumvir began to wonder that the daughter still came to visit her mother, and could by no means comprehend, how the latter should live so long. Watching, therefore, carefully, what passed in the interview between them, he found, to his great astonishment, that the life of the mother had been, all this while, supported by the milk of the daughter, who came to the prison every day, to give her mother her breast to suck. The strange contrivance between them was represented to the judges, and procured a pardon for the mother. Nor was it thought sufficient to give to so dutiful a daughter the forfeited life of her condemned mother, but they were both maintained afterwards by a pension settled on them for life. And the ground upon which the prison stood was consecrated, and a temple to filial piety built upon it.

What will not filial duty contrive, or what hazards will it not run, if it will put a daughter upon venturing, at the peril of her own life, to maintain her imprisoned and condemned mother in so unusual a manner! For what was ever heard of more strange, than a mother sucking the breasts of her own daughter? It might even seem so unnatural, as to render it doubtful whether it might not be, in some sort, wrong, if it were not that

duty to parents is the first law of nature.

Val. Max. Plin.

§ 21. *The Continence of* SCIPIO AFRICANUS.

The soldiers, after the taking of New Carthage, brought before Scipio a young lady of such distinguished beauty, that she attracted the eyes of all wherever she went. Scipio, by inquiring concerning her country and parents, among other things learned, that she was betrothed to Allucius, prince of the Celtiberians. He immediately ordered her parents and bridegroom to be sent for. In the mean time he was informed, that the young prince was so excessively enamoured of his bride, that he could not survive the loss of her. For this reason, as soon as he appeared, and before he spoke to her parents, he took great care to talk with him. "As you and I are both young," said he, "we can converse together with greater freedom. When your bride, who had fallen into the hands of my soldiers, was brought before me, I was informed that you loved her passionately; and in truth, her perfect beauty left me no room to doubt of it. If I were at liberty to indulge a youthful passion, I mean honourable and lawful wedlock, and were not solely engrossed by the affairs of my republic, I might have hoped to have been pardoned my excessive love for so charming a mistress. But as I am situated, and have it in my power, with pleasure I promote your happiness. Your future spouse has met with as civil and modest treatment from me, as if she had been amongst her own parents, who are soon to be yours too. I have kept her pure, in order to have it in my power to make you a present worthy of you and of me. The only return I ask of you for this favour is, that you will be a friend to the Roman people; and that if you believe me to be a man of worth, as the states of Spain formerly experienced my father and uncle to be, you may know there are many of Rome who resemble us; and there are not a people in the universe, whom you ought less to desire to be an enemy, or more a friend, to you or yours. The youth, covered with blushes, and full of joy, embraced Scipio's hands, praying the immortal gods to reward him, as he himself was not capable to do it in the degree he himself desired, or he deserved. Then the parents and relations of the virgin were called. They had brought a great sum of money to ransom her. But seeing her restored without it, they began to beg Scipio to accept that sum as a present; protesting they would acknowledge it as a favour, as much as they did the restoring the virgin without injury offered to her. Scipio, unable to rerist their importunate solicitations, told them, he accepted it; and ordering it to be laid at his feet, thus addressed Allucius: "To the portion you are to receive from your father-in-law, I add this, and beg you would accept it as a nuptial present." So he desired him to take up the gold and keep it for himself. Transported with joy at the presents and honours conferred on him, he returned home, and expatiated to his countrymen on the merits of Scipio. "There is come amongst us," said he, "a young hero like the gods, who conquers all things as well by generosity and beneficence, as by arms." For this reason, having raised troops among his own subjects, he returned a few days after to Scipio with a body of 1400 horse. *Livy.*

§ 22. *The private Life of* ÆMILIUS SCIPIO.

The taking of Numantia, which terminated a war that disgraced the Roman name, completed Scipio's

military exploits. But in order to have a more perfect idea of his merit and character, it seems that, after having seen him at the head of armies, in the tumult of battles, and in the pomp of triumphs, it will not be lost labour to consider him in the repose of a private life, in the midst of his friends, family, and household. The truly great man ought to be so in all things. The magistrate, general, and prince, may constrain themselves, whilst they are in a manner exhibiting themselves as spectacles to the public, and appear quite different from what they really are. But reduced to themselves, and without the witnesses who force them to wear the mask, all their lustre, like the pomp of the theatre, often abandons them, and leaves little more to be seen in them than meanness and narrowness of mind.

Scipio did not depart from himself in any respect. He was not like certain paintings, that are to be seen only at a distance: he could not but gain by a nearer view. The excellent education which he had had, through the care of his father Paulus Æmilius, who had provided him with the most learned masters of those times, as well in polite learning as the sciences; and the instructions he had received from Polybius, enabled him to fill up the vacant hours he had from public affairs profitably, and to support the leisure of a private life, with pleasure and dignity. This is the glorious testimony given of him by an historian: "Nobody knew better how to mingle leisure and action, nor to use the intervals of rest from public business with more elegance and taste. Divided between arms and books, between the military labours of the camp, and the peaceful occupations of the closet, he either exercised his body in the dangers and fatigues of war, or his mind in the study of the sciences."*

* Velleius Paterculus.

The first Scipio Africanus used to say, that he was never less idle than when at leisure, or less alone than when alone. A fine saying, cries Cicero, and well worthy of that great man. And it shows that, even when inactive, he was always employed; and that when alone, he knew how to converse with himself. A very extraordinary disposition in persons accustomed to motion and agitation, whom leisure and solitude, when they are reduced to them, plunge into a disgust for every thing, and fill with melancholy; so that they are displeased in every thing with themselves, and sink under the heavy burden of having nothing to do. This saying of the first Scipio seems to me to suit the second still better, who having the advantage of the other by being educated in a taste for polite learning and the sciences, found in that a great resource against the inconvenience of which we have been speaking. Besides which, having usually Polybius and Panætius with him, even in the field, it is easy to judge that his house was open, in times of peace, to all the learned. Every body knows, that the comedies of Terence, the most accomplished work of that kind Rome ever produced, for natural elegance and beauties, are ascribed to him and Lælius, of whom we shall soon speak. It was publicly enough reported, that they assisted that poet in the composition of his pieces; and Terence himself makes it an honour to him in the prologue to the Adelphi. I shall undoubtedly not advise any body, and least of all, persons of Scipio's rank, to write comedies. But on this occasion, let us only consider taste in general for letters. Is there a more ingenuous, a more affecting pleasure, and one more worthy of a wise and virtuous man, I might perhaps add, or one more necessary to a military person, than that which results from reading works of wit, and from the conversa-

tion of the learned? Providence thought fit, according to the observation of a Pagan, that he should be above those trivial pleasures, to which persons without letters, knowledge, curiosity, and taste for reading, are obliged to give themselves up.

Another kind of pleasure, still more sensible, more warm, more natural, and more implanted in the heart of man, constituted the greatest felicity of Scipio's life; this was that of friendship; a pleasure seldom known by great persons or princes, because, generally loving only themselves, they do not deserve to have friends. However, this is the most grateful tie of human society; so that the poet Ennius says with great reason, that to live without friends is not to live. Scipio had undoubtedly a great number of them, and those very illustrious: but I shall speak here only of Lælius, whose probity and prudence acquired him the surname of the Wise.

Never, perhaps, were two friends better suited to each other than those great men. They were almost of the same age, and had the same inclination, benevolence of mind, taste for learning of all kinds, principles of government, and zeal for the public good. Scipio, no doubt, took place in point of military glory; but Lælius did not want merit of that kind; and Cicero tells us, that he signalized himself very much in the war with Viriathus. As to the talents of the mind, the superiority, in respect of eloquence, seems to have been given to Lælius; though Cicero does not agree that it was due to him, and says, that Lælius's style favoured more of the ancient manner, and had something less agreeable in it than that of Scipio.

Let us hear Lælius himself (that is the words Cicero puts into his mouth) upon the strict union which subsisted between Scipio and him. "As for me," says Lælius, "of all the gifts of nature or fortune, there are none, I think, comparable to the happiness of having Scipio for my friend. I found in our friendship a perfect conformity of sentiments in respect to public affairs; an inexhaustible fund of counsels and supports in private life; with a tranquillity and delight not to be expressed. I never gave Scipio the least offence, to my knowledge, nor ever heard a word escape him that did not please me. We had but one house, and one table at our common expense, the frugality of which was equally the taste of both. In war, in travelling, in the country, we were always together. I do not mention our studies, and the attention of us both always to learn something; this was the employment of all our leisure hours, removed from the sight and commerce of the world."

Is there any thing comparable to a friendship like that which Lælius has just described? What a consolation is it to have a second self, to whom we have nothing secret, and in whose heart we may pour out our own with perfect effusion! Could we taste prosperity so sensibly, if we had no one to share in our joy with us? And what a relief is it in adversity, and the accidents of life, to have a friend still more affected with them than ourselves! What highly exalts the value of the friendship we speak of, was it not being founded at all upon interest, but solely upon esteem for each other's virtues. "What occasion," says Lælius, "could Scipio have of me? Undoubtedly none; nor I of him. But my attachment to him was the effect of my high esteem and admiration of his virtues; and his to me arose from the favourable idea of my character and manners. The friendship increased afterwards upon both sides, by habit and commerce. We both, indeed, derived

great advantages from it; but those were not our view, when we began to love each other."

I cannot place the famous embassy of Scipio Africanus into the East and Egypt, better than here; we shall see the same taste of simplicity and modesty, as we have just been representing in his private life, shine out in it. It was a maxim with the Romans frequently to send ambassadors to their allies, to take cognizance of their affairs, and to accommodate their differences. It was with this view that three illustrious persons, P. Scipio Africanus, Sp. Mummius, and L. Metellus, were sent into Egypt, where Ptolemy Physon then reigned, the most cruel tyrant mentioned in history. They had orders to go from thence to Syria, which the indolence, and afterwards the captivity of Demetrius Nicanor amongst the Parthians, made a prey to troubles, factions, and revolts. They were next to visit Asia Minor and Greece; to inspect into the affairs of those countries; to inquire into what manner the treaties made with the Romans were observed; and to remedy, as far as possible, all the disorders that should come to their knowledge. They acquitted themselves with so much equity, wisdom, and ability, and did such great services to those to whom they were sent, in re-establishing order amongst them, and in accommodating their differences, that, when they returned to Rome, ambassadors arrived there from all the parts in which they had been, to thank the senate for having sent persons of such great merit to them, whose wisdom and goodness they could not sufficiently commend.

The first place to which they went, according to their instructions, was Alexandria. The king received them with great magnificence. As for them, they affected it so little, that at their entry, Scipio, who was the richest and most powerful person of Rome, had only one friend, the philosopher Panætius, with him, and five domestics. His victories, says an ancient writer, and not his attendants, were considered; and his personal virtues and qualities were esteemed in him, and not the glitter of gold and silver.

Though during their whole stay in Egypt, the king caused their table to be covered with the most exquisite provisions of every kind, they never touched any but the most simple and common, despising all the rest, which only serve to soften the mind and enervate the body.—But, on such occasions, ought not the ambassadors of so powerful a state as Rome to have sustained its reputation of majesty in a foreign nation, by appearing in public with a numerous train and magnificent equipages? This was not the taste of the Romans, that is, of the people that, among all nations of the earth, thought the most justly of true greatness and solid glory.

Rollin.

§ 23. *Declaration of American Independence.*

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect for the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, de-

riving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate, that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present king of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation, till his assent should be obtained; and, when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislature—a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies, at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved representatives houses repeatedly, for opposing, with manly firmness, his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused for a long time after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large, for their exercise; the state remaining, in the meantime, exposed to all the danger of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavoured to prevent the population of these states; for that purpose obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners; refusing to pass others, to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriation of lands.

He has obstructed the administration of justice, by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

He has made judges dependent on his will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers to harass our people and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies, without the consent of our legislatures.

He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to the civil power.

He has combined with others, to subject us to a jurisdiction, foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation:

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us:

For protecting them by a mock trial, from punishment for any murder which they should commit on the inhabitants of these states:

For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world:

For imposing taxes on us, without our consent:

For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury:

For transporting us beyond seas, to be tried for pretended offences:

For abolishing the free system of English law in a neighbouring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies:

For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering fundamentally the forms of our governments:

For suspending our own legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power, to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection, and waging war against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is, at this time, transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries, to complete the works of death, desolation, and tyranny, already begun, with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy, scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow citizens, taken captive on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavoured to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

In every stage of these oppressions, we have petitioned for redress, in the most humble terms; our petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A prince whose character is thus marked, by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in attention to our British brethren. We have warned them, from time to time, of attempts made by their legislature, to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred, to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connexions and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity, which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind—enemies in war;—in peace, friends.

WE, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in general congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world, for the rectitude of our intentions, DO, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, that these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connexion between them and the state of Great Britain, is and ought to be totally dissolved: and that, as free and independent states, they have full power to levy war, conclude

peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour.

Jefferson.

§ 24. *Battle of Lexington and Concord.*

The company assembled on Lexington Green, which the British officers, in their report, had swelled to five hundred, consisted of sixty or seventy of the militia of the place. Information had been received about nightfall, both by private means and by communications from the Committee of Safety, that a strong party of officers had been seen on the road, directing their course toward Lexington. In consequence of this intelligence, a body of about thirty of the militia, well armed, assembled early in the evening; a guard of eight men, under Colonel William Munroe, then a sergeant in the company, was stationed at Mr. Clark's; and three men were sent off to give the alarm at Concord. These three messengers were however stopped on their way, as has been mentioned, by the British officers, who had already passed onward. One of their number, Elijah Sanderson, has lately died at Salem at an advanced age. A little after midnight, as has been observed, Messrs. Revere and Dawes arrived with the certain information, that a very large body of the royal troops was in motion. The alarm was now generally given to the inhabitants of Lexington, messengers were sent down the road to ascertain the movements of the troops, and the militia company under Captain John Parker appeared on the green to the number of one hundred and thirty. The roll was duly called, at this perilous midnight muster, and some answered to their names for the last time on earth. The company was now ordered to load with powder and ball, and waited in anxious expectation the return of those who had been sent to reconnoitre the enemy. One of them, in consequence of some misinformation, returned and reported that there was no appearance of troops on the road from Boston. Under this harassing uncertainty and contradiction, the militia were dismissed, to await the return of the other expresses and with orders to be in readiness at the beat of the drum. One of these messengers was made prisoner by the British, whose march was so cautious, that they remained undiscovered till within a mile and a half of Lexington meeting-house, and time was scarce left for the last messenger to return with the tidings of their approach.

The new alarm was now given; the bell rings, alarm guns are fired, the drum beats to arms. Some of the militia had gone home, when dismissed; but the greater part were in the neighbouring houses, and instantly obeyed the summons. Sixty or seventy appeared on the green and were drawn up in double ranks. At this moment the British column of eight hundred gleaming bayonets appears, headed by their mounted commanders, their banners flying and drums beating a charge. To engage them with a handful of militia of course was madness,—to fly at the sight of them, they disdained. The British troops rush furiously on; their commanders, with mingled threats and execrations, bid the Americans lay down their arms and disperse, and their own troops to fire. A moment's delay, as of compunction follows. The order with vehement imprecations is repeated, and they fire. No one falls, and the band of self-devoted heroes, most of whom had

never seen such a body of troops before, stand firm in the front of an army out-numbering them ten to one. Another volley succeeds; the killed and wounded drop, and it was not till they had returned the fire of the overwhelming force, that the militia were driven from the field. A scattered fire now succeeded on both sides while the Americans remained in sight; and the British troops were then drawn up on the green to fire a volley and give a shout in honour of the victory.

While these incidents were taking place, and every moment then came charged with events which were to give a character to centuries, Hancock and Adams, though removed by their friends from the immediate vicinity of the force sent to apprehend them, were apprized, too faithfully, that the work of death was begun. The heavy and quick repeated volleys told them a tale, that needed no exposition,—which proclaimed that Great Britain had renounced that strong invisible tie which bound the descendants of England to the land of their fathers, and had appealed to the right of the strongest. The inevitable train of consequences burst in prophetic fulness upon their minds; and the patriot Adams, forgetting the scenes of tribulation through which America must pass to realize the prospect, and heedless that the ministers of vengeance, in overwhelming strength, were in close pursuit of his own life, uttered that memorable exclamation, than which nothing more generous, nothing more sublime can be found in the records of Grecian or Roman heroism, —"O, what a glorious morning is this!"

Elated with its success, the British army took up its march toward Concord. The intelligence of the projected expedition had been communicated to this town by Dr. Samuel Prescott, in the manner already described; and from Concord had travelled onward in every direction. The interval was employed in removing a portion of the public stores to the neighbouring towns, while the aged and infirm, the women and children, sought refuge in the surrounding woods. About seven o'clock in the morning, the glittering arms of the British column were seen advancing on the Lincoln road. A body of militia from one hundred and fifty to two hundred men, who had taken post for observation on the heights above the entrance to the town, retire at the approach of the army of the enemy, first to the hill a little farther north, and then beyond the bridge. The British troops press forward into the town, and are drawn up in front of the court-house. Parties are then ordered out to the various spots where the public stores and arms were supposed to be deposited. Much had been removed to places of safety, and something was saved by the prompt and innocent artifices of individuals. The destruction of property and of arms was hasty and incomplete, and considered as the object of an enterprise of such fatal consequences, it stands in shocking contrast with the waste of blood by which it was effected.

I am relating events, which, though they can never be repeated more frequently than they deserve, are yet familiar to all who hear me. I need not therefore attempt, nor would it be practicable did I attempt it, to recall the numerous interesting occurrences of that ever memorable day. The reasonable limits of a public discourse must confine us to a selection of the more prominent incidents.

It was the first care of the British commander to cut off the approach of the Americans from the neighbouring towns, by destroying or occupying the bridges. A party was immediately sent to the south bridge

and tore it up. A force of six companies, under Captains Parsons and Lowrie, was sent to the north bridge. Three companies under Captain Lowrie were left to guard it, and three under Captain Parsons proceeded to Colonel Barrett's house, in search of provincial stores. While they were engaged on that errand, the militia of Concord, joined by their brave brethren from the neighbouring towns, gathered on the hill opposite the north bridge, under the command of Colonel Robinson and Major Buttrick. The British companies at the bridge were now apparently bewildered with the perils of their situation, and began to tear up the planks of the bridge; not remembering that this would expose their own party, then at Colonel Barrett's, to certain and entire destruction. The Americans, on the other hand, resolved to keep open the communication with the town, and perceiving the attempt which was made to destroy the bridge, were immediately put in motion, with orders not to give the first fire. They draw near to the bridge, the Acton company in front, led on by the gallant Davis. Three alarm guns were fired into the water, by the British, without arresting the march of our citizens. The signal for a general discharge is then made;—a British soldier steps from the ranks and fires at Major Buttrick. The ball passed between his arm and his side, and slightly wounded Mr. Luther Blanchard, who stood near him. A volley instantly followed, and Captain Davis was shot through the heart, gallantly marching at the head of the Acton militia against the choice troops of the British line. A private of his company, Mr. Hosmer, of Acton, also fell at his side. A general action now ensued, which terminated in the retreat of the British party, after the loss of several killed and wounded, toward the centre of the town, followed by the brave band who had driven them from their post. The advance party of British at Colonel Barrett's was thus left to its fate; and nothing would have been more easy than to effect its entire destruction. But the idea of a declared war had yet scarcely forced itself, with all its consequences, into the minds of our countrymen; and these advanced companies were allowed to return unmolested to the main band.

It was now twelve hours since the first alarm had been given, the evening before, of the meditated expedition. The swift watches of that eventful night had scattered the tidings far and wide; and widely as they spread, the people rose in their strength. The genius of America, on this the morning of her emancipation, had sounded her horn over the plains and upon the mountains; and the indignant yeomanry of the land, armed with the weapons which had done service in their fathers' hands, poured to the spot where this new and strange tragedy was acting. The old New England drums, that had beat at Louisburg, at Quebec, at Martinique, at the Havana, were now sounding on all the roads to Concord. There were officers in the British line, that knew the sound;—they had heard it, in the deadly breach, beneath the black, deep-throated engines of the French and Spanish castles. With the British it was a question no longer of protracted hostility, nor even of halting long enough to rest their exhausted troops, after a weary night's march, and all the labour, confusion, and distress of the day's efforts. Their dead were hastily buried in the public square; their wounded placed in the vehicles which the town afforded; and a flight commenced, to which the annals of British warfare will hardly afford a parallel. On all the neighbouring hills were multitudes, from the surrounding country, of the unarmed and infirm, of women and of children,

who had fled from the terrors and the perils of the plunder and conflagration of their homes; or were collected, with fearful curiosity, to mark the progress of this storm of war. The panic fears of a calamitous flight, on the part of the British, transformed this inoffensive, timid throng into a threatening array of armed men; and there was too much reason for the misconception. Every height of ground, within reach of the line of march, was covered with the indignant avengers of their slaughtered brethren. The British light companies were sent out to great distances as flanking parties; but who was to flank the flankers? Every patch of trees, every rock, every stream of water, every building, every stone wall, was *lined* (I use the words of a British officer in the battle), was lined with an unintermitted fire. Every cross-road opened a new avenue to the assailants. Through one of these the gallant Brooks led up the minute men of Reading. At another defile, they were encountered by the Lexington militia, under Captain Parker, who, undismayed at the loss of more than a tenth of their number in killed and wounded in the morning, had returned to the conflict. At first the contest was kept up by the British, with all the skill and valour of veteran troops. To a military eye it was not an unequal contest. The commander was not, or ought not to have been, taken by surprise. Eight hundred picked men, grenadiers and light infantry, from the English army, were no doubt considered by General Gage a very ample detachment to march eighteen or twenty miles through an open country; and a very fair match for all the resistance which could be made by unprepared husbandmen, without concert, discipline, or leaders. With about ten times their number, the Grecian commander had forced a march out of the wrecks of a field of battle and defeat, through the barbarous nations of Asia, for thirteen long months, from the plains of Babylon to the Black sea, through forests, defiles, and deserts, which the foot of civilized man had never trod. It was the American cause,—its holy foundation in truth and right, its strength and life in the hearts of the people, that converted what would naturally have been the undisturbed march of a strong, well provided army, into a rabble route of terror and death. It was this, which sowed the fields of our pacific villages with dragon's teeth; which nerved the arm of age; called the ministers and servants of the church into the hot fire; and even filled with strange passion and manly strength the heart and the arm of the stripling. A British historian, to paint the terrific aspect of things that presented itself to his countrymen, declares that the rebels swarmed upon the hills, as if they dropped from the clouds. Before the flying troops had reached Lexington, their rout was entire. Some of the officers had been made prisoners, some had been killed, and several wounded, and among them the commander in chief, Colonel Smith. The ordinary means of preserving discipline failed; the wounded, in chaises and wagons, pressed to the front and obstructed the road; wherever the flanking parties, from the nature of the ground, were forced to come in, the line of march was crowded and broken; the ammunition began to fail; and at length the entire body was on a full run. "We attempted," says a British officer already quoted, "to stop the men and form them two deep, but to no purpose; the confusion rather increased than lessened." An English historian says, the British soldiers were driven before the Americans like sheep; till, by a last desperate effort, the officers succeeded in forcing their way to the front, "when they pre-

sented their swords and bayonets against the breasts of their own men. and told them if they advanced they should die." Upon this they began to form, under what the same British officer pronounces "a very heavy fire," which must soon have led to the destruction or capture of the whole corps. At this critical moment, it pleased Providence that a reinforcement should arrive. Colonel Smith had sent back a messenger from Lexington to apprize General Gage of the check he had there received, and of the alarm which was running through the country. Three regiments of infantry and two divisions of marines with two field-pieces, under the command of Brigadier General Lord Percy, were accordingly detached. They marched out of Boston, through Roxbury and Cambridge, and came up with the flying party, in the hour of their extreme peril. While their field-pieces kept the Americans at bay, the reinforcement drew up in a hollow square, into which, says the British historian, they received the exhausted fugitives, "who lay down on the ground, with their tongues hanging from their mouths, like dogs after a chase."

A half an hour was given to rest; the march was then resumed; and under cover of the field-pieces, every house in Lexington, and on the road downwards, was plundered and set on fire. Though the flames in most cases were speedily extinguished, several houses were destroyed. Notwithstanding the attention of a great part of the Americans was thus drawn off; and although the British force was now more than doubled, their retreat still wore the aspect of a flight. The Americans filled the heights that overhung the road, and at every defile the struggle was sharp and bloody. At West Cambridge, the gallant Warren, never distant when danger was to be braved, appeared in the field, and a musket ball soon cut off a lock of hair from his temple. General Heath was with him, nor does there appear till this moment, to have been any effective command among the American forces.

Below West Cambridge, the militia from Dorchester, Roxbury, and Brookline came up. The British field-pieces began to lose their terror. A sharp skirmish followed, and many fell on both sides. Indignation and outraged humanity struggled on the one hand, veteran discipline and desperation on the other; and the contest, in more than one instance, was man to man, and bayonet to bayonet.

The British officers had been compelled to descend from their horses to escape the certain destruction which attended their exposed situation. The wounded, to the number of two hundred, now presented the most distressing and constantly increasing obstruction to the progress of the march. Near one hundred brave men had fallen in this disastrous flight; a considerable number had been made prisoners; a round or two of ammunition only remained; and it was not till late in the evening, nearly twenty-four hours from the time when the first detachment was put in motion, that the exhausted remnant reached the heights of Charlestown. The boats of the vessels of war were immediately employed to transport the wounded; the remaining British troops in Boston came over to Charlestown to protect their weary countrymen during the night; and before the close of the next day the royal army was formally besieged in Boston.

Such, fellow citizens, imperfectly sketched in their outline, were the events of the day we celebrate: a day as important as any recorded in the history of man. Such were the first of a series of actions, that have extensively changed and are every day more extensively changing the

condition and prospects of the human race. Such were the perils, such the sufferings of our fathers, which it has pleased Providence to crown with a blessing beyond the most sanguine hopes of those who then ventured their all in the cause.

It is a proud anniversary for our neighbourhood. We have cause for honest complacency, that when the distant citizens of our own republic, when the stranger from foreign lands, inquires for the spots where the noble blood of the revolution began to flow, where the first battle of that great and glorious contest was fought, he is guided through the villages of Middlesex, to the plains of Lexington and Concord. It is a commemoration of our soil, to which ages, as they pass, will add dignity and interest; till the names of Lexington and Concord, in the annals of freedom, will stand by the side of the most honourable names in Roman or Grecian story.

It was one of those great days, one of those elemental occasions in the world's affairs, when the people rise, and act for themselves. Some organization and preparation had been made; but, from the nature of the case, with scarce any effect on the events of that day. It may be doubted, whether there was an efficient order given the whole day to any body of men, as large as a regiment. It was the people, in their first capacity, as citizens and as freemen, starting from their beds at midnight, from their firesides, and from their fields, to take their own cause into their own hands. Such a spectacle is the height of the moral sublime; when the want of every thing is fully made up by the spirit of the cause; and the soul within stands in place of discipline, organization, resources. In the prodigious efforts of a veteran army, beneath the dazzling splendour of their array, there is something revolting to the reflective mind. The ranks are filled with the desperate, the mercenary, the depraved; an iron slavery, by the name of subordination, merges the free will of one hundred thousand men, in the unqualified despotism of one; the humanity, mercy, and remorse, which scarce ever desert the individual bosom, are sounds without a meaning to that fearful, ravenous, irrational monster of prey, a mercenary army. It is hard to say who are most to be commiserated, the wretched people on whom it is let loose, or the still more wretched people whose substance has been sucked out, to nourish it into strength and fury. But in the efforts of the people, of the people struggling for their rights, moving not in organized, disciplined masses, but in their spontaneous action, man for man, and heart for heart,—though I like not war nor any of its works,—there is something glorious. They can then move forward without orders, act together without combination, and brave the flaming lines of battle, without entrenchments to cover, or walls to shield them. No dissolute camp has worn off from the feelings of the youthful soldier the freshness of that home, where his mother and his sisters sit waiting, with tearful eyes and aching hearts, to hear good news from the wars; no long service in the ranks of a conqueror has turned the veteran's heart into marble; their valour springs not from recklessness, from habit, from indifference to the preservation of a life, knit by no pledges to the life of others. But in the strength and spirit of the cause alone they act, they contend, they bleed. In this, they conquer. The people always conquer. They always must conquer. Armies may be defeated; kings may be overthrown, and new dynasties imposed by foreign arms on an ignorant and slavish race, that care not in what language the covenant of their sub-

jection runs, nor in whose name the deed of their barter and sale is made out. But the people never invade; and when they rise against the invader, are never subdued. If they are driven from the plains, they fly to the mountains. Steep rocks and everlasting hills are their castles; the tangled, pathless thicket their palisado, and nature,—God, is their ally. Now he overwhelms the hosts of their enemies beneath his drifting mountains of sand; now he buries them beneath a falling atmosphere of polar snows; he lets loose his tempests on their fleets; he puts a folly into their counsels, a madness into the hearts of their leaders; and never gave and never will give a full and final triumph over a virtuous, gallant people, resolved to be free.

E. Everett.

§ 25. *General Washington resigns his commission and retires to private life.*

The interval between the treaty with Great Britain, and his retiring into private life, was devoted by the commander in chief to objects of permanent utility.

The independence of his country being established, he looked forward with anxiety to its future destinies. These might greatly depend on the systems to be adopted on the return of peace; and to those systems, much of his attention was directed. Among the various interesting subjects which at this period claimed the consideration of congress, was the future peace establishment of the United States. As the experience of General Washington would certainly enable him to suggest many useful ideas on this important point, his opinions respecting it were requested by the committee to whom it was referred. His letter on this occasion, which it is presumed was deposited in the archives of state, will long deserve the attention of those to whom the interests of the United States may be confided. On a well regulated and disciplined militia during peace, his strongest hopes of securing the future tranquillity, dignity, and respectability of his country were placed; and his sentiments on this subject are entitled to the more regard, as a long course of severe experience had enabled him to mark the total incompetency of the existing system to the great purposes of national defence.

At length, on the 25th of November, the British troops evacuated New York, and a detachment from the American army took possession of that town.

The guards being posted for the security of the citizens, general Washington accompanied by governor Clinton, and attended by many civil and military officers, and a large number of respectable inhabitants on horseback, made his public entry into the city; where he was received with every mark of respect and attention. His military course was now on the point of terminating; and previous to divesting himself of the supreme command, he was about to bid adieu to his comrades in arms.

This affecting interview took place on the fourth of December. At noon, the principal officers of the army assembled at Frances' tavern; soon after which, their beloved commander entered the room. His emotions were too strong to be concealed. Filling a glass, he turned to them and said, "with a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you; I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy, as your former ones have been glorious and honourable." Having drunk, he added, "I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged to you, if each of you will come and take me by the hand." General Knox, being nearest, turned to him. Incapable of ut-

terance, Washington grasped his hand, and embraced him. In the same affectionate manner, he took leave of each succeeding officer. In every eye was the tear of dignified sensibility; and not a word was articulated to interrupt the majestic silence and the tenderness of the scene. Leaving the room, he passed through the corps of light infantry, and walked to White-hall, where a barge waited to convey him to Powles' hook. The whole company followed in mute and solemn procession, with dejected countenances, testifying feelings of delicious melancholy, which no language can describe. Having entered the barge, he turned to the company; and waving his hat bade them a silent adieu. They paid him the same affectionate compliment, and after the barge had left them, returned in the same solemn manner to the place where they had assembled.

Congress was then in session at Annapolis in Maryland, to which place General Washington repaired for the purpose of resigning into their hands the authority with which they had invested him. He arrived on the 19th of December. The next day he informed that body of his intention to ask leave to resign the commission he had the honour of holding in their service, and requested to know, whether it would be their pleasure that he should offer his resignation in writing, or at an audience.

To give the more dignity to the act, they determined that it should be offered at a public audience on the following Tuesday at twelve o'clock.*

When the hour arrived for performing a ceremony so well calculated to recall to the mind the various interesting scenes which had passed since the commission now to be returned was granted, the gallery was crowded with spectators; and many respectable persons, among whom were the legislative and executive characters of the state, several general officers, and the consul general of France, were admitted on the floor of congress.

The representatives of the sovereignty of the union remained seated and covered. The spectators were standing and uncovered. The general was introduced by the secretary, and conducted to a chair. After a decent interval, silence was commanded, and a short pause ensued. The president* then informed him, that "The United States in congress assembled were prepared to receive his communications." With a native dignity improved by the solemnity of the occasion, the general rose and delivered the following address.

"Mr. President,

"The great events on which my resignation depended, having at length taken place, I have now the honour of offering my sincere congratulations to congress, and of presenting myself before them, to surrender into their hands the trust committed to me, and to claim the indulgence of retiring from the service of my country.

"Happy in the confirmation of our independence and sovereignty, and pleased with the opportunity afforded the United States, of becoming a respectable nation, I resign with satisfaction the appointment I accepted with diffidence; a diffidence in my abilities to accomplish so arduous a task, which, however, was superseded by a confidence in the rectitude of our cause, the support of the supreme power of the union, and the patronage of heaven.

"The successful termination of the war has verified the most sanguine expectations; and my gratitude for the interposition of Providence, and the assistance I have received

* The 23d of December.

* General Mifflin.

from my countrymen, increases with every review of the momentous contest.

"While I repeat my obligations to the army in general, I should do injustice to my own feelings not to acknowledge in this place, the peculiar services and distinguished merits of the gentlemen who have been attached to my person during the war. It was impossible the choice of confidential officers to compose my family should have been more fortunate. Permit me, sir, to recommend in particular, those who have continued in the service to the present moment, as worthy of the favourable notice and patronage of congress.

"I consider it as an indispensable duty to close this last act of my official life, by commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them to his holy keeping.

"Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action, and bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission, and take my leave of all the employments of public life."

After advancing to the chair, and delivering his commission to the president, he returned to his place, and received standing, the following answer of congress, which was delivered by the president.

"Sir,

"The United States, in congress assembled, receive with emotions too affecting for utterance, the solemn resignation of the authorities under which you have led their troops with success through a perilous and a doubtful war. Called upon by your country to defend its invaded rights, you accepted the sacred charge, before it had formed alliances, and whilst it was without funds or a government to support you. You have conducted the great military contest with wisdom and fortitude, invariably regarding the rights of the civil power through all disasters and changes. You have by the love and confidence of your fellow citizens, enabled them to display their martial genius, and transmit their fame to posterity. You have persevered, until these United States, aided by a magnanimous king and nation, have been enabled, under a just Providence, to close the war in freedom, safety, and independence; on which happy event, we sincerely join you in congratulations.

"Having defended the standard of liberty in this new world; having taught a lesson useful to those who inflict, and to those who feel oppression, you retire from the great theatre of action, with the blessings of your fellow citizens; but the glory of your virtues will not terminate with your military command: it will continue to animate remotest ages.

"We feel with you our obligations to the army in general, and will particularly charge ourselves with the interests of those confidential officers, who have attended your person to this affecting moment.

"We join you in commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, beseeching him to dispose the hearts and minds of its citizens, to improve the opportunity afforded them of becoming a happy and respectable nation. And for you, we address to Him our earnest prayers, that a life so beloved, may be fostered with all His care; that your days may be happy as they have been illustrious; and that He will finally give you that reward which this world cannot give."

This scene being closed, a scene rendered peculiarly interesting by the personages who appeared in it, by the great events it recalled to the memory, and by the singularity of the circumstances under which it was displayed,

the American chief withdrew from the hall of congress, leaving the silent and admiring spectators deeply impressed with those sentiments which its solemnity and dignity were well calculated to inspire.

Having laid down his military character, General Washington retired to Mount Vernon, to which place he was followed by the enthusiastic love, esteem, and admiration of his countrymen. Relieved from the agitations of a doubtful contest, and from the toils of an exalted station, he returned with increased delight to the duties and the enjoyments of a private citizen. In the shade of retirement, under the protection of a free government, and the benignant influence of mild and equal laws, he indulged the hope of tasting that felicity which is the reward of a mind at peace with itself, and conscious of its own purity.

Marshall.

§ 26. *Death of General Washington.*

On Friday the 13th of December, while attending to some improvements upon his estate, he was exposed to a light rain, by which his neck and hair became wet. Unapprehensive of danger from this circumstance, he passed the afternoon in his usual manner; but in the night, he was seized with an inflammatory affection of the windpipe. The disease commenced with a violent ague, accompanied with some pain in the upper and fore part of the throat, a sense of stricture in the same part, a cough, and a difficult rather than a painful deglutition, which were soon succeeded by fever and a quick and laborious respiration.

Believing bloodletting to be necessary, he procured a bleeder who took from his arm twelve or fourteen ounces of blood, but he would not permit a messenger to be despatched for his family physician until the appearance of day. About eleven in the morning doctor Craik arrived; and perceiving the extreme danger of the case, requested that two consulting physicians should be immediately sent for. The utmost exertions of medical skill were applied in vain. The powers of life were manifestly yielding to the force of the disorder; speaking, which was painful from the beginning, became almost impracticable: respiration became more and more contracted and imperfect; until half past eleven on Saturday night, when, retaining the full possession of his intellect, he expired without a struggle.

Believing, at the commencement of his complaint, as well as through every succeeding stage of it, that its conclusion would be mortal, he submitted to the exertions made for his recovery rather as a duty than from any expectation of their efficacy. Some hours before his death, after repeated efforts to be understood, he succeeded in expressing a desire that he might be permitted to die without interruption. After it became impossible to get any thing down his throat, he undressed himself and went to bed, there to die. To his friend and physician doctor Craik, who sat on his bed, and took his head in his lap, he said with difficulty, "doctor, I am dying, and have been dying for a long time, but I am not afraid to die."

During the short period of his illness he economized his time, in arranging with the utmost serenity those few concerns which required his attention; and anticipated his approaching dissolution with every demonstration of that equanimity for which his life was so uniformly and singularly conspicuous.

The deep and wide spreading grief occasioned by this melancholy event, assembled a great concourse of people for the purpose of paying the last

tribute of respect to the first of Americans. On Wednesday the 18th of December, attended by military honours and the ceremonies of religion, his body was deposited in the family vault at Mount Vernon.

Marshall.

§ 27. *The first Oration against Philip: pronounced in the Archonship of Aristodemus, in the first year of the Hundred and Seventh Olympiad, and the ninth of Philip's Reign.*

INTRODUCTION.

We have seen Philip opposed in his design of passing into Greece, through Thermopylæ; and obliged to retire. The danger they had thus escaped deeply affected the Athenians. So daring an attempt, which was, in effect, declaring his purposes, filled them with astonishment: and the view of a power, which every day received new accessions, drove them even to despair. Yet their aversion to public business was still predominant. They forgot that Philip might renew his attempt; and thought they had provided sufficiently for their security, by posting a body of troops at the entrance of Attica, under the command of Menelaus, a foreigner. They then proceeded to convene an assembly of the people in order to consider what measures were to be taken to check the progress of Philip. On which occasion Demosthenes, for the first time, appeared against that prince; and displayed those abilities, which proved the greatest obstacle to his designs.

At Athens, the whole power and management of affairs were placed in the people. It was their prerogative to receive appeals from the courts of justice, to abrogate and enact laws, to make what alterations in the state they judged convenient; in short, all matters, public or private, foreign or domestic, civil, military, or religious, were determined by them.

Whenever there was occasion to deliberate, the people assembled early in the morning, sometimes in the forum or public place, sometimes in a place called Pnyx, but most frequently in the theatre of Bacchus. A few days before each assembly there was a Προγραμμα or Placart fixed on the statues of some illustrious men erected in the city, to give notice of the subject to be debated. As they refused admittance into the assembly to all persons who had not attained the necessary age, so they obliged all others to attend. The Lexiarchs stretched out a cord dyed with scarlet, and by it pushed the people towards the place of meeting. Such as received the stain were fined; the more diligent had a small pecuniary reward. These Lexiarchs were the keepers of the register, in which were enrolled the names of such citizens as had a right of voting. And all had this right who were of age, and not excluded by a personal fault. Undutiful children, cowards, brutal debauchees, prodigals, debtors to the public, were all excluded. Until the time of Cecrops, women had a right of suffrage, which they were said to have lost, on account of their partiality to Minerva, in her dispute with Neptune, about giving a name to the city.

In ordinary cases all matters were first deliberated in the *senate of five hundred*, composed of fifty senators chosen out of each of the ten tribes. Each tribe had its turn of presiding, and the fifty senators in office were called Prytanes. And, according to the number of the tribes, the Attic year was divided into ten parts, the four first

containing thirty-six, the other thirty-five days; in order to make the lunar year complete, which, according to their calculation, contained one hundred and fifty-four days. During each of these divisions, ten of the fifty Prytanes governed for a week, and were called Proedri: and of these, he who in the course of the week presided for one day, was called the Epistate: three of the Proedri being excluded from this office.

The Prytanes assemble the people; the Proedri declare the occasion; and the Epistatæ demand their voices. This was the case in the ordinary assemblies: the extraordinary were convened as well by the generals as the Prytanes; and sometimes the people met of their own accord, without waiting the formalities.

The assembly was opened by a sacrifice; and the place was sprinkled with the blood of the victim. Then an imprecation was pronounced, conceived in these terms: "May the gods pursue that man to destruction, with all his race, who shall act, speak, or contrive, any thing against this state!" This ceremony being finished, the Proedri declared the occasion of the assembly, and reported the opinion of the senate. If any doubt arose, an herald, by commission from the Epistatæ, with a loud voice, invited any citizen, first of those above the age of fifty, to speak his opinion: and then the rest according to their ages. This right of precedence had been granted by a law of Solon, and the order of speaking determined entirely by the difference of years. In the time of Demosthenes, this law was not in force. It is said to have been repealed about fifty years before the date of this oration. Yet the custom still continued out of respect to the reasonable and decent purpose for which the law was originally enacted. When a speaker had delivered his sentiments, he generally called on an officer, appointed for that purpose, to read his motion, and propound it in form. He then sat down, or resumed his discourse, and enforced his motion by additional arguments: and sometimes the speech was introduced by his motion thus propounded. When all the speakers had ended, the people gave their opinion, by stretching out their hands to him whose proposal pleased them most. And Xenophon reports, that, night having come on when the people were engaged in an important debate, they were obliged to defer their determination till next day, for fear of confusion, when their hands were to be raised.

Porrexerunt manus, saith Cicero (pro Flacco) *et Psephisma natum est.* And, to constitute this Psephisma or decree, six thousand citizens at least were required. When it was drawn up, the name of its author, or that person whose opinion has prevailed, was prefixed: whence, in speaking of it, they call it his decree. The date of it contained the name of the Archon, that of the day and month, and that of the tribe then presiding. The business being over, the Prytanes dismissed the assembly.

The reader who chooses to be more minutely informed in the customs, and manner of procedure in the public assemblies of Athens, may consult the Archæologia of Archbishop Potter, Sigonius, or the Concionatrices of Aristophanes.

Had we been convened, Athenians! on some new subject of debate, I had waited, until most of the usual persons had declared their opinions. If I had approved of any thing proposed by them, I should have continued si-

lent: if not, I had then attempted to speak my sentiments. But since those very points on which these speakers have oftentimes been heard already are, at this time, to be considered; though I have arisen first, I presume I may expect your pardon; for if they on former occasions had advised the necessary measures, ye would not have found it needful to consult at present.

First then, Athenians! these our affairs must not be thought desperate; no, though their situation seems entirely deplorable. For the most shocking circumstance of all our past conduct is really the most favourable to our future expectations. And what is this? That our own total indolence hath been the cause of all our present difficulties. For were we thus distressed, in spite of every vigorous effort which the honour of our state demanded, there were then no hope of a recovery.

In the next place, reflect (you who have been informed by others, and you who can yourselves remember) how great a power the Lacedemonians not long since possessed; and with what resolution, with what dignity you disdained to act unworthy of the state, but maintained the war against them for the rights of Greece.

Why do I mention these things? That ye may know, that ye may see, Athenians! that if duly vigilant, ye cannot have any thing to fear; that if once remiss, not any thing can happen agreeable to your desires: witness the then powerful arms of Lacedemon, which a just attention to your interests enabled you to vanquish: and this man's late insolent attempt, which our insensibility to all our great concerns hath made the cause of this confusion.

If there be a man in this assembly who thinks that we must find a formidable enemy in Philip, while he views, on one hand, the numerous armies which attend him; and, on the other, the weakness of the state thus despoiled of its dominions; he thinks justly. Yet let him reflect on this: there was a time, Athenians! when we possessed Pydna, and Potidæa, and Methone, and all that country round: when many of those states now subjected to him were free and independent; and more inclined to our alliance than to his. Had then Philip reasoned in the same manner, "How shall I dare to attack the Athenians, whose garrisons command my territory, while I am destitute of all assistance!" He would not have engaged in those enterprises which are now crowned with success; nor could he have raised himself to this pitch of greatness. No, Athenians! he knew this well, that all these places are but prizes, laid between the combatants, and ready for the conqueror: that the dominions of the absent devolve naturally to those who are in the field; the possessions of the supine to the active and intrepid. Animated by these sentiments he overturns whole countries; he holds all people in subjection: some, as by the right of conquest; others, under the title of allies and confederates: for all are willing to confederate with those whom they see prepared and resolved to exert themselves as they ought.

And if you (my countrymen!) will now at length be persuaded to entertain the like sentiments; if each of you renouncing all evasions will be ready to approve himself a useful citizen to the utmost that his station and abilities demand; if the rich will be ready to contribute, and the young to take the field; in one word, if you will be yourselves, and banish those vain hopes which every single person entertains, that while so many others are engaged in public business, his service will not be required; you then, (if Heaven so pleases,) shall regain your dominions, recall those opportunities your supineness hath

neglected, and chastise the insolence of this man. For you are not to imagine, that like a god, he is to enjoy his present greatness for ever fixed and unchangeable. No, Athenians! there are, who hate him, who fear him, who envy him, even among those seemingly the most attached to his cause. These are passions common to mankind: nor must we think that his friends only are exempted from them. It is true they lie concealed at present, as our indolence deprives them of all resource. But let us shake off this indolence! for you see how we are situated; you see the outrageous arrogance of this man, who does not leave it to your choice whether you shall act, or remain quiet; but braves you with his menaces; and talks (as we are informed) in a strain of the highest extravagance: and is not able to rest satisfied with his present acquisitions, but is ever in pursuit of farther conquests; and while we sit down, inactive and irresolute, encloses us on all sides with his toils.

When, therefore, O my countrymen! when will you exert your vigour? When roused by some event? When forced by some necessity? What then are we to think of our present condition? To freemen, the disgrace attending on misconduct is, in my opinion, the most urgent necessity. Or, say, is it your sole ambition to wander through the public places, each inquiring of the other, "What new advices?" Can any thing be more new, than that a man of Macedon should conquer the Athenians, and give law to Greece? "Is Philip dead? No, but in great danger." How are you concerned in those rumours? Suppose he should meet some fatal stroke: you would soon raise up another Philip, if your interests are thus regarded. For it is not to his own strength that he so much owes his elevation, as to our supineness. And should some accident affect him; should fortune, who hath ever been more careful of the state than we ourselves, now repeat her favours (and may she thus crown them!) be assured of this, that by being on the spot, ready to take advantage of the confusion, you will every where be absolute masters; but in your present disposition, even if a favourable juncture should present you with Amphipolis, you could not take possession of it, while this suspense prevails in your designs and in your councils.

And now, as to the necessity of a general vigour and alacrity; of this you must be fully persuaded: this point therefore I shall urge no farther. But the nature of the armament, which, I think, will extricate you from the present difficulties, the numbers to be raised, the subsidies required for their support, and all the other necessaries; how they may (in my opinion) be best and most expeditiously provided; these things I shall endeavour to explain. But here I make this request, Athenians! that you would not be precipitate, but suspend your judgment till you have heard me fully. And if, at first, I seem to propose a new kind of armament, let it not be thought that I am delaying your affairs. For it is not they who cry out, "Instantly!" "This moment!" whose counsels suit the present juncture (as it is not possible to repel violences already committed by any occasional detachment) but he who will show you of what kind that armament must be, how great, and how supported, which may subsist until we yield to peace, or till our enemies sink beneath our arms; for thus only can we be secured from future dangers. These things, I think, I can point out; not that I would prevent any other person from declaring his opinion: thus far am I engaged. How I can acquit myself, will immediately appear: to your judgments I appeal.

First then, Athenians! I say, that you should fit out fifty ships of war; and then resolve, that on the first emergency you will embark yourselves. To these I insist that you must add transport, and other necessary vessels sufficient for half our horse. Thus far we should be provided against those sudden excursions from his own kingdom to Thermopylæ, to the Chersonesus, to Olynthus, to whatever place he thinks proper. For of this he should necessarily be persuaded, that possibly you may break out from this immoderate indolence, and fly to some scene of action: as you did to Eubœa, and formerly, as we are told, to Haliartus, and, but now, to Thermopylæ. But although we should not act with all this vigour, (which yet I must regard as our indispensable duty) still the measures I propose will have their use: as his fears may keep him quiet, when he knows we are prepared (and this he will know, for there are too many among ourselves who inform him of every thing): or, if he should despise our armament, his security may prove fatal to him; as it will be absolutely in our power, at the first favourable juncture, to make a descent upon his own coasts.

These then are the resolutions I propose; these the provisions it will become you to make. And I pronounce it still farther necessary to raise some other forces which may harass him with perpetual incursions. Talk not of your ten thousands, or twenty thousands of foreigners; of those armies which appear so magnificent on paper; but let them be the natural forces of the state: and if you choose a single person, if a number, if this particular man, or whomever you appoint as general, let them be entirely under his guidance and authority. I also move you that subsistence be provided for them. But as to the quality, the numbers, the maintenance of this body: how are these points to be settled? I now proceed to speak of each of them distinctly.

The body of infantry, therefore—But here give me leave to warn you of an error which hath often proved injurious to you. Think not that your preparations never can be too magnificent: great and terrible in your decrees; in execution weak and contemptible. Let your preparations, let your supplies at first be moderate, and add to these if you find them not sufficient. I say then that the whole body of infantry should be two thousand; of these, that five hundred should be Athenians, of such an age as you shall think proper; and with a stated time for service, not long, but such as that others may have their turn of duty. Let the rest be formed of foreigners. To these you are to add two hundred horse, fifty of them at least Athenians, to serve in the same manner as the foot. For these you are to provide transports. And now, what farther preparations? Ten light gallies. For as he hath a naval power, we must be provided with light vessels, that our troops may have a secure convoy.

But whence are these forces to be subsisted? This I shall explain, when I have first given my reasons why I think such numbers sufficient, and why I have advised that we should serve in person. As to the numbers, Athenians! my reason is this: it is not at present in our power to provide a force able to meet him in the open field; but we must harass him by depredations: thus the war must be carried on at first. We therefore cannot think of raising a prodigious army (for such we have neither pay nor provisions), nor must our forces be absolutely mean. And I have proposed that citizens should join in the service, and help to man our fleet; because I am informed, that sometime since the state main-

tained a body of auxiliaries at Corinth, which Polystratus commanded, and Iphicrates, and Chabrias, and some others; that you yourselves served with them; and that the united efforts of these auxiliary and domestic forces gained a considerable victory over the Lacedemonians. But, ever since our armies have been formed of foreigners alone, their victories have been over our allies and confederates, while our enemies have arisen to an extravagance of power. And these armies, with scarcely the slightest attention to the service of the state, sail off to fight for Artabazus, or any other person; and their general follows them: nor should we wonder at it; for he cannot command, who cannot pay his soldiers. What then do I recommend? That you should take away all pretences both from generals and from soldiers, by a regular payment of the army, and by incorporating domestic forces with the auxiliaries, to be as it were inspectors into the conduct of the commanders. For at present our manner of acting is even ridiculous. If a man should ask, "Are you at peace, Athenians?" the answer would immediately be, "By no means!" we are at war with Philip. Have not we chosen the usual generals and officers both of horse and foot?" And of what use are all these, except the single person whom you send to the field? The rest attend your priests in their processions. So that, as if you formed so many men of clay, you make your officers for show, and not for service. My countrymen! should not all these generals have been chosen from your own body; all these several officers from your own body, that our force might be really Athenian? And yet, for an expedition in favour of Lemnos, the general must be a citizen, while troops, engaged in defence of our own territories, are commanded by Menelaus. I say not this to detract from his merit; but to whomsoever this command hath been intrusted, surely he should have derived it from your voices.

Perhaps you are fully sensible of these truths; but would rather hear me upon another point; that of the supplies; what we are to raise, and from what funds. To this I now proceed.—The sum therefore necessary for the maintenance of these forces, that the soldiers may be supplied with grain, is somewhat above ninety talents. To the ten gallies, forty talents, that each vessel may have a monthly allowance of twenty minæ. To the two thousand foot the same sum, that each soldier may receive ten drachmæ a month for corn. To the two hundred horse, for a monthly allowance of thirty drachmæ each, twelve talents. And let it not be thought a small convenience, that the soldiers are supplied with grain: for I am clearly satisfied, that if such a provision be made, the war itself will supply them with every thing else, so as to complete their appointment, and this without an injury to the Greeks or allies: and I myself am ready to sail with them, and to answer for the consequence with my life, should it prove otherwise. From what funds the sum which I propose may be supplied, shall now be explained. * * * * *

[Here the secretary of the assembly reads a scheme for raising the supplies, and proposes it to the people in form, in the name of the orator.]

These are the supplies, Athenians! in our power to raise. And, when you come to give your voices, determine upon some effectual provision, that you may oppose Philip, not by decrees and letters only, but by actions. And, in my opinion, your plan of operation, and every thing relating to your armament, will be much more happily adjusted, if the situation of the country, which is to

be the scene of action, be taken into the account; and if you reflect, that the winds and seasons have greatly contributed to the rapidity of Philip's conquests; that he watches the blowing of the Etesians, and the severity of the winter, and forms his sieges when it is impossible for us to bring up our forces. It is your part then to consider this, and not to carry on the war by occasional detachments, (they will ever arrive too late) but by a regular army constantly kept up. And for winter-quarters you may command Lemnos, and Thassus, and Sciathus, and the adjacent islands; in which there are ports and provisions, and all things necessary for the soldiery in abundance. As to the season of the year, in which we may land our forces with the greatest ease, and be in no danger from the winds, either upon the coast to which we are bound, or at the entrance of those harbours where we may put in for provisions—this will be easily discovered. In what manner, and at what time our forces are to act, their general will determine, according to the junctures of affairs. What you are to perform on your part, is contained in the decree I have now proposed. And if you will be persuaded, Athenians! first, to raise these supplies which I have recommended, then to proceed to your other preparations, your infantry, navy, and cavalry; and lastly, to confine your forces, by a law, to that service which is appointed to them; reserving the care and distribution of their money to yourselves, and strictly examining into the conduct of the general; then, your time will be no longer wasted in continual debates upon the same subject, and scarcely to any purpose; then, you will deprive him of the most considerable of his revenues. For his arms are now supported by seizing and making prizes of those who pass the seas.—But is this all?—No.—You shall also be secure from his attempts: not as when some time since he fell on Lemnos and Imbrus, and carried away your citizens in chains: not as when he surprised your vessels at Gerastus, and spoiled them of an unspeakable quantity of riches: not as when lately he made a descent on the coast of Marathon, and carried off our sacred galley: while you could neither oppose these insults, nor detach your forces at such junctures as were thought convenient.

And now, Athenians, what is the reason (think ye) that the public festivals in honour of Minerva and of Bacchus are always celebrated at the appointed time, whether the direction of them falls to the lot of men of eminence, or of persons less distinguished: (festivals which cost more treasure than is usually expended upon a whole navy; and more numbers and greater preparations, than any one perhaps ever cost) while your expeditions have been all too late, as that to Methone, that to Pegasæ, that to Potidæa. The reason is this: every thing relating to the former is ascertained by law; and every one of you knows long before, who is to conduct the several entertainments in each tribe; what he is to receive, when, and from whom, and what to perform. Not one of these things is left uncertain, not one undetermined. But in affairs of war, and warlike preparations, there is no order, no certainty, no regulation. So that, when any accident alarms us, first, we appoint our trierarchs; then we allow them the exchange; then the supplies are considered. These points once settled, we resolve to man our fleet with strangers and foreigners; then find it necessary to supply their place ourselves. In the midst of these delays, what we are failing to defend, the enemy is already master of: for the time of action we spend in preparing: and the juncture of affairs will not wait our

slow and irresolute measures. These forces too, which we think may be depended on, until the new levies are raised, when put to the proof plainly discover their insufficiency. By these means hath he arrived at such a pitch of insolence, as to send a letter to the Eubœans, conceived in such terms as these :

* * * *The* LETTER *is read.*

What hath now been read, is for the most part true, Athenians ! too true ! but perhaps not very agreeable in the recital. But if, by suppressing things ungrateful to the ear, the things themselves could be prevented, then the sole concern of a public speaker should be to please. If, on the contrary, these unseasonably pleasing speeches be really injurious, it is shameful, Athenians, to deceive yourselves, and, by deferring the consideration of every thing disagreeable, never once to move until it be too late ; and not to apprehend that they who conduct a war with prudence, are not to follow but to direct events ; to direct them with the same absolute authority, with which a general leads on his forces : that the course of affairs may be determined by them, and not determine their measures. But you, Athenians, although possessed of the greatest power of all kinds, ships, infantry, cavalry, and treasure ; yet, to this day have never employed any of them seasonably, but are ever last in the field. Just as barbarians engage at boxing, so you make war with Philip : for, when one of them receives a blow, that blow engages him : if struck in another part, to that part his hands are shifted ; but to ward off the blow, or to watch his antagonist—for this, he hath neither skill nor spirit. Even so, if you hear that Philip is in the Chersonesus, you resolve to send forces thither ; if in Thermopylæ, thither ; if in any other place, you hurry up and down, you follow his standard. But no useful scheme for carrying on the war, no wise provisions are ever thought of, until you hear of some enterprise in execution, or already crowned with success. This might have formerly been pardonable, but now is the very critical moment, when it can by no means be admitted.

It seems to me, Athenians, that some divinity, who, from a regard to Athens, looks down upon our conduct with indignation, hath inspired Philip with this restless ambition. For were he to sit down in the quiet enjoyment of his conquests and acquisitions, without proceeding to any new attempts, there are men among you, who, I think, would be unmoved at those transactions, which have branded our state with the odious marks of infamy, cowardice, and all that is base. But as he still pursues his conquests, as he is still extending his ambitious views, possibly, he may at last call you forth, unless you have renounced the name of Athenians. To me it is astonishing, that none of you look back to the beginning of this war, and consider that we engaged in it to chastise the insolence of Philip ; but that now it is become a defensive war, to secure us from his attempts. And that he will ever be repeating these attempts is manifest, unless some power rises to oppose him. But, if we wait in expectation of this, if we send out armaments composed of empty gallies, and those hopes with which some speaker may have flattered you ; can you then think your interests well secured ? shall we not embark ? shall we not sail, with at least a part of our domestic force, now, since we have not hitherto ?—But where shall we make our descent ?—Let us but engage in the enterprise, and the war itself, Athenians, will show us where he is weakest. But if we sit at home, listening to the mutual invectives and accusations of our orators ; we can-

not expect, no, not the least success, in any one particular. Wherever a part of our city is detached, although the whole be not present, the favour of the gods and the kindness of fortune attend to fight upon our side; but when we send out a general, and an insignificant decree, and the hopes of our speakers, misfortune and disappointment must ensue. Such expeditions are to our enemies a sport, but strike our allies with deadly apprehensions. For it is not, it is not possible for any one man to perform every thing you desire. He may promise, and harangue, and accuse this or that person; but to such proceedings we owe the ruin of our affairs. For, when a general who commanded a wretched collection of unpaid foreigners, hath been defeated; when there are persons here, who, in arraigning his conduct, dare to advance falsehoods, and when you lightly engage in any determination, just from their suggestions; what must be the consequence? How then shall these abuses be removed? —By offering yourselves, Athenians, to execute the commands of your general, to be witnesses of his conduct in the field, and his judges at your return: so as not only to hear how your affairs are transacted, but to inspect them. But now, so shamefully are we degenerated, that each of our commanders is twice or thrice called before you to answer for his life, though not one of them dared to hazard that life, by once engaging his enemy. No; they choose the death of robbers and pilferers, rather than to fall as becomes them. Such malefactors should die by the sentence of the law. Generals should meet their fate bravely in the field.

Then, *as to your own conduct*—some wander about, crying, Philip hath joined with the Lacedemonians, and they are concerting the destruction of Thebes, and the dissolution of some free states. Others assure us he hath sent an embassy to the king; others, that he is fortifying places in Illyria. Thus we all go about framing our several tales. I do believe, indeed, Athenians! he is intoxicated with his greatness, and does entertain his imagination with many such visionary prospects, as he sees no power rising to oppose him, and is elated with his success. But I cannot be persuaded that he hath so taken his measures, that the weakest among us know what he is next to do: (for it is the weakest among us who spread these rumours) —Let us disregard them: let us be persuaded of this, that he is our enemy, that he hath spoiled us of our dominions, that we have long been subject to his insolence, that whatever we expected to be done for us by others, hath proved against us, that all the resource left is in ourselves, that, if we are not inclined to carry our arms abroad, we may be forced to engage here—let us be persuaded of this, and then we shall come to a proper determination, then shall we be freed from those idle tales. For we are not to be solicitous to know what particular events will happen; we need but be convinced nothing good can happen, unless you grant the due attention to affairs, and be ready to act as becomes Athenians.

I, on my part, have never upon any occasion chosen to court your favour, by speaking any thing but what I was convinced would serve you. And, on this occasion, I have freely declared my sentiments, without art, and without reserve. It would have pleased me, indeed, that, as it is for your advantage to have your true interest laid before you, so I might be assured that he who layeth it before you, would share the advantages: for then I had spoken with greater alacrity. However, uncertain as is the consequence with respect to me, I yet determined to

speak, because I was convinced that these measures, if pursued, must have their use. And, of all those opinions which are offered to your acceptance, may that be chosen, which will best advance the general weal!

Leland.

§ 28. *The first Olynthiac Oration: pronounced four Years after the first Philippic, in the Archonship of Callimachus, the fourth Year of the Hundred and Seventh Olympiad, and the twelfth of Philip's Reign.*

INTRODUCTION.

The former Oration doth not appear to have had any considerable effect. Philip had his creatures in the Athenian assembly, who probably recommended less vigorous measures, and were but too favourably heard. In the mean time, this prince pursued his ambitious designs. When he found himself shut out of Greece, he turned his arms to such remote parts, as he might reduce without alarming the states of Greece. And, at the same time, he revenged himself upon the Athenians, by making himself master of some places which they laid claim to. At length his success emboldened him to declare those intentions which he had long entertained secretly against the Olynthians.

Olynthius (a city of Thrace possessed by Greeks originally from Chalcis,—a town of Eubœa and colony of Athens) commanded a large tract called the Chalcidian region, in which there were thirty-two cities. It had arisen by degrees to such a pitch of grandeur, as to have frequent and remarkable contests both with Athens and Lacedemon. Nor did the Olynthians show great regard to the friendship of Philip when he first came to the throne, and was taking all measures to secure the possession of it. For they did not scruple to receive two of his brothers by another marriage, who had fled to avoid the effects of his jealousy; and endeavoured to conclude an alliance with Athens, against him, which he, by secret practices, found means to defeat. But as he was yet scarcely secure upon his throne, instead of expressing his resentment, he courted, or rather purchased, the alliance of the Olynthians, by the cession of Anthemus, a city which the kings of Macedon had long disputed with them, and afterwards, by that of Pydna and Potidæa: which their joint forces had besieged and taken from the Athenians. But the Olynthians could not be influenced by gratitude towards such a benefactor. The rapid progress of his arms, and his glaring acts of perfidy, alarmed them exceedingly. He had already made some inroads on their territories, and now began to act against them with less reserve. They therefore despatched ambassadors to Athens to propose an alliance, and request assistance against a power which they were equally concerned to oppose.

Philip affected the highest resentment at this step; alleged their mutual engagements to adhere to each other in war and peace; inveighed against their harbouring his brothers, whom he called the conspirators; and, under pretence of punishing their infractions, pursued his hostilities with double vigour, made himself master of some of their cities, and threatened the capital with a siege.

In the mean time the Olynthians pressed the Athenians for immediate succours. Their ambassadors opened their commission in an assembly of the people, who had the right either to agree to, or to reject their demand. As the im-

portance of the occasion increased the number of speakers, the elder orators had debated the affair before Demosthenes arose. In the following oration therefore he speaks as to a people already informed, urges the necessity of joining with the Olynthians, and confirms his opinion by powerful arguments; lays open the designs and practices of Philip, and labours to remove their dreadful apprehensions of his power. He concludes with recommending to them to reform abuses, to restore ancient discipline, and to put an end to all domestic dissensions.

In many instances (Athenians!) have the gods, in my opinion, manifestly declared their favour to this state: nor is it least observable in this present juncture. For that an enemy should arise against Philip, on the very confines of his kingdom, of no inconsiderable power, and, what is of most importance, so determined upon the war, that they consider any accommodation with him, first, as insidious, next, as the downfal of their country: this seems no less than the gracious interposition of Heaven itself. It must, therefore, be our care (Athenians!) that we ourselves may not frustrate this goodness. For it must reflect disgrace, nay, the foulest infamy upon us, if we appear to have thrown away not those states and territories only which we once commanded, but those alliances and favourable incidents, which fortune hath provided for us.

To begin on this occasion with a display of Philip's power, or to press you to exert your vigour, by motives drawn from hence, is, in my opinion, quite improper. And why? Because whatever may be offered on such a subject, sets him in an honourable view, but seems to me, as a reproach to our conduct. For the higher his exploits have arisen above his former estimation, the more must the world admire him: while your disgrace hath been the greater, the more your conduct hath proved unworthy of your state. These things therefore I shall pass over. He indeed, who examines justly, must find the source of all his greatness here, not in himself. But the services he hath here received, from those whose public administration hath been devoted to his interest; those services which you must punish, I do not think it seasonable to display. There are other points of more moment for you all to hear; and which must excite the greatest abhorrence of him, in every reasonable mind.—These I shall lay before you.

And now, should I call him perjured and perfidious, and not point out the instances of this his guilt, it might be deemed the mere virulence of malice, and with justice. Nor will it engage too much of your attention to hear him fully and clearly convicted, from a full and clear detail of all his actions. And this I think useful upon two accounts: first, that he may appear, as he really is, treacherous and false; and then, that they who are struck with terror, as if Philip was something more than human, may see that he hath exhausted all those artifices to which he owes his present elevation; and that his affairs are now ready to decline. For I myself (Athenians!) should think Philip really to be dreaded and admired, if I saw him raised by honourable means. But I find, upon reflection, that at the time when certain persons drove out the Olynthians from this assembly, when desirous of conferring with you, he began with abusing our simplicity by his promise of surrendering Amphipolis, and executing the secret article of his treaty, then so much spoken of: that after this, he courted the friendship of the Olynthians by seizing Potidæa, where we were rightful sovereigns, despoil-

ing us his former allies, and giving them possession: that, but just now, he gained the Thessalians, by promising to give up Magnesia; and, for their ease, to take the whole conduct of the Phocian war upon himself. In a word, there are no people who ever made the least use of him, but have suffered by his subtlety: his present greatness being wholly owing to his deceiving those who were unacquainted with him, and making them the instruments of his success. As these states therefore raised him, while each imagined he was promoting some interest of theirs; these states must also reduce him to his former meanness, as it now appears that his own private interest was the end of all his actions.

Thus then, Athenians! is Philip circumstanced. If not, let the man stand forth, who can prove to me, I should have said to this assembly, that I have asserted these things falsely; or that they whom he hath deceived in former instances, will confide in him for the future; or that the Thessalians, who have been so basely, so undeservedly enslaved, would not gladly embrace their freedom.—If there be any one among you, who acknowledges all this, yet thinks that Philip will support his power, as he hath secured places of strength, convenient ports, and other like advantages; he is deceived. For when forces join in harmony and affection, and one common interest unites the confederating powers, then they share the toils with alacrity, they endure the distresses, they persevere. But when extravagant ambition, and lawless power (as in his case) have aggrandized a single person; the first pretence, the slightest accident, overthrows him, and all his greatness is dashed at once to the ground. For it is not, no Athenians! it is not possible to found a lasting power upon injustice, perjury, and treachery. These may perhaps succeed for once; and borrow for a while, from hope, a gay and flourishing appearance. But time betrays their weakness; and they fall into ruin of themselves. For, as in structures of every kind, the lower parts should have the greatest firmness, so the grounds and principles of actions should be just and true. But these advantages are not found in the actions of Philip.

I say, then, that you should despatch succours to the Olynthians: (and the more honourably and expeditiously this is proposed to be done, the more agreeably to my sentiments) and send an embassy to the Thessalonians, to inform some, and to enliven that spirit already raised in others: (for it hath actually been resolved to demand the restitution of Pagasæ, and to assert their claim to Magnesia.) And let it be your care, Athenians, that our ambassadors may not depend only upon words, but give them some action to display, by taking the field in a manner worthy of the state, and engaging in the war with vigour. For words, if not accompanied by actions, must ever appear vain and contemptible; and particularly when they come from us, whose prompt abilities, and well-known eminence in speaking, make us to be always heard with the greater suspicion.

Would you indeed regain attention and confidence, your measures must be greatly changed, your conduct totally reformed; your fortunes, your persons, must appear devoted to the common cause; your utmost efforts must be exerted. If you will act thus, as your honour and your interest require; then, Athenians! you will not only discover the weakness and insincerity of the confederates of Philip, but the ruinous condition of his own kingdom will also be laid open. The power and sovereignty of Macedon may have some weight indeed, when joined with others. Thus, when you marched against the

Olynthians, under the conduct of Timotheus, it proved an useful ally; when united with the Olynthians against Potidæa, it added something to their force; just now, when the Thessalians were in the midst of disorder, sedition, and confusion, it aided them against the family of their tyrants: (and in every case, any, even a small accession of strength, is, in my opinion, of considerable effect.) But of itself, unsupported, it is infirm, it is totally distempered: for by all those glaring exploits, which have given him this apparent greatness, his wars, his expeditions, he hath rendered it yet weaker than it was naturally. For you are not to imagine that the inclinations of his subjects are the same with those of Philip. He thirsts for glory: this is his object, this he eagerly pursues, through toils and dangers of every kind; despising safety and life, when compared with the honour of achieving such actions, as no other prince of Macedon could ever boast of. But his subjects have no part in this ambition. Harassed by those various excursions he is ever making, they groan under perpetual calamity; torn from their business and their families, and without opportunity to dispose of that pittance which their toils have earned; as all commerce is shut out from the coast of Macedon by the war.

Hence one may perceive how his subjects in general are affected to Philip. But then his auxiliaries, and the soldiers of his phalanx, have the character of wonderful forces, trained completely to war. And yet I can affirm, upon the credit of a person from that country, incapable of falsehood, that they have no such superiority. For, as he assures me, if any man of experience in military affairs should be found among them, he dismisses all such, from an ambition of having every great action ascribed wholly to himself: (for, besides his other passions, the man hath this ambition in the highest degree.) And if any person, from a sense of decency, or other virtuous principle, betrays a dislike of his daily intemperance, and riotings, and obscenities, he loses all favour and regard; so that none are left about him, but wretches, who subsist on rapine and flattery, and who, when heated with wine, do not scruple to descend to such instances of revelry, as it would shock you to repeat. Nor can the truth of this be doubted: for they whom we all conspired to drive from hence, as infamous and abandoned, Callias the public servant, and others of the same stamp; buffoons, composers of lewd songs, in which they ridicule their companions: these are the persons whom he entertains and caresses. And these things, Athenians, trifling as they may appear to some, are to men of just discernment great indications of the weakness both of his mind and fortune. At present, his successes cast a shade over them; for prosperity hath great power to veil such baseness from observation. But let his arms meet with the least disgrace, and all his actions will be exposed. This is a truth, of which he himself, Athenians! will, in my opinion, soon convince you, if the gods favour us, and you exert your vigour. For as in our bodies, while a man is in health, he feels no effect of any inward weakness; but when disease attacks him, every thing becomes sensible, in the vessels, in the joints, or in whatever other part his frame may be disordered; so in states and monarchies, while they carry on a war abroad, their defects escape the general eye: but when once it approaches their own territory, then they are all detected.

If there be any one among you who, from Philip's good fortune, concludes that he must prove a formidable enemy; such reasoning is not unworthy a man of prudence. For-

tune hath great influence, nay, the whole influence in all human affairs: but then, were I to choose, I should prefer the fortune of Athens (if you yourselves will assert your own cause with the least degree of vigour) to this man's fortune. For we have many better reasons to depend upon the favour of Heaven, than this man. But our present state is, in my opinion, a state of total inactivity; and he who will not exert his own strength, cannot apply for aid, either to his friends or to the gods. It is not then suprising, that he who is himself ever amidst the dangers and labours of the field; who is every where; whom no opportunity escapes; to whom no season is unfavourable; should be superior to you, who are wholly engaged in contriving delays, and framing decrees, and inquiring after news. I am not surprised at this, for the contrary must have been surprising: if we, who never act in any single instance, as becomes a state engaged in war, should conquer him, who, in every instance, acts with an indefatigable vigilance. This indeed surprises me; that you, who fought the cause of Greece against Lacedemon, and generously declined all the many favourable opportunities of aggrandizing yourselves; who, to secure their property to others, parted with your own, by your contributions; and bravely exposed yourselves in battle; should now decline the service of the field, and delay the necessary supplies, when called to the defence of your own rights: that you, in whom Greece in general, and each particular state, hath often found protection, should sit down quiet spectators of your own private wrongs. This I say surprises me: and one thing more; that not a man among you can reflect how long a time we have been at war with Philip, and in what measures, this time hath all been wasted. You are not to be informed, that, in delaying, in hoping that others would assert our cause, in accusing each other, in impeaching, then again entertaining hopes, in such measures as are now pursued, that time hath been entirely wasted. And are you so devoid of apprehension, as to imagine, when our state hath been reduced from greatness to wretchedness, that the very same conduct will raise us from wretchedness to greatness? No! this is not reasonable, it is not natural; for it is much easier to defend, than to acquire dominions. But, now, the war hath left us nothing to defend: we must acquire. And to this work you yourselves alone are equal.

This, then, is my opinion. You should raise supplies; you should take the field with alacrity. Prosecutions should be all suspended until you have recovered your affairs; let each man's sentence be determined by his actions: honour those who have deserved applause; let the iniquitous meet their punishment: let there be no pretences, no deficiencies on your part; for you cannot bring the actions of others to a severe scrutiny, unless you have first been careful of your own duty. What indeed, can be the reason, think ye, that every man whom ye have sent out at the head of an army, hath deserted your service, and sought out some private expedition? (if we must speak ingenuously of these our generals also,) the reason is this: when engaged in the service of the state, the prize for which they fight is yours. Thus, should Amphipolis be now taken, you instantly possess yourselves of it: the commanders have all the danger, the rewards they do not share. But, in their private enterprises, the dangers are less; the acquisitions are all shared by the generals and soldiers; as were Lampsacus, Sigæum, and those vessels which they plundered. Thus are they all determined by their private

interest. And, when you turn your eyes to the wretched state of your affairs, you bring your generals to a trial; you grant them leave to speak; you hear the necessities they plead; and then acquit them. Nothing then remains for us, but to be distracted with endless contests and divisions: (some urging these, some those measures) and to feel the public calamity. For in former times, Athenians, you divided into classes, to raise supplies. Now the business of these classes is to govern; each hath an orator at its head, and a general, who is his creature; the THREE HUNDRED are assistants to these, and the rest of you divide, some to this, some to that party. You must rectify these disorders; you must appear yourselves: you must leave the power of speaking, of advising, and of acting, open to every citizen. But if you suffer some persons to issue out their mandates, as with a royal authority; if one set of men be forced to fit out ships, to raise supplies, to take up arms; while others are only to make decrees against them, without any charge, any employment besides; it is not possible that any thing can be effected seasonably and successfully; for the injured party ever will desert you; and then your sole resource will be to make them feel your resentment instead of your enemies'.

To sum up all, my sentiments are these:—That every man should contribute in proportion to his fortune; that all should take the field in their turns, until all have served; that whoever appears in this place, should be allowed to speak: and that, when you give your voices, your true interest only should determine you, not the authority of this or the other speaker. Pursue this course, and then your applause will not be lavished on some orator, the moment he concludes; you yourselves will share it hereafter, when you find how greatly you have advanced the interests of your state.

Leland.

§ 29. *Oration against Catiline.*

THE ARGUMENT.

L. Sergius Catiline was of Patrician extraction, and had sided with Sylla, during the civil wars between him and Marius. Upon the expiration of his prætorship, he was sent to the government of Africa; and after his return, was accused of mal-administration by P. Clodius, under the consulship of M. Emilius Lepidus, and L. Volcatius Tullus. It is commonly believed, that the design of the conspiracy was formed about this time, three years before the oration Cicero here pronounces against it. Catiline, after his return from Africa, had sued for the consulship, but was rejected. The two following years he likewise stood candidate, but still met with the same fate. It appears that he made a fourth attempt under the consulship of Cicero, who made use of all his credit and authority to exclude him, in which he succeeded to his wish. After the picture Sallust has drawn of Catiline, it were needless to attempt his character here; besides that the four following orations will make the reader sufficiently acquainted with it. This first speech was pronounced in the senate, convened in the Temple of Jupiter Stator, on the eighth of November, in the six hundred and ninth year of the city, and forty-fourth of Cicero's age. The occasion of it was as follows: Catiline, and the other conspirators, had met together in the house of one Marcus Lecca; where it was resolved, that a general insurrection should be

raised through Italy, the different parts of which were assigned to different leaders; that Catiline should put himself at the head of the troops in Etruria; that Rome should be fired in many places at once, and a massacre begun at the same time of the whole senate and all their enemies, of whom none were to be spared except the sons of Pompey, who were to be kept as hostages of their peace and reconciliation with their father; that in the consternation of the fire and massacre, Catiline should be ready with his Tuscan army to take the benefit of the public confusion, and make himself master of the city; where Lentulus in the mean while, as first in dignity, was to preside in their general councils; Cassius to manage the affair of firing it; Cethegus to direct the massacre. But the vigilance of Cicero being the chief obstacle to all their hopes, Catiline was very desirous to see him taken off before he left Rome; upon which two knights of the company undertook to kill him the next morning in his bed, in an early visit on pretence of business. They were both of his acquaintance, and used to frequent his house; and knowing his custom of giving free access to all, made no doubt of being readily admitted, as C. Cornelius, one of the two, afterwards confessed. The meeting was no sooner over, than Cicero had information of all that passed in it: for by the intrigues of a woman named Fulvia, he had gained over Curius her gallant, one of the conspirators of senatorian rank, to send him a punctual account of all their deliberations. He presently imparted his intelligence to some of the chiefs of the city, who were assembled that evening as usual, at his house, informing them not only of the design, but naming the men who were to execute it, and the very hour when they would be at his gate: all which fell out exactly as he foretold; for the two knights came before break of day, but had the mortification to find the house well guarded, and all admittance refused to them. Next day Cicero summoned the senate to the temple of Jupiter in the capitol, where it was not usually held but in times of public alarm. There had been several debates before this on the same subject of Catiline's treasons, and his design of killing the consul; and a decree had passed at the motion of Cicero, to offer a public reward to the first discoverer of the plot; if a slave, his liberty, and eight hundred pounds; if a citizen, his pardon, and sixteen hundred. Yet Catiline, by a profound dissimulation, and the constant professions of his innocence, still deceived many of all ranks; representing the whole as the fiction of his enemy Cicero, and offering to give security for his behaviour, and to deliver himself to the custody of any whom the senate would name; of M. Lepidus, of the prætor Metellus, or of Cicero himself: but none of them would receive him; and Cicero plainly told him, that he should never think himself safe in the same house, when he was in danger by living in the same city with him. Yet he still kept on the mask, and had the confidence to come to this very meeting in the capitol; which so shocked the whole assembly, that none even of his acquaintance durst venture to salute him; and the consular senators quitted that part of the house in which he sat, and left the whole bench clear to him. Cicero was so provoked by his impudence, that instead of entering upon any business, as he designed, addressing himself directly to Catiline, he

broke out into the present most severe invective against him; and with all the fire and force of an incensed eloquence, laid open the whole course of his villanies, and the notoriety of his treasons.

How far, O Catiline, wilt thou abuse our patience? How long shall thy frantic rage baffle the efforts of justice? To what height meanest thou to carry thy daring insolence? Art thou nothing daunted by the nocturnal watch posted to secure the Palatium? nothing by the city guards? nothing by the consternation of the people? nothing by the union of all the wise and worthy citizens? nothing by the senate's assembling in this place of strength? nothing by the looks and countenances of all here present? Seest thou not that all thy designs are brought to light? that the senators are thoroughly apprized of thy conspiracy? that they are acquainted with thy last night's practices; with the practices of the night before; with the place of meeting, the company summoned together, and the measures concerted? Alas for our degeneracy! alas for the depravity of the times! the senate is apprized of all this, the consul beholds it; yet the traitor lives. Lives! did I say, he even comes into the senate; he shares in the public deliberations; he marks us out with his eye for destruction. While we, bold in our country's cause, think we have sufficiently discharged our duty to the state, if we can but escape his rage and deadly darts. Long since, O Catiline, ought the consul to have ordered thee for execution; and pointed upon thy own head that ruin thou hast been long meditating against us all. Could that illustrious citizen Publius Scipio, sovereign Pontiff, but invested with no public magistracy, kill Tiberius Gracchus, for raising some slight commotions in the commonwealth; and shall we consuls suffer Catiline to live, who aims at laying waste the world with fire and sword? I omit, as too remote, the example of Q. Servilius Ahala, who with his own hand slew Spurius Melius, for plotting a revolution in the state. Such, such was the virtue of this republic in former times, that her brave sons punished more severely a factious citizen, than the most inveterate public enemy. We have a weighty and vigorous decree of the senate against you, Catiline: the commonwealth wants not wisdom, nor this house authority: but we, the consuls, I speak it openly, are wanting in our duty.

A decree once passed in the senate, enjoining the consul L. Opimius to take care that the commonwealth received no detriment. The very same day Caius Gracchus was killed for some slight suspicions of treason, though descended of a father, grandfather, and ancestors, all eminent for their services to the state. Marcus Fulvius too, a man of consular dignity, with his children, underwent the same fate. By a like decree of the senate, the care of the commonwealth was committed to the consuls C. Marius and L. Valerius. Was a single day permitted to pass, before L. Saturninus, tribune of the people, and C. Servilius the prætor, satisfied by their death the justice of their country. But we, for these twenty days, have suffered the authority of the senate to languish in our hands. For we too have a like decree, but it rests among our records like a sword in the scabbard; a decree, O Catiline, by which you ought to have suffered immediate death. Yet still you live; nay more, you live, not to lay aside, but to harden yourself in your audacious guilt. I could wish, conscript fathers, to be merciful; I could wish too not to appear remiss when my country is threatened with danger; but I now begin to reproach myself with negli-

gence and want of courage. A camp is formed in Italy, upon the very borders of Etruria, against the commonwealth. The enemy increase daily in number. At the same time we behold their general and leader within our walls; nay, in the senate house itself, plotting daily some intestine mischief against the state. Should I order you, Catiline, to be instantly seized and put to death: I have reason to believe, good men would rather reproach me with slowness than cruelty. But at present certain reasons restrain me from this step, which indeed ought to have been taken long ago. Thou shalt then suffer death, when not a man is to be found, so wicked, so desperate, so like thyself, as not to own it was done justly. As long as there is one who dares to defend thee, thou shalt live; and live so as thou now dost, surrounded by the numerous and powerful guards which I have placed about thee, so as not to suffer thee to stir a foot against the republic; whilst the eyes and ears of many shall watch thee, as they have hitherto done, when thou little thoughtest of it.

But what is it, Catiline, thou canst now have in view, if neither the obscurity of night can conceal thy traitorous assemblies, nor the walls of a private house prevent the voice of thy treason from reaching our ears? if all thy projects are discovered, and burst into public view? Quit then your detestable purpose, and think no more of massacres and conflagrations. You are beset on all hands; your most secret councils are clear as noon day; as you may easily gather, from the detail I am now to give you. You may remember that on the nineteenth of October last, I said publicly in the senate, that before the twenty-fifth of the same month, C. Manlius, the confederate and creature of your guilt, would appear in arms. Was I deceived, Catiline, I say not as to this enormous, this detestable, this improbable attempt; but, which is still more surprising, as to the very day on which it happened? I said, likewise, in the senate, that you had fixed the twenty-sixth of the same month for the massacre of our nobles, which induced many citizens of the first rank to retire from Rome, not so much on account of their own preservation, as with a view to baffle your designs. Can you deny, that on that very same day you was so beset by my vigilance, and the guards I placed about you, that you found it impossible to attempt any thing against the state; though you had given out, after the departure of the rest, that you would nevertheless content yourself with the blood of those who remained? Nay, when on the first of November, you confidently hoped to surprise Præneste by night; did you not find that colony secured by my order, and the guards, officers, and garrison I had appointed? There is nothing you either think, contrive, or attempt, but what I both hear, see, and plainly understand.

Call to mind only in conjunction with me, the transactions of last night. You will soon perceive, that I am much more active in watching over the preservation, than you in plotting the destruction of the state. I say then, and say it openly, that last night you went to the house of M. Lecca, in the street called the Gladiators: that you was met there by numbers of your associates in guilt and madness. Dare you deny this? Why are you silent? If you disown the charge, I will prove it: for I see some in this very assembly, who were of your confederacy. Immortal gods! what country do we inhabit? what city do we belong to? what government do we live under? Here, here, conscript fathers, within these walls, and in this assembly, the most awful and venerable upon earth, there are men who meditate my ruin

and yours, the destruction of this city, and consequently of the world itself. Myself, your consul, behold these men, and ask their opinions on public affairs; and instead of dooming them to immediate execution, do not so much as wound them with my tongue. You went then that night, Catiline, to the house of Lecca; you cantoned out all Italy; you appointed the place to which every one was to repair; you singled out those who were to be left at Rome, and those who were to accompany you in person; you marked out the parts of the city destined to conflagration; you declared your purpose of leaving it soon, and said you only waited a little to see me taken off. Two Roman knights undertook to ease you of that care, and assassinate me the same night in bed before day-break. Scarce was your assembly dismissed, when I was informed of all this: I ordered an additional guard to attend, to secure my house from assault; I refused admittance to those whom you sent to compliment me in the morning; and declared to many worthy persons before hand who they were, and at what time I expected them.

Since then, Catiline, such is the state of your affairs, finish what you have begun; quit the city; the gates are open; nobody opposes your retreat. The troops in Manlius's camp long to put themselves under your command. Carry with you all your confederates; if not all, at least as many as possible. Purge the city. It will take greatly from my fears to be divided from you by a wall. You cannot pretend to stay any longer with us: I will not bear, will not suffer, will not allow of it. Great thanks are due to the immortal gods, and chiefly to thee, Jupiter Stator, the ancient protector of this city, for having already so often preserved us from this dangerous, this destructive, this pestilent scourge of his country. The supreme safety of the commonwealth ought not to be again and again exposed to danger for the sake of a single man. While I was only consul elect, Catiline, I contented myself with guarding against your many plots, not by a public guard, but by my private vigilance. When at the last election of consuls, you had resolved to assassinate me, and your competitors in the field of Mars, I defeated your wicked purpose by the aid of my friends, without disturbing the public peace. In a word, as often as you attempted my life, I singly opposed your fury; though I well saw, that my death would necessarily be attended with many signal calamities to the state. But now you openly strike at the very being of the republic. The temples of the immortal gods, the mansions of Rome, the lives of her citizens, and all the provinces of Italy, are doomed to slaughter and devastation. Since therefore I dare not pursue that course, which is most agreeable to ancient discipline, and the genius of the commonwealth, I will follow another, less severe indeed as to the criminal, but more useful in its consequences to the public. For should I order you to be immediately put to death, the commonwealth would still harbour in its bosom the other conspirators; but by driving you from the city, I shall clear Rome at once of the whole baneful tribe of thy accomplices. How Catiline! Do you hesitate to do at my command, what you was so lately about to do of your own accord? The consul orders a public enemy to depart the city. You ask whether this be a real banishment? I say not expressly so: but was I to advise in the case, it is the best course you can take.

For what is there, Catiline, that can now give you pleasure in this city? wherein, if we except the profligate crew of your accomplices, there is not a man but dreads and abhors you? Is there a domestic

stain from which your character is exempted? Have you not rendered yourself infamous by every vice that can brand private life? What scenes of lust have not your eyes beheld? What guilt has not stained your hands? What pollution has not defiled your whole body? What youth, entangled by thee in the allurements of debauchery, hast thou not prompted by arms to deeds of violence, or seduced by incentives into the snares of sensuality? And lately, when by procuring the death of your former wife, you had made room in your house for another, did you not add to the enormity of that crime, by a new and unparalleled measure of guilt? But I pass over this, and choose to let it remain in silence, that the memory of so monstrous a piece of wickedness, or at least of its having been committed with impunity, may not descend to posterity. I pass over too the entire ruin of your fortunes, which you are sensible must befall you the very next month; and shall proceed to the mention of such particulars as regard not the infamy of your private character, nor the distresses and turpitude of your domestic life; but such as concern the very being of the republic, and the lives and safety of us all. Can the light of life, or the air you breathe, be grateful to you, Catiline; when you are conscious there is not a man here present but knows, that on the last of December, in the consulship of Lepidus and Tullus, you appeared in the Comitium with a dagger? That you had got together a band of ruffians, to assassinate the consuls, and the most considerable men in Rome? and that this execrable and frantic design was defeated, not by any awe or remorse in you, but by the prevailing good fortune of the people of Rome. But I pass over those things, as being already well known: there are others of a later date. How many attempts have you made upon my life, since I was nominated consul, and since I entered upon the actual execution of that office? How many thrusts of thine, so well aimed that they seemed unavoidable, have I parried by an artful evasion, and, as they term it, a gentle deflection of body? You attempt, you contrive, you set on foot nothing, of which I have not timely information. Yet you cease not to concert and enterprise. How often has that dagger been wrested out of thy hands? How often, by some accident, has it dropped before the moment of execution? yet you cannot resolve to lay it aside. How, or with what rites you have consecrated it, is hard to say, that you think yourself thus obliged to lodge it in the bosom of a consul!

What are we to think of your present situation and conduct? For I will now address you, not with the detestation your actions deserve, but with a compassion to which you have no just claim. You came some time ago into the senate. Did a single person of this numerous assembly, not excepting your most intimate relations and friends, deign to salute you? If there be no instance of this kind in the memory of man, do you expect that I should imbitter with reproaches, a doom confirmed by the silent detestation of all present? Were not the benches where you sit forsaken, as soon as you was observed to approach them? Did not all the consular senators, whose destruction you have so often plotted, quit immediately the part of the house where you thought proper to place yourself? How are you able to bear all this treatment? For my own part, were my slaves to discover such a dread of me, as your fellow-citizens express of you, I should think it necessary to abandon my own house: and do you hesitate about leaving the city? Was I even wrongfully suspected, and thereby rendered obnoxious to my countrymen, I would sooner with-

draw myself from public view, than be beheld with looks full of reproach and indignation. And do you, whose conscience tells you that you are the object of an universal, a just, and a long merited hatred, delay a moment to escape from the looks and presence of a people, whose eyes and senses can no longer endure you among them? Should your parents dread and hate you, and be obstinate to all your endeavours to appease them, you would doubtless withdraw somewhere from their sight. But now your country, the common parent of us all, hates and dreads you, and has long regarded you as a parricide, intent upon the design of destroying her. And will you neither respect her authority, submit to her advice, nor stand in awe of her power? Thus does she reason with you, Catiline; and thus does she, in some measure, address you by her silence: not an enormity has happened these many years, but has had thee for its author: not a crime has been perpetrated without thee: the murder of so many of our citizens, the oppression and plunder of our allies, has through thee alone escaped punishment, and been exercised with unrestrained violence: thou hast found means not only to trample upon law and justice, but even to subvert and destroy them. Though this past behaviour of thine was beyond all patience, yet have I borne with it as I could. But now, to be in continual apprehension from thee alone; on every alarm to tremble at the name of Catiline; to see no designs formed against me that speak not thee for their author, is altogether insupportable. Be gone then, and rid me of my present terror; that if just, I may avoid ruin; if groundless, I may at length cease to fear.

Should your country, as I said, address you in these terms, ought she not to find obedience, even supposing her unable to compel you to such a step? But did you not even offer to become a prisoner? Did you not say, that, to avoid suspicion, you would submit to be confined in the house of M. Lepidus? When he declined receiving you, you had the assurance to come to me, and request you might be secured at my house. When I likewise told you, that I could never think myself safe in the same house, when I judged it even dangerous to be in the same city with you, you applied to Q. Metellus the prætor. Being repulsed here too, you went to the excellent M. Marcellus, your companion; who, no doubt, you imagined would be very watchful in confining you, very quick in discerning your secret practices, and very resolute in bringing you to justice. How justly may we pronounce him worthy of irons and a jail, whose own conscience condemns him to restraint? If it be so then, Catiline, and you cannot submit to the thought of dying here, do you hesitate to retire to some other country, and commit to flight and solitude a life, so often and so justly forfeited to thy country? But say you, put the question to the senate, (for so you affect to talk,) and if it be their pleasure that I go into banishment, I am ready to obey. I will put no such question; it is contrary to my temper: yet will I give you an opportunity of knowing the sentiments of the senate with respect to you. Leave the city, Catiline; deliver the republic from its fears; go, if you wait only for that word, into banishment. Observe now, Catiline; mark the silence and composure of the assembly. Does a single senator remonstrate, or so much as offer to speak? Is it needful they should confirm by their voice, what they so expressly declare by their silence? But had I addressed myself in this manner to that excellent youth P. Sextius, or to the brave M. Marcellus, the senate would ere now have

risen up against me, and laid violent hands upon their consul in this very temple; and justly too. But with regard to you, Catiline, their silence declares their approbation, their acquiescence amounts to a decree, and by saying nothing they proclaim their consent. Nor is this true of the senators alone, whose authority you affect to prize, while you make no account of their lives; but of these brave and worthy Roman knights, and other illustrious citizens, who guard the avenues of the senate; whose numbers you might have seen, whose sentiments you might have known, whose voices a little while ago you might have heard; and whose swords and hands I have for some time with difficulty restrained from your person: yet all these will I easily engage to attend you to the very gates, if you but consent to leave this city, which you have so long devoted to destruction.

But why do I talk, as if your resolution was to be shaken, or there was any room to hope you would reform! Can we expect you will ever think of flight, or entertain the design of going into banishment? May the immortal gods inspire you with that resolution! Though I clearly perceive, should my threats frighten you into exile, what a storm of envy will light upon my own head; if not at present, whilst the memory of thy crimes is fresh, yet surely in future times. But I little regard that thought, provided the calamity falls on myself alone, and is not attended with any danger to my country. But to feel the stings of remorse, to dread the rigour of the laws, to yield to the exigencies of the state, are things not to be expected from thee. Thou, O Catiline, art none of those, whom shame reclaims from dishonourable pursuits, fear from danger, or reason from madness. Be gone then, as I have already often said: and if you would swell the measure of popular odium against me, for being, as you give out, your enemy, depart directly into banishment. By this step you will bring upon me an insupportable load of censure; nor shall I be able to sustain the weight of the public indignation, shouldst thou, by order of the consul, retire into exile. But if you mean to advance my reputation and glory, march off with your abandoned crew of ruffians; repair to Manlius; rouse every desperate citizen to rebel; separate yourself from the worthy; declare war against your country; triumph in your impious depredations; that it may appear you was not forced by me into a foreign treason, but voluntarily joined your associates. But why should I urge you to this step, when I know you have already sent forward a body of armed men, to wait you at the Forum Aurelium? When I know you have concerted and fixed a day with Manlius? When I know you have sent off the silver eagle, that domestic shrine of your impieties, which I doubt not will bring ruin upon you and your accomplices? Can you absent yourself longer from an idol to which you had recourse in every bloody attempt? And from whose altars that impious right hand was frequently transferred to the murder of your countrymen?

Thus will you at length repair, whither your frantic and unbridled rage has long been hurrying you. Nor does this issue of thy plots give thee pain; but, on the contrary, fills thee with inexpressible delight. Nature has formed you, inclination trained you, and fate reserved you, for this desperate enterprise. You never took delight either in peace or war, unless when they were flagitious and destructive. You have got together a band of ruffians and profligates, not only utterly abandoned of fortune, but even without hope. With what pleasure will you enjoy yourself? how will you exult? how will you triumph? when amongst so great

a number of your associates, you shall neither hear nor see an honest man? To attain the enjoyment of such a life, have you exercised yourself in all those toils, which are emphatically styled yours: your lying on the ground, not only in pursuit of lewd amours, but of bold and hardy enterprises: your treacherous watchfulness, not only to take advantage of the husband's slumber, but to spoil the murdered citizen. Here may you exert all that boasted patience of hunger, cold, and want, by which however you will shortly find yourself undone. So much have I gained by excluding you from the consulship, that you can only attack your country as an exile, not oppress her as a consul; and your impious treason will be deemed the efforts, not of an enemy, but of a robber.

And now, conscript fathers, that I may obviate and remove a complaint, which my country might with some appearance of justice urge against me; attend diligently to what I am about to say, and treasure it up in your minds and hearts. For should my country, which to me is much dearer than life, should all Italy, should the whole state thus accost me, What are you about, Marcus Tullius? Will you suffer a man to escape out of Rome, whom you have discovered to be a public enemy? whom you see ready to enter upon a war against the state? whose arrival the conspirators wait with impatience, that they may put themselves under his conduct? the prime author of the treason; the contriver and manager of the revolt; the man who enlists all the slaves and ruined citizens he can find? will you suffer him, I say, to escape; and appear as one rather sent against the city, than driven from it? will you not order him to be put in irons, to be dragged to execution, and to atone for his guilt by the most rigorous punishment? what restrains you on this occasion? is it the custom of our ancestors? But it is well known in this commonwealth, that even persons in a private station have often put pestilent citizens to death. Do the laws relating to the punishment of Roman citizens hold you in awe? Certainly traitors against their country can have no claim to the privileges of citizens. Are you afraid of the reproaches of posterity? A noble proof, indeed, of your gratitude to the Roman people, that you, a new man, who, without any recommendation from your ancestors, have been raised by them, through all the degrees of honour, to sovereign dignity, should, for the sake of any danger to yourself, neglect the care of the public safety! But if censure be that whereof you are afraid, think which is to be most apprehended, the censure incurred for having acted with firmness and courage, or that for having acted with sloth and pusillanimity? When Italy shall be laid desolate with war, her cities plundered, her dwellings on fire; can you then hope to escape the flames of public indignation?

To this most sacred voice of my country, and to all those who blame me after the same manner, I shall make this short reply; that if I had thought it the most advisable to put Catiline to death, I would not have allowed that gladiator the use of one moment's life. For if, in former days, our greatest men, and most illustrious citizens, instead of sullying, have done honour to their memories, by the destruction of Saturninus, the Gracchi, Flaccus, and many others; there is no ground to fear, that by killing this parricide, any envy would lie upon me with posterity. Yet if the greatest was sure to befall me, it was always my persuasion, that envy acquired by virtue was really glory, not envy. But there are some of this very order, who do not either see the dangers which hang over us, or else dissemble what they see; who, by

the softness of their votes, cherish Catiline's hopes, and add strength to the conspiracy by not believing it; whose authority influences many, not only of the wicked, but the weak; who, if I had punished this man as he deserved, would not have failed to charge me with acting cruelly and tyrannically. Now I am persuaded, that when he is once gone into Manlius's camp, whither he actually designs to go, none can be so silly, as not to see that there is a plot; none so wicked, as not to acknowledge it: whereas by taking off him alone, though this pestilence would be somewhat checked, it could not be suppressed: but when he has thrown himself into rebellion, and carried out his friends along with him, and drawn together the profligate and desperate from all parts of the empire, not only this ripened plague of the republic, but the very root and seed of all our evils, will be extirpated with him at once.

It is now a long time, conscript fathers, that we have trod amidst the dangers and machinations of this conspiracy: but I know not how it comes to pass, the full maturity of all those crimes, and of this long ripening rage and insolence, has now broke out during the period of my consulship. Should he alone be removed from this powerful band of traitors, it may abate, perhaps, our fears and anxieties for a while; but the danger will still remain, and continue lurking in the veins and vitals of the republic. For as men, oppressed with a severe fit of illness, and labouring under the raging heat of a fever, are often at first seemingly relieved by a draught of cold water, but afterwards find the disease return upon them with redoubled fury; in like manner, this distemper, which has seized the commonwealth, eased a little by the punishment of this traitor, will from his surviving associates soon assume new force. Wherefore, conscript fathers, let the wicked retire, let them separate themselves from the honest, let them rendezvous in one place. In fine, as I have often said, let a wall be between them and us: let them cease to lay snares for the consul in his own house, to beset the tribunal of the city prætor, to invest the senate-house with armed ruffians, and to prepare fire-balls and torches for burning the city: in short, let every man's sentiments with regard to the public be inscribed on his forehead. This I engage for and promise, conscript fathers, that by the diligence of the consuls, the weight of your authority, the courage and firmness of the Roman knights, and the unanimity of all the honest, Catiline being driven from the city, you shall behold all his treasons detected, exposed, crushed, and punished. With these omens, Catiline, of all prosperity to the republic, but of destruction to thyself, and all those who have joined themselves with thee in all kinds of parricide, go thy way then to this impious and abominable war: whilst thou, Jupiter, whose religion was established with the foundation of this city, whom we truly call Stator, the stay and prop of this empire, will drive this man and his accomplices from thy altars and temples, from the houses and walls of the city, from the lives and fortunes of us all; and wilt destroy with eternal punishments, both living and dead, all the haters of good men, the enemies of their country, the plunderers of Italy, now confederated in this detestable league and partnership of villany.

Whitworth's Cicero.

§ 30. *Oration against Catiline.*

THE ARGUMENT.

Catiline, astonished by the thunder of the last speech, had little to say for himself in answer to it; yet

with downcast looks and suppliant voice, he begged of the fathers not to believe too hastily what was said against him by an enemy; that his birth and past life offered every thing to him that was hopeful; and it was not to be imagined, that a man of patrician family, whose ancestors, as well as himself, had given many proofs of their affection to the Roman people, should want to overturn the government; while Cicero, a stranger, and late inhabitant of Rome, was so zealous to preserve it. But as he was going on to give foul language, the senate interrupted him by a general outcry, calling him traitor and parricide: upon which, being furious and desperate, he declared again aloud what he had said before to Cato, that since he was circumvented and driven headlong by his enemies, he would quench the flame which was raised about him by the common ruin; and so rushed out of the assembly. As soon as he was come to his house, and began to reflect on what had passed, perceiving it in vain to dissemble any longer, he resolved to enter into action immediately, before the troops of the republic were increased, or any new levies made: so that after a short conference with Lentulus Cethegus, and the rest, about what had been concerted in the last meeting, having given fresh orders and assurances of his speedy return at the head of a strong army, he left Rome that very night with a small retinue, to make the best of his way towards Etruria. He no sooner disappeared, than his friends gave out that he was gone into a voluntary exile at Marseilles, which was industriously spread through the city the next morning, to raise an odium upon Cicero, for driving an innocent man into banishment, without any previous trial or proof of his guilt. But Cicero was too well informed of his motions, to entertain any doubt about his going to Manlius's camp, and into actual rebellion. He knew that he had sent thither already a great quantity of arms, and all the ensigns of military command, with that silver eagle, which he used to keep with great superstition in his house, for its having belonged to C. Marius, in his expedition against the Cimbri. But, lest the story should make an ill impression on the city, he called the people together into the forum, to give them an account of what passed in the senate the day before, and of Catiline's leaving Rome upon it. And this makes the subject of the oration now before us.

At length, Romans, have we driven, discarded, and pursued with the keenest reproaches to the very gates of Rome, L. Catiline, intoxicated with fury, breathing mischief, impiously plotting the destruction of his country, and threatening to lay waste this city with fire and sword. He is gone, he is fled, he has escaped, he has broke away. No longer shall that monster, that prodigy of mischief, plot the ruin of this city within her very walls. We have gained a clear conquest over this chief and ringleader of domestic broils. His threatening dagger is no longer pointed at our breasts, nor shall we now any more tremble in the field of Mars, the forum, the senate-house, or within our domestic walls. In driving him from the city, we have forced his most advantageous post. We shall now, without opposition, carry on a just war against an open enemy. We have effectually ruined the man, and gained a glorious victory, by driving him from his secret plots into open rebellion. But how do you think he is overwhelmed and crushed

with regret, at carrying away his dagger unbathed in blood, at leaving the city before he had effected my death, at seeing the weapons prepared for our destruction wrested out of his hands: in a word, that Rome is still standing, and her citizens safe. He is now quite overthrown, Romans, and perceives himself impotent and despised, often casting back his eyes upon this city, which he sees, with regret, rescued from his destructive jaws; and which seems to me to rejoice for having disgorged and rid herself of so pestilent a citizen.

But if there be any here, who blame me for what I am boasting of, as you all indeed justly may, that I did not rather seize than send away so capital an enemy: that is not my fault, citizens, but the fault of the times. Catiline ought long ago to have suffered the last punishment; the custom of our ancestors, the discipline of the empire, and the republic itself required it: but how many would there have been, who would not have believed what I charged him with? How many, who, through weakness, would never have imagined it? how many, who would even have defended him? how many, who, through wickedness, would have espoused his cause? But had I judged that his death would have put a final period to all your dangers, I would long ago have ordered him to execution, at the hazard not only of public censure, but even of my life. But when I saw, that by sentencing him to the death he deserved, and before you were all fully convinced of his guilt, I should have drawn upon myself such an odium, as would have rendered me unable to prosecute his accomplices; I brought the matter to this point, that you might then openly and vigorously attack Catiline, when he was apparently become a public enemy. What kind of an enemy I judge him to be, and how formidable in his attempt, you may learn from hence, citizens, that I am only sorry he went off with so few to attend him. I wish he had taken his whole forces along with him. He has carried off Tongillus indeed, the object of his criminal passion when a youth; he has likewise carried off Publicius and Munatius, whose tavern debts would never have occasioned any commotions in the state. But how important are the men he has left behind him? how oppressed with debt, how powerful, how illustrious by their descent?

When therefore I think of our gallic legions, and the levies made by Metellus in Picenum and Lombardy, together with those troops we are daily raising; I hold in utter contempt that army of his, composed of wretched old men, of debauchees from the country, of rustic vagabonds, of such as have fled from their bail to take shelter in his camp: men ready to run away not only at the sight of an army, but of the prætor's edict. I could wish he had carried likewise with him those whom I see fluttering in the forum, sauntering about the courts of justice, and even taking their places in the senate; men sleek with perfumes, and shining in purple. If these still remain here, mark what I say, the deserters from the army are more to be dreaded than the army itself; and the more so, because they know me to be informed of all their designs, yet are not in the least moved by it. I behold the person to whom Apulia is allotted, to whom Etruria, to whom the territory of Picenum, to whom Cisalpine Gaul. I see the man who demanded the task of setting fire to the city, and filling it with slaughter. They know that I am acquainted with all the secrets of their last nocturnal meeting: I laid them open yesterday in the senate: Catiline himself was disheartened and fled; what then can these others

mean? They are much mistaken if they imagine I shall always use the same lenity.

I have at last gained what I have hitherto been waiting for, to make you all sensible that a conspiracy is openly formed against the state: unless there be any one who imagines, that such as resemble Catiline may yet refuse to enter into his designs. There is now therefore no more room for clemency; the case itself requires severity. Yet I will still grant them one thing; let them quit the city, let them follow Catiline, nor suffer their miserable leader to languish in their absence. Nay, I will even tell them the way; it is the Aurelian road: if they make haste, they may overtake him before night. O happy state, were it but once drained of this sink of wickedness! To me the absence of Catiline alone seems to have restored fresh beauty and vigour to the commonweath. What villany, what mischief can be devised or imagined, that has not entered into his thoughts? What prisoner is to be found in all Italy, what gladiator, what robber, what assassin, what parricide, what forger of wills, what sharper, what debauchee, what squanderer, what adulterer, what harlot, what corrupter of youth, what corrupted wretch, what abandoned criminal, who will not own an intimate familiarity with Catiline? What murder has been perpetrated of late years without him? What act of lewdness speaks not him for its author? Was ever man possessed of such talents for corrupting youth? To some he prostituted himself unnaturally; for others he indulged a criminal passion. Many were allured by the prospect of unbounded enjoyment, many by the promise of their parents' death; to which he not only incited them, but even contributed his assistance. What a prodigious number of profligate wretches has he just now drawn together, not only from the city, but also from the country? There is not a person oppressed with debt, I will not say in Rome, but in the remotest corner of all Italy, whom he has not engaged in this unparalleled confederacy of guilt.

But to make you acquainted with the variety of his talents, in all the different kinds of vice; there is not a gladiator in any of our public schools, remarkable for being audacious in mischief, who does not own an intimacy with Catiline; not a player of distinguished impudence and guilt, but openly boasts of having been his companion. Yet this man, trained up in the continual exercise of lewdness and villany, while he was wasting in riot and debauchery the means of virtue, and supplies of industry, was extolled by these his associates for his fortitude and patience in supporting cold, hunger, thirst, and watchings. Would his companions but follow him, would this profligate crew of desperate men but leave the city; how happy would it be for us, how fortunate for the commonwealth, how glorious for my consulship? It is not a moderate degree of depravity, a natural or supportable measure of guilt that now prevails. Nothing less than murders, rapines, and conflagrations employ their thoughts. They have squandered away their patrimonies, they have wasted their fortunes in debauchery; they have long been without money, and now their credit begins to fail them; yet still they retain the same desires, though deprived of the means of enjoyment. Did they, amidst their revels and gaming, affect no other pleasures than those of lewdness and feasting, however desperate their case must appear, it might still notwithstanding be borne with. But it is altogether insufferable, that the cowardly should pretend to plot against the brave, the foolish against the prudent, the drunken against the sober, the drowsy

against the vigilant; who, lolling at feasts, embracing mistresses, staggering with wine, stuffed with victuals, crowned with garlands, daubed with perfumes, wasted with intemperance, belch in their conversations of massacring the honest, and firing the city. Over such, I trust, some dreadful fatality now hangs; and that the vengeance so long due to their villany, baseness, guilt, and crimes, is either just breaking, or just ready to break upon their heads. If my consulship, since it cannot cure, should cut off all these, it would add no small period to the duration of the republic. For there is no nation, which we have reason to fear; no king who can make war upon the Roman people. All disturbances abroad, both by land and sea, are quelled by the virtue of one man. But a domestic war still remains: the treason, the danger, the enemy is within. We are to combat with luxury, with madness, with villany. In this war I profess myself your leader, and take upon myself all the animosity of the desperate. Whatever can possibly be healed, I will heal; but what ought to be cut off, I will never suffer to spread to the ruin of the city. Let them therefore depart, or be at rest; but if they are resolved both to remain in the city, and continue their wonted practices, let them look for the punishment they deserve.

But some there are, Romans, who assert, that I have driven Catiline into banishment. And indeed, could words compass it, I would not scruple to drive them into exile too. Catiline, to be sure, was so very timorous and modest, that he could not stand the words of the consul; but being ordered into banishment, immediately acquiesced and obeyed. Yesterday, when I ran so great a hazard of being murdered in my own house, I assembled the senate in the temple of Jupiter Stator, and laid the whole affair before the conscript fathers. When Catiline came thither, did so much as one senator accost or salute him? In fine, did they regard him only as a desperate citizen, and not rather as an outrageous enemy? Nay, the consular senators quitted that part of the house where he sat, and left the whole bench clear to him. Here I, that violent consul, who by a single word drive citizens into banishment, demanded of Catiline, whether he had not been at the nocturnal meeting in the house of M. Lecca. And when he, the most audacious of men, struck dumb by self-conviction, returned no answer, I laid open the whole to the senate; acquainting them with the transactions of that night; where he had been, what was reserved for the next, and how he had settled the whole plan of the war. As he appeared disconcerted and speechless, I asked what hindered his going upon an expedition, which he had so long prepared for; when I knew that he had already sent before him arms, axes, rods, trumpets, military ensigns, and that silver eagle, to which he had raised an impious altar in his own house. Can I be said to have driven into banishment a man who had already commenced hostilities against his country? Or is it credible that Manlius, an obscure centurion, who has pitched his camp upon the plains of Fesulæ, would declare war against the Roman people in his own name: that the forces under him do not now expect Catiline for their general: or that he, submitting to a voluntary banishment, has, as some pretend, repaired to Marseilles, and not to the before-mentioned camp?

O wretched condition! not only of governing, but even of preserving the state. For should Catiline, discouraged and disconcerted by my counsels, vigilance, and strenuous care of the republic, be seized with a sudden dread, change his resolution,

desert his party, quit his hostile designs, and alter his course of war and guilt, into that of flight and banishment; it will not then be said, that I have wrested out of his hands the weapons of insolence, that I have astonished and confounded him by my diligence, and that I have driven him from all his hopes and schemes: but he will be considered as a man innocent and uncondemned, who has been forced into banishment by the threats and violence of the consul. Nay, there are, who in this event, would think him not wicked, but unhappy; and me not a vigilant consul, but a cruel tyrant. But, I little regard this storm of bitter and undeserved censure, provided I can screen you from the danger of this dreadful and impious war. Let him only go into banishment and I am content it be ascribed to my threats. But believe me, he has no design to go. My desire of avoiding public envy, Romans, shall never induce me to wish you may hear of Catiline's being at the head of an army, and traversing, in a hostile manner, the territories of the republic. But assuredly you will hear it in three days; and I have much greater reason to fear being censured for letting him escape, than that I forced him to quit the city. But if men are so perverse as to complain of his being driven away, what would they have said if he had been put to death? Yet there is not one of those who talk of his going to Marseilles, but would be sorry for it if it was true; and with all the concern they express for him, they had much rather hear of his being in Manlius's camp. As for himself, had he never before thought of the project he is now engaged in, yet such is his particular turn of mind, that he would rather fall as a robber, than live as an exile. But now, as nothing has happened contrary to his expectation and desire, except that I was left alive when he quitted Rome; let us rather wish he may go into banishment, than complain of it.

But why do I speak so much about one enemy? An enemy too, who has openly proclaimed himself such; and whom I no longer dread, since, as I always wished, there is now a wall between us. Shall I say nothing of those who dissemble their treason, who continue at Rome, and mingle in our assemblies? With regard to these, indeed, I am less intent upon vengeance, than to reclaim them, if possible, from their errors, and reconcile them to the republic. Nor do I perceive any difficulty in the undertaking, if they will but listen to my advice. For first I will show you, citizens, of what different sorts of men their forces consist, and then apply to each, as far as I am able, the most powerful remedies of persuasion and eloquence. The first sort consists of those, who having great debts, but still greater possessions, are so passionately fond of the latter, that they cannot bear the thought of infringing them. This, in appearance, is the most honourable class, for they are rich: but their intention and aim is the most infamous of all. Art thou distinguished by the possession of an estate, houses, money, slaves, and all the conveniences and superfluities of life; and dost thou scruple to take from thy possessions, in order to add to thy credit? For what is it thou expectest? Is it war? and dost thou hope thy possessions will remain unviolated, amidst an universal invasion of property? Is it new regulations about debts, thou hast in view? 'Tis an error to expect this from Catiline. New regulations shall indeed be proffered by my means, but attended with public auctions, which is the only method to preserve those who have estates from ruin. And had they consented to this expedient sooner nor foolishly run out their estates in mortgages, they would have been at

this day both richer men, and better citizens. But I have no great dread of this class of men, as believing they may be easily disengaged from the conspiracy; or, should they persist, they seem more likely to have recourse to imprecations than arms.

The next class consists of those, who though oppressed with debt, yet hope for power, and aspire at the chief management of public affairs; imagining they shall obtain those honours by throwing the state into confusion, which they despair of during its tranquillity. To these I shall give the same advice as to the rest, which is, to quit all hope of succeeding in their attempts. For first, I myself am watchful, active, and attentive to the interest of the republic: then there is on the side of the honest party, great courage, great unanimity, a vast multitude of citizens, and very numerous forces: in fine, the immortal gods themselves will not fail to interpose in behalf of this unconquered people, this illustrious empire, this fair city, against the daring attempts of guilty violence. And even supposing them to accomplish what they with so much frantic rage desire, do they hope to spring up consuls, dictators, or kings, from the ashes of a city, and blood of her citizens, which with so much treachery and sacrilege they have conspired to spill? They are ignorant of the tendency of their own desires, and that, in case of success, they must themselves fall a prey to some fugitive or gladiator. The third class consists of men of advanced age, but hardened in all the exercises of war. Of this sort is Manlius, whom Catiline now succeeds. These come mostly from the colonies planted by Sylla at Fesulæ; which, I am ready to allow, consist of the best citizens, and the bravest men: but coming many of them to the sudden and unexpected possession of great wealth, they ran into all the excesses of luxury and profusion. These, by building fine houses, by affluent living, splendid equipages, numerous attendants, and sumptuous entertainments, have plunged themselves so deeply in debt, that, in order to retrieve their affairs, they must recall Sylla from his tomb. I say nothing of those needy indigent rustics, whom they have gained over to their party, by the hopes of seeing the scheme of rapine renewed; for I consider both in the same light of robbers and plunderers. But I advise them to drop their frantic ambition, and think no more of dictatorships and proscriptions. For so deep an impression have the calamities of those times made upon the state, that not only men, but the very beasts would not bear a repetition of such outrages.

The fourth is a mixed, motley mutinous tribe, who have been long ruined beyond hopes of recovery: and, partly through indolence, partly through ill management, partly too through extravagance, droop beneath a load of ancient debt: who persecuted with arrests, judgments, and confiscations, are said to resort in great numbers, both from city and country, to the enemy's camp. These I consider, not as brave soldiers, but dispirited bankrupts. If they cannot support themselves, let them even fall: yet so, that neither the city nor neighbourhood may receive any shock. For I am unable to perceive why, if they cannot live with honour, they should choose to die with infamy: or why they should fancy it less painful to die in company with others, than to perish by themselves. The fifth sort is a collection of parricides, assassins, and ruffians of all kinds; whom I ask not to abandon Catiline, as knowing them to be inseparable. Let these even perish in their robberies, since their number is so great, that no prison could be found large enough to contain them. The last class, not only in this enumeration,

but likewise in character and morals, are Catiline's peculiar associates, his choice companions, and bosom friends; such as you see with curled locks, neat array, beardless, or with beards nicely trimmed; in full dress, in flowing robes, and wearing mantles instead of gowns; whose whole labour of life, and industry of watching, are exhausted upon midnight entertainments. Under this class we may rank all gamesters, whoremasters, and the lewd and lustful of every denomination. These slim delicate youths, practised in all the arts of raising and allaying the amorous fire, not only know to sing and dance, but on occasion can aim the murdering dagger, and administer the poisonous draught. Unless these depart, unless these perish, know, that was even Catiline himself to fall, we shall still have a nursery of Catilines in the state. But what can this miserable race have in view? Do they purpose to carry their wenches along with them to the camp! Indeed, how can they be without them these cold winter nights? But have they considered of the Apennine frosts and snows? or do they imagine they will be the abler to endure the rigours of winter, for having learned to dance naked at revels? O formidable and tremendous war! where Catiline's prætorian guard consists of such a dissolute effeminate crew.

Against these gallant troops of your adversary, prepare, O Romans, your garrisons and armies: and first, to that battered and maimed gladiator, oppose your consuls and generals: next, against that outcast miserable crew, lead forth the flower and strength of all Italy. The walls of our colonies and free towns will easily resist the efforts of Catiline's rustic troops. But I ought not to run the parallel farther, or compare your other resources, preparations, and defences, to the indigence and nakedness of that robber. But if omitting all those advantages of which we are provided, and he destitute, as the senate, the Roman knights, the people, the city, the treasury, the public revenues, all Italy, all the provinces, foreign states: I say, if omitting all these, we only compare the contending parties between themselves, it will soon appear how very low our enemies are reduced. On the one side modesty contends, on the other petulance: here chastity, there pollution: here integrity, there treachery: here piety, there profaneness: here resolution, there rage: here honour, there baseness: here moderation, there unbridled licentiousness: in short, equity, temperance, fortitude, prudence, struggle with iniquity, luxury, cowardice, rashness; every virtue with every vice. Lastly, the contest lies between wealth and indigence, sound and depraved reason, strength of understanding and frenzy; in fine, between well-grounded hope, and the most absolute despair. In such a conflict and struggle as this, was even human aid to fail, will not the immortal gods enable such illustrious virtue to triumph over such complicated vice?

Such, Romans, being our present situation, do you, as I have before advised, watch and keep guard in your private houses: for as to what concerns the public tranquillity, and the defence of the city, I have taken care to secure that, without tumult or alarm. The colonies and municipal towns, having received notice from me of Catiline's nocturnal retreat, will be upon their guard against him. The band of gladiators, whom Catiline always depended upon, as his best and surest support, though in truth they are better affected than some part of the patricians, are nevertheless taken care of in such a manner, as to be in the power of the republic. Q. Metellus the prætor, whom, foreseeing Cati-

line's flight, I sent into Gaul and the district of Picenum, will either wholly crush the traitor, or baffle all his motions and attempts. And to settle, ripen, and bring all other matters to a conclusion, I am just going to lay them before the senate, which you see now assembling. As for those therefore who continue in the city, and were left behind by Catiline, for the destruction of it and us all; though they are enemies, yet as by birth they are likewise fellow-citizens, I again and again admonish them, that my lenity, which to some may have rather appeared remissness, has been waiting only for an opportunity of demonstrating the certainty of the plot. As for the rest, I shall never forget that this is my country, that I am its consul, and that I think it my duty either to live with my countrymen, or die for them. There is no guard upon the gates, none to watch the roads; if any one has a mind to withdraw himself, he may go wherever he pleases. But whoever makes the least stir within the city, so as to be caught not only in any overt act, but even in any plot or attempt against the republic; he shall know, that there are in it vigilant consuls, excellent magistrates, and a resolute senate; that there are arms, and a prison, which our ancestors provided as the avenger of manifest and atrocious crimes.

And all this shall be transacted in such a manner, citizens, that the greatest disorders shall be quelled without the least hurry; the greatest dangers without any tumult; a domestic and intestine war, the most cruel and desperate of any in our memory, by me, your only leader and general, in my gown; which I will manage so, that, as far as it is possible, not one even of the guilty shall suffer punishment in the city: but if their audaciousness and my country's danger should necessarily drive me from this mild resolution; yet I will effect, what in so cruel and treacherous a war could hardly be hoped for, that not one honest man shall fall, but all of you be safe by the punishment of a few. This I promise, citizens, not from any confidence in my own prudence, or from any human counsels, but from the many evident declarations of the gods, by whose impulse I am led into this persuasion; who assist us, not as they used to do, at a distance, against foreign and remote enemies, but by their present help and protection defend their temples and our houses. It is your part, therefore, citizens, to worship, implore, and pray to them, that since all our enemies are now subdued both by land and sea, they would continue to preserve this city, which was designed by them for the most beautiful, the most flourishing and most powerful on earth, from the detestable treasons of its own desperate citizens.

Whitworth's Cicero.

§ 31. *Part of* CICERO'S *Oration against* VERRES.

The time is come, Fathers, when that which has long been wished for, towards allaying the envy your order has been subject to, and removing the imputations against trials, is (not by human contrivance but superior direction) effectually put in our power. All opinion has long prevailed, not only here at home, but likewise in foreign countries, both dangerous to you, and pernicious to the state, viz. that in prosecutions, men of wealth are always safe, however clearly convicted. There is now to be brought upon his trial before you, to the confusion, I hope, of the propagators of this slanderous imputation, one whose life and actions condemn him in the opinion of all impartial persons, but who, according to his own reckoning, and declared dependence upon his riches, is al-

ready acquitted; I mean Caius Verres. If that sentence is passed upon him which his crimes deserve, your authority, Fathers, will be venerable and sacred in the eyes of the public: but if his great riches should bias you in his favour, I shall still gain one point, viz. to make it apparent to all the world, that what was wanting in this case was not a criminal nor a prosecutor, but justice and adequate punishment.

To pass over the shameful irregularities of his youth, what does his quæstorship, the first public employment he held, what does it exhibit, but one continued scene of villanies? Cneius Carbo plundered of the public money by his own treasurer, a consul stripped and betrayed, an army deserted and reduced to want, a province robbed, the civil and religious rights of a people violated. The employment he held in Asia Minor and Pamphilia, what did it produce but the ruin of those countries? in which houses, cities, and temples, were robbed by him. What was his conduct in his prætorship here at home? Let the plundered temples, and public works neglected, that he might embezzle the money intended for carrying them on, bear witness. But his prætorship in Sicily crowns all his works of wickedness, and finishes a lasting monument to his infamy. The mischiefs done by him in that country during the three years of his iniquitous administration, are such, that many years, under the wisest and best of prætors, will not be sufficient to restore things to the condition in which he found them. For it is notorious, that, during the time of his tyranny, the Sicilians neither enjoyed the protection of their own original laws, of the regulations made for their benefit by the Roman senate upon their coming under the protection of the commonwealth, nor of the natural and unalienable rights of men. His nod has decided all causes in Sicily for these three years; and his decisions have broken all law, all precedent, all right. The sums he has, by arbitrary taxes and unheard of impositions, extorted from the industrious poor, are not to be computed. The most faithful allies of the commonwealth have been treated as enemies. Roman citizens have, like slaves, been put to death with tortures. The most atrocious criminals, for money, have been exempted from the deserved punishments; and men of the most unexceptionable characters condemned, and banished, unheard. The harbours, though sufficiently fortified, and the gates of strong towns, opened to pirates and ravagers; the soldiery and sailors belonging to a province under the protection of the commonwealth, starved to death; whole fleets, to the great detriment of the province, suffered to perish; the ancient monuments of either Sicilian or Roman greatness, the statues of heroes and princes, carried off; and the temples stripped of the images. The infamy of his lewdness has been such as decency forbids to describe; nor will I, by mentioning particulars, put those unfortunate persons to fresh pain, who have not been able to save their wives and daughters from his impurity. And these his atrocious crimes have been committed in so public a manner, that there is no one who has heard of his name, but could reckon up his actions.—Having, by his iniquitous sentences, filled the prisons with the most industrious and deserving of the people, he then proceeded to order numbers of Roman citizens to be strangled in the gaols: so that the exclamation, "I am a citizen of Rome!" which has often, in the most distant regions, and among the most barbarous people, been a protection, was of no service to them,

but on the contrary, brought a speedier and more severe punishment upon them.

I ask now, Verres, what you have to advance against this charge? Will you pretend to deny it? Will you pretend that any thing false, that even any thing aggravated, is alleged against you? Had any prince, or any state, committed the same outrage against the privilege of Roman citizens, should we not think we had sufficient ground for declaring immediate war against them? What punishment ought then to be inflicted upon a tyrannical and wicked prætor, who dared, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, to put to the infamous death of crucifixion that unfortunate and innocent citizen Publius Gavius Cosanus, only for his having asserted his privilege of citizenship, and declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against a cruel oppressor, who had unjustly confined him in a prison at Syracuse, from whence he had just made his escape? The unhappy man, arrested as he was going to embark for his native country, is brought before the wicked prætor. With eyes darting fury, and a countenance distorted with cruelty, he orders the helpless victim of his rage to be stripped, and rods to be brought; accusing him, but without the least shadow of evidence, or even of suspicion, of having come to Sicily as a spy. It was in vain that the unhappy man cried out, "I am a Roman citizen; I have served under Lucius Pretius, who is now at Panormus, and will attest my innocence." The blood-thirsty prætor, deaf to all he could urge in his own defence, ordered the infamous punishment to be inflicted. Thus, Fathers, was an innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled with scourging; whilst the only words he uttered amidst his cruel sufferings, were, "I am a Roman citizen!" With these he hoped to defend himself from violence and infamy; but of so little service was this privilege to him, that while he was thus asserting his citizenship, the order was given for his execution—for his execution upon the cross!

O liberty!—O sound once delightful to every Roman ear!—O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship!—once sacred!—now trampled upon!—But what then? Is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor who holds his whole power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture with fire and red-hot plates of iron, and at the last put to the infamous death of the cross, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster, who, in confidence of his riches, strikes at the root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance?

I conclude with expressing my hopes, that your wisdom and justice, Fathers, will not, by suffering the atrocious and unexampled insolence of Caius Verres to escape the due punishment, leave room to apprehend the danger of a total subversion of authority, and introduction of general anarchy and confusion.

Cicero's Orations.

§ 32. *The Oration which was spoken by* PERICLES, *at the public Funeral of those* ATHENIANS *who had been first killed in the* PELOPONNESIAN *War.*

Many of those who have spoken before me on occasions of this kind, have commended the author of that law which we are now obeying, for having instituted an oration to the honour of those who sacrifice their

'ives in fighting for their country. For my part, I think it sufficient for men who have approved their virtue in action, by action to be honoured for it—by such as you see the public gratitude now performing about this funeral; and that the virtues of many ought not to be endangered by the management of any one person, when their credit must precariously depend on his oration, which may be good, and may be bad. Difficult indeed it is, judiciously to handle a subject, where even probable truth will hardly gain assent. The hearer, enlightened by a long acquaintance, and warm in his affections, may quickly pronounce every thing unfavourably expressed, in respect to what he wishes and what he knows; whilst the stranger pronounceth all exaggerated, through envy of those deeds which he is conscious are above his own achievement. For the praises bestowed on others are then only to be endured, when men imagine they can do those feats they hear to have been done; they envy what they cannot equal, and immediately pronounce it false. Yet, as this solemnity has received its sanction from the authority of our ancestors, it is my duty also to obey the law, and to endeavour to procure, so far as I am able, the good will and approbation of all my audience.

I shall therefore begin first with our forefathers, since both justice and decency require we should, on this occasion, bestow on them an honourable remembrance. In this our country they kept themselves always firmly settled; and, through their valour, handed it down free to every since-succeeding generation.—Worthy, indeed, of praise are they, and yet more worthy are our immediate fathers; since, enlarging their own inheritance into the extensive empire which we now possess, they bequeathed that their work of toil to us their sons. Yet even these successes, we ourselves, here present, we who are yet in the strength and vigour of our days, have nobly improved, and have made such provisions for this our Athens, that now it is all-sufficient in itself to answer every exigence of war and of peace. I mean not here to recite those martial exploits by which these ends were accomplished, or the resolute defences we ourselves and our forefathers have made against the formidable invasions of Barbarians and Greeks. Your own knowledge of these will excuse the long detail. But, by what methods we have risen to this height of glory and power; by what polity, and by what conduct, we are thus aggrandized; I shall first endeavour to show, and then proceed to the praise of the deceased. These, in my opinion, can be no impertinent topics on this occasion; the discussion of them must be beneficial to this numerous company of Athenians and of strangers.

We are happy in a form of government which cannot envy the laws of our neighbours; for it hath served as a model to others, but is original at Athens. And this our form, as committed not to the few, but to the whole body of the people, is called a democracy. How different soever, in a private capacity, we all enjoy the same general equality our laws are fitted to preserve; and superior honours, just as we excel. The public administration is not confined to a particular family, but is attainable only by merit. Poverty is not an hindrance, since whoever is able to serve his country meets with no obstacle to preferment from his first obscurity. The offices of the state we go through without obstructions from one another; and live together in the mutual endearments of private life without suspicions; not angry with a neighbour for following the bent of his own humour, nor putting on that countenauce of discontent, which pains, though it cannot pu-

nish; so that in private life we converse together without diffidence or damage, whilst we dare not, on any account, offend against the public, through the reverence we bear to the magistrates and the laws, chiefly to those enacted for redress of the injured, and to those unwritten, a breach of which is allowed disgrace. Our laws have further provided for the mind most frequent intermissions of care, by the appointment of public recreations and sacrifices throughout the year, elegantly performed with a peculiar pomp, the daily delight of which is a charm that puts melancholy to flight. The grandeur of this our Athens causes the produce of the whole earth to be imported here, by which we reap a familiar enjoyment, not more of the delicacies of our own growth, than of those of other nations.

In the affairs of war we excel those of our enemies, who adhere to methods opposite to our own; for we lay open Athens to general resort, nor ever drive any stranger from us, whom either improvement or curiosity hath brought amongst us, lest any enemy should hurt us by seeing what is never concealed: we place not so great a confidence in the preparatives and artifices of war as in the native warmth of our souls impelling us to action. In point of education, the youth of some people are inured, by a course of laborious exercise, to support toil and hardship like men; but we, notwithstanding our easy and elegant way of life, face all the dangers of war as intrepidly as they. This may be proved by facts, since the Lacedemonians never invade our territories, barely with their own, but with the united strength of all their confederates. But when we invade the dominions of our neighbours, for the most part we conquer without difficulty in an enemy's country, those who fight in defence of their own habitations. The strength of our whole force, no enemy hath yet ever experienced, because it is divided by our naval expeditions, or engaged in the different quarters of our service by land. But if any where they engage and defeat a small party of our forces, they boastingly give it out a total defeat: and, if they are beat, they were certainly overpowered by our united strength. What though from a state of inactivity, rather than laborious exercise, or with a natural, rather than an acquired valour, we learn to encounter danger; this good at least we receive from it, that we never droop under the apprehension of possible misfortunes, and when we hazard the danger, are found no less courageous than those who are continually inured to it. In these respects, our whole community deserves justly to be admired, and in many we have yet to mention.

In our manner of living we show an elegance tempered with frugality, and we cultivate philosophy, without enervating the mind. We display our wealth in the season of beneficence, and not in the vanity of discourse. A confession of poverty is disgrace to no man; no effort to avoid it is disgrace indeed. There is visibly, in the same persons, an attention to their own private concerns, and those of the public; and in others, engaged in the labours of life, there is a competent skill in the affairs of government. For we are the only people who think him that does not meddle in state affairs—not indolent, but good for nothing. And yet we pass the soundest judgment, and are quick at catching the right apprehensions of things, not thinking that words are prejudicial to actions; but rather the not being duly prepared by previous debate, before we are obliged to proceed to execution. Herein consists our distinguishing excellence, that in the hour of action we show the greatest courage, and yet debate before-hand the expedi-

ency of our measures. The courage of others is the result of ignorance; deliberation makes them cowards. And those undoubtedly must be owned to have the greatest souls, who most acutely sensible of the miseries of war and the sweats of peace, are not hence in the least deterred from facing danger.

In acts of beneficence, farther, we differ from the many. We preserve friends, not by receiving, but by conferring obligations. For he who does a kindness, hath the advantage over him who, by the law of gratitude, becomes a debtor to his benefactor. The person obliged is compelled to act the more insipid part, conscious that a return of kindness is merely a payment, and not an obligation. And we alone are splendidly beneficent to others, not so much from interested motives, as for the credit of pure liberality. I shall sum up what yet remains, by only adding, that our Athens, in general, is the school of Greece: and that every single Athenian among us is excellently formed, by his personal qualifications, for all the various scenes of active life, acting with a most graceful demeanour, and a most ready habit of despatch.

That I have not, on this occasion, made use of a pomp of words, but the truth of facts, that height to which, by such a conduct, this state hath risen, is an undeniable proof. For we are now the only people of the world, who are found by experience to be greater than in report; the only people who, repelling the attacks of an invading enemy, exempts their defeat from the blush of indignation, and to their tributaries no discontent, as if subject to men unworthy to command. That we deserve our power, we need no evidence to manifest; we have great and signal proofs of this, which entitle us to the admiration of the present and of future ages. We want no Homer to be the herald of our praise; no poet to deck off a history with the charms of verse, where the opinion of exploits must suffer by a strict relation. Every sea hath been opened by our fleets, and every land been penetrated by our armies, which have every where left behind them eternal monuments of our enmity and our friendship.

In the just defence of such a state, these victims of their own valour, scorning the ruin threatened to it, have valiantly fought, and bravely died. And every one of those who survive is ready, I am persuaded, to sacrifice life in such a cause. And for this reason have I enlarged so much on national points, to give the clearest proof, that in the present war we have more at stake than men whose public advantages are not so valuable; and to illustrate by actual evidence, how great a commendation is due to them who are now my subjects, and the greatest part of which they have already received. For the encomiums with which I have celebrated the state, have been earned for it by the bravery of these, and of men like these. And such compliments might be thought too high and exaggerated, if passed on any Grecians but them alone. The fatal period to which these gallant souls are now reduced, is the surest evidence of their merit—an evidence begun in their lives, and completed by their deaths: for it is a debt of justice to pay superior honours to men, who have devoted their lives in fighting for their country, though inferior to others in every virtue but that of valour. Their last service effaceth all former demerits—it extends to the public; their private demeanors reached only to a few. Yet not one of these was at all induced to shrink from danger, through fondness of those delights which the peaceful affluent life bestows; not one was the less lavish of his life, though that flattering hope attendant upon want, that poverty at

length might be exchanged for affluence. One passion there was in their minds much stronger than these, the desire of vengeance on their enemies. Regarding this as the most honourable prize of dangers, they boldly rushed towards the mark, to seek revenge, and then to satisfy those secondary passions. The uncertain event they had already secured in hope; what their eyes showed plainly must be done, they trusted their own valour to accomplish, thinking it more glorious to defend themselves and die in the attempt, than to yield and live. From the reproach of cowardice, indeed, they fled, but presented their bodies to the shock of battle; when, insensible of fear, but triumphing in hope, in the doubtful charge they instantly drop; and thus discharged the duty which brave men owe to their country.

As for you, who now survive them, it is your business to pray for a better fate—but to think it your duty also to preserve the same spirit and warmth of courage against your enemies; not judging the expediency of this from a mere harangue—where any man, indulging a flow of words, may tell you, what you yourselves know as well as he, how many advantages there are in fighting valiantly against your enemies—but rather making the daily increasing grandeur of this community the object of your thoughts, and growing quite enamoured of it. And, when it really appears great to your apprehensions, think again, that this grandeur was acquired by brave and valiant men; by men who knew their duty, and in the moments of action were sensible of shame; who, whenever their attempts were unsuccessful, thought it dishonourable their country should stand in need of any thing their valour could do for it, and so made it the most glorious present. Bestowing thus their lives on the public, they have every one received a praise that will never decay, a sepulchre that will be most illustrious. Not that in which their bones lie mouldering, but that in which their fame is preserved, to be on every occasion, when honour is the employ of either word or act, eternally remembered. This whole earth is the sepulchre of illustrious men; nor is it the inscription on the columns in their native soil that alone shows their merit, but the memorial of them, better than all inscriptions, in every foreign nation, reposited more durably in universal remembrance than on their own tomb. From this very moment, emulating these noble patterns, placing your happiness in liberty, and liberty in valour, be prepared to encounter all the dangers of war. For, to be lavish of life is not so noble in those whom misfortunes have reduced to misery and despair, as in men who hazard the loss of a comfortable subsistence, and the enjoyment of all the blessings this world affords, by an unsuccessful enterprise. Adversity, after a series of ease and affluence, sinks deeper into the heart of a man of spirit, than the stroke of death insensibly received in the vigour of life and public hope.

For this reason, the parents of those who are now gone, whoever of them may be attending here, I do not bewail;—I shall rather comfort. It is well known to what unhappy accidents they were liable from the moment of their birth; and that happiness belongs to men who have reached the most glorious period of life, as these now have who are to you the source of sorrow; those, whose life hath received its ample measure, happy in its continuance, and equally happy in its conclusion. I know it in truth a difficult task to fix comfort in those breasts which will have frequent remembrances, in seeing the happiness of others, of what they once themselves enjoyed. And sor-

row flows not from the absence of those good things we have never yet experienced, but from the loss of those to which we have been accustomed. They, who are not yet by age exempted from issue, should be comforted in the hope of having more. The children yet to be born will be a private benefit to some, in causing them to forget such as no longer are, and will be a double benefit to their country, in preventing its desolation, and providing for its security. For those persons cannot in common justice be regarded as members of equal value to the public, who have no children to expose to danger for its safety. But you, whose age is already far advanced, compute the greater share of happiness your longer time hath afforded for so much gain, persuaded in yourselves the remainder will be but short, and enlighten that space by the glory gained by these. It is greatness of soul alone that never grows old; nor is it wealth that delights in the latter stage of life, as some give out, so much as honour.

To you, the sons and brothers of the deceased, whatever number of you are here, a field of hardy contention is opened. For him, who no longer is, every one is ready to commend, so that to whatever height you push your deserts, you will scarce ever be thought to equal, but to be somewhat inferior, to these. Envy will exert itself against a competitor whilst life remains; but when death stops the competition, affection will applaud without restraint.

If, after this, it be expected from me to say any thing to you, who are now reduced to a state of widowhood, about female virtue, I shall express it all in one short admonition:—It is your greatest glory not to be deficient in the virtue peculiar to your sex, and to give the men as little handle as possible to talk of your behaviour, whether well or ill.

I have now discharged the province allotted me by the laws, and said what I thought most pertinent to this assembly. Our departed friends have by facts been already honoured. Their children, from this day till they arrive at manhood, shall be educated at the public expense of the state,* which hath appointed so beneficial a meed for these, and all future relics of the public contests. For wherever the greatest rewards are proposed for virtue, there the best of patriots are ever to be found.—Now, let every one respectively indulge the decent grief for his departed friends, and then retire.

Thucydides.

§ 33. *The Character of* SYLLA.

Sylla died after he had laid down the dictatorship, and restored liberty to the republic, and, with an uncommon greatness of mind, lived many months as a private senator, and with perfect security, in that city where he had exercised the most bloody tyranny: but nothing was thought to be greater in his character, than that, during the three years in which the Marians were masters of Italy, he neither dissembled his resolution of pursuing them by arms, nor neglected the war which he had upon his hands; but thought it his duty, first to chastise a foreign enemy, before he took his revenge upon citizens. His family was noble and patrician, which yet, through the indolency of his ancestors, had made no figure in the republic for many generations, and was almost sunk into obscurity, till he produced it again into light, by aspiring to the honours of the state. He was a lover and patron of polite letters, having been carefully instituted himself in all the learning of Greece and Rome; but from a

* The law was, that they should be instructed at the public expense, and when come to age presented with a complete suit of armour, and honoured with the first seats in all public places.

peculiar gayety of temper, and fondness for the company of mimics and players, was drawn, when young, into a life of luxury and pleasure; so that when he was sent quæstor to Marius, in the Jugurthine war, Marius complained, that in so rough and desperate a service chance had given him so soft and delicate a quæstor. But, whether roused by the example, or stung by the reproach of his general, he behaved himself in that charge with the greatest vigour and courage, suffering no man to outdo him in any part of military duty or labour, making himself equal and familiar even to the lowest of the soldiers, and obliging them by all his good offices and his money: so that he soon acquired the favour of his army, with the character of a brave and skilful commander; and lived to drive Marius himself, banished and proscribed, into that very province where he had been contemned by him at first as his quæstor. He had a wonderful faculty of concealing his passions and purposes; and was so different from himself in different circumstances, that he seemed as it were to be two men in one: no man was ever more mild and moderate before victory; none more bloody and cruel after it. In war, he practised the same art that he had seen so successful to Marius, of raising a kind of enthusiasm and contempt of danger in his army, by the forgery of auspices and divine admonitions; for which end, he carried always about with him a little statue of Apollo, taken from the temple of Delphi; and whenever he had resolved to give battle, used to embrace it in sight of the soldiers, and beg the speedy confirmation of its promises to him. From an uninterrupted course of success and prosperity, he assumed a surname, unknown before to the Romans, of Felix, or the Fortunate; and would have been fortunate indeed, says Velleius, if his life had ended with his victories. Pliny calls it a wicked title, drawn from the blood and oppression of his country; for which posterity would think him more unfortunate, even than those whom he had put to death. He had one felicity, however, peculiar to himself, of being the only man in history, in whom the odium of the most barbarous cruelties was extinguished by the glory of his great acts. Cicero, though he had a good opinion of his cause, yet detested the inhumanity of his victory, and never speaks of him with respect, nor of his government but as a proper tyranny; calling him, "a master of three most pestilent vices, luxury, avarice, cruelty." He was the first of his family whose dead body was burnt; for, having ordered Marius's remains to be taken out of his grave, and thrown into the river Anio, he was apprehensive of the same insult upon his own, if left to the usual way of burial. A little before his death, he made his own epitaph, the sum of which was, "that no man had ever gone beyond him, in doing good to his friends, or hurt to his enemies."

Middleton.

§ 34. *The Character of* POMPEY.

Pompey had early acquired the surname of the Great, by that sort of merit which, from the constitution of the republic, necessarily made him great; a fame and success in war, superior to what Rome had ever known in the most celebrated of her generals. He had triumphed, at three several times, over the three different parts of the known world, Europe, Asia, Africa; and by his victories had almost doubled the extent, as well as the revenues of the Roman dominion; for, as he declared to the people on his return from the Mithridatic war, he had found the lesser Asia the boundary, but left it the middle of their empire. He was

about six years older than Cæsar; and while Cæsar, immersed in pleasures, oppressed with debts, and suspected by all honest men, was hardly able to show his head, Pompey was flourishing in the height of power and glory; and by the consent of all parties, placed at the head of the republic. This was the post that his ambition seemed to aim at, to be the first man in Rome; the leader, not the tyrant of his country; for he more than once had it in his power to have made himself the master of it without any risk, if his virtue, or his phlegm at least, had not restrained him: but he lived in a perpetual expectation of receiving from the gift of the people, what he did not care to seize by force; and, by fomenting the disorders of the city, hoped to drive them to the necessity of creating him dictator. It is an observation of all the historians, that while Cæsar made no difference of power, whether it was conferred or usurped, whether over those who loved, or those who feared him; Pompey seemed to value none but what was offered; nor to have any desire to govern, but with the good will of the governed. What leisure he found from his wars, he employed in the study of polite letters, and especially of eloquence, in which he would have acquired great fame, if his genius had not drawn him to the more dazzling glory of arms; yet he pleaded several causes with applause, in the defence of his friends and clients; and some of them in conjunction with Cicero. His language was copious and elevated; his sentiments just; his voice sweet; his action noble, and full of dignity. But his talents were better formed for arms than the gown; for though in both he observed the same discipline, a perpetual modesty, temperance, and gravity of outward behaviour; yet in the license of camps the example was more rare and striking. His person was extremely graceful, and imprinting respect; yet with an air of reserved haughtiness, which became the general better than the citizen. His parts were plausible, rather than great; specious, rather than penetrating; and his views of politics but narrow; for his chief instrument of governing was dissimulation; yet he had not always the art to conceal his real sentiments. As he was a better soldier than a statesman, so what he gained in the camp he usually lost in the city; and though adored when abroad, was often affronted and mortified at home, till the imprudent opposition of the senate drove him to that alliance with Crassus and Cæsar, which proved fatal both to himself and the republic. He took in these two, not as the partners, but the ministers rather of his power; that by giving them some share with him, he might make his own authority uncontrollable: he had no reason to apprehend that they could ever prove his rivals; since neither of them had any credit or character of that kind, which alone could raise them above the laws; a superior fame and experience in war, with the militia of the empire at their devotion: all this was purely his own; till, by cherishing Cæsar, and throwing into his hands the only thing which he wanted, arms and military command, he made him at last too strong for himself, and never began to fear him till it was too late. Cicero warmly dissuaded both his union and his breach with Cæsar; and after the rupture, as warmly still, the thought of giving him battle: if any of these counsels had been followed, Pompey had preserved his life and honour, and the republic its liberty. But he was urged to his fate by a natural superstition, and attention to those vain auguries, with which he was flattered by all the Haruspices: he had

seen the same temper in Marius and Sylla, and observed the happy effects of it: but they assumed it only out of policy, he out of principle: they used it to animate their soldiers, when they had found a probable opportunity of fighting: but he, against all prudence and probability, was encouraged by it to fight to his own ruin. He saw his mistakes at last, when it was out of his power to correct them; and in his wretched flight from Pharsalia, was forced to confess, that he had trusted too much to his hopes; and that Cicero had judged better, and seen farther into things than he. The resolution of seeking refuge in Egypt finished the sad catastrophe of this great man; the father of the reigning prince had been highly obliged to him for his protection at Rome, and restoration to his kingdom: and the son had sent a considerable fleet to his assistance in the present war; but in this ruin of his fortunes, what gratitude was there to be expected from a court governed by eunuchs and mercenary Greeks? all whose politics turned, not on the honour of the king, but the establishment of their own power; which was likely to be eclipsed by the admission of Pompey. How happy had it been for him to have died in that sickness, when all Italy was putting up vows and prayers for his safety! or, if he had fallen by the chance of war, on the plains of Pharsalia, in the defence of his country's liberty, he had died still glorious, though unfortunate; but, as if he had been reserved for an example of the instability of human greatness, he, who a few days before commanded kings and consuls, and all the noblest of Rome, was sentenced to die by a council of slaves; murdered by a base deserter; cast out naked and headless on the Egyptian strand; and when the whole earth, as Velleius says, had scarce been sufficient for his victories, could not find a spot upon it at last for a grave. His body was burnt on the shore by one of his freed-men, with the planks of an old fishing boat; and his ashes, being conveyed to Rome, were deposited privately, by his wife Cornelia, in a vault by his alban villa. The Egyptians however raised a monument to him on the place, and adorned it with figures of brass, which being defaced afterwards by time, and buried almost in sand and rubbish, was sought out, and restored by the emperor Hadrian.

Middleton.

§ 35. *Submission; Complaint; Entreating.—The Speech of* SENECA *the Philosopher to Nero, complaining of the Envy of his Enemies, and requesting the Emperor to reduce him back to his former narrow Circumstances, that he might no longer be an Object of their Malignity.*

May it please the imperial majesty of Cæsar, favourably to accept the humble submissions and grateful acknowledgments of the weak though faithful guide of his youth.

It is now a great many years since I first had the honour of attending your imperial majesty as preceptor. And your bounty has rewarded my labours with such affluence, as has drawn upon me, what I had reason to expect, the envy of many of those persons, who are always ready to prescribe to their prince where to bestow, and where to withhold his favours. It is well known, that your illustrious ancestor, Augustus, bestowed on his deserving favourites, Agrippa and Mæcenas, honours and emoluments, suitable to the dignity of the benefactor, and to the services of the receivers: nor has his conduct been blamed. My employment about your imperial majesty has,

indeed, been purely domestic: I have neither headed your armies, nor assisted at your councils. But you know, Sir, (though there are some who do not seem to attend to it,) that a prince may be served in different ways, some more, others less conspicuous: and that the latter may be to him as valuable as the former.

"But what!" say my enemies, "shall a private person, of equestrian rank, and a provincial by birth, be advanced to an equality with the patricians? Shall an upstart, of no name nor family, rank with those who can, by the statutes which make the ornament of their palaces, reckon backward a line of ancestors, long enough to tire out the fasti?* Shall a philosopher who has written for others precepts of moderation, and contempt of all that is external, himself live in affluence and luxury? Shall he purchase estates and lay out money at interest? Shall he build palaces, plant gardens, and adorn a country at his own expense, and for his own pleasure?"

Cæsar has given royally, as became imperial magnificence. Seneca has received what his prince bestowed; nor did he ever ask: he is only guilty of—not refusing. Cæsar's rank places him above the reach of invidious malignity. Seneca is not, nor can be, high enough to despise the envious. As the overloaded soldier, or traveller, would be glad to be relieved of his burden, so I, in this last stage of the journey of life, now that I find myself unequal to the lightest cares, beg that Cæsar would kindly ease me of the trouble of my unwieldy wealth. I beseech him to restore to the imperial treasury, from whence it came, what is to me superfluous and cumbrous. The time and the attention, which I am now obliged to bestow upon my villa and my gardens, I shall be glad to apply to the regulation of my mind. Cæsar is in the flower of life; long may he be equal to the toils of government! His goodness will grant to his worn-out servant leave to retire. It will not be derogatory from Cæsar's greatness to have it said, that he bestowed favours on some, who, so far from being intoxicated with them, showed—that they could be happy, when (at their own request) divested of them. *Corn. Tacit.*

* The fasti, or calendars, or, if you please, almanacs, of the ancients, had, as our almanacs, tables of kings, consuls, &c.

§ 36. *The Character of* JULIUS CÆSAR.

Cæsar was endowed with every great and noble quality, that could exalt human nature, and give a man the ascendant in society; formed to excel in peace, as well as war; provident in council; fearless in action; and executing what he had resolved with an amazing celerity; generous beyond measure to his friends; placable to his enemies; and for parts, learning, eloquence, scarce inferior to any man. His orations were admired for two qualities, which are seldom found together, strength and elegance; Cicero ranks him among the greatest orators that Rome ever bred; and Quinctilian says, that he spoke with the same force with which he fought; and if he had devoted himself to the bar, would have been the only man capable of rivalling Cicero. Nor was he a master only of the politer arts; but conversant also with the most abstruse and critical parts of learning; and, among other works which he published, addressed two books to Cicero, on the analogy of language, or the art of speaking and writing correctly. He was a most liberal patron of wit and learning, wheresoever they were found; and out of his love of those talents, would readily pardon those who had employed them against himself; rightly judging, that by making such

men his friends, he should draw praises from the same fountain from which he had been aspersed. His capital passions were ambition and love of pleasure; which he indulged in their turns to the greatest excess; yet the first was always predominant; to which he could easily sacrifice all the charms of the second, and draw pleasure even from toils and dangers, when they ministered to his glory. For he thought Tyranny, as Cicero says, the greatest of goddesses; and had frequently in his mouth a verse of Euripides, which expressed the image of his soul, that if right and justice were ever to be violated, they were to be violated for the sake of reigning. This was the chief end and purpose of his life; the scheme that he had formed from his early youth; so that as Cato truly declared of him, he came with sobriety and meditation to the subversion of the republic. He used to say, that there were two things necessary to acquire and to support power—soldiers and money; which yet depended mutually upon each other; with money therefore he provided soldiers, and with soldiers extorted money; and was, of all men, the most rapacious in plundering both friends and foes; sparing neither prince, nor state, nor temple, nor even private persons, who were known to possess any share of treasure. His great abilities would necessarily have made him one of the first citizens of Rome; but, disdaining the condition of a subject, he could never rest, till he made himself a monarch. In acting this last part, his usual prudence seemed to fail him; as if the height to which he was mounted had turned his head, and made him giddy: for, by a vain ostentation of his power, he destroyed the stability of it: and as men shorten life by living too fast, so by an intemperance of reigning, he brought his reign to a violent end.

Middleton.

§ 37. *The Character of* CATO.

If we consider the character of Cato without prejudice, he was certainly a great and worthy man; a friend to truth, virtue, liberty; yet falsely measuring all duty by the absurd rigour of the stoical rule, he was generally disappointed of the end which he sought by it, the happiness both of his private and public life. In his private conduct he was severe, morose, inexorable; banishing all the softer affections, as natural enemies to justice, and as suggesting false motives of acting, from favour, clemency, and compassion: in public affairs he was the same; had but one rule of policy, to adhere to what was right, without regard to time or circumstances, or even to a force that could control him; for, instead of managing the power of the great, so as to mitigate the ill, or extract any good from it, he was urging it always to acts of violence by a perpetual defiance; so that, with the best intentions in the world, he often did great harm to the republic. This was his general behaviour: yet from some particular facts, it appears that his strength of mind was not always impregnable, but had its weak places of pride, ambition, and party zeal: which, when managed and flattered to a certain point, would betray him sometimes into measures contrary to his ordinary rule of right and truth. The last act of his life was agreeable to his nature and philosophy: when he could no longer be what he had been; or when the ills of life overbalanced the good, which, by the principles of his sect, was a just cause for dying; he put an end to his life with a spirit and resolution which would make one imagine, that he was glad to have found an occasion of dying in his proper character. On the whole, his life was rather admirable than amiable; fit to be praised, rather than imitated. *Middleton.*

§ 38. *A Comparison of* CÆSAR *with* CATO.

As to their extraction, years, and eloquence, they were pretty nigh equal. Both of them had the same greatness of mind, both the same degree of glory, but in different ways; Cæsar was celebrated for his great bounty and generosity; Cato for his unsullied integrity: the former became renowned by his humanity and compassion; an austere severity heightened the dignity of the latter. Cæsar acquired glory by a liberal, compassionate, and forgiving temper; as did Cato, by never bestowing any thing. In the one, the miserable found a sanctuary; in the other, the guilty met with a certain destruction. Cæsar was admired for an easy yielding temper; Cato for his immoveable firmness; Cæsar, in a word, had formed himself for a laborious active life; was intent upon promoting the interest of his friends, to the neglect of his own; and refused to grant nothing that was worth accepting; what he desired for himself, was to have sovereign command, to be at the head of armies, and engaged in new wars, in order to display his military talents. As for Cato, his only study was moderation, regular conduct, and, above all, rigorous severity: he did not vie with the rich in riches, nor in faction with the factious; but, taking a nobler aim, he contended in bravery with the brave, in modesty with the modest, in integrity with the upright; and was more desirous to be virtuous, than appear so: so that the less he courted fame, the more it followed him.

Sallust, by Mr. Rose.

§ 39. CAIUS MARIUS *to the* ROMANS, *showing the Absurdity of their hesitating to confer on him the Rank of General, merely on account of his Extraction.*

It is but too common, my countrymen, to observe a material difference between the behaviour of those who stand candidates for places of power and trust, before and after their obtaining them. They solicit them in one manner, and execute them in another. They set out with a great appearance of activity, humility, and moderation; and they quickly fall into sloth, pride, and avarice.—It is, undoubtedly, no easy matter to discharge, to the general satisfaction, the duty of a supreme commander, in troublesome times. I am, I hope, duly sensible of the importance of the office I propose to take upon me for the service of my country. To carry on, with effect, an expensive war, and yet be frugal of the public money; to oblige those to serve, whom it may be delicate to offend; to conduct at the same time, a complicated variety of operations; to concert measures at home, answerable to the state of things abroad; and to gain every valuable end, in spite of opposition from the envious, the factious, and the disaffected—to do all this, my countrymen, is more difficult than is generally thought.

But besides the disadvantages which are common to me with all others in eminent stations, my case is, in this respect, peculiarly hard—that whereas a commander of Patrician rank, if he is guilty of a neglect or breach of duty, has his great connexions, the antiquity of his family, the important services of his ancestors, and the multitudes he has, by power, engaged in his interest, to screen him from condign punishment, my whole safety depends upon myself; which renders it the more indispensably necessary for me to take care that my conduct be clear and unexceptionable. Besides, I am well aware, my countrymen, that the eye of the public is upon me; and that, though the impartial, who prefer the real advantage of the commonwealth to all other considerations,

favour my pretensions, the Patricians want nothing so much as an occasion against me. It is, therefore, my fixed resolution, to use my best endeavours, that you be not disappointed in me, and that their indirect designs against me may be defeated.

I have, from my youth, been familiar with toils and with dangers. I was faithful to your interest, my countrymen, when I served you for no reward, but that of honour. It is not my design to betray you, now that you have conferred upon me a place of profit. You have committed to my conduct the war against Jugurtha. The Patricians are offended at this. But where would be the wisdom of giving such a command to one of their honourable body? a person of illustrious birth, of ancient family, of innumerable statues, but—of no experience! What service would his long line of dead ancestors, or his multitude of motionless statues, do his country in the day of battle? What could such a general do, but in his trepidation and inexperience, have recourse to some inferior commander, for direction in difficulties to which he was not himself equal? Thus your Patrician general would, in fact, have a general over him; so that the acting commander would still be a Plebeian. So true is this, my countrymen, that I have, myself, known those who have been chosen consuls, begin then to read the history of their own country, of which till that time they were totally ignorant; that is, they first obtained the employment, and then bethought themselves of the qualifications necessary for the proper discharge of it.

I submit to your judgment, Romans, on which side the advantage lies, when a comparison is made between Patrician haughtiness and Plebeian experience. The very actions, which they have only read, I have partly seen, and partly myself achieved What they know by reading, I know by action. They are pleased to slight my mean birth; I despise their mean characters. Want of birth and fortune is the objection against me; want of personal worth against them. But are not all men of the same species? What can make a difference between one man and another, but the endowments of the mind? For my part, I shall always look upon the bravest man as the noblest man. Suppose it were inquired of the fathers of such Patricians as Albinus and Bestia, whether, if they had their choice, they would desire sons of their character, or of mine; what would they answer but that they should wish the worthiest to be their sons? If the Patricians have reason to despise me, let them likewise despise their ancestors; whose nobility was the fruit of their virtue. Do they envy the honours bestowed upon me? Let them envy likewise, my labours, my abstinence, and the dangers I have undergone for my country, by which I have acquired them. But those worthless men lead such a life of inactivity, as if they despised any honours you can bestow, whilst they aspire to honours as if they had deserved them by the most industrious virtue. They lay claim to the rewards of activity, for their having enjoyed the pleasures of luxury; yet none can be more lavish than they are in praise of their ancestors: and they imagine they honour themselves by celebrating their forefathers; whereas they do the very contrary: for, as much as their ancestors were distinguished for their virtues, so much are they disgraced by their vices. The glory of ancestors casts a light, indeed, upon their posterity; but it only serves to show what the descendants are. It alike exhibits to public view their degeneracy and their worth. I own, I cannot boast of the deeds of my forefathers; but I hope I may answer the cavils of the Patricians, by stand-

ing up in defence of what I have myself done.

Observe now, my countrymen, the injustice of the Patricians. They arrogate to themselves honours, on account of the exploits done by their forefathers; whilst they will not allow me the due praise, for performing the very same sort of actions in my own person. He has no statues, they cry, of his family. He can trace no venerable line of ancestors. —What then? Is it matter of more praise to disgrace one's illustrious ancestors, than to become illustrious by one's own good behaviour? What if I can show no statues of my family? I can show the standards, the armour, and the trappings, which I have myself taken from the vanquished: I can show the scars of those wounds which I have received by facing the enemies of my country. These are my statues. These are the honours I boast of. Not left me by inheritance, as theirs: but earned by toil, by abstinence, by valour; amidst clouds of dust, and seas of blood: scenes of action, where those effeminate Patricians, who endeavour by indirect means to depreciate me in your esteem, have never dared to show their faces. *Sallust.*

§ 40. *The Character of* CATILINE.

Lucius Catiline was descended of an illustrious family: he was a man of great vigour, both of body and mind, but of a disposition extremely profligate and depraved. From his youth he took pleasure in civil wars, massacres, depredations, and intestine broils; and in these he employed his younger days. His body was formed for enduring cold, hunger, and want of rest, to a degree indeed incredible: his spirit was daring, subtle, and changeable: he was expert in all the arts of simulation and dissimulation; covetous of what belonged to others, lavish of his own; violent in his passions; he had eloquence enough, but a small share of wisdom. His boundless soul was constantly engaged in extravagant and romantic projects, too high to be attempted.

After Sylla's usurpation he was fired with a violent desire of seizing the government; and, provided he could but carry his point, he was not at all solicitous by what means. His spirit, naturally violent, was daily more and more hurried on to the execution of his design, by his poverty, and the consciousness of his crimes; both which evils he had heightened by the practices above mentioned. He was encouraged to it by the wickedness of the state, thoroughly debauched by luxury and avarice; vices equally fatal, though of contrary natures. *Sallust, by Mr. Rose.*

§ 41. *Speech of* TITUS QUINCTIUS *to the* ROMANS, *when the* ÆQUI *and* VOLSCI, *taking Advantage of their intestine Commotions, ravaged their country to the Gates of* ROME.

Though I am not conscious, O Romans, of any crime by me committed, it is yet with the utmost shame and confusion that I appear in your assembly. You have seen it—posterity will know it!—in the fourth consulship of Titus Quinctius, the Æqui and Volsci (scarce a match for the Hernici alone) came in arms to the very gates of Rome, and went away again unchastised! The course of our manners, indeed, and the state of our affairs, have long been such, that I had no reason to presage much good; but, could I have imagined that so great an ignominy would have befallen me this year, I would, by banishment or death (if all other means had failed) have avoided the station I am now in. What! might Rome then have been taken, if those men who were at our gates had not

wanted courage for the attempt?—Rome taken, whilst I was consul!—Of honours I had sufficient—of life enough—more than enough—I should have died in my third consulate.

But who are they that our dastardly enemies thus despise?—the consuls, or you, Romans?—If we are in fault, depose us, or punish us yet more severely. If you are to blame—may neither gods nor men punish your faults! only may you repent! No, Romans, the confidence of our enemies is not owing to their courage, or to their belief of your cowardice: they have been too often vanquished, not to know both themselves and you. Discord, discord, is the ruin of this city! The eternal disputes between the senate and the people are the sole cause of our misfortunes. While we will set no bounds to our dominion, nor you to your liberty: while you impatiently endure Patrician magistrates, and we Plebeian; our enemies take heart, grow elated, and presumptuous. In the name of the immortal gods, what is it, Romans, you would have? You desired Tribunes; for the sake of peace we granted them. You were eager to have Decemvirs; we consented to their creation. You grew weary of these Decemvirs; we obliged them to abdicate. Your hatred pursued them when reduced to private men; and we suffered you to put to death, or banish, Patricians of the first rank n the republic. You insisted upon the restoration of the Tribuneship; we yielded: we quietly saw Consuls of your own faction elected. You have the protection of your Tribunes, and the privilege of appeal: the Patricians are subjected to the decrees of the Commons. Under pretence of equal and impartial laws, you have invaded our rights; and we have suffered it, and we still suffer it. When shall we see an end of discord? When shall we have one interest, and one common country? Victorious and triumphant, you show less temper than we under defeat. When you are to contend with us, you can seize the Aventine hill, you can possess yourselves of the Mons Sacer.

The enemy is at our gates, the Æsquiline is near being taken, and nobody stirs to hinder it. But against us you are valiant, against us you can arm with diligence. Come on then, besiege the senate-house, make a camp of the forum, fill the jails with our chief nobles; and, when you have achieved these glorious exploits, then, at last, sally out at the Æsquiline gate, with the same fierce spirits, against the enemy. Does your resolution fail you for this? Go then, and behold from our walls your lands ravaged, your houses plundered and in flames, the whole country laid waste with fire and sword. Have you any thing here to repair these damages? Will the Tribunes make up your losses to you? They will give you words as many as you please; bring impeachments in abundance against the prime men in the state; heap laws upon laws; assemblies you shall have without end: but will any of you return the richer from those assemblies? Extinguish, O Romans, these fatal divisions; generously break this cursed enchantment, which keeps you buried in a scandalous inaction. Open your eyes, and consider the management of those ambitious men, who, to make themselves powerful in their party, study nothing but how they may foment divisions in the commonwealth.—If you can but summon up your former courage, if you will now march out of Rome with your consuls, there is no punishment you can inflict which I will not submit to, if I do not in a few days drive those pillagers out of our territory. This terror of war, with which

you seem so grievously struck, shall quickly be removed from Rome to their own cities.

Hooke.

§ 42. *The Character of* HANNIBAL.

Hannibal being sent to Spain, on his arrival there attracted the eyes of the whole army. The veterans believed Hamilcar was revived and restored to them: they saw the same vigorous countenance, the same piercing eye, the same complexion and features. But in a short time his behaviour occasioned this resemblance of his father to contribute the least towards his gaining their favour. And, in truth, never was there a genius more happily formed for two things, most manifestly contrary to each other—to obey and to command. This made it difficult to determine, whether the general or soldiers loved him most. Where any enterprise required vigour and valour in the performance, Asdrubal always chose him to command at the executing it; nor were the troops ever more confident of success, or more intrepid, than when he was at their head. None ever showed greater bravery in undertaking hazardous attempts, or more presence of mind and conduct in the execution of them. No hardship could fatigue his body, or daunt his courage: he could equally bear cold and heat. The necessary refection of nature, not the pleasure of his palate, he solely regarded in his meals. He made no distinction of day and night in his watching, or taking rest; and appropriated no time to sleep, but what remained after he had completed his duty: he never sought for a soft or retired place of repose; but was often seen lying on the bare ground, wrapt in a soldier's cloak, amongst the sentinels and guards. He did not distinguish himself from his companions by the magnificence of his dress, but by the quality of his horse and arms. At the same time he was by far the best foot and horse soldier in the army; ever the foremost in a charge, and the last who left the field after the battle was begun. These shining qualities were however balanced by great vices; inhuman cruelty; more than Carthaginian treachery; no respect for truth or honour, no fear of the gods, no regard for the sanctity of oaths, no sense of religion. With a disposition thus chequered with virtues and vices, he served three years under Asdrubal, without neglecting to pry into, or perform any thing, that could contribute to make him hereafter a complete general.

Livy.

43. *The Character of* MARTIN LUTHER.

While appearances of danger daily increased, and the tempest which had been so long a gathering, was ready to break forth in all its violence against the protestant church, Luther was saved by a seasonable death, from feeling or beholding its destructive rage. Having gone, though in a declining state of health, and during a rigorous season, to his native city of Eisleben, in order to compose, by his authority, a dissension among the counts of Mansfield, he was seized with a violent inflammation in his stomach, which in a few days put an end to his life, in the sixty-third year of his age.—As he was raised up by Providence to be the author of one of the greatest and most interesting revolutions recorded in history, there is not any person, perhaps, whose character has been drawn with such opposite colours. In his own age, one party, struck with horror and inflamed with rage, when they saw with what a daring hand he overturned every thing which they held to be sacred, or valued as beneficial, imputed to

him not only all the defects and vices of a man, but the qualities of a demon. The other, warmed with admiration and gratitude, which they thought he merited, as the restorer of light and liberty to the Christian church, ascribed to him perfections above the condition of humanity, and viewed all his actions with a veneration bordering on that which should be paid only to those who are guided by the immediate inspiration of Heaven. It is his own conduct, not the undistinguishing censure, nor the exaggerated praise of his contemporaries, which ought to regulate the opinions of the present age concerning him. Zeal for what he regarded as truth, undaunted intrepidity to maintain it, abilities both natural and acquired to defend it, and unwearied industry to propagate it, are virtues which shine so conspicuously in every part of his behaviour, that even his enemies must allow him to have possessed them in an eminent degree. To these may be added, with equal justice, such purity, and even austerity of manners, as became one who assumed the character of a reformer; such sanctity of life as suited the doctrine which he delivered; and such perfect disinterestedness, as affords no slight presumption of his sincerity. Superior to all selfish considerations, a stranger to the elegancies of life, and despising its pleasures, he left the honours and emoluments of the church to his disciples; remaining satisfied himself in his original state of professor in the university, and pastor to the town of Wittemberg, with the moderate appointments annexed to these offices. His extraordinary qualities were alloyed with no inconsiderable mixture of human frailty, and human passions. These, however, were of such a nature, that they cannot be imputed to malevolence or corruption of heart, but seem to have taken their rise from the same source with many of his virtues. His mind, forcible and vehement in all its operations, roused by great objects, or agitated by violent passions, broke out, on many occasions, with an impetuosity which astonishes men of feebler spirits, or such as are placed in a more tranquil situation. By carrying some praiseworthy dispositions to excess, he bordered sometimes on what was culpable, and was often betrayed into actions which exposed him to censure. His confidence that his own opinions were well founded, approached to arrogance; his courage in asserting them, to rashness; his firmness in adhering to them, to obstinacy; and his zeal in consulting his adversaries, to rage and scurrility. Accustomed himself to consider every thing as subordinate to truth, he expected the same deference for it from other men; and, without making any allowances for their timidity or prejudices, he poured forth, against those who disappointed him in this particular, a torrent of invective mingled with contempt. Regardless of any distinction of rank or character, when his doctrines were attacked, he chastised all his adversaries, indiscriminately, with the same rough hand; neither the royal dignity of Henry VIII. nor the eminent learning and ability of Erasmus, screened them from the same abuse with which he treated Tetzel or Eccius.

But these indecencies of which Luther was guilty, must not be imputed wholly to the violence of his temper. They ought to be charged in part on the manners of the age. Among a rude people, unacquainted with those maxims, which, by putting continual restraint on the passions of individuals, have polished society, and rendered it agreeable, disputes of every kind were managed with heat, and strong emotions were uttered in their natural language, without reserve or delicacy. At the same time, the works of learned men were

all composed in Latin; and they were not only authorized, by the example of eminent writers in that language, to use their antagonists with the most illiberal scurrility: but, in a dead tongue, indecencies of every kind appear less shocking than in a living language, whose idioms and phrases seem gross, because they are familiar.

In passing judgment upon the characters of men, we ought to try them by the principles and maxims of their own age, not by those of another. For although virtue and vice are at all times the same, manners and customs vary continually. Some parts of Luther's behaviour, which to us appear most culpable, gave no disgust to his contemporaries. It was even by some of those qualities which we are now apt to blame, that he was fitted for accomplishing the great work which he undertook. To rouse mankind, when sunk in ignorance or superstition, and to encounter the rage of bigotry, armed with power, required the utmost vehemence of zeal, and a temper daring to excess. A gentle call would neither have reached, nor have excited those to whom it was addressed. A spirit, more amiable, but less vigorous than Luther's would have shrunk back from the dangers which he braved and surmounted. Towards the close of Luther's life, though without a perceptible declension of his zeal or abilities, the infirmities of his temper increased upon him, so that he daily grew more peevish, more irascible, and more impatient of contradiction. Having lived to be witness of his own amazing success; to see a great part of Europe embrace his doctrines; and to shake the foundation of the Papal throne, before which the mightiest monarchs had trembled, he discovered, on some occasions, symptoms of vanity and self-applause. He must have been indeed more than man, if, upon contemplating all that he actually accomplished, he had never felt any sentiment of this kind rising in his breast.

Some time before his death he felt his strength declining, his constitution being worn out by a prodigious multiplicity of business, added to the labour of discharging his ministerial function with unremitting diligence, to the fatigue of constant study, besides the composition of works as voluminous as if he had enjoyed uninterrupted leisure and retirement. His natural intrepidity did not forsake him at the approach of death: his last conversation with his friends was concerning the happiness reserved for good men in a future world, of which he spoke with the fervour and delight natural to one who expected and wished to enter soon upon the enjoyment of it. The account of his death filled the Roman Catholic party with excessive as well as indecent joy, and damped the spirits of all his followers; neither party sufficiently considering that his doctrines were now so firmly rooted, as to be in a condition to flourish, independent of the hand which first had planted them. His funeral was celebrated by order of the Elector of Saxony, with extraordinary pomp. He left several children by his wife, Catharine Bore, who survived him: towards the end of the last century, there were in Saxony some of his descendants in decent and honourable stations.

Robertson.

§ 44. *Character of* ALFRED, *King of England.*

The merit of this prince, both in private and public life, may with advantage be set in opposition to that of any monarch or citizen which the annals of any age or any nation can present to us. He seems, indeed, to be the complete model of that perfect character, which, under the de-

nomination of a sage or wise man, the philosophers have been fond of delineating, rather as a fiction of their imagination, than in hopes of ever seeing it reduced to practice: so happily were all his virtues tempered together, so justly were they blended, and so powerfully did each prevent the other from exceeding its proper bounds. He knew how to conciliate the most enterprising spirit with the coolest moderation; the most obstinate perseverance with the easiest flexibility; the most severe justice with the greatest lenity; the greatest rigour in command with the greatest affability of deportment; the highest capacity and inclination for science, with the most shining talents for action. His civil and his military virtues are almost equally the objects of our admiration, excepting only, that the former being more rare among princes, as well as more useful, seem chiefly to challenge our applause. Nature also, as if desirous that so bright a production of her skill should be set in the fairest light, had bestowed on him all bodily accomplishments, vigour of limbs, dignity of shape and air, and a pleasant, engaging, and open countenance. Fortune alone, by throwing him into that barbarous age, deprived him of historians worthy to transmit his fame to posterity; and we wish to see him delineated in more lively colours, and with more particular strokes, that we may at least perceive some of those small specks and blemishes, from which, as a man, it is impossible he could be entirely exempted.

Hume.

§ 45. *Character of* WILLIAM *the Conqueror.*

Few princes have been more fortunate than this great monarch, or were better entitled to prosperity and grandeur for the abilities and vigour of mind which he displayed in all his conduct. His spirit was bold and enterprising, yet guided by prudence. His ambition, which was exorbitant, and lay little under the restraints of justice, and still less under those of humanity, ever submitted to the dictates of reason and sound policy. Born in an age when the minds of men were intractable and unacquainted with submission, he was yet able to direct them to his purposes; and, partly from the ascendant of his vehement disposition, partly from art and dissimulation, to establish an unlimited monarchy. Though not insensible to generosity, he was hardened against compassion, and seemed equally ostentatious and ambitious of eclat in his clemency and his severity. The maxims of his administration were severe; but might have been useful, had they been solely employed in preserving order in an established government; they were ill calculated for softening the rigours which under the most gentle management are inseparable from conquest. His attempt against England was the last enterprise of the kind, which, during the course of seven hundred years, had fully succeeded in Europe; and the greatness of his genius broke through those limits, which first the feudal institutions, then the refined policy of princes, have fixed on the several states of Christendom. Though he rendered himself infinitely odious to his English subjects, he transmitted his power to his posterity, and the throne is still filled by his descendants; a proof that the foundation which he laid was firm and solid, and that amongst all his violences, while he seemed only to gratify the present passion, he had still an eye towards futurity. Died Sept. 9, 1087, aged 63. *Ibid.*

§ 46. *The Character of* WILLIAM RUFUS.

The memory of this monarch is

transmitted to us with little advantage by the churchmen, whom he had offended; and though we may suspect in general that their account of his vices is somewhat exaggerated, his conduct affords little reason for contradicting the character which hey have assigned him, or for attriuting to him any very estimable ualities; he seems to have been a violent and tyrannical prince; a perfidious, encroaching, and dangerous neighbour; an unkind and ungenerous relation. He was equally prodigal and rapacious in the management of the treasury; and, if he possessed abilities, he lay so much under the government of impetuous passions, that he made little use of them in his administration; and he indulged entirely the domineering policy which suited his temper, and which, if supported, as it was in him, with courage and vigour, proves often more successful in disorderly times, than the deepest foresight and most refined artifice. The monuments which remain of this prince in England are, the Tower, Westminster-Hall, and London Bridge, which he built. Died August 2, 1100, aged 40.

Hume.

§ 47. *Character of* HENRY I.

This prince was one of the most accomplished that has filled the English throne; and possessed all the qualities both of body and mind, natural and acquired, which could fit him for the high station to which he attained: his person was manly; his countenance engaging; his eyes clear, serene, and penetrating. The affability of his address encouraged those who might be overawed by the sense of his dignity or his wisdom; and though he often indulged his facetious humour, he knew how to temper it with discretion, and ever kept at a distance from all indecent familiarities with his courtiers. His superior eloquence and judgment would have given him an ascendant, even if he had been born in a private station; and his personal bravery would have procured him respect, even though it had been less supported by art and policy. By his great progress in literature, he acquired the name of *Beau Clerc*, or the Scholar; but his application to sedentary pursuits abated nothing of the activity and vigilance of his government: and though the learning of that age was better fitted to corrupt than improve the understanding, his natural good sense preserved itself untainted both from the pedantry and superstition which were then so prevalent among men of letters. His temper was very susceptible of the sentiments as well of friendship as resentment; and his ambition, though high, might be esteemed moderate, had not his conduct towards his brother showed, that he was too much disposed to sacrifice to it all the maxims of justice and equity. Died December 1, 1135, aged 67, having reigned 35 years. *Ibid.*

§ 48. *Character of* STEPHEN.

England suffered great miseries during the reign of this prince; but his personal character, allowing for the temerity and injustice of his usurpation, appears not liable to any great exception; and he seems to have been well qualified, had he succeeded by a just title, to have promoted the happiness and prosperity of his subjects. He was possessed of industry, activity, and courage, to a great degree; was not deficient in ability; had the talent of gaining men's affections; and, notwithstanding his precarious situation, never indulged himself in the exercise of any cruelty of revenge. His advancement to the throne procured him neither tranquillity nor happiness. Died 1154. *Ibid.*

§ 49. *Character of* HENRY II.

Thus died, in the 58th year of his age, and thirty-fifth of his reign, the greatest prince of his time for wisdom, virtue, and ability, and the most powerful in extent of dominion, of all those that had ever filled the throne of England. His character, both in public and private life, is almost without a blemish; and he seems to have possessed every accomplishment, both of body and mind, which makes a man estimable or amiable. He was of a middle stature, strong, and well proportioned; his countenance was lively and engaging; his conversation affable and entertaining; his elocution easy, persuasive, and ever at command. He loved peace, but possessed both conduct and bravery in war; was provident without timidity; severe in the execution of justice without rigour; and temperate without austerity. He preserved health, and kept himself from corpulency, to which he was somewhat inclined, by an abstemious diet, and by frequent exercise, particularly by hunting. When he could enjoy leisure, he recreated himself in learned conversation, or in reading; and he cultivated his natural talents by study, above any prince of his time. His affections, as well as his enmities, were warm and durable; and his long experience of ingratitude and infidelity of men never destroyed the natural sensibility of his temper, which disposed him to friendship and society. His character has been transmitted to us by many writers who were his contemporaries; and it resembles extremely, in its most remarkable strokes, that of his maternal grandfather, Henry I. excepting only that ambition, which was a ruling passion in both, found not in the first Henry such unexceptionable means of exerting itself, and pushed that prince into measures which were both criminal in themselves, and were the cause of farther crimes, from which his grandson's conduct was happily exempted. Died 1189. *Hume.*

§ 50. *Character of* RICHARD I.

The most shining part of this prince's character was his military talents; no man ever in that romantic age carried courage and intrepidity to a greater height; and this quality gained him the appellation of the *lion hearted, cœur de lion.* He passionately loved glory; and as his conduct in the field was not inferior to his valour, he seems to have possessed every talent necessary for acquiring it; his resentments also were high, his pride unconquerable, and his subjects, as well as his neighbours, had therefore reason to apprehend, from the continuance of his reign, a perpetual scene of blood and violence. Of an impetuous and vehement spirit, he was distinguished by all the good as well as the bad qualities which are incident to that character. He was open, frank, generous, sincere, and brave; he was revengeful, domineering, ambitious, haughty, and cruel, and was thus better calculated to dazzle men by the splendour of his enterprises, than either to promote their happiness, or his own grandeur by a sound and well-regulated policy. As military talents make great impression on the people, he seems to have been much beloved by his English subjects; and he is remarked to have been the first prince of the Norman line who bore a sincere affection and regard for them. He passed, however, only four months of his reign in that kingdom: the crusade employed him near three years; he was detained about four months in captivity; the rest of his reign was spent either in war, or preparations for war against France: and he was so pleased with the fame which he had acquired in

the East, that he seemed determined, notwithstanding all his past misfortunes, to have farther exhausted his kingdom, and to have exposed himself to new hazards, by conducting another expedition against the infidels. Died April 6, 1199, aged 42. Reigned ten years. *Hume.*

§ 51. *Character of* JOHN.

The character of this prince is nothing but a complication of vices, equally mean and odious, ruinous to himself and destructive to his people: cowardice, inactivity, folly, levity, licentiousness, ingratitude, treachery, tyranny, and cruelty; all these qualities too evidently appear in the several incidents of his life, to give us room to suspect that the disagreeable picture has been anywise overcharged by the prejudice of the ancient historians. It is hard to say, whether his conduct to his father, his brother, his nephew, or his subjects, was most culpable; or whether his crimes in these respects were not even exceeded by the baseness which appeared in his transactions with the king of France, the pope, and the barons. His dominions, when they devolved to him by the death of his brother, were more extensive than have ever since his time been ruled by any English monarch. But he first lost, by his misconduct, the flourishing provinces in France; the ancient patrimony of his family. He subjected his kingdom to a shameful vassalage under the see of Rome; he saw the prerogatives of his crown diminished by law, and still more reduced by faction; and he died at last when in danger of being totally expelled by a foreign power, and of either ending his life miserably in a prison, or seeking shelter as a fugitive from the pursuit of his enemies.

The prejudices against this prince were so violent, that he was believed to have sent an embassy to the emperor of Morocco, and to have offered to change his religion and become Mahometan, in order to purchase the protection of that monarch: but, though that story is told us on plausible authority, it is in itself utterly improbable, except that there is nothing so incredible as may not become likely from the folly and wickedness of John. Died 1216. *Ibid.*

§ 52. *Character of* HENRY III.

The most obvious circumstance of Henry the Third's character, is his incapacity for government, which rendered him as much a prisoner in the hands of his own ministers and favourites, and as little at his own disposal, as when detained a captive in the hands of his enemies. From this source, rather than from insincerity and treachery, arose his negligence in observing his promises: and he was too easily induced, for the sake of present convenience, to sacrifice the lasting advantages arising from the trust and confidence of his people. Hence were derived his profusion to favourites, his attachment to strangers, the variableness of his conduct, his hasty resentments, and his sudden forgiveness and return of affection. Instead of reducing the dangerous power of his nobles, by obliging them to observe the laws towards their inferiors, and setting them the salutary example in his own government, he was seduced to imitate their conduct, and to make his arbitrary will, or rather that of his ministers, the rule of his actions.

Instead of accommodating himself, by a strict frugality, to the embarrassed situation to which his revenue had been left, by the military expedition of his uncle, the dissipations of his father, and the usurpations of the barons; he was tempted to levy money by irregular exactions, which, without enriching himself, impoverished, or at least, disgusted

his people. Of all men, nature seemed least to have fitted him for being a tyrant; yet are there instances of oppression in his reign, which, though derived from the precedents left him by his predecessors, had been carefully guarded against by the great charter; and are inconsistent with all rules of good government: and, on the whole, we may say, that greater abilities, with his good dispositions, would have prevented him from falling into his faults; or, with worse dispositions, would have enabled him to maintain and defend them. Died November 16, 1272, aged 64. Reigned 56 years. *Hume.*

§ 53. *Character of* EDWARD I.

The enterprises finished by this prince, and the projects which he formed, and brought very near to a conclusion, were more prudent and more regularly conducted, and more advantageous to the solid interests of this kingdom, than those which were undertaken in any reign either of his ancestors or successors. He restored authority to the government, disordered by the weakness of his father; he maintained the laws against all the efforts of his turbulent barons; he fully annexed to the crown the principality of Wales; he took the wisest and most effectual measures for reducing Scotland to a like condition; and though the equity of this latter enterprise may reasonably be questioned, the circumstances of the two kingdoms promised such success, and the advantage was so visible, of uniting the whole island under one head, that those who give great indulgence to reasons of state in the measures of princes, will not be apt to regard this part of his conduct with much severity.

But Edward, however exceptionable his character may appear on the head of justice, is the model of a politic and warlike king. He possessed industry, penetration, courage, vigour, and enterprise. He was frugal in all expenses that were not necessary; he knew how to open the public treasures on proper occasions; he punished criminals with severity; he was gracious and affable to his servants and courtiers; and being of a majestic figure, expert at all bodily exercise, and in the main well-proportioned in his limbs, notwithstanding the great length of his legs, he was as well qualified to captivate the populace by his exterior appearance, as to gain the approbation of men of sense by his more solid virtues. Died July 7, 1307, aged 69. Reigned 35 years. *Ibid.*

§ 54. *Character of* EDWARD II.

It is not easy to imagine a man more innocent or inoffensive than this unhappy king; nor a prince less fitted for governing that fierce and turbulent people subjected to his authority. He was obliged to devolve on others the weight of government which he had neither ability nor inclination to bear; the same indolence and want of penetration led him to make choice of ministers and favourites, which were not always best qualified for the trust committed to them. The seditious grandees, pleased with his weakness, and complaining of it, under pretence of attacking his ministers, insulted his person, and invaded his authority; and the impatient populace, ignorant of the source of their grievances, threw all the blame upon the king, and increased the public disorders by their faction and insolence. It was in vain to look for protection from the laws, whose voice, always feeble in those times, was not heard in the din of arms: what could not defend the king, was less able to give shelter to any one of his people; the whole machine of government was torn in pieces, with fury and violence; and

men, instead of complaining against the manners of the age, and the form of their constitution, which required the most steady and the most skilful hand to conduct them, imputed all errors to the person who had the misfortune to be intrusted with the reins of empire. Murdered 21 September, 1327. *Hume.*

§ 55. *Character of* EDWARD III.

The English are apt to consider with peculiar fondness the history of Edward the Third, and to esteem his reign, as it was one of the longest, the most glorious also, which occurs in the annals of the nation. The ascendant which they began to have over France, their rival and national enemy, makes them cast their eyes on this period with great complacency, and sanctifies every measure which Edward embraced for that end. But the domestic government is really more admirable than his foreign victories; and England enjoyed, by his prudence and vigour of administration, a longer interval of domestic peace and tranquillity, than she had been blest with in any former period, or than she experienced for many years after. He gained the affections of the great, and curbed their licentiousness; he made them feel his power, without their daring, or even being inclined to murmur at it; his affable and obliging behaviour, his munificence and generosity, made them submit with pleasure to his dominion; his valour and conduct made them successful in most of their enterprises; and their unquiet spirits directed against a public enemy, had no leisure to breed disturbances, to which they were naturally so much inclined, and which the form of the government seemed so much to authorize. This was the chief benefit which resulted from Edward's victories and conquests. His foreign wars were, in other respects, neither founded in justice, nor directed to any very salutary purpose. His attempt against the king of Scotland, a minor, and a brother-in-law, and the revival of his grandfather's claim of superiority over that kingdom, were both unreasonable and ungenerous: and he allowed himself to be too soon seduced by the glaring prospects of French conquest, from the acquisition of a point which was practicable, and which might really, if attained, have been of lasting utility to his country and to his successors. But the glory of a conqueror is so dazzling to the vulgar, and the animosity of nations so extreme, that the fruitless desolation of so fine a part of Europe as France is totally disregarded by us, and never considered as a blemish in the character or conduct of this prince: and indeed, from the unfortunate state of human nature, it will commonly happen that a sovereign of great genius, such as Edward, who usually finds every thing easy in the domestic government, will turn himself towards military enterprises, where alone he meets opposition, and where he has full exercise for his industry and capacity. Died 21st of June, aged 65, in the 51st year of his reign. *Ibid.*

§ 56. *Character of* RICHARD II.

All the writers who have transmitted to us the history of Richard, composed their works during the reign of the Lancastrian princes; and candour requires that we should not give entire credit to the reproaches which have been thrown upon his memory. But after making all proper abatements, he still appears to have been a weak prince, and unfit for government; less for want of natural parts and capacity, than of solid judgment and good education. He was violent in his temper, profuse in his expenses, fond of idle show and magnificence, devoted to favourites,

and addicted to pleasure; passions, all of them, the most inconsistent with a prudent economy, and consequently dangerous in a limited and mixed government. Had he possessed the talents of gaining, and, still more, of overawing his great barons, he might have escaped all the misfortunes of his reign, and been allowed to carry much farther his oppressions over his people, if he really was guilty of any, without their daring to rebel, or even murmur, against him. But when the grandees were tempted, by his want of prudence and rigour, to resist his authority, and execute the most violent enterprises upon him, he was naturally led to seek for an opportunity of retaliation; justice was neglected; the lives of the chief nobility sacrificed; and all these evils seem to have proceeded more from a settled design of establishing arbitrary power, than from the insolence of victory, and the necessities of the king's situation. The manners, indeed, of the age, were the chief sources of such violence; laws, which were feebly executed in peaceable times, lost all their authority in public convulsions. Both parties were alike guilty; or, if any difference may be remarked between them, we shall find the authority of the crown, being more legal, was commonly carried, when it prevailed, to less desperate extremities than those of aristocracy.* *Hume.*

§ 57. *Character of* HENRY IV.

The great popularity which Henry enjoyed before he attained the crown, and which had so much aided him in the acquisition of it, was entirely lost, many years before the end of his reign, and he governed the people more by terror than affection, more by his own policy than their sense of duty and allegiance. When men came to reflect in cold blood on the crimes which led him to the throne; and the rebellion against his prince; the deposition of a lawful king, guilty sometimes of oppression, but more frequently of imprudences; the exclusion of the true heir; the murder of his sovereign and near relation: these were such enormities, as drew on him the hatred of his subjects, sanctified all the rebellions against him, and made the executions, though not remarkably severe, which he found necessary for the maintenance of his authority, appear cruel as well as iniquitous to his people. Yet, without pretending to apologize for these crimes, which must ever be held in detestation, it may be remarked, that he was insensibly led into this blameable conduct, by a train of incidents, which few men possess virtue enough to withstand. The injustice with which his predecessor had treated him, in first condemning him to banishment, and then despoiling him of his patrimony, made him naturally think of revenge, and of recovering his lost rights; the headstrong zeal of the people hurried him into the throne, the care of his own security, as well as his ambition, made him an usurper; and the steps have always been so few between the prisons of princes and their graves, that we need not wonder that Richard's fate was no exception to the general rule. All these considerations made the king's situation, if he retained any sense of virtue, very much to be lamented; and the inquietudes, with which he possessed his envied greatness, and the remorses by which it is said, he was continually haunted, rendered him an object of our pity, even when seated upon the throne. But it must be owned, that his prudence, vigilance, and foresight in maintaining his power, were admirable; his command of temper remarkable; his courage, both mili-

* He was starved to death in prison, or murdered, after having been dethroned, A. D. 1399, in the year of his age 34; of his reign 23.

tary and political, without blemish: and he possessed many qualities, which fitted him for his high station, and which rendered his usurpation of it, though pernicious in after-times, rather salutary during his own reign, to the English nation. Died 1413. Aged 43. *Hume.*

§ 58. *Character of* HENRY V.

This prince possessed many eminent virtues; and, if we give indulgence to ambition in a monarch, or rank it, as the vulgar do, among his virtues, they were unstained by any considerable blemish; his abilities appeared equally in the cabinet and in the field: the boldness of his enterprises was no less remarkable than his personal valour in conducting them. He had the talent of attaching his friends by affability, and gaining his enemies by address and clemency.

The English, dazzled by the lustre of his character, still more by that of his victories, were reconciled to the defects of his title. The French almost forgot he was an enemy; and his care of maintaining justice in his civil administration, and preserving discipline in his armies, made some amends to both nations for the calamities inseparable from those wars in which his short reign was almost occupied. That he could forgive the earl of Marche, who had a better right to the throne than himself, is a sure proof of his magnanimity; and that the earl relied so on his friendship, is no less a proof of his established character for candour and sincerity.

There remain, in history, few instances of such mutual trust; and still fewer, where neither found reason to repent it.

The exterior figure of this great prince, as well as his deportment, was engaging. His stature was somewhat above the middle size; his countenance beautiful; his limbs genteel and slender, but full of vigour; and he excelled in all warlike and manly exercises.

Died 31st August, 1422; in the year of his age 34; of his reign, the 10th. *Ibid.*

§ 59. HUME'S *Account of* HENRY VI. *(for there is no regular Character of this Prince given by this Historian) is expressed in the following Manner.*

In this manner finished the reign of Henry VI. who, while yet in his cradle, had been proclaimed king both of France and England, and who began his life with the most splendid prospects which any prince in Europe had ever enjoyed. The revolution was unhappy for his people, as it was the source of civil wars; but was almost entirely indifferent to Henry himself, who was utterly incapable of exercising his authority, and who, provided he met perpetually with good usage, was equally easy, as he was equally enslaved, in the hands of his enemies and of his friends. His weakness and his disputed title, were the chief causes of his public misfortunes: but whether his queen and his ministers were not guilty of some great abuses of power, it is not easy for us, at this distance of time, to determine. There remain no proofs on record of any considerable violation of the laws, except in the death of the Duke of Gloucester, which was a private crime, formed no precedent, and was but too much of a piece with the usual ferocity and cruelty of the times.

§ 60. SMOLLETT'S *Account of the Death of* HENRY VI. *with some Strictures of Character, is as follows.*

This insurrection* in all probability hastened the death of the unfortu-

* Revolt of the bastard of Falconbridge.

nate Henry, who was found dead in the Tower, in which he had been confined since the restoration of Edward. The greater part of historians have alleged, that he was assassinated by the Duke of Gloucester, who was a prince of the most brutal disposition; while some moderns, from an affectation of singularity, affirm that Henry died of grief and vexation. This, no doubt, might have been the case; and it must be owned, that nothing appears in history, from which either Edward or Richard could be convicted of having contrived or perpetrated his murder: but, at the same time, we must observe some concurring circumstances that amount to strong presumption against the reigning monarch. Henry was of a hale constitution, but just turned of fifty, naturally insensible of affliction, and hackneyed in the vicissitudes of fortune, so that one would not expect he should have died of age and infirmity, or that his life would have been affected by grief arising from his last disaster. His sudden death was suspicious, as well as the conjuncture at which he died, immediately after the suppression of a rebellion, which seemed to declare that Edward would never be quiet, while the head of the house of Lancaster remained alive: and lastly, the suspicion is confirmed by the characters of the reigning king and his brother Richard, who were bloody, barbarous, and unrelenting. Very different was the disposition of the ill-fated Henry, who, without any princely virtue or qualification, was totally free from cruelty or revenge: on the contrary, he could not, without reluctance, consent to the punishment of those malefactors who were sacrificed to the public safety; and frequently sustained indignities of the grossest nature, without discovering the least mark of resentment. He was chaste, pious, compassionate, and charitable; and so inoffensive, that the bishop, who was his confessor for ten years, declares, that in all that time he had never committed any sin that required penance or rebuke. In a word, he would have adorned a cloister, though he disgraced a crown; and was rather respectable for those vices he wanted, than for those virtues he possessed. He founded the colleges of Eton and Windsor, and King's College in Cambridge, for the reception of those scholars who had begun their studies at Eton.

On the morning that succeeded his death, his body was exposed at St. Paul's church, in order to prevent unfavourable conjectures, and, next day, sent by water to the abbey of Chertsey, where he was interred: but it was afterwards removed by order of Richard III. to Windsor, and there buried with great funeral solemnity.

§ 61. *Character of* EDWARD IV.

Edward IV. was a prince more splendid and showy, than either prudent or virtuous; brave, though cruel; addicted to pleasure, though capable of activity in great emergencies; and less fitted to prevent ills by wise precautions, than to remedy them after they took place, by his vigour and enterprise. *Hume.*

§ 62. *Another Character of* EDWARD IV.

When Edward ascended the throne, he was one of the handsomest men in England, and perhaps in Europe. His noble mien, his free and easy way, his affable carriage, won the hearts of all at first sight. These qualities gained him esteem and affection, which stood him in great stead in several circumstances of his life. For some time he was exceeding liberal: but at length he grew covetous, not so much from his na-

tural temper, as out of a necessity to bear the immediate expenses which his pleasures ran him into.

Though he had a great deal of wit, and a sound judgment, he committed, however, several oversights. But the crimes Edward is most justly charged with, are his cruelty, perjury, and incontinence. The first appears in the great number of princes and lords he put to death, on the scaffold, after he had taken them in battle. If there ever was reason to show mercy in case of rebellion, it was at that fatal time, when it was almost impossible to stand neuter, and so difficult to choose the justest side between the two houses that were contending for the crown.

And yet we do not see that Edward had any regard to that consideration. As for Edward's incontinence, one may say, that his whole life was one continued scene of excess that way; he had abundance of mistresses, but especially three, of whom he said, that one was the merriest, the other the wittiest, and the other the holiest in the world, since she would not stir from the church but when he sent for her.—What is most astonishing in the life of this prince is his good fortune, which seemed to be prodigious.

He was raised to the throne, after the loss of two battles, one by the Duke his father, the other by the Earl of Warwick, who was devoted to the house of York. The head of the father was still upon the walls of York, when the son was proclaimed in London.

Edward escaped, as it were, by miracle, out of his confinement at Middleham. He was restored to the throne, or at least received into London, at his return from Holland, before he had overcome, and whilst his fortune yet depended upon the issue of a battle which the Earl of Warwick was ready to give him. In a word, he was ever victorious in all the battles wherein he fought in person. Edward died the 9th of April, in the 42d year of his age, after a reign of twenty-two years and one month.

Rapin.

§ 63. EDWARD V.

Immediately after the death of the fourth Edward, his son was proclaimed king of England, by the name of Edward V. though that young prince was but just turned of twelve years of age, never received the crown, nor exercised any function of royalty; so that the interval between the death of his father, and the usurpation of his uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. was properly an interregnum, during which the uncle took his measures for wresting the crown from his nephew.

§ 64. *Character of* RICHARD III.

Those historians, who favour Richard, for even *He* has met partisans among later writers, maintain that he was well qualified for government, had he legally obtained it; and that he committed no crimes but such as were necessary to procure him possession of the crown: but this is a very poor apology, when it is confessed, that he was ready to commit the most horrid crimes which appeared necessary for that purpose; and it is certain that all his courage and capacity, qualities in which he really seems not to have been deficient, would never have made compensation to the people, for the danger of the precedent, and for the contagious example of vice and murder, exalted upon the throne. This prince was of small stature, humpbacked, and had a very harsh disagreeable visage: so that his body was in every particular no less deformed than his mind.

Hume.

§ 65. *Character of* HENRY VII.

The reign of Henry VII. was in the main fortunate for his people at home, and honourable abroad. He put an end to the civil wars with which the nation had been so long harassed; he maintained peace and order to the state; he depressed the former exorbitant power of the nobility; and, together with the friendship of some foreign princes, he acquired the consideration and regard of all.

He loved peace, without fearing war; though agitated with criminal suspicions of his servants and ministers, he discovered no timidity, either in the conduct of his affairs, or in the day of battle; and, though often severe in his punishments, he was commonly less actuated by revenge than by the maxims of policy.

The services which he rendered his people were derived from his views of private interest, rather than the motives of public spirit; and where he deviated from selfish regards it was unknown to himself, and ever from malignant prejudices, or the mean projects of avarice; not from the sallies of passion, or allurements of pleasure; still less from the benign motives of friendship and generosity.

His capacity was excellent, but somewhat contracted by the narrowness of his heart; he possessed insinuation and address, but never employed these talents except some great point of interest was to be gained: and while he neglected to conciliate the affections of his people, he often felt the danger of resting his authority on their fear and reverence alone. He was always extremely attentive to his affairs; but possessed not the faculty of seeing far into futurity; and was more expert at promoting a remedy for his mistakes, than judicious in avoiding them. Avarice was on the whole his ruling passion; and he remained an instance almost singular, of a man placed in a high station, and possessed of talents for great affairs, in whom that passion predominated above ambition. Even among private persons, avarice is nothing but a species of ambition, and is chiefly incited by the prospect of that regard, distinction, and consideration, which attends on riches.

Died April 12th, 1509, aged 52, having reigned 23 years. *Hume.*

§ 66. *Character of* HENRY VIII.

It is difficult to give a just summary of this prince's qualities; he was so different from himself in different parts of his reign, that, as is well remarked by Lord Herbert, his history is his best character and description. The absolute and uncontrolled authority which he maintained at home, and the regard he obtained among foreign nations, are circumstances which entitle him to the appellation of a great prince; while his tyranny and cruelty seem to exclude him from the character of a good one.

He possessed, indeed, great vigour of mind, which qualified him for exercising dominion over men; courage, intrepidity, vigilance, inflexibility; and though these qualities lay not always under the guidance of a regular and solid judgment, they were accompanied with good parts, and an extensive capacity; and every one dreaded a contest with a man who was never known to yield, or to forgive; and who, in every controversy, was determined to ruin himself, or his antagonist.

A catalogue of his vices would comprehend many of the worst qualities incident to human nature. Violence, cruelty, profusion, rapacity, injustice, obstinacy, arrogance, bigotry, presumption, caprice; but neither was he subject to all these vices in the most extreme degree, nor was

he at intervals altogether devoid of virtues. He was sincere, open, gallant, liberal, and capable at least of a temporary friendship and attachment. In this respect he was unfortunate, that the incidents of his times served to display his faults in their full light; the treatment he met with from the court of Rome provoked him to violence: the danger of a revolt from his superstitious subjects seemed to require the most extreme severity. But it must at the same time be acknowledged, that his situation tended to throw an additional lustre on what was great and magnanimous in his character.

The emulation between the Emperor and the French King rendered his alliance, notwithstanding his impolitic conduct, of great importance to Europe. The extensive powers of his prerogative, and the submission, not to say slavish disposition of his parliament, made it more easy for him to assume and maintain that entire dominion, by which his reign is so much distinguished in English history.

It may seem a little extraordinary, that notwithstanding his cruelty, his extortion, his violence, his arbitrary administration, this prince not only acquired the regard of his subjects, but never was the object of their hatred; he seems even, in some degree, to have possessed their love and affection. His exterior qualities were advantageous, and fit to captivate the multitude; his magnificence and personal bravery rendered him illustrious to vulgar eyes; and it may be said with truth, that the English in that age were so thoroughly subdued, that, like eastern slaves, they were inclined to admire even those acts of violence and tyranny, which were exercised over themselves, and at their own expense.

Died January 28th, 1547, anno ætatis 57, regni 37.

Hume.

§ 67. *Character of* EDWARD VI.

All the English historians dwell with pleasure on the excellencies of this young prince, whom the flattering promises of hope, joined to many real virtues, had made an object of the most tender affections of the public. He possessed mildness of disposition, application to study and business, a capacity to learn and judge, and an attachment to equity and justice. He seems only to have contracted, from his education, and from the age in which he lived, too much of a narrow prepossession in matters of religion, which made him incline somewhat to bigotry and persecution. But as the bigotry of Protestants, less governed by priests, lies under more restraints than that of Catholics, the effects of this malignant quality were the less to be apprehended, if a longer life had been granted to young Edward. *Ibid.*

§ 68. *Character of* MARY.

It is not necessary to employ many words in drawing the character of this princess. She possessed few qualities either estimable or amiable, and her person was as little engaging as her behaviour and address. Obstinacy, bigotry, violence, cruelty, malignity, revenge, and tyranny, every circumstance of her character took a tincture from her bad temper and narrow understanding. And amidst that complication of vices which entered into her composition, we shall scarcely find any virtue but sincerity; a quality which she seems to have maintained throughout her whole life, except in the beginning of her reign, when the necessity of her affairs obliged her to make some promises to the Protestants, which she certainly never intended to perform. But in those cases a weak bigoted woman, under the government of priests, easily finds casuistry sufficient to justify to herself the violation of an engagement.

She appears, as well as her father, to have been susceptible of some attachment of friendship; and that without caprice and inconstancy, which were so remarkable in the conduct of that monarch. To which we may add, that in many circumstances of her life, she gave indications of resolution and vigour of mind; a quality which seems to have been inherent in her family.

Died Nov. 7, A. D. 1558. *Hume.*

§ 69. *Character of* ELIZABETH.

There are few great personages in history who have been more exposed to the calumny of enemies, and the adulation of friends, than queen Elizabeth; and yet there is scarce any whose reputation has been more certainly determined, by the unanimous consent of posterity. The unusual length of her administration, and the strong features of her character, were able to overcome all prejudices; and obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers somewhat their panegyrics, have at last, in spite of political factions, and, what is more, of religious animosities, produced an uniform judgment with regard to her conduct. Her vigour, her constancy, her magnanimity, her penetration and vigilance, are allowed to merit the highest praise, and appear not to have been surpassed by any person who ever filled a throne. A conduct less vigorous, less imperious; more sincere, more indulgent to her people, would have been requisite to form a perfect character. By the force of her mind she controlled all her more active and stronger qualities, and prevented them from running into excess. Her heroism was exempt from all temerity, her frugality from avarice, her friendship from partiality, her active spirit from turbulency and a vain ambition. She guarded not herself with equal care, or equal success from lesser infirmities; the rivalship of beauty, the desire of admiration, the jealousy of love, and the sallies of anger.

Her singular talents for government were founded equally on her temper and on her capacity. Endowed with a great command of herself, she obtained an uncontrolled ascendant over her people; and while she merited all their esteem by her real virtues, she also engaged their affection by her pretended ones.—Few sovereigns of England succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances; and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity. Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration, the true secret for managing religious factions, she preserved her people, by her superior providence, from those confusions in which theological controversy had involved all the neighbouring nations: and though her enemies were the most powerful princes in Europe, the most active, the most enterprising, the least scrupulous, she was able by her vigour to make deep impressions on their state; her own greatness meanwhile untouched and unimpaired.

The wise ministers and brave warriors, who flourished during her reign, share the praise of her success; but instead of lessening the applause due to her, they make great addition to it. They owed all of them their advancement to her choice, they were supported by her constancy; and with all their ability they were never able to acquire any undue ascendant over her. In her family, in her court, in her kingdom, she remained equally mistress. The force of the tender passions was great over her, but the force of her mind was still superior; and the combat which her victory visibly cost her, serves only to display the firmness of her resolution, and the loftiness of her ambitious sentiments.

The fame of this princess, though it has surmounted the prejudices both

of faction and bigotry, yet lies still exposed to another prejudice which is more durable, because more natural, and which according to the different views in which we survey her, is capable either of exalting beyond measure, or diminishing the lustre of her character. This prejudice is founded in consideration of her sex. When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be struck with the highest admiration of her great qualities and extensive capacity; but we are apt also to require some more softness of disposition, some greater lenity of temper, some of those amiable weaknesses by which her sex is distinguished. But the true method of estimating her merit is, to lay aside all those considerations, and consider her merely as a rational being, placed in authority, and entrusted with the government of mankind. We may find it difficult to reconcile our fancy to her as a wife, or a mistress; but her qualities as a sovereign, though with some considerable exceptions, are the object of undisputed applause and approbation.

* * * * *

Thus left unfinished by *Hume.*

§ 70. *Character of* JAMES I.

No prince, so little enterprising and so inoffensive, was ever so much exposed to the opposite extremes of calumny and flattery, of satire and panegyric. And the factions which began in his time, being still continued, have made his character be as much disputed to this day, as is commonly that of princes, who are our contemporaries. Many virtues, however, it must be owned, he was possessed of; but not one of them pure, or free from the contagion of the neighbouring vices. His generosity bordered on profusion, his learning on pedantry, his pacific disposition on pusillanimity, his wisdom on cunning, his friendship on light fancy and boyish fondness. While he imagined that he was only maintaining his own authority, he may perhaps be suspected in some of his actions, and still more of his pretensions, to have encroached on the liberties of his people.

While he endeavoured, by an exact neutrality, to acquire the good will of all his neighbours, he was able to preserve fully the esteem and regard of none. His capacity was considerable, but fitter to discourse on general maxims than to conduct any intricate business.

His intentions were just, but more adapted to the conduct of private life, than to the government of kingdoms. Awkward in his person, and ungainly in his manners, he was ill qualified to command respect: partial and undiscerning in his affections, he was little fitted to acquire general love. Of a feeble temper more than of a frugal judgment; exposed to our ridicule from his vanity, but exempt from our hatred by his freedom from pride and arrogance. And upon the whole it may be pronounced of his character, that all his qualities were sullied with weakness, and embellished by humanity. Political courage he was certainly devoid of; and from thence chiefly is derived the strong prejudice which prevails against his personal bravery: an inference, however, which must be owned, from general experience, to be extremely fallacious. *Ibid.*

§ 71. *Character of* CHARLES I.

The character of this prince, as that of most men, if not of all men, was mixed, but his virtues predominated extremely above his vices; or, more properly speaking, his imperfections: for scarce any of his faults arose to that pitch, as to merit the appellation of vices. To consider him in the

most favourable light, it may be affirmed, that his dignity was exempted from pride, his humanity from weakness, his bravery from rashness, his temperance from austerity, and his frugality from avarice: all these virtues in him maintained their proper bounds, and merited unreserved praise. To speak the most harshly of him, we may affirm, that many of his good qualities were attended with some latent frailty, which, though seemingly inconsiderable, was able, when seconded by the extreme malevolence of his fortune, to disappoint them of all their influence. His beneficent disposition was clouded by a manner not gracious, his virtue was tinctured with superstition, his good sense was disfigured by a deference to persons of a capacity much inferior to his own, and his moderate temper exempted him not from hasty and precipitate resolutions. He deserves the epithet of a good, rather than a great man; and was more fitted to rule in a regular established government, than either to give way to the encroachments of a popular assembly, or finally to subdue their pretensions. He wanted suppleness and dexterity sufficient for the first measure; he was not endowed with vigour requisite for the second. Had he been born an absolute prince, his humanity and good sense had rendered his reign happy, and his memory precious. Had the limitations on the prerogative been in his time quite fixed and certain, his integrity had made him regard as sacred the boundaries of the constitution. Unhappily his fate threw him into a period, when the precedents of many former reigns savoured strongly of arbitrary power, and the genius of the people ran violently towards liberty. And if his political prudence was not sufficient to extricate him from so perilous a situation, he may be excused; since, even after the event, when it is commonly easy to correct all errors, one is at a loss to determine what conduct in his circumstances would have maintained the authority of the crown, and preserved the peace of the nation. Exposed without revenue, without arms to the assaults of furious, implacable, and bigoted factions; it was never permitted him, but with the most fatal consequences, to commit the smallest mistake; a condition too rigorous to be imposed on the greatest human capacity.

Some historians have rashly questioned the good faith of this prince; but for this reproach, the most malignant scrutiny of his conduct, which in every circumstance is now thoroughly known, affords not any reasonable foundation. On the contrary, if we consider the extreme difficulties to which he was so frequently reduced, and compare the sincerity of his professions and declarations, we shall avow, that probity and honour ought justly to be numbered among his most shining qualities. In every treaty, those concessions which he thought in conscience he could not maintain, he never would by any motive or persuasion be induced to make.

And though some violations of the petition of right may be imputed to him; those are more to be ascribed to the necessity of his situation, and to the lofty ideas of royal prerogative which he had imbibed, than to any failure of the integrity of his principles. This prince was of a comely presence; of a sweet and melancholy aspect; his face was regular, handsome, and well complexioned; his body strong, healthy, and justly proportioned; and being of middle stature, he was capable of enduring the greatest fatigues. He excelled in horsemanship and other exercises; and he possessed all the exterior, as well as many of the essential qualities, which form an accomplished prince. *Hume.*

§ 72. *Character of* CROMWELL.*

Oliver Cromwell was of a robust make and constitution, his aspect manly though clownish. His education extended no farther than a superficial knowledge of the Latin tongue, but he inherited great talents from nature; though they were such as he could not have exerted to advantage at any other juncture than that of a civil war, inflamed by religious contests. His character was formed from an amazing conjuncture of enthusiasm, hypocrisy, and ambition. He was possessed of courage and resolution, that overlooked all dangers, and saw no difficulties. He dived into the characters of mankind with wonderful sagacity, whilst he concealed his own purposes, under the impenetrable shield of dissimulation.

He reconciled the most atrocious crimes to the most rigid notions of religious obligations. From the severest exercise of devotion, he relaxed into the most ridiculous and idle buffoonery; yet he preserved the dignity and distance of his character, in the midst of the coarsest familiarity. He was cruel and tyrannic from policy; just and temperate from inclination, perplexed and despicable in his discourse; clear and consummate in his designs; ridiculous in his reveries; respectable in his conduct; in a word, the strangest compound of villany and virtue, baseness and magnanimity, absurdity and good sense, that we find on record in the annals of mankind. †

* From Noble's Memoirs of the Protectoral house of Cromwell.

† Cromwell died more than five millions in debt; though the parliament had left him in the treasury above five hundred thousand pounds, and in stores to the value of seven hundred thousand pounds.

Richard, the son of Cromwell, was proclaimed protector in his room; but Richard, being of a very different disposition to his father, resigned his authority the 22d of April, 1659; and soon after signed his abdication in form, and retired to live several years after his resignation, at first on the Continent, and afterwards upon his paternal fortune at home.

§ 73. *Character of* CHARLES II.

If we survey the character of Charles the Second in the different lights which it will admit of, it will appear very various, and give rise to different and even opposite sentiments. When considered as a companion, he appears the most amiable and engaging of men; and, indeed, in this view, his deportment must be allowed altogether unexceptionable. His love of raillery was so tempered with good breeding, that it was never offensive. His propensity to satire was so checked with discretion, that his friends never dreaded their becoming the object of it. His wit, to use the expression of one who knew him well, and who was himself an exquisite judge,‡ could not be said so much to be very refined or elevated, qualities apt to beget jealousy and apprehension in company, as to be a plain, gaining, well-bred, recommending kind of wit. And though perhaps he talked more than strict rules of behaviour might permit, men were so pleased with the affable, communicative deportment of the monarch, that they always went away contented both with him and with themselves. This indeed is the most shining part of the king's character, and he seems to have been sensible of it; for he was fond of dropping the formalities of state, and of relapsing every moment into the companion.

In the duties of private life, his conduct though not free from exception, was in the main laudable. He was an easy generous lover, a civil obliging husband, a friendly brother, an indulgent father, and a good-natured master. The voluntary friendships, however, which this prince contracted, nay, even his sense of gratitude, were feeble; and he never attached himself to any of his ministers or courtiers with a very sincere affection. He believed them to have

‡ Marquis of Halifax.

no other motive for serving him but self-interest, and he was still ready, in his turn, to sacrifice them to present ease and convenience.

With a detail on his private character we must set bounds to our panegyric on Charles. The other parts of his conduct may admit of some apology, but can deserve small applause. He was indeed so much fitted for private life, preferably to public, that he even possessed order, frugality, economy in the former; was profuse, thoughtless, negligent, in the latter. When we consider him as a sovereign, his character, though not altogether void of virtues, was in the main dangerous to his people and dishonourable to himself. Negligent of the interests of the nation, careless of its glory, averse to its religion, jealous of its liberty, lavish of its treasure, and sparing only of its blood; he exposed it by his measures (though he appeared ever but in sport) to the danger of a furious civil war, and even to the ruin and ignominy of a foreign contest. Yet may all these enormities, if fairly and candidly examined, be imputed, in a great measure, to the indolence of his temper; a fault which, however unfortunate in a monarch, it is impossible for us to regard with great severity.

It has been remarked of this king, that he never said a foolish thing, nor ever did a wise one: a censure, which, though too far carried, seems to have some foundation in his character and deportment. Died Feb. 6, 1685, aged 54. *Hume.*

§ 74. *Character of* JAMES II.

In many respects it must be owned, that he was a virtuous man, as well as a good monarch. He was frugal of the public money; he encouraged commerce with great attention; he applied himself to naval affairs with success; he supported the fleet as the glory and protection of England. He was also zealous for the honour of his country; he was capable of supporting its interests with a degree of dignity in the scale of Europe. In his private life he was almost irreproachable; he was an indulgent parent, a tender husband, a generous and steady friend; in his deportment he was affable, though stately; he bestowed favours with peculiar grace; he prevented solicitation by the suddenness of his disposal of places; though scarce any prince was ever so generally deserted, few ever had so many private friends; those who injured him most were the first to implore his forgiveness, and even after they had raised another prince to the throne, they respected his person, and were anxious for his safety. To these virtues he added a steadiness of counsels, a perseverance in his plans, and courage in his enterprises. He was honourable and fair in all his dealings; he was unjust to men in their principles, but never with regard to their property. Though few monarchs ever offended a people more, he yielded to none in his love of his subjects; he even affirmed, that he quitted England to prevent the horrors of a civil war, as much as from fear of a restraint upon his person from the prince of Orange. His great virtue was a strict adherence to facts and truth in all he wrote and said, though some parts of his conduct had rendered his sincerity in his political profession suspected by his enemies. Abdicated his throne 1689.

Macpherson.

§ 75. *Character of* WILLIAM III.

William III. was in his person of the middle stature, a thin body, and delicate constitution, subject to an asthma and continual cough from his infancy. He had an aquiline nose, sparkling eyes, a large forehead, and grave, solemn aspect. He was very

sparing of speech; his conversation was dry, and his manner disgusting, except in battle, when his deportment was free, spirited, and animating. In courage, fortitude, and equanimity, he rivalled the most eminent warriors of antiquity; and his natural sagacity made amends for the defects of his education, which had not been properly superintended. He was religious, temperate, generally just and sincere, a stranger to violent transports of passion, and might have passed for one of the best princes of the age in which he lived, had he never ascended the throne of Great Britain. But the distinguishing criterion of his character was ambition; to this he sacrificed the punctilios of honour and decorum, in deposing his own father-in-law and uncle; and this he gratified at the expense of the nation that raised him to sovereign authority. He aspired to the honour of acting as umpire in all the contests of Europe; and the second object of his attention was, the prosperity of that country to which he owed his birth and extraction. Whether he really thought the interests of the Continent and Great Britain were inseparable, or sought only to drag England into the confederacy as a convenient ally; certain it is, he involved these kingdoms in foreign connexions, which, in all probability, will be productive of their ruin. In order to establish this favourite point, he scrupled not to employ all the engines of corruption, by which means the morals of the nation were totally debauched. He procured a parliamentary sanction for a standing army, which now seems to be interwoven in the constitution. He introduced the pernicious practice of borrowing upon remote funds; an expedient that necessarily hatched a brood of usurers, brokers, and stock-jobbers, to prey upon the vitals of their country. He entailed upon the nation a growing debt, and a system of politics big with misery, despair, and destruction. To sum up his character in a few words, William was a fatalist in religion, indefatigable in war, enterprising in politics, dead to all the warm and generous emotions of the human heart, a cold relation, an indifferent husband, a disagreeable man, an ungracious prince, and an imperious sovereign.

Died March 8th, 1701, aged 52, having reigned 13 years.

Smollett.

§ 76. *Character of* MARY, *Queen Consort of* WILLIAM III.

Mary was in her person tall and well-proportioned, with an oval visage, lively eyes, agreeable features, a mild aspect, and an air of dignity. Her apprehension was clear, her memory tenacious, and her judgment solid. She was a zealous Protestant, scrupulously exact in all the duties of devotion, of an even temper, of a calm and mild conversation; she was ruffled by no passion, and seems to have been a stranger to the emotions of natural affection, for she ascended the throne from which her father had been deposed, and treated her sister as an alien to her blood. In a word, Mary seems to have imbibed the cold disposition and apathy of her husband, and to have centered all her ambition in deserving the epithet of an humble and obedient wife.

Died 28th December, 1694, aged 33. *Ibid.*

§ 77. *Character of* ANNE.

The queen continued to dose in a lethargic insensibility, with very short intervals, till the first day of August in the morning, when she expired in the fiftieth year of her age, and in the thirtieth of her reign. Anne Stuart, queen of Great Britain, was in her person of the middle size, well-proportioned; her hair was of a dark

brown colour, her complexion ruddy, her features were regular, her countenance was rather round than oval, and her aspect more comely than majestic: her voice was clear and melodious, and her presence engaging: her capacity was naturally good, but not much cultivated by learning; nor did she exhibit any marks of extraordinary genius, or personal ambition: she was certainly deficient in that vigour of mind by which a prince ought to preserve her independence, and avoid the snares and fetters of sycophants and favourites; but, whatever her weakness in this particular might have been, the virtues of her heart were never called in question; she was a pattern of conjugal affection and fidelity, a tender mother, a warm friend, an indulgent mistress, a munificent patron, a mild and merciful princess, during whose reign no blood was shed for treason. She was zealously attached to the Church of England, from conviction rather than from prepossession; unaffectedly pious, just, charitable, and compassionate. She felt a mother's fondness for her people, by whom she was universally beloved with a warmth of affection which even the prejudice of party could not abate. In a word, if she was not the greatest, she was certainly one of the best and most unblemished sovereigns that ever sat upon the throne of England, and well deserved the expressive, though simple epithet of, the "good queen Anne."

She died in 1714. *Smollett.*

§ 78. *The Character of* FRANCIS I. *with some Reflections on his Rivalship with* CHARLES V.

Francis died at Rambouillet, on the last day of March, in the fifty-third year of his age, and the thirty-third year of his reign. During twenty-eight years of that time, an avowed rivalship subsisted between him and the emperor, which involved not only their own dominions, but the greater part of Europe in wars, prosecuted with more violent animosity, and drawn out to a greater length, than had been known in any former period. Many circumstances contributed to both. Their animosity was founded in opposition of interest, heightened by personal emulation, and exasperated not only by mutual injuries, but by reciprocal insults. At the same time, whatever advantage one seemed to possess towards gaining the ascendant, was wonderfully balanced by some favourable circumstance, peculiar to the other. The emperor's dominions were of great extent, the French king's lay more compact; Francis governed his kingdom with absolute power; that of Charles was limited, but he supplied the want of authority by address; the troops of the former were more impetuous and enterprising; those of the latter better disciplined and more patient of fatigue. The talents and abilities of the two monarchs were as different as the advantages which they possessed, and contributed no less to prolong the contest between them. Francis took his resolutions suddenly, prosecuted them at first with warmth, and pushed them into execution with a most adventurous courage; but being destitute of the perseverance necessary to surmount difficulties, he often abandoned his designs, or relaxed the vigour of pursuit from impatience, and sometimes from levity.

Charles deliberated long, and determined with coolness; but having once fixed his plan, he adhered to it with inflexible obstinacy, and neither danger nor discouragement could turn him aside from the execution of it. The success of their enterprises was as different as their characters, and was uniformly influenced by them. Francis, by his impetuous activity, often disconcerted the emperor's best laid schemes: Charles, by

a more calm, but steady prosecution of his designs, checked the rapidity of his rival's career, and baffled or repulsed his most vigorous efforts. The former at the opening of a war or of a campaign, broke in upon his enemy with the violence of a torrent, and carried all before him; the latter waiting until he saw the force of his rival begin to abate, recovered in the end not only all that he had lost, but made new acquisitions. Few of the French monarch's attempts towards conquest, whatever promising aspect they might wear at first, were conducted to an happy issue: many of the emperor's enterprises, even after they appeared desperate and impracticable, terminated in the most prosperous manner. Francis was dazzled with the splendour of an undertaking: Charles was allured by the prospect of its turning to his advantage. The degree, however, of their comparative merit and reputation has not been fixed, either by a strict scrutiny into their abilities for government, or by an impartial consideration of the greatness and success of their undertakings; and Francis is one of those monarchs who occupies a higher rank in the temple of fame, than either his talents or performances entitle him to hold. This pre-eminence he owed to many different circumstances. The superiority which Charles acquired by the victory of Pavia, and which from that period he preserved through the remainder of his reign, was so manifest, that Francis's struggle against his exorbitant and growing dominion, was viewed by most of the other powers, not only with the partiality which naturally arises from those who gallantly maintain an unequal contest, but with the favour due to one who was resisting a common enemy, and endeavouring to set bounds to a monarch equally formidable to them all. The characters of princes, too, especially among their contemporaries, depend not only upon their talents for government, but upon their qualities as men.—Francis, notwithstanding the many errors conspicuous in his foreign policy and domestic administration, was nevertheless humane, beneficent, generous. He possessed dignity without pride; affability free from meanness, and courtesy exempt from deceit. All who had access to him (and no man of merit was ever denied that privilege) respected and loved him. Captivated with his personal qualities, his subjects forgot his defects as a monarch, and admiring him as the most accomplished and amiable gentleman in his dominions, they never murmured at acts of maladministration, which in a prince of less engaging dispositions would have been deemed unpardonable. This admiration, however, must have been temporary only, and would have died away with the courtiers who bestowed it; the illusion arising from his private virtues must have ceased, and posterity would have judged of his public conduct with its usual impartiality; but another circumstance prevented this, and his name hath been transmitted to posterity with increasing reputation. Science and the arts had, at that time, made little progress in France. They were just beginning to advance beyond the limits of Italy, where they had revived, and which had hitherto been their only seat. Francis took them immediately under his protection, and vied with Leo himself in the zeal and munificence with which he encouraged them. He invited learned men to his court; he conversed with them familiarly, he employed them in business; he raised them to offices of dignity, and honoured them with his confidence. That race of men, not more prone to complain when denied the respect to which they fancy themselves entitled, than apt to be pleased when treated with the distinction which they consider as their due,

though they could not exceed in gratitude to such a benefactor, strained their invention, and employed all their ingenuity in panegyric.

Succeeding authors, warmed with their descriptions of Francis's bounty, adopted their encomiums, and refined upon them. The appellation of Father of Letters, bestowed upon Francis, hath rendered his memory sacred among historians, and they seem to have regarded it as a sort of impiety to uncover his infirmities, or to point out his defects. Thus Francis, notwithstanding his inferior abilities, and want of success, hath more than equalled the fame of Charles. The virtues which he possessed as a man, have entitled him to greater admiration and praise, than have been bestowed upon the extensive genius and fortunate arts of a more capable but less amiable rival. *Robertson.*

§ 79. *Character of* CHARLES V.

As Charles was the first prince of his age in rank and dignity, the part which he acted, whether we consider the greatness, the variety, or the success of his undertaking, was the most conspicuous. It is from an attentive observation to his conduct, not from the exaggerated praises of the Spanish historians, or the undistinguished censure of the French, that a just idea of Charles's genius and abilities is to be collected. He possessed qualities so peculiar, as strongly mark his character, and not only distinguish him from the princes who were his contemporaries, but account for that superiority over them which he so long maintained. In forming his schemes, he was, by nature as well as by habit, cautious and considerate. Born with talents, which unfolded themselves slowly, and were late in attaining maturity, he was accustomed to ponder every subject that demanded his consideration, with a careful and deliberate attention. He bent the whole force of his mind towards it, and dwelling upon it with serious application, undiverted by pleasure, and hardly relaxed by any amusement, he revolved it in silence in his own breast: he then communicated the matter to his ministers; and after hearing their opinions, took his resolution with a decisive firmness, which seldom follows such slow consultations. In consequence of this, Charles's measures, instead of resembling the desultory and irregular sallies of Henry VIII. or Francis I. had the appearance of a consistent system, in which all the parts were arranged, the effects were foreseen, and the accidents were provided for. His promptitude in execution was no less remarkable than his patience in deliberation. He consulted with phlegm, but he acted with vigour; and did not discover greater sagacity in his choice of the measures which it was proper to pursue, than fertility of genius in finding out the means for rendering his pursuit of them successful. Though he had naturally so little of the martial turn, that during the most ardent and bustling period of life, he remained in the cabinet inactive; yet when he chose at length to appear at the head of his armies, his mind was so formed for vigorous exertions in every direction, that he acquired such knowledge in the art of war, and such talents for command, as rendered him equal in reputation and success to the most able generals of the age. But Charles possessed, in the most eminent degree, the science which is of greatest importance to a monarch, that of knowing men, and of adapting their talents to the various departments which he allotted to them. From the death of Chievres to the end of his reign, he employed no general in the field, no minister in the cabinet, no ambassador to a foreign court, no go-

vernor of a province, whose abilities were inadequate to the trust reposed in them. Though destitute of that bewitching affability of manner which gained Francis the hearts of all who approached his person, he was no stranger to the virtues which secure fidelity and attachment. He placed unbounded confidence in his generals; he rewarded their services with munificence; he neither envied their fame, nor discovered any jealousy of their power. Almost all the generals who conducted his armies, may be placed on a level with those illustrious personages who have attained the highest eminence of military glory: and his advantages over his rivals are to be ascribed so manifestly to the superior abilities of the commanders whom he set in opposition to them, that this might seem to detract, in some degree, from his own merit, if the talent of discovering and employing such instruments were not the most undoubted proof of his capacity for government.

There were, nevertheless, defects in his political character, which must considerably abate the admiration due to his extraordinary talents. Charles's ambition was insatiable; and though there seems to be no foundation for an opinion prevalent in his own age, that he had formed the chimerical project of establishing an universal monarchy in Europe, it is certain, that his desire of being distinguished as a conqueror involved him in continual wars, which exhausted and oppressed his subjects, and left him little leisure for giving attention to the interior police and improvement of his kingdoms, the great objects of every prince who makes the happiness of his people the end of his government. Charles, at a very early period of life, having added the imperial crown to the kingdoms of Spain, and to the hereditary dominions of the houses of Austria and Burgundy; this opened to him such a vast field of enterprise, and engaged him in schemes so complicated as well as arduous, that feeling his power to be unequal to the execution of these, he had often recourse to low artifices, unbecoming his superior talents; and sometimes ventured on such deviations from integrity, as were dishonourable in a great prince. His insidious and fraudulent policy appeared more conspicuous, and was rendered more odious, by a comparison with the open and undesigning character of his contemporaries, Francis I. and Henry VIII. This difference, though occasioned chiefly by the diversity of their tempers, must be ascribed in some degree to such an opposition in the principles of their political conduct, as affords some excuse for this defect in Charles's behaviour, though it cannot serve as a justification of it. Francis and Henry seldom acted but from the impulse of their passions, and rushed headlong towards the object in view.—Charles's measures being the result of cool reflection, were disposed into a regular system, and carried on upon a concerted plan. Persons who act in the former manner naturally pursue the end in view, without assuming any disguise, or displaying much address. Such as hold the latter course, are apt, in forming, as well as in executing their designs, to employ such refinements, as always lead to artifice in conduct, and often degenerate into deceit. *Robertson.*

§ 80. *Character of Lord* TOWNSHEND.

Lord Townshend, by very long experience, and unwearied application, was certainly an able man of business: which was his only passion. His parts were neither above nor below it; they were rather slow, a defect of the safer side. He required time to form his opinion; but when form-

ed, he adhered to it with invincible firmness, not to say obstinacy, whether right or wrong, and was impatient of contradiction.

He was a most ungraceful and confused speaker in the house of lords, inelegant in his language, perplexed in his arguments, but always near the stress of the question.

His manners were coarse, rustic, and seemingly brutal; but his nature was by no means so; for he was a kind husband to both his wives, a most indulgent father to all his children, and a benevolent master to his servants; sure tests of real good-nature, for no man can long together simulate or dissimulate at home.

He was a warm friend, and a warm enemy; defects, if defects they are, inseparable in human nature, and often accompanying the most generous minds.

Never minister had cleaner hands than he had. Mere domestic economy was his only care as to money; for he did not add one acre to his estate, and left his younger children very moderately provided for, though he had been in considerable and lucrative employments near thirty years.

As he only loved power for the sake of power, in order to preserve it, he was obliged to have a most unwarrantable complaisance for the interests and even dictates of the electorate, which was the only way by which a British minister could hold either favour or power during the reigns of king George the First and Second.

The coarseness and imperiousness of his manners made him disagreeable to queen Caroline.

Lord Townshend was not of a temper to act a second part, after having acted a first, as he did during the reign of king George the First. He resolved, therefore, to make one convulsive struggle to revive his expiring power, or, if that did not succeed, to retire from business. He tried the experiment upon the king, with whom he had a personal interest. The experiment failed, as he might easily, and ought to have foreseen. He retired to his seat in the country, and, in a few years, died of an apoplexy.

Having thus mentioned the slight defects, as well as the many valuable parts of his character, I must declare, that I owed the former to truth, and the latter to gratitude and friendship as well as to truth, since, for some years before he retired from business, we lived in the strictest intimacy that the difference of our age and situations could admit, during which time he gave me many unasked and unequivocal proofs of his friendship.

Chesterfield.

§ 81. *Character of Mr.* POPE.

Pope in conversation was below himself; he was seldom easy and natural, and seemed afraid that the man should degrade the poet, which made him always attempt wit and humour, often unsuccessfully, and too often unseasonably. I have been with him a week at a time at his house at Twickenham, where I necessarily saw his mind in its undress, when he was both an agreeable and instructive companion.

His moral character has been warmly attacked, and but weakly defended; the natural consequence of his shining turn to satire, of which many felt, and all feared the smart. It must be owned that he was the most irritable of all the *genus irritabile vatum*, offended with trifles, and never forgetting or forgiving them; but in this I really think that the poet was more in fault than the man. He was as great an instance as any he quotes, of the contrarieties and inconsistencies of human nature; for, notwithstanding the malignancy of his satires, and some blameable passages of his life, he was charitable to his power, active in doing good offices, and piously attentive to an old

bedridden mother, who died but a little time before him. His poor, crazy, deformed body was a mere Pandora's box, containing all the physical ills that ever afflicted humanity. This, perhaps, whetted the edge of his satire, and may in some degree excuse it.

I will say nothing of his works, they speak sufficiently for themselves; they will live as long as letters and taste shall remain in this country, and be more and more admired as envy and resentment shall subside. But I will venture this piece of classical blasphemy, which is, that however he may be supposed to be obliged to Horace, Horace is more obliged to him. *Chesterfield.*

§ 82. *Character of Lord* BOLINGBROKE.

It is impossible to find lights and shades strong enough to paint the character of lord Bolingbroke, who was a most mortifying instance of the violence of human passions, and of the most improved and exalted human reason. His virtues and his vices, his reason and his passions, did not blend themselves by a gradation of tints, but formed a shining and sudden contrast.

Here the darkest, there the most splendid colours, and both rendered more striking from their proximity. Impetuosity, excess, and almost extravagancy, characterized not only his passions, but even his senses. His youth was distinguished by all the tumult and storm of pleasures, in which he licentiously triumphed, disdaining all decorum. His fine imagination was often heated and exhausted, with his body, in celebrating and deifying the prostitute of the night; and his convivial joys were pushed to all the extravagancy of frantic bacchanals. These passions were never interrupted but by a stronger ambition. The former impaired both his constitution and his character: but the latter destroyed both his fortune and his reputation.

He engaged young, and distinguished himself in business. His penetration was almost intuition, and he adorned whatever subject he either spoke or wrote upon, by the most splendid eloquence; not a studied or laboured eloquence, but by such a flowing happiness of diction, which (from care, perhaps, at first) was become so habitual to him, that even his most familiar conversations, if taken down in writing, would have borne the press, without the least correction, either as to method or style. He had noble and generous sentiments, rather than fixed reflected principles of good-nature and friendship; but they were more violent than lasting, and suddenly and often varied to their opposite extremes, with regard even to the same persons. He received the common attention of civility as obligations, which he returned with interest; and resented with passion the little inadvertencies of human nature, which he repaid with interest too. Even a difference of opinion upon a philosophical subject, would provoke and prove him no practical philosopher at least.

Notwithstanding the dissipation of his youth, and the tumultuous agitation of his middle age, he had an infinite fund of various and almost universal knowledge, which, from the clearest and quickest conception, and the happiest memory that ever man was blessed with, he always carried about him. It was his pocket-money, and he never had occasion to draw upon a book for any sum. He excelled more particularly in history, as his historical works plainly prove. The relative, political, and commercial interests of every country in Europe, particularly of his own, were better known to him than perhaps to any man in it; but how steadily he

pursued the latter in his public conduct, his enemies of all parties and denominations tell with pleasure.

During his long exile in France, he applied himself to study with his characteristical ardour; and there he formed, and chiefly executed the plan of his great philosophical work. The common bounds of human knowledge were too narrow for his warm and aspiring imagination; he must go *extra flammantia mœnia mundi*, and explore the unknown and unknowable regions of metaphysics, which open an unbounded field for the excursions of an ardent imagination; where endless conjectures supply the defects of unattainable knowledge, and too often usurp both its name and its influence.

He had a very handsome person, with a most engaging address in his air and manners; he had all the dignity and good-breeding which a man of quality should or can have, and which so few, in this country at least, really have.

He professed himself a deist, believing in a general Providence, but doubting of, though by no means rejecting, (as is commonly supposed) the immortality of the soul, and a future state.

He died of a cruel and shocking distemper, a cancer in his face, which he endured with firmness. A week before he died, I took my last leave of him with grief; and he returned me his last farewell with tenderness, and said, "God, who placed me here, will do what he pleases with me hereafter; and he knows best what to do. May he bless you!"

Upon the whole of this extraordinary character, what can we say, but, alas! poor human nature!

Chesterfield.

§ 83. *Character of Mr.* PULTENEY.

Mr. Pulteney was formed by nature for social and convivial pleasures. Resentment made him engage in business. He had thought himself slighted by Sir Robert Walpole, to whom he publicly avowed not only revenge, but utter destruction. He had lively and shining parts, a surprising quickness of wit, and a happy turn to the most amusing and entertaining kinds of poetry, as epigrams, ballads, odes, &c.; in all which he had an uncommon facility. His compositions in that way were sometimes satirical, often licentious, but always full of wit.

He had a quick and clear conception of business; could equally detect and practise sophistry. He could state and explain the most intricate matters, even in figures, with the utmost perspicuity. His parts were rather above business; and the warmth of his imagination, joined to the impetuosity and restlessness of his temper, made him incapable of conducting it long together with prudence and steadiness.

He was a most complete orator and debater in the house of commons; eloquent, entertaining, persuasive, strong, and pathetic, as occasion required; for he had arguments, wit, and tears, at his command. His breast was the seat of all those passions which degrade our nature and disturb our reason. There they raged in perpetual conflict; but avarice, the meanest of them all, generally triumphed, ruled absolutely, and in many instances, which I forbear to mention, most scandalously.

His sudden passion was outrageous, but supported by great personal courage. Nothing exceeded his ambition, but his avarice; they often accompany, and are frequently and reciprocally the causes and the effects of each other; but the latter is always a clog upon the former. He affected good-nature and compassion; and perhaps his heart might feel the misfortunes and distresses of his fellow-creatures, but his hand was

seldom or never stretched out to relieve them. Though he was an able actor of truth and sincerity, he could occasionally lay them aside, to serve the purposes of ambition or avarice.

He was once in the greatest point of view that ever I saw any subject in. When the opposition, of which he was the leader in the house of commons, prevailed at last against Sir Robert Walpole, he became the arbiter between the crown and the people: the former imploring his protection, the latter his support. In that critical moment his various jarring passions were in the highest ferment, and for a while suspended his ruling one. Sense of shame made him hesitate at turning courtier on a sudden, after having acted the patriot so long, and with so much applause; and his pride made him declare, that he would accept of no place; vainly imagining, that he could by such a simulated and temporary self-denial, preserve his popularity with the public, and his power at court. He was mistaken in both. The king hated him almost as much for what he might have done, as for what he had done; and a motley ministry was formed, which by no means desired his company. The nation looked upon him as a deserter, and he shrunk into insignificancy and an earldom.

He made several attempts afterwards to retrieve the opportunity he had lost, but in vain; his situation would not allow it. He was fixed in the house of lords, that hospital of incurables; and his retreat to popularity was cut off; for the confidence of the public, when once great, and once lost, is never to be regained. He lived afterwards in retirement, with the wretched comfort of Horace's miser:

Populus me sibilat, &c.

I may, perhaps, be suspected to have given too strong colouring to some features of this portrait; but I solemnly protest, that I have drawn it conscientiously, and to the best of my knowledge, from a very long acquaintance with, and observation of the original. Nay, I have rather softened than heightened the colouring.

Chesterfield.

§ 84. *Character of Sir* ROBERT WALPOLE.

I much question whether an impartial character of Sir Robert Walpole will or can be transmitted to posterity; for he governed this kingdom so long, that the various passions of mankind mingled, and in a manner incorporated themselves with every thing that was said or written concerning him. Never was a man more flattered, nor more abused; and his long power was probably the chief cause of both. I was much acquainted with him, both in his public and his private life. I mean to do impartial justice to his character; and therefore my picture of him will, perhaps, be more like him than it will be like any of the other pictures drawn of him.

In private life he was good-natured, cheerful, social; inelegant in his manners, loose in his morals. He had a coarse, strong wit, which he was too free of for a man in his station, as it is always inconsistent with dignity. He was very able as a minister, but without a certain elevation of mind necessary for great good or for great mischief. Profuse and appetent, his ambition was subservient to his desire of making a great fortune. He had more of the Mazarin than of the Richelieu. He would do mean things for profit, and never thought of doing great ones for glory.

He was both the best parliament-man, and the ablest manager of parliament, that, I believe, ever lived. An artful, rather than an eloquent speaker; he saw, as by intuition, the

disposition of the house, and pressed or receded accordingly. So clear in stating the most intricate matters, especially in the finances, that, whilst he was speaking, the most ignorant thought that they understood what they really did not. Money, not prerogative, was the chief engine of his administration; and he employed it with a success which in a manner disgraced humanity. He was not, it is true, the inventor of that shameful method of governing, which had been gaining ground insensibly ever since Charles II.; but with uncommon skill, and unbounded profusion, he brought it to that perfection, which at this time dishonours and distresses this country, and which (if not checked, and God knows how it can be now checked) must ruin it.

Besides this powerful engine of government, he had a most extraordinary talent of persuading and working men up to his purpose. A hearty kind of frankness, which sometimes seemed impudence, made people think that he let them into his secrets, whilst the impoliteness of his manners seemed to attest his sincerity. When he found any body proof against pecuniary temptations; which, alas! was but seldom, he had recourse to a still worse art; for he laughed at and ridiculed all notions of public virtue, and the love of one's country, calling them, "The chimerical school-boy flights of classical learning;" declaring himself, at the same time, "No saint, no Spartan, no reformer." He would frequently ask young fellows, at their first appearance in the world, while their honest hearts were yet untainted, "Well, are you to be an old Roman? a patriot? you will soon come off of that, and grow wiser." And thus he was more dangerous to the morals than to the liberties of his country, to which I am persuaded he meant no ill in his heart.

He was the easy and profuse dupe of women, and in some instances, indecently so. He was excessively open to flattery, even of the grossest kind; and from the coarsest bunglers of that vile profession; which engaged him to pass most of his leisure and jovial hours with people whose blasted characters reflected upon his own. He was loved by many, but respected by none; his familiar and illiberal mirth and raillery leaving him no dignity. He was not vindictive, but, on the contrary, very placable to those who had injured him the most. His good-humour, good-nature, and beneficence, in the several relations of father, husband, master, and friend, gained him the warmest affection of all within that circle.

His name will not be recorded in history among the "best men," or the "best ministers;" but much less ought it to be ranked among the worst. *Chesterfield.*

§ 85. *Character of Lord* GRANVILLE.

Lord Granville had great parts, and a most uncommon share of learning for a man of quality. He was one of the best speakers in the house of lords, both in the declamatory and the argumentative way. He had a wonderful quickness and precision in seizing the stress of a question, which no art, no sophistry, could disguise in him. In business he was bold, enterprising, and overbearing. He had been bred up in high monarchical, that is, tyrannical principles of government, which his ardent and imperious temper made him think were the only rational and practicable ones. He would have been a great first minister in France, little inferior, perhaps, to Richelieu; in this government, which is yet free, he would have been a dangerous one, little less so, perhaps, than Lord

succeeding emperor raised to the throne, or tumbled headlong into the dust, according to the mere whim or mad frenzy of the soldiers ?

We are told this army is desired to be continued but for one year longer, or for a limited term of years. How absurd is this distinction ? Is there any army in the world continued for any term of years ? Does the most absolute monarch tell his army, that he is to continue them for any number of years, or any number of months ? How long have we already continued our army from year to year ? And if it thus continues, wherein will it differ from the standing armies of those countries which have already submitted their necks to the yoke ? We are now come to the Rubicon ; our army is now to be reduced, or it never will ; from his majesty's own mouth we are assured of a profound tranquillity abroad, we know there is one at home. If this is not a proper time, if these circumstances do not afford us a safe opportunity for reducing at least a part of our regular forces, we never can expect to see any reduction ; and this nation, already overburdened with debts and taxes, must be loaded with the heavy charge of perpetually supporting a numerous standing army ; and remain for ever exposed to the danger of having its liberties and privileges trampled upon by any future king or ministry, who shall take it in their heads to do so, and shall take a proper care to model the army for that purpose.

§ 98. *Speech of Sir* G. HEATHCOTE, *on the Establishment of Excise Officers.*

Sir,

Other gentlemen have already fully explained and set forth the great inconveniences which must be brought on the trade of this nation, by the scheme now proposed to us ; those have been made very apparent, and from them arises a very strong objection against what is now proposed : but the greatest objection arises from the danger to which this scheme will most certainly expose the liberties of our country ; those liberties, for which our ancestors have so often ventured their lives and fortunes ; those liberties, which have cost this nation so much blood and treasure, seem already to be greatly retrenched. I am sorry to say it, but what is now in dispute, seems to me to be the last branch of liberty we have to contend for : we have already established a standing army, and have made it, in a manner, a part of our constitution ; we have already subjected great numbers of the people of this nation to the arbitrary laws of excise ; and this scheme is so wide a step towards subjecting all the rest of the people of England to those arbitrary laws, that it will be impossible for us to recover, or prevent the fatal consequences of such a scheme.

We are told that his majesty is a good and a wise prince : we all believe him to be so ; but I hope no man will pretend to draw any argument from thence for our surrendering those liberties and privileges, which have been handed down to us by our ancestors. We have, indeed, nothing to fear from his present majesty : he never will make a bad use of that power which we have put into his hands ; but if we once grant to the crown too great an extent of power we cannot recall that grant when we have a mind ; and though his majesty should never make a bad use of it, some of his successors may : the being governed by a wise and good king, does not make the people a free people ; the Romans were as great slaves under the few good emperors they had to reign over them, as they were under the most cruel of their tyrants. After the people have once given up their liberties, their govern-

ors have all the same power of oppressing them, though they may not perhaps all make the same wicked use of the power lodged in their hands; but a slave that has the good fortune to meet with a good-natured and a humane master, is no less a slave than he that meets with a cruel and barbarous one. Our liberties are too valuable, and have been purchased at too high a price, to be sported with, or wantonly given up even to the best of kings: we have before now had some good, some wise and gracious sovereigns to reign over us, but we find, that under them our ancestors were as jealous of their liberties, as they were under the worst of our kings. It is to be hoped that we have still the same value for our liberties: if we have, we certainly shall use all peaceable methods to preserve and secure them; and if such methods should prove ineffectual, I hope there is no Englishman but has spirit enough to use those methods for the preservation of our liberties, which were used by our ancestors for the defence of theirs, and for transmitting them down to us in that glorious condition in which we found them. There are some still alive who bravely ventured their lives and fortunes in defence of the liberties of their country; there are many, whose fathers were embarked in the same glorious cause; let it never be said that the sons of such men wantonly gave up those liberties for which their fathers had risked so much, and that for the poor pretence of suppressing a few frauds in the collecting of the public revenues, which might easily have been suppressed without entering into any such dangerous measures. This is all I shall trouble you with at present; but so much I thought it was incumbent upon me to say, in order that I might enter my protest against the question now before us.

§ 99. *Sir Robert* WALPOLE'S *Speech on the Establishment of Excise Officers.*

Sir,

As I was obliged, when I opened the affair now before you, to take up a great deal of your time, I then imagined that I should not have been under a necessity of giving you any further trouble; but when such things are thrown out, things which in my opinion are quite foreign to the debate; when the ancient histories, not only of this but other countries are ransacked for characters of wicked ministers, in order to adapt them to the present times, and to draw parallels between them and some modern characters, to which they bear no other resemblance than that they were ministers, it is impossible for one to sit still. Of late years I have dealt but little in the study of history; but I have a very good prompter by me (meaning Sir Philip Yorke), and by his means, I can recollect that the case of Empson and Dudley, mentioned by the honourable gentleman who spoke last, was so very different from any thing that can possibly be presumed from the scheme now before us, that I wonder how it was possible to lug them into the debate. The case as to them was, that they had, by virtue of old and obsolete laws, most unjustly extorted great sums of money from people, who, as was pretended, had become liable to great pains and penalties, by having been guilty of breaches of those obsolete laws, which for many years before, had gone entirely into disuse. I must say, and I hope most of those that hear me think, that it is very unjust and unfair to draw any parallel between the character of those two ministers and mine, which was, I suppose, what the honourable gentleman meant to do, when he brought that piece of history into the debate. If I ever endeavour

to raise money from the people, or from any man whatever, by oppressive or illegal means, if my character should ever come to be in any respect like theirs, I shall deserve their fate. But while I know myself to be innocent, I shall depend upon the protection of the laws of my country. As long as they can protect me, I am safe; and if that protection should fail, I am prepared to submit to the worst that can happen. I know that my political and ministerial life has by some gentlemen been long wished at an end; but they may ask their own disappointed hearts, how vain their wishes have been; and as for my natural life, I have lived long enough to learn to be as easy about parting with it, as any man can well be.

As to those clamours which have been raised without doors, and which are now so much insisted on, it is very well known by whom and by what methods they were raised, and it is no difficult matter to guess with what views; but I am very far from taking them to be the sense of the nation, or believing that the sentiments of the generality of the people were thereby expressed. The most part of the people concerned in those clamours did not speak their own sentiments. They were played upon by others, like so many puppets; it was not the puppets that spoke, it was those behind the curtain that played them, and made them speak whatever they had a mind.

There is now a most extraordinary concourse of people at our door. I hope it will not be said that all those people came there of themselves naturally, and without any instigation from others, for to my certain knowledge, some very odd methods were used to bring such multitudes hither. Circular letters were wrote, and sent by the beadles, in the most public and unprecedented manner, round almost every ward in the city, summoning them upon their peril to come down this day to the house of commons. This I am certain of, because I have now one of those letters in my pocket, signed by a deputy of one of the greatest wards in the city of London, and sent by the beadle to one of the inhabitants of that ward; and I know that such letters were sent in the same manner almost to every liveryman and tradesman in that ward; and by the same sort of unwarrantable methods have the clamours been raised almost in every other part of the nation.

Gentlemen may say what they please of the multitudes now at our door, and in all the avenues leading to this house; they may call them a modest multitude if they will; but whatever temper they were in when they came hither, it may be very much altered now, after having waited so long at our door. It may be a very easy matter for some designing seditious person to raise a tumult and disorder among them: and when tumults are once begun, no man knows where they may end. He is a greater man than any I know in the nation, that could with the same ease appease them. For this reason I must think, that it was neither prudent nor regular to use any methods for bringing such multitudes to this place, under any pretence whatever. Gentlemen may give them what name they think fit; it may be said, that they came hither as humble supplicants; but I know whom the law calls sturdy beggars, and those who brought them hither could not be certain but that they might have behaved in the same manner.

§ 100. *Sir* JOHN ST. AUBIN'S *Speech for repealing the Septennial Act.*

Mr. Speaker,

The subject matter of this debate is of such importance, that I should be ashamed to return to my electors, without endeavouring, in the best manner I am able, to declare publicly

the reasons which induced me to give my most ready assent to this question.

The people have an unquestionable right to frequent new parliaments by ancient usage; and this usage has been confirmed by several laws which have been progressively made by our ancestors, as often as they found it necessary to insist on this essential privilege.

Parliaments were generally annual, but never continued longer than three years, till the remarkable reign of Henry VIII. He, Sir, was a prince of unruly appetites, and of an arbitrary will; he was impatient of every restraint; the laws of God and man fell equally a sacrifice, as they stood in the way of his avarice, or disappointed his ambition: he therefore introduced long parliaments, because he very well knew that they would become the proper instruments of both; and what a slavish obedience they paid to all his measures is sufficiently known.

If we come to the reign of King Charles the First, we must acknowledge him to be a prince of a contrary temper: he had certainly an innate love for religion and virtue. But here lay the misfortune; he was led from his natural disposition by sycophants and flatterers; they advised him to neglect the calling of frequent new parliaments, and therefore, by not taking the constant sense of his people in what he did, he was worked up into so high a notion of prerogative, that the commons, in order to restrain it, obtained that independent fatal power, which at last unhappily brought him to his most tragical end, and at the same time subverted the whole constitution; and I hope we shall learn this lesson from it, never to compliment the crown with any new or extravagant powers, nor to deny the people those rights which by ancient usage they are entitled to; but to preserve the just and equal balance, from which they will both derive mutual security, and which, if duly observed, will render our constitution the envy and admiration of all the world.

King Charles the Second, naturally took a surfeit of parliaments in his father's time, and was therefore extremely desirous to lay them aside: but this was a scheme impracticable. However, in effect, he did so; for he obtained a parliament which, by its long duration, like an army of veterans, became so exactly disciplined to his own measures, that they knew no other command but from that person who gave them their pay.

This was a safe and most ingenious way of enslaving a nation. It was very well known, that arbitrary power, if it was open and avowed, would never prevail here; the people were amused with the specious form of their ancient constitution: it existed, indeed, in their fancy; but, like a mere phantom, had no substance nor reality in it: for the power, the authority, the dignity of parliaments were wholly lost. This was that remarkable parliament which so justly obtained the opprobrious name of the Pension Parliament; and was the model from which, I believe, some later parliaments have been exactly copied.

At the time of the Revolution, the people made a fresh claim of their ancient privileges; and as they had so lately experienced the misfortune of long and servile parliaments, it was then declared, that they should be held frequently. But, it seems, their full meaning was not understood by this declaration; and, therefore, as in every new settlement the intention of all parties should be specifically manifested, the parliament never ceased struggling with the crown, till the triennial law was obtained: the preamble of it is extremely full and strong; and in the body of the bill you will find the word *declared* before *enacted*, by which I apprehend, that though this law did not immediately take place at the time of the Revolution,

it was certainly intended as declaratory of their first meaning, and therefore stands apart of that original contract under which the constitution was then settled. His majesty's title to the crown is primarily derived from that contract; and if upon a review here shall appear to be any deviations from it, we ought to treat them as so many injuries done to that title. And I dare say, that this house, which has gone through so long a series of services to his majesty, will at last be willing to revert to those original stated measures of government, to renew and strengthen that title.

But, Sir, I think the manner in which the septennial law was first introduced, is a very strong reason why it should be repealed. People, in their fears, have very often recourse to desperate expedients, which, if not cancelled in season, will themselves prove fatal to that constitution which they were meant to secure. Such is the nature of the septennial law; it was intended only as a preservative against a temporary inconvenience: the inconvenience is removed, but the mischievous effects still continue; for it not only altered the constitution of parliaments, but it extended that same parliament beyond its natural duration; and therefore carries this most unjust implication with it. That you may at any time usurp the most indubitable, the most essential privilege of the people, I mean that of choosing their own representatives: a precedent of such a dangerous consequence, of so fatal a tendency, that I think it would be a reproach to our statute book, if that law was any longer to subsist, which might record it to posterity.

This is a season of virtue and public spirit; let us take advantage of it to repeal those laws which infringe our liberties, and introduce such as may restore the vigour of our ancient constitution.

Human nature is so very corrupt that all obligations lose their force, unless they are frequently renewed: long parliaments therefore become independent of the people, and when they do so, there always happens a most dangerous dependence elsewhere.

Long parliaments give the minister an opportunity of getting acquaintance with members, of practising his several arts to win them into his schemes. This must be the work of time. Corruption is of so base a nature, that at first sight it is extremely shocking; hardly any one has submitted to it all at once: his disposition must be previously understood, the particular bait must be found out with which he is to be allured, and after all, it is not without many struggles that he surrenders his virtue. Indeed, there are some who will at once plunge themselves into any base action; but the generality of mankind are of a more cautious nature, and will proceed only by leisurely degrees; one or two perhaps have deserted their colours the first campaign, some have done it a second; but a great many, who have not that eager disposition to vice, will wait till a third.

For this reason, short parliaments have been less corrupt than long ones; they are observed, like streams of water, always to grow more impure the greater distance they run from the fountain-head.

I am aware it may be said, that frequent new parliaments will produce frequent new expenses; but I think quite the contrary: I am really of opinion, that it will be a proper remedy against the evil of bribery at elections, especially as you have provided so wholesome a law to co-operate upon these occasions.

Bribery at elections, whence did it arise? not from country gentlemen, for they are sure of being chosen without it; it was, Sir, the invention of wicked and corrupt ministers, who have from time to time led weak

princes into such destructive measures, that they did not dare to rely upon the natural representation of the people. Long parliaments, Sir, first introduced bribery, because they were worth purchasing at any rate. Country gentlemen, who have only their private fortunes to rely upon, and have no mercenary ends to serve, are unable to oppose it, especially if at any time the public treasure shall be unfaithfully squandered away to corrupt their boroughs. Country gentlemen, indeed, may make some weak efforts, but as they generally prove unsuccessful, and the time of a fresh struggle is at so great a distance, they at last grow faint in the dispute, give up their country for lost, and retire in despair; despair naturally produces indolence, and that is the proper disposition for slavery. Ministers of state understand this very well, and are therefore unwilling to awaken the nation out of its lethargy by frequent elections. They know that the spirit of liberty, like every other virtue of the mind, is to be kept alive only by constant action; that it is impossible to enslave this nation, while it is perpetually upon its guard.—Let country gentlemen, then, by having frequent opportunities of exerting themselves, be kept warm and active in their contention for the public good: this will raise that zeal and spirit, which will at last get the better of those undue influences by which the officers of the crown, though unknown to the several boroughs, have been able to supplant country gentlemen of great characters and fortune, who live in their neighbourhood.—I do not say this upon idle speculation only: I live in a country where it is too well known, and I appeal to many gentlemen in the house, to more out of it, (and who are so for this very reason,) for the truth of my assertion. Sir, it is a sore which has been long eating into the most vital part of our constitution, and I hope the time will come when you will probe it to the bottom. For if a minister should ever gain a corrupt familiarity with our boroughs; if he should keep a register of them in his closet, and, by sending down his treasury mandates, should procure a spurious representation of the people, the offspring of his corruption, who will be at all times ready to reconcile and justify the most contradictory measures of his administration, and even to vote every crude indigested dream of their patron into a law; if the maintenance of his power should become the sole object of their attention, and they should be guilty of the most violent breach of parliamentary trust, by giving the king a discretionary liberty of taxing the people without limitation or control; the last fatal compliment they can pay to the crown; if this should ever be the unhappy condition of this nation, the people indeed may complain; but the doors of that place, where their complaints should be heard, will for ever be shut against them.

Our disease, I fear, is of a complicated nature, and I think that this motion is wisely intended to remove the first and principal disorder. Give the people their ancient right of frequent new elections; that will restore the decayed authority of parliaments, and will put our constitution into a natural condition of working out her own cure.

Sir, upon the whole, I am of opinion, that I cannot express a greater zeal for his majesty, for the liberties of the people, or the honour and dignity of this house, than by seconding the motion which the honourable gentleman has made you.

§101. *Sir* ROBERT WALPOLE'S *Reply.*

Mr. Speaker,

Though the question has been already so fully opposed, that there is

no great occasion to say any thing farther against it, yet I hope the house will indulge me the liberty of giving some of those reasons which induce me to be against the motion. In general, I must take notice, that the nature of our constitution seems to be very much mistaken by the gentlemen who have spoken in favour of this motion. It is certain, that ours is a mixed government, and the perfection of our constitution consists in this, that the monarchical, aristocratical, and democratical forms of government, are mixed and interwoven in ours, so as to give us all the advantages of each, without subjecting us to the dangers and inconveniences of either. The democratical form of government, which is the only one I have now occasion to take notice of, is liable to these inconveniences; that they are generally too tedious in their coming to any resolution, and seldom brisk and expeditious enough in carrying their resolutions into execution: that they are always wavering in their resolutions, and never steady in any of the measures they resolve to pursue; and that they are often involved in factions, seditions, and insurrections, which exposes them to be made the tools, if not the prey, of their neighbours: therefore, in all regulations we make with respect to our constitution, we are to guard against running too much into that form of government, which is properly called democratical: this was, in my opinion, the effect of the triennial law, and will again be the effect, if ever it should be restored.

That triennial elections would make our government too tedious in all their resolves, is evident; because, in such case no prudent administration would ever resolve upon any measure of consequence till they had felt not only the pulse of the parliament, but the pulse of the people; and the ministers of state would always labour under this disadvantage, that, as secrets of state must not be immediately divulged, their enemies (and enemies they will always have) would have a handle for exposing their measures, and rendering them disagreeable to the people, and thereby carrying perhaps a new election against them, before they could have an opportunity of justifying their measures, by divulging those facts and circumstances, from whence the justice and the wisdom of their measures would clearly appear.

Then, sir, it is by experience well known, that what is called the populace of every country, are apt to be too much elated with success, and too much dejected with every misfortune: this makes them wavering in their opinions about affairs of state, and never long of the same mind; and as this house is chosen by the free and unbiassed voice of the people in general, if this choice were so often renewed, we might expect that this house would be as wavering, and as unsteady, as the people usually are: and it being impossible to carry on the public affairs of the nation without the concurrence of this house, the ministers would always be obliged to comply, and consequently would be obliged to change their measures, as often as the people changed their minds.

With septennial parliaments, sir, we are not exposed to either of these misfortunes, because, if the ministers, after having felt the pulse of the parliament, which they can always soon do, resolve upon any measures, they have generally time enough, before the new elections come on, to give the people a proper information, in order to show them the justice and the wisdom of the measures they have pursued; and if the people should at any time be too much elated, or too much dejected, or should without a cause change their minds, those at the helm of affairs have time to set them right before a new election comes on.

As to faction and sedition, sir, I will grant that, in monarchical and aristocratical governments, it generally arises from violence and oppression; but, in democratical governments, it always arises from the people's having too great a share in the government. For in all countries, and in all governments, there always will be many factious and unquiet spirits, who can never be at rest either in or out of power: when in power, they are never easy, unless every man submits entirely to their direction; and when out of power, they are always working and intriguing against those that are in, without any regard to justice, or to the interest of their country. In popular governments such men have too much game, they have too many opportunities for working upon and corrupting the minds of the people, in order to give them a bad impression of, and to raise discontents against, those that have the management of the public affairs for the time; and these discontents often break out into seditions and insurrections. This, sir, would in my opinion be our misfortune, if our parliament were either annual or triennial: by such frequent elections there would be so much power thrown into the hands of the people, as would destroy that equal mixture which is the beauty of our constitution: in short, our government would really become a democratical government, and might from thence very probably diverge into a tyrannical. Therefore, in order to preserve our constitution, in order to prevent our falling under tyranny and arbitrary power, we ought to preserve that law, which I really think has brought our constitution to a more equal mixture, and consequently to a greater perfection, than it was ever in before that law took place.

As to bribery and corruption, sir, if it were possible to influence, by such base means, the majority of the electors of Great Britain to choose such men as would probably give up their liberties; if it were possible to influence, by such means, a majority of the members of this house to consent to the establishment of arbitrary power; I would readily allow, that the calculations made by the gentlemen of the other side were just, and their inference true; but I am persuaded that neither of these is possible. As the members of this house generally are, and must always be, gentlemen of fortune and figure in their country, is it possible to suppose, that any one of them could, by a pension, or a post, be influenced to consent to the overthrow of our constitution; by which the enjoyment, not only of what he got, but of what he before had, would be rendered altogether precarious: I will allow, sir, that, with respect to bribery, the price must be higher or lower, generally in proportion to the virtue of the man who is to be bribed; but it must likewise be granted, that the humour he happens to be in at the time, the spirit he happens to be endowed with, adds a great deal to his virtue. When no encroachments are made upon the rights of the people, when the people do not think themselves in any danger, there may be many of the electors, who, by a bribe of ten guineas, might be induced to vote for one candidate rather than another; but if the court were making any encroachments upon the rights of the people, a proper spirit would, without doubt, arise in the nation; and in such a cause, I am persuaded, that none, or very few, even of such electors, could be induced to vote for a court candidate; no, not for ten times the sum.

There may, sir, be some bribery and corruption in the nation; I am afraid there will always be some: but it is no proof of it, that strangers are sometimes chosen; for a gentleman may have so much natural influence

over a borough in his neighbourhood, as to be able to prevail with them to choose any person he pleases to recommend; and if upon such recommendation they choose one or two of his friends, who are perhaps strangers to them, it is not from thence to be inferred, that the two strangers were chosen their representatives by the means of bribery and corruption.

To insinuate, sir, that money may be issued from the public treasury for bribing elections, is really something very extraordinary, especially in those gentlemen who know how many checks are upon every shilling that can be issued from thence; and how regularly the money granted in one year for the public service of the nation, must always be accounted for the very next session, in this house, and likewise in the other, if they have a mind to call for any such account. And as to the gentlemen in offices, if they have any advantage over country gentlemen, in having something else to depend on besides their own private fortunes, they have likewise many disadvantages: they are obliged to live here at London with their families, by which they are put to a much greater expense than gentlemen of equal fortunes who live in the country: this lays them under a very great disadvantage, with respect to the supporting their interest in the country. The country gentleman, by living among the electors, and purchasing the necessaries for his family from them, keeps up an acquaintance and correspondence with them, without putting himself to any extraordinary charge: whereas a gentleman who lives in London has no other way of keeping up an acquaintance or correspondence among his friends in the country, but by going down once or twice a year, at a very extraordinary charge, and often without any other business; so that we may conclude, a gentleman in office cannot, even in seven years, save much for distributing in ready money at the time of an election; and I really believe, if the fact were narrowly inquired into, it would appear, that the gentlemen in office are as little guilty of bribing their electors with ready money, as any other set of gentlemen in the kingdom.

That there are ferments often raising among the people without any just cause, is what I am surprised to hear controverted, since very late experience may convince us of the contrary. Do not we know what a ferment was raised in the nation towards the latter end of the late queen's reign? And it is well known what a fatal change in the affairs of this nation was introduced, or at least confirmed, by an election's coming on while the nation was in that ferment. Do we not know what a ferment was raised in the nation soon after his late majesty's accession? And if an election had then been allowed to come on, while the nation was in that ferment, it might perhaps have had as fatal effects as the former; but, thank God, this was wisely provided against by the very law which is now wanted to be repealed.

As such ferments may hereafter often happen, I must think that frequent elections will always be dangerous; for which reason, as far as I can see at present, I shall, I believe, at all times, think it a very dangerous experiment to repeal the septennial bill.

§ 102. *Lord* LYTTELTON's *Speech on the Repeal of the Act, called the Jew Bill, in the year* 1753.

Mr. Speaker,

I see no occasion to enter at present into the merits of the bill we passed the last session, for the naturalization of Jews, because I am convinced, that in the present temper of the nation, not a single foreign Jew

will think it expedient to take the benefit of that act; and therefore the repealing of it is giving up nothing. I assented to it last year, in hopes it might induce some wealthy Jews to come and settle among us: in that light I saw enough of utility in it, to make me incline rather to approve than dislike it; but that any man alive could be zealous either for or against it, I confess I had no idea. What affects our religion is, indeed, of the highest and most serious importance: God forbid we should ever be indifferent about that! but I thought this had no more to do with religion, than any turnpike-act we passed in that session; and, after all the divinity that has been preached on the subject, I think so still.

Resolution and steadiness are excellent qualities; but it is the application of them upon which their value depends. A wise government, Mr. Speaker, will know where to yield as well as where to resist: and there is no surer mark of littleness of mind in an administration, than obstinacy in trifles. Public wisdom, on some occasions, must condescend to give way to popular folly, especially in a free country, where the humour of the people must be considered as attentively as the humour of a king in an absolute monarchy. Under both forms of government, a prudent and honest ministry will indulge a small folly, and will resist a great one. Not to vouchsafe now and then a kind indulgence to the former, would discover an ignorance in human nature; not to resist the latter at all times would be meanness and servility.

Sir, I look on the bill we are at present debating, not as a sacrifice made to popularity (for it sacrifices nothing) but as a prudent regard to some consequences arising from the nature of the clamour raised against the late act for naturalizing Jews, which seem to require a particular consideration.

It has been hitherto the rare and envied felicity of his majesty's reign, that his subjects have enjoyed such a settled tranquillity, such a freedom from angry religious disputes, as is not to be paralleled in any former times. The true christian spirit of moderation, of charity, of universal benevolence, has prevailed in the people, has prevailed in the clergy of all ranks and degrees, instead of those narrow principles, those bigoted pleasures, that furious, that implacable, that ignorant zeal, which had often done so much hurt both to the church and the state. But from the ill-understood, insignificant act of parliament you are now moved to repeal, occasion has been taken to deprive us of this inestimable advantage. It is a pretence to disturb the peace of the church, to infuse idle fear into the minds of the people, and make religion itself an engine of sedition. It behoves the piety, as well as the wisdom of parliament, to disappoint those endeavours. Sir, the very worst mischief that can be done to religion, is to pervert it to the purposes of faction. Heaven and hell are not more distant, than the benevolent spirit of the gospel, and the malignant spirit of party. The most impious wars ever made were those called holy wars. He who hates another man for not being a christian, is himself not a christian. Christianity, sir, breathes love, and peace, and good will to man. A temper conformable to the dictates of that holy religion, has lately distinguished this nation; and a glorious distinction it was! But there is latent, at all times in the minds of the vulgar, a spark of enthusiasm, which, if blown by the breath of a party, may, even when it seems quite extinguished, be suddenly revived and raised to a flame. The act of last session for naturalizing Jews, has very unexpectedly administered fuel to feed that flame. To what a height it may rise, if it should continue much

longer, one cannot easily tell; but, take away the fuel, and it will die of itself.

It is the misfortune of all the Roman Catholic countries, that there the church and the state, the civil power and the hierarchy, have separate interests; and are continually at variance one with the other. It is our happiness, that here they form but one system. While this harmony lasts, whatever hurts the church, hurts the state: whatever weakens the credit of the governors of the church, takes away from the civil power a part of its strength, and shakes the whole constitution.

Sir, I trust and believe that, by speedily passing this bill, we shall silence that obloquy which has so unjustly been cast upon our reverend prelates (some of the most respectable that ever adorned our church) for the part they took in the act which this repeals. And it greatly concerns the whole community, that they should not lose that respect which is so justly due to them, by a popular clamour kept up in opposition to a measure of no importance in itself. But if the departing from that measure, should not remove the prejudice so maliciously raised, I am certain that no further step you can take will be able to remove it; and, therefore, I hope you will stop here. This appears to be a reasonable and safe condescension, by which nobody will be hurt; but all beyond this would be dangerous weakness in government: it might open a door to the wildest enthusiasm, and to the most mischievous attacks of political disaffection working upon that enthusiasm. If you encourage and authorize it to fall on the synagogue, it will go from thence to the meeting-house, and in the end to the palace. But let us be careful to check its further progress. The more zealous we are to support christianity, the more vigilant should we be in maintaining toleration. If we bring back persecution, we bring back the anti-christian spirit of popery; and when the spirit is here, the whole system will soon follow. Toleration is the basis of all public quiet. It is a charter of freedom given to the mind, more valuable, I think, than that which secures our persons and estates. Indeed, they are inseparably connected together; for, where the mind is not free, where the conscience is enthralled, there is no freedom. Spiritual tyranny puts on the galling chains; but civil tyranny is called in to rivet and fix them. We see it in Spain, and many other countries; we have formerly both seen and felt it in England. By the blessing of God, we are now delivered from all kinds of oppression. Let us take care, that they may never return.

§ 103. *Speech of Mr.* PITT *(afterwards Earl of Chatham), on American taxation*, 1765.

Mr. Pitt at beginning was rather low, and as every one was in agitation at his first rising, his introduction was not heard, till he said:

I came to town but to-day; I was a stranger to the tenor of his majesty's speech, and the proposed address, till I heard them read in this house. Unconnected and unconsulted, I have not the means of information; I am fearful of offending through mistake, and therefore beg to be indulged with a second reading of the proposed address.

The address being read, he went on; he commended the king's speech, approved of the address in answer, as it decided nothing, every gentleman being left at perfect liberty to take such a part concerning America, as he might afterwards see fit. One word only he could not approve of: 'early' is a word that does not belong to the notice the ministry have given to parliament of the troubles in Ame-

rica. In a matter of such importance the communication ought to have been immediate: I speak not with respect to parties, I stand up in this place singly and unconnected. As to the late ministry (turning himself to Mr. Grenville), every capital measure they have taken has been entirely wrong. As to the present gentlemen, to those at least whom I have in my eye (looking at the bench where Mr. Conway sat, with the lords of the treasury), I have no objection; I have never been made a sacrifice by any of them. Their characters are fair; and I am always glad when men of fair character engage in his majesty's service. Some of them have done me the honour to ask my poor opinion, before they would engage. These will do me the justice to own, I advised them to engage; but, notwithstanding, I love to be explicit; I cannot give them my confidence. Pardon me, gentlemen (bowing to the ministry), confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom: youth is the season of credulity; by comparing events with each other, reasoning from effects to causes, methinks I plainly discover the traces of an overruling influence.

There is a clause in the act of settlement, to oblige every minister to sign his name to the advice which he gives to his sovereign. Would it were observed! I have had the honour to serve the crown, and if I could have submitted to influence, I might have still continued to serve; but I would not be responsible for others. I have no local attachments: it is indifferent to me, whether a man was rocked in his cradle on this or that side of the Tweed. I sought for merit wherever it was to be found. It is my boast, that I was the first minister that looked for it, and I found it in the mountains of the North. I called forth, and drew into your service, a hardy and intrepid race of men! men, who, when left by your jealousy, became a prey to the artifices of your enemies, and had gone nigh to have overturned the state, in the war before the last. These men, in the last war, were brought to combat on your side: they served with fidelity, as they fought with valour, and conquered for you in every part of the world: detested be the national reflections against them! they are unjust, groundless, illiberal, unmanly. When I ceased to serve his majesty as a minister, it was not the country of the man by which I was moved, but the man of that country wanted wisdom, and held principles incompatible with freedom.

It is a long time, Mr. Speaker, since I have attended in parliament. When the resolution was taken in the house to tax America, I was ill in bed. If I could have endured to have been carried in my bed, so great was the agitation of my mind for the consequence, I would have solicited some kind hand to have laid me down on this floor, to have borne my testimony against it. It is now an act that has passed; I would speak with decency of every act of this house, but I must beg the indulgence of the house to speak of it with freedom.

I hope a day may soon be appointed to consider the state of the nation with respect to America. I hope gentlemen will come to this debate with all the temper and impartiality that his majesty recommends, and the importance of the subject requires: a subject of greater importance than ever engaged the attention of this house, that subject only excepted, when, near a century ago, it was the question, whether you yourselves were to be bound or free.

In the mean time, as I cannot depend upon health for any future day, such is the nature of my infirmities, I will beg to say a few words at present, leaving the justice, the equity, the policy, the expediency of the act, to another time. I will only speak

to one point, a point which seems not to have been generally understood—I mean the right. Some gentlemen (alluding to Mr. Nugent) seem to have considered it a point of honour. If gentlemen consider it in that light, they leave all measures of right and wrong to follow a delusion that may lead to destruction. It is my opinion that this kingdom has no right to lay a tax upon the colonies, to be sovereign and supreme in every circumstance of government and legislation whatsoever. They are the subjects of this kingdom, equally entitled with yourselves to all the natural rights of mankind, and the peculiar privileges of Englishmen.

Equally bound by its laws, and equally participating of the constitution of this free country, the Americans are the sons, not the bastards of England. Taxation is no part of the governing or legislative power. The taxes are a voluntary gift and grant of the commons alone. In legislation the three estates of the realm are alike concerned; but the concurrency of the peers and the crown to a tax, is only necessary to close with the form of a law.

The gift and grant is of the commons alone. In ancient days, the crown, the barons, and the clergy, possessed the lands. In those days the barons and the clergy gave and granted to the crown. They gave and granted what was their own. At present, since the discovery of America, and other circumstances permitting, the commons are become the proprietors of the land. The crown has divested itself of its great estates. The church (God bless it!) has but a pittance. The property of the lords, compared with that of the commons, is as a drop of water in the ocean; and this house represents these commons, the proprietors of the lands; and those proprietors virtually represent the rest of the inhabitants.

When, therefore, in this house we give and grant, we give and grant what is our own. But in an American tax, what do we do? We, your majesty's commons of Great Britain, give and grant to your majesty, what? our own property?—No, we give and grant to your majesty the property of the commons of America. It is an absurdity in terms.

The distinction between legislation and taxation is essentially necessary to liberty. The crown, the peers, are equally legislative powers with the commons. If taxation be a part of simple legislation, the crown, the peers, have rights in taxation as well as yourselves; rights they will claim, which they will exercise, whenever the principle can be supported by power.

There is an idea in some, that the colonies are virtually represented in this house. I would fain know by whom an American is represented here? Is he represented by any knight of the shire, in any county in this kingdom? Would to God that respectable representation was augmented to a greater number! Or will you tell him that he is represented by any representative of a borough,—a borough which perhaps no man ever saw? That is what is called the rotten part of the constitution. It cannot continue a century. If it does not drop it must be amputated. The idea of a virtual representation of America in this house is the most contemptible idea that ever entered into the head of man. It does not deserve a serious consideration.

The commons of America, represented in their several assemblies, have ever been in possession of the exercise of this, their constitutional right, of giving and granting their own money. They would have been slaves if they had not enjoyed it. At the same time, this kingdom, as the supreme governing and legislative power, has always bound the colonies by her laws, by her regulations, and

restrictions in trade, in navigation, in manufactures, in every thing, except that of taking their money out of their pockets without their consent. Here I would draw the line,

Quam ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum.

He concluded with a familiar voice and tone, but so low that it was not easy to distinguish what he said. A considerable pause ensued after Mr. Pitt had done speaking.

§ 104. *Speech of Mr.* GRENVILLE *on the same subject.*

He began with censuring the ministry very severely, for delaying to give earlier notice to parliament of the disturbances in America. He said they began in July, and now we are in the middle of January; lately they were only occurrences; they are now grown to disturbances, to tumults, and riots. I doubt they border on open rebellion; and if the doctrine I have heard this day be confirmed, I fear they will lose that name to take that of a revolution. The government over them being dissolved, a revolution will take place in America. I cannot understand the difference between external and internal taxes. They are the same in effect, and differ only in name. That this kingdom has the sovereign, the supreme legislative power over America, is granted. It cannot be denied; and taxation is a part of that sovereign power. It is one branch of the legislation. It is, it has been exercised, over those who are not, who were never represented. It is exercised over the India Company, the merchants of London, and the proprietors of the stocks, and over great manufacturing towns. It was exercised over the county palatine of Chester, and the bishopric of Durham, before they sent any representatives to parliament. I appeal for proof to the preambles of the acts which gave them representatives; one in the reign of Henry VIII. the other in that of Charles II. [He then quoted the acts, and desired they might be read; which being done, he said:] When I proposed to tax America, I asked the house, if any gentleman would object to the right; I repeatedly asked it, and no man would attempt to deny it. Protection and obedience are reciprocal. Great Britain protects America, America is bound to yield obedience. If not, tell me when the Americans were emancipated? When they want the protection of this kingdom, they are always very ready to ask it. That protection has always been afforded them in the most full and ample manner. The nation has run itself into an immense debt to give them this protection; and now they are called upon to contribute a small share towards the public expense, an expense arising from themselves, they renounce your authority, insult your officers, and break out, I might almost say, in open rebellion.

The seditious spirit of the colonies owes its birth to factions in this house. Gentlemen are careless of the consequences of what they say, provided it answers the purposes of opposition.

We were told we trod on tender ground; we were bid to expect disobedience. What was this, but telling the Americans to stand out against the law, to encourage their obstinacy with expectation of support from hence? let us only hold out a little, they would say, our friends will soon be in power. Ungrateful people of America! bounties have been extended to them. When I had the honour of serving the crown, while you yourselves were loaded with an enormous debt, you have given bounties on their lumber, on their iron, their hemp, and many other articles. You have relaxed, in their favour, the act of navigation, that palladium of British

commerce; and yet I have been abused in all the public papers as an enemy to the trade of America. I have been particularly charged with giving orders and instructions to prevent the Spanish trade, and thereby stopping the channel by which alone North America used to be supplied with cash for remittances for this country. I defy any man to produce any such orders or instructions. I discouraged no trade but what was illicit, what was prohibited by act of parliament. I desire a West India merchant, well known in this city (Mr. Long), a gentleman of character, may be admitted. He will tell you that I offered to do every thing in my power to advance the trade of America. I was above giving an answer to anonymous calumnies; but in this place it becomes me to wipe off the aspersion.

§ 105. *Speech of Mr.* PITT, *in reply to Mr. Grenville.*

I do not apprehend I am speaking twice; I did expressly reserve a part of my subject, in order to save the time of this house; but I am compelled to proceed in it. I do not speak twice; I only mean to finish what I designedly left imperfect. But if the house is of a different opinion, far be it from me to indulge a wish of transgression against order. (Here he paused, the house resounding with, "Go on, go on,"—he proceeded.)

Gentlemen, sir, have been charged with giving birth to sedition in America. They have spoken their sentiments with freedom against this unhappy act, and that freedom has become their crime. Sorry I am to hear the liberty of speech in this house imputed as a crime. But the imputation shall not discourage me. It is a liberty I mean to exercise.

No gentleman ought to be afraid to exercise it—it is a liberty by which the gentleman who calumniates it might have profited, by which he ought to have profited. He ought to have desisted from his project. The gentleman tells us America is obstinate; America is almost in open rebellion. I rejoice that America has resisted. Three millions of people, so dead to all feelings of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of the rest. I come not here armed at all points, with law cases and acts of parliament, with the statute book doubled down in dogs-ears, to defend the cause of liberty: if I had, I myself would have cited the two cases of Chester and Durham: I would have cited them to have shown, that even under the most arbitrary reigns, parliaments were ashamed of taxing people without their consent, and allowed them representatives. Why did the gentleman confine himself to Chester and Durham? He might have taken a higher example in Wales; Wales, that never was taxed by parliament till it was incorporated. I would not debate a particular point of law with the gentleman: I know his abilities: I have been obliged by his diligent researches. But for the defence of liberty upon a general principle, upon a constitutional principle, it is a ground upon which I stand firm; on which I dare meet any man. The gentleman tells us of many who are taxed, and are not represented. The India Company, merchants, stock-holders, manufacturers. Surely many of these are represented in other capacities, as owners of land, or as freemen of boroughs. It is a misfortune that more are not actually represented. But they are all inhabitants, and, as such, are virtually represented Many have it in their option to be actually represented. They have connexions with those that elect, and they have influence over them. The gentleman mentioned the stock-holders. I hope he does not reckon the debts of

the nation a part of the national estate. Since the accession of king William, many ministers, some of great, others of more moderate abilities, have taken the lead of government. He then went through the list of them, bringing it down till he came to himself, giving a short sketch of the characters of each of them. None of these, he said, thought or ever dreamed of robbing the colonies of their constitutional rights That was reserved to mark the era of the late administration: not that there were wanting some when I had the honour to serve his majesty, to propose to me to burn my fingers with an American stamp act. With the enemy at their back, with our bayonets at their breasts, in the day of their distress, perhaps the Americans would have submitted to the imposition; but it would have been taking an ungenerous, an unjust advantage. The gentleman boasts of his bounties to America! Are not these bounties intended finally for the benefit of this kingdom? If they are not, he has misapplied the national treasures. I am no courtier of America, I stand up for this kingdom. I maintain that the parliament has a right to bind, to restrain America.

Our legislative power over the colonies is supreme. When it ceases to be sovereign and supreme, I would advise every gentleman to sell his lands, if he can, and embark for that country. Where two countries are connected together like England and her colonies, without being incorporated, the one must necessarily govern; the greater must rule the less; but so rule it, as not to contradict the fundamental principles that are common to both. If the gentleman does not understand the difference between external and internal taxes, I cannot help it: but there is a plain distinction between taxes levied for the purposes of raising a revenue, and duties imposed for the regulation of trade, for the accommodation of the subject; although, in the consequences, some revenue might incidentally arise from the latter. The gentleman asks, when were the colonies emancipated? But I desire to know, when were they made slaves? but I dwell not upon words. When I had the honour of serving his majesty, I availed myself of the means of information which I derived from my office. I speak therefore from knowledge. My materials were good. I was at pains to collect, to digest, to consider them; and I will be bold to affirm, that the profits to Great Britain from the trade of the colonies, through all its branches, is two millions a year. This is the fund that carried you triumphantly through the last war. The estates that were rented at two thousand pounds a year, threescore years ago, are at three thousand at present. Those estates sold then for from fifteen to eighteen years purchase; the same may be now sold for thirty.

You owe this to America. This is the price that America pays you for her protection. And shall a miserable financier come with a boast, that he can fetch a pepper-corn into the exchequer, to the loss of a million to the nation! I dare not say, how much higher these profits may be augmented. Omitting the immense increase of people, by natural population, in the northern colonies, and the migration from every part of Europe, I am convinced the whole commercial system of America may be altered to advantage. You have prohibited where you ought to have encouraged; you have encouraged where you ought to have prohibited. Improper restraints have been laid on the continent, in favour of the islands. You have but two nations to trade with in America. Would you had twenty! Let acts of parliament in consequence of treaties remain, but let not an English minister become a custom-house officer for Spain, or for any fo-

reign power. Much is wrong, much may be amended for the general good of the whole.

Does the gentleman complain he has been misrepresented in the public prints? It is a common misfortune. In the Spanish affair of the last war, I was abused in all the newspapers, for having advised his majesty to violate the laws of nations with regard to Spain. The abuse was industriously circulated even in handbills. If administration did not propagate the abuse, administration never contradicted it. I will not say what advice I did give to the king. My advice is in writing, signed by myself, in the possession of the crown. But I will say what advice I did not give to the king: I did not advise him to violate any of the laws of nations.

As to the report of the gentleman's preventing in some way the trade for bullion with the Spaniards, it was spoken of so confidently that I own I am one of those who did believe it to be true. The gentleman must not wonder he was not contradicted, when, as the minister, he asserted the right of parliament to tax America. I know not how it is, but there is a modesty in this house which does not choose to contradict a minister. Even your chair, sir, looks too often towards St. James's. I wish gentlemen would get the better of this modesty: if they do not, perhaps the collective body may begin to abate of its respect for the representative. Lord Bacon has told me, that a great question would not fail of being agitated at one time or another. I was willing to agitate that at the proper season, the German war:—my German war they called it. Every sessions I called out, Has any body any objections to the German war? Nobody would object to it, one gentleman only excepted, since removed to the upper house by succession to an ancient barony, (meaning Lord Le Despencer, formerly Sir Francis Dashwood.) He told me, 'He did not like a German war.' I honoured the man for it, and was sorry when he was turned out of his post. A great deal has been said without doors of the power, of the strength of America. It is a topic that ought to be cautiously meddled with. In a good cause, on a sound bottom, the force of this country can crush America to atoms. I know the valour of your troops; I know the skill of your officers. There is not a company of foot that has served in America out of which you may not pick a man of sufficient knowledge and experience to make a governor of a colony there. But on this ground, on the stamp act, which so many here will think a crying injustice, I am one who will lift up my hands against it.

In such a cause, your success would be hazardous. America, if she fell, would fall like the strong man; she would embrace the pillars of the state, and pull down the constitution along with her. Is this your boasted peace—not to sheathe the sword in its scabbard, but to sheathe it in the bowels of your countrymen? Will you quarrel with yourselves now the whole house of Bourbon is united against you, while France disturbs your fisheries in Newfoundland, embarrasses your slave trade to Africa, and withholds from your subjects in Canada their property stipulated by treaty; while the ransom for the Manillas is denied by Spain, and its gallant conqueror basely traduced into a mean plunderer; a gentleman (colonel Draper), whose noble and generous spirit would do honour to the proudest grandee of the country? The Americans have not acted in all things with prudence and temper; they have been wronged; they have been driven to madness by injustice. Will you punish them for the madness you have occasioned? Rather let prudence and temper come first from this side. I will undertake for

America that she will follow the example. There are two lines in a ballad of Prior's, of a man's behaviour to his wife, so applicable to you and your colonies, that I cannot help repeating them.

Be to her faults a little blind;
Be to her virtues very kind.

Upon the whole, I will beg leave to tell the house what is really my opinion. It is, that the stamp act be repealed absolutely, totally, and immediately. That the reason for the repeal be assigned, because it was founded on an erroneous principle. At the same time let the sovereign authority of this country over the colonies be asserted in as strong terms as can be devised, and be made to extend to every point of legislation whatsoever; that we may bind their trade, confine their manufactures, and exercise every power whatsoever, except that of taking their money out of their pockets without their consent.

§ 106. *Speech of Lord* MANSFIELD, *on the Bill for preventing the delays of Justice by claiming the Privilege of Parliament.*

My Lords,

When I consider the importance of this bill to your lordships, I am not surprised it has taken up so much of your consideration. It is a bill, indeed, of no common magnitude; it is no less than to take away from two-thirds of the legislative body of this great kingdom, certain privileges and immunities, of which they have long been possessed. Perhaps there is no situation which the human mind can be placed in, that is so difficult and so trying, as where it is made a judge in its own cause. There is something implanted in the breast of man, so attached to itself, so tenacious of privileges once obtained, that in such a situation, either to discuss with impartiality, or to decide with justice, has ever been held as the summit of all human virtue. The bill now in question puts your lordships in this very predicament; and I doubt not but the wisdom of your decision will convince the world, that where self-interest and justice are in opposite scales, the latter will ever preponderate with your lordships.

Privileges have been granted to legislators in all ages, and in all countries. The practice is founded in wisdom; and indeed, it is peculiarly essential to the constitution of this country, that the members of both houses should be free in their persons in cases of civil suits; for there may come a time when the safety and welfare of this whole empire may depend upon their attendance in parliament. God forbid that I should advise any measure that would in future endanger the state: but the bill before your lordships has, I am confident, no such tendency, for it expressly secures the persons of members of either house in all civil suits. This being the case, I confess, when I see many noble lords, for whose judgment I have a very great respect, standing up to oppose a bill which is calculated merely to facilitate the recovery of just and legal debts, I am astonished and amazed. They, I doubt not, oppose the bill upon public principles: I would not wish to insinuate that private interest has the least weight in their determinations.

This bill has been frequently proposed, and as frequently miscarried; but it was always lost in the lower house. Little did I think when it had passed the commons, that it possibly could have met with such opposition here. Shall it be said, that you, my lords, the grand council of the nation, the highest judicial and legislative body of the realm, endeavour to evade, by privilege, those very laws which you enforce on your fellow-subjects? Forbid it, justice!—I

am sure, were the noble lords as well acquainted as I am with but half the difficulties and delays, that are every day occasioned in the courts of justice, under pretence of privilege, they would not, nay, they could not, oppose this bill.

I have waited with patience to hear what arguments might be urged against the bill; but I have waited in vain. The truth is, there is no argument that can weigh against it. The justice, the expediency of this bill is such, as renders it self-evident. It is a proposition of that nature that can neither be weakened by argument, nor entangled with sophistry. Much, indeed, has been said by some noble lords on the wisdom of our ancestors, and how differently they thought from us.

They not only decreed that privilege should prevent all civil suits from proceeding during the sitting of parliament, but likewise granted protection to the very servants of members. I shall say nothing on the wisdom of our ancestors; it might perhaps appear invidious, and is not necessary in the present case.

I shall only say that the noble lords that flatter themselves with the weight of that reflection, should remember, that as circumstances alter, things themselves should alter. Formerly, it was not so fashionable, either for masters or servants, to run in debt as it is at present; nor, formerly, were merchants and manufacturers members of parliament, as at present. The case now is very different; both merchants and manufacturers are, with great propriety, elected members of the lower house. Commerce having thus got into the legislative body of the kingdom, privileges must be done away.

We all know that the very soul and essense of trade are regular payments; and sad experience teaches us, that there are men, who will not make their regular payments without the compressive power of the laws. The law, then, ought to be equally open to all; any exemption to particular men, or particular ranks of men, is, in a free and commercial country, a solecism of the grossest nature.

But I will not trouble your lordships with arguments for that which is sufficiently evident without any. I shall only say a few words to some noble lords, who foresee much inconveniency from the persons of their servants being liable to be arrested. One noble lord observes, that the coachman of a peer may be arrested while he is driving his master to the house, and consequently, he will not be able to attend his duty in parliament. If this was actually to happen, there are so many methods by which the member might still get to the house, I can hardly think the noble lord is serious in his objection. Another noble peer said, that by this bill they might lose their most valuable and honest servants. This I hold to be a contradiction in terms; for he can neither be a valuable servant, nor an honest man, who gets into debt, which he is neither able nor willing to pay, until compelled by law. If my servant, by unforeseen accidents, has got in debt, and I still wish to retain him, I certainly would pay the debt. But upon no principle of liberal legislation whatever, can my servant have a title to set his creditors at defiance, while, for forty shillings only, the honest tradesman may be torn from his family and locked up in jail. It is monstrous injustice! I flatter myself, however, the determination of this day will entirely put an end to all such partial proceedings for the future, by passing into a law the bill now under your lordships' consideration.

I now come to speak upon what, indeed, I would gladly have avoided, had I not been particularly pointed at for the part I have taken in this bill. It has been said by a noble lord on my left

hand, that I likewise am running the race of popularity. If the noble lord means by popularity, that applause bestowed by after-ages on good and virtuous actions, I have long been struggling in that race—to what purpose, all-trying time can alone determine; but if that noble lord means that mushroom popularity, which is raised without merit, and lost without a crime, he is much mistaken in his opinion. I defy the noble lord to point out a single action in my life, where the popularity of the times ever had the smallest influence on my determinations. I thank God I have a more permanent and steady rule for my conduct—the dictates of my own breast. Those that have foregone that pleasing adviser, and given up their mind to be the slave of every popular impulse, I sincerely pity: I pity them still more, if their vanity leads them to mistake the shouts of a mob for the trumpet of fame. Experience might inform them, that many, who have been saluted with the huzzas of a crowd one day, have received their execrations the next: and many, who by the popularity of the times have been held up as spotless patriots, have, nevertheless, appeared upon the historian's page, where truth has triumphed over delusion, the assassins of liberty. Why, then, the noble lord can think I am ambitious of present popularity, that echo of folly and shadow of renown, I am at a loss to determine. Besides, I do not know that the bill now before your lordships will be popular; it depends much upon the caprice of the day. It may not be popular, to compel people to pay their debts; and in that case the present must be a very unpopular bill. It may not be popular, neither, to take away any of the privileges of parliament; for I very well remember, and many of your lordships may remember, that not long ago, the popular cry was for the extension of privileges; and so far did they carry it at that time, that it was said, that privilege protected members even in criminal actions: nay, such was the power of popular prejudices over weak minds, that the very decisions of some of the courts were tinctured with this doctrine. It was undoubtedly an abominable doctrine: I thought so then, and think so still; but, nevertheless, it was a popular doctrine, and came immediately from those who are called the friends of liberty—how deservedly, time will show. True liberty, in my opinion, can only exist when justice is equally administered to all—to the king and to the beggar. Where is the justice, then, or where is the law, that protects a member of parliament more than any other man from the punishment due to his crimes? The laws of this country allow of no place nor employment to be a sanctuary for crimes; and where I have the honour to sit as a judge, neither royal favour nor popular applause shall ever protect the guilty. I have now only to beg pardon for having employed so much of your lordships' time; and am sorry a bill, fraught with so good consequences, has not met with an abler advocate; but I doubt not your lordships' determination will convince the world, that a bill, calculated to contribute so much to the equal distribution of justice as the present, requires with your lordships but very little support.

§ 107. *Lord* CHATHAM'S *Speech for the immediate removal of the troops from Boston in America.*

On the 20th of January 1775, the plan of absolute coercion being resolved upon by the ministry, Lord Dartmouth, the secretary of state for America, laid before the Peers the official papers belonging to his department, when Lord Chatham, though sinking under bodily infirmities, made the following powerful effort before

the die was finally cast, to avert the calamity, the danger, and the ruin, which he saw impending:

Too well apprised of the contents of the papers, now at last laid before the house, I shall not take up their lordships' time in tedious and fruitless investigations, but shall seize the first moment to open the door of reconcilement; for every moment of delay is a moment of danger. As I have not the honour of access to his majesty, I will endeavour to transmit to him through the constitutional channel of this house, my ideas of America, to rescue him from the misadvice of his present ministers. America, my lords, cannot be reconciled, she ought not to be reconciled to this country, till the troops of Britain are withdrawn from the continent; they are a bar to all confidence; they are a source of perpetual irritation: they threaten a fatal catastrophe. How can America trust you with the bayonet at her breast? How can she suppose that you mean less than bondage or death? I therefore, my lords, move, that an humble address be presented to his majesty, most humbly to advise and beseech his majesty, that, in order to open the way towards a happy settlement of the dangerous troubles in America, it may graciously please his majesty to transmit orders to general Gage for removing his majesty's forces from the town of Boston. I know not, my lords, who advised the present measures; I know not who advises to a perseverance and enforcement of them; but this I will say, that the authors of such advice ought to answer it at their utmost peril. I wish, my lords, not to lose a day in this urgent, pressing crisis: an hour now lost in allaying ferments in America may produce years of calamity. Never will I desert, in any stage of its progress, the conduct of this momentous business. Unless fettered to my bed by the extremity of sickness, I will give it unremitting attention. I will knock at the gates of this sleeping and confounded ministry, and will, if it be possible, rouse them to a sense of their danger. The recall of your army I urge as necessarily preparatory to the restoration of your peace. By this it will appear that you are disposed to treat amicably and equitably, and to consider, revise, and repeal, if it should be found necessary, as I affirm it will, those violent acts and declarations which have disseminated confusion throughout the empire. Resistance to these acts was necessary, and therefore just: and your vain declarations of the omnipotence of parliament, and your imperious doctrines of the necessity of submission, will be found equally impotent to convince or enslave America, who feels that tyranny is equally intolerable, whether it be exercised by an individual part of the legislature, or by the collective bodies which compose it. The means of enforcing this thraldom are found to be as ridiculous and weak in practice as they are unjust in principle. Conceiving of general Gage as a man of humanity and understanding; entertaining, as I ever must, the highest respect and affection for the British troops, I feel the most anxious sensibility for their situation, pining in inglorious inactivity. You may call them an army of safety and defence, but they are in truth an army of impotence and contempt; and to make the folly equal to the disgrace, they are an army of irritation and vexation. Allay then the ferment prevailing in America by removing the obnoxious hostile cause. If you delay concession till your vain hope shall be accomplished of triumphantly dictating reconciliation, you delay for ever: the force of this country would be disproportionately exerted against a brave, generous, and united people, with arms in their hands, and courage in their hearts—three millions of people, the genuine de-

scendants of a valiant and pious ancestry, driven to those deserts by the narrow maxims of a superstitious tyranny. But is the spirit of persecution never to be appeased? Are the brave sons of those brave forefathers to inherit their sufferings, as they have inherited their virtues? Are they to sustain the infliction of the most oppressive and unexampled severity, beyond what history has related, or poetry has feigned?

——Rhadamanthus habet durissima regna,
Castigatque, *auditque* dolos.

But the Americans must not be heard; they have been condemned unheard. The indiscriminate hand of vengeance has devoted thirty thousand British subjects of all ranks, ages, and descriptions to one common ruin. You may, no doubt, destroy their cities; you may cut them off from the superfluities, perhaps the conveniences of life; but, my lords, they will still despise your power, for they have yet remaining their woods and their liberty. What, though you march from town to town, from province to province; though you should be able to enforce a temporary and local submission, how shall you be able to secure the obedience of the country you leave behind you, in your progress of eighteen hundred miles of continent, animated with the same spirit of liberty and of resistance? This universal opposition to your arbitrary system of taxation might have been foreseen; it was obvious from the nature of things, and from the nature of man, and, above all, from the confirmed habits of thinking, from the spirit of whiggism, flourishing in America. The spirit which now pervades America, is the same which formerly opposed loans, benevolences, and ship money in this country—the same spirit which roused all England to action at the revolution, and which established at a remote æra your liberties on the basis of that great fundamental maxim of the constitution, that no subject of England shall be taxed but by his own consent. What shall oppose this spirit, aided by the congenial flame glowing in the breast of every generous Briton? To maintain this principle is the common cause of the whigs on the other side of the Atlantic, and on this; it is liberty to liberty engaged. In this great cause they are immoveably allied: it is the alliance of God and nature, immutable, eternal, fixed as the firmament of heaven. As an Englishman, I recognise to the Americans their supreme unalterable right of property. As an American, I would equally recognise to England her supreme right of regulating commerce and navigation. This distinction is involved in the abstract nature of things: property is private, individual, absolute: the touch of another annihilates it. Trade is an extended and complicated consideration: it reaches as far as ships can sail, or winds can blow: it is a vast and various machine. To regulate the numberless movements of its several parts, and to combine them in one harmonious effect, for the good of the whole, requires the superintending wisdom and energy of the supreme power of the empire. On this grand practical distinction, then, let us rest; taxation is theirs; commercial regulation is ours. As to the metaphysical refinements, attempting to show that the Americans are equally free from legislative control and commercial restraint, as from taxation for the purpose of revenue, I pronounce them futile, frivolous, groundless. When your lordships have perused the papers transmitted us from America, when you consider the dignity, the firmness, and the wisdom with which the Americans have acted, you cannot but respect their cause. History, my lords, has been my favourite study; and in the celebrated writings of antiquity

have I often admired the patriotism of Greece and Rome; but, my lords, I must declare and avow, that, in the master-states of the world, I know not the people, nor the senate, who in such a complication of difficult circumstances, can stand in preference to the Delegates of America, assembled in General Congress at Philadelphia. I trust it is obvious to your lordships that all attempts to impose servitude upon such men, to establish despotism over such a mighty continental nation, must be vain, must be futile. Can such a national principled union be resisted by the tricks of office or ministerial manœuvres? Heaping papers on your table, or counting your majorities on a division, will not avert or postpone the hour of danger. It must arrive, my lords, unless these fatal acts are done away: it must arrive in all its horrors; and then these boastful ministers, in spite of all their confidence and all their manœuvres, shall be compelled to hide their heads. But it is not repealing this or that act of parliament; it is not repealing a piece of parchment, that can restore America to your bosom: you must repeal her fears and resentments, and then you may hope for her love and gratitude. But now, insulted with an armed force, irritated with an hostile array before her eyes, her concessions, if you *could* force them, would be suspicious and insecure. But it is more than evident that you *cannot* force them to your unworthy terms of submission: it is impossible: WE ourselves shall be forced ultimately to retract: let us retract while we can, not when we must. I repeat it, my lords, we shall one day be *forced* to undo these violent acts of oppression: they must be repealed; you will repeal them. I pledge myself for it, that you will in the end repeal them: I stake my reputation on it: I will consent to be taken for an *idiot* if they are not repealed. Avoid then this humiliating, disgraceful necessity. With a dignity becoming your exalted situation, make the first advances to concord, to peace, and to happiness. Concession comes with better grace and more salutary effect from superior power: it reconciles superiority of power with the feelings of man, and establishes solid confidence on the foundations of affection and gratitude. On the other hand, every danger and every hazard impend to deter you from perseverance in the present ruinous measures: foreign war hanging over your heads by a slight and brittle thread—France and Spain watching your conduct, and waiting for the maturity of your errors, with a vigilant eye to America and the temper of your colonies, MORE THAN TO THEIR OWN CONCERNS, BE THEY WHAT THEY MAY. To conclude, my lords, if the ministers thus persevere in misadvising and misleading the king, I will not say, that they *can* alienate the affections of his subjects from the crown; but I affirm they will make the crown not worth his wearing. I will not say that the KING IS BETRAYED, but I will pronounce, that the KINGDOM IS UNDONE.

§ 108. *Speech of the Earl of* CHATHAM, *on the subject of employing Indians to fight against the Americans.* 1777.

My Lords,

It has been usual, on similar occasions of public difficulty and distress, for the crown to make application to this house, the great hereditary council of the nation, for advice and assistance. As it is the right of parliament to give, so it is the duty of the crown to ask it. But on this day, and in this extreme momentous exigency, no reliance is reposed on your counsels; no advice is asked of parliament; but the crown, from itself, and by itself, declares an unalterable

determination to pursue its own preconcerted measures; measures which have produced hitherto nothing but disappointments and defeats.

I cannot, my lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment: it is not a time for adulation; the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelope it; and display, in its full danger and genuine colours, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty, as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them? measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt? But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world; now, none so poor as to do her reverence! The people, whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against us, supplied with every military store, their interest consulted, and their ambassadors entertained by our inveterate enemy;—and ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honours the English troops than I do: I know their virtues and their valour: I know they can achieve any thing but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility. You cannot, my lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst: but we know, that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot; your attempts will be for ever vain and impotent;—doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never, never, never.

But, my lords, who is the man, that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms, the tomahawk and scalping knife of the savage?—to call into civilized alliance, the wild and inhuman inhabitants of the woods?—to delegate to the merciless Indian, the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. But, my lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality; 'for it is perfectly allowable,' says lord Suffolk, 'to use all the means which God and nature have put into our hands.' I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear them avowed in this house, or in this country. My lords, I did not intend to encroach so much on your attention; but I cannot repress my indignation—I feel myself impelled to speak. My lords, we are called upon, as members of this house, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity!—'That God and nature have put into our hands!' What ideas of God and nature, that noble lord may entertain, I know not; but I know, that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and

humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife!—to the cannibal-savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honour. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend, and this most learned bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn—upon the judges, to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honour of your lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain did he defend the liberty, and establish the religion of Britain, against the tyranny of Rome, if these worse than popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are endured among us. To send forth the merciless cannibal, thirsting for blood! against whom?—your Protestant brethren!—to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, by the aid and instrumentality of these horrible savages!—Spain can no longer boast pre-eminence in barbarity. She armed herself with bloodhounds to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico; we, more ruthless, loose those brutal warriors against our countrymen in America, endeared to us by every tie that can sanctify humanity. I solemnly call upon your lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp upon this infamous procedure the indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. More particularly, I call upon the venerable prelates of our religion, to do away this iniquity; let them perform a lustration to purify the country from this deep and deadly sin.

My lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have allowed me to say less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor even reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving vent to my steadfast abhorrence of such enormous and preposterous principles.

§ 109. *Part of Mr.* Fox's *Speech, on his Bill for the better government of India.*

The honourable gentleman who opened the debate (Mr Powis) charges me with abandoning that cause, which, he says, in terms of flattery, I had once so successfully asserted. I tell him in reply, that if he were to search the history of my life, he would find, that the period in it in which I struggled most for the real, substantial cause of liberty, is this very moment that I am addressing you. Freedom, according to my conception of it, consists in the safe and sacred possession of a man's property, governed by laws defined and certain; with many personal privileges, natural, civil, and religious, which he cannot surrender without ruin to himself; and of which to be deprived by any other power, is despotism. This bill, instead of subverting, is destined to stabilitate these principles; instead of narrowing the basis of freedom, it tends to enlarge it; instead of suppressing, its object is to infuse and circulate the spirit of liberty.

What is the most odious species of tyranny? Precisely that which this bill is meant to annihilate. That a handful of men, free themselves, should execute the most base and abominable despotism over millions of their fellow creatures; that innocence should be the victim of oppression; that industry should toil for rapine; that the harmless labourer should sweat, not for his own benefit, but for the luxury and rapacity of tyrannic depredation; in a word, that thirty millions of men, gifted by Providence with the ordinary endowments of humanity, should groan under a system of despotism, unmatched in all the histories of the world.

What is the end of all government? Certainly the happiness of the governed. Others may hold other opinions; but this is mine, and I proclaim it. What are we to think of a government, whose good fortune is to spring from the calamities of its subjects; whose aggrandizement grows out of the miseries of mankind? This is the government exercised under the East India Company upon the natives of Indostan; and the subversion of that infamous government is the main object of the bill in question. But in the progress of accomplishing this end, it is objected that the charter of the company should not be violated; and upon this point, sir, I shall deliver my opinion without disguise. A charter is a trust to one or more persons for some given benefit. If this trust be abused; if the benefit be not obtained, and that its failure arises from palpable guilt, or what, in this case, is full as bad, from palpable ignorance or mismanagement; will any man gravely say, that trust should not be resumed, and delivered to other hands: more especially in the case of the East India Company, whose manner of executing this trust, whose laxity and languor produced, and tend to produce, consequences diametrically opposite to the ends of confiding that trust, and of the institution for which it was granted! I beg of gentlemen to be aware of the lengths to which their arguments upon the intangibility of this charter may be carried. Every syllable virtually impeaches the establishment by which we sit in this house, in the enjoyment of this freedom, and of every other blessing of our government. These kind of arguments are batteries against the main pillar of the British constitution. Some men are consistent with their own private opinions, and discover the inheritance of family maxims, when they question the principles of the Revolution; but I have no scruple in subscribing to the articles of that creed which produced it. Sovereigns are sacred, and reverence is due to every king; yet, with all my attachments to the person of a first magistrate, had I lived in the reign of James the Second, I should most certainly have contributed my efforts, and borne part in those illustrious struggles, which vindicated an empire from hereditary servitude, and recorded this valuable doctrine, that 'trust abused was revocable.'

No man will tell me that a trust to a company of merchants stands upon the solemn and sanctified ground, by which a trust is committed to a monarch; and I am at a loss to reconcile the conduct of men, who approve that resumption of violated trust, which rescued and re-established our unparalleled and admirable constitution, with a thousand valuable improvements and advantages, at the Revolution; and who, at this moment, rise up the champions of the East India Company's charter, although the incapacity and incompetence of that company to a due and adequate discharge of the trust deposited in them by charter, are themes of ridicule and contempt to all the world; and although, in consequence

of their mismanagement, connivance, and imbecility, combined with the wickedness of their servants, the very name of an Englishman is detested, even to a proverb, through all Asia; and the national character is become degraded and dishonoured. To rescue that name from odium, and redeem this character from disgrace, are some of the objects of the present bill; and gentlemen should indeed gravely weigh their opposition to a measure, which, with a thousand other points not less valuable, aims at the attainment of these objects.

Those who condemn the present bill, as a violation of the chartered rights of the East India Company, condemn on the same ground, I say again, the Revolution, as a violation of the chartered rights of king James the Second. He, with as much reason, might have claimed the property of dominion. But what was the language of the people? 'No, you have no property in dominion: dominion was vested in you, as it is in every chief magistrate, for the benefit of the community to be governed; it was a sacred trust delegated by compact; you have abused the trust; you have exercised dominion for the purposes of vexation and tyranny—not of comfort, protection, and good order; and we therefore resume the power which was originally ours; we recur to the first principles of all government, the will of the many; and it is our will that you shall no longer abuse your dominion.' The case is the same with the East India Company's government over a territory (as it has been said by Mr. Burke) of two hundred and eighty thousand square miles in extent, nearly equal to all Christian Europe, and containing thirty millions of the human race. It matters not whether dominion arises from conquest or from compact. Conquest gives no right to the conqueror to be a tyrant; and it is no violation of right, to abolish the authority which is misused.

§ 110. *Part of a Speech of Mr.* BURKE *on the same occasion.*

The several irruptions of Arabs, Tartars, and Persians into India were, for the greater part, ferocious and bloody, and wasteful in the extreme: our entrance into the dominion of that country, was, as generally, with small comparative effusion of blood, being introduced by various frauds and delusions, and by taking advantage of the incurable, blind, and senseless animosity, which the several country powers bear towards each other, rather than by open force. But the difference in favour of the first conquerors is this: the Asiatic conquerors very soon abated of their ferocity, because they made the conquered country their own. They rose or fell with the rise or fall of the territory they lived in. Fathers there deposited the hopes of their posterity, and children there beheld the monuments of their fathers. Here their lot was finally cast, and it is the natural wish of all, that their lot should not be cast in a bad land. Poverty, sterility, and desolation, are not a recreating prospect to the eye of man, and there are very few who can bear to grow old among the curses of a whole people. If their passion or their avarice drove the Tartar lords to acts of rapacity or tyranny, there was time enough, even in the short life of man, to bring round the ill effects of an abuse of power upon the power itself. If hoards were made by violence and tyranny, they were still domestic hoards; and domestic profusion, or the rapine of a more powerful and prodigal hand, restored them to the people. With many disorders, and with few political checks upon power, nature had still fair play; the sources of acqui-

sition were not dried up, and therefore the trade, the manufactures, and the commerce of the country flourished. Even avarice and usury itself operated both for the preservation and the employment of national wealth. The husbandman and manufacturer paid heavy interest, but then they augmented the fund from whence they were again to borrow. Their resources were dearly bought, but they were sure, and the general stock of the community grew by the general effort.

But under the English government all this order is reversed. The Tartar invasion was mischievous; but it is our protection that destroys India. It was their enmity, but it is our friendship: our conquest there, after twenty years, is as crude as it was the first day. The natives scarcely know what it is to see the gray head of an Englishman. Young men (boys almost) govern there without society, and without sympathy with the natives. They have no more social habits with the people, than if they still resided in England, nor indeed any species of intercourse, but that which is necessary to making a sudden fortune, with a view to a remote settlement. Animated with all the avarice of age, and all the impetuosity of youth, they roll in one after another, wave after wave, and there is nothing before the eyes of the natives but an endless, hopeless prospect of new flights of birds of prey and passage, with appetites continually renewing for a food that is continually wasting. Every rupee of profit made by an Englishman is lost for ever to India. With us are no retributory superstitions, by which a foundation of charity compensates, through ages, to the poor, for the rapine and injustice of a day. With us no pride erects stately monuments, which repair the mischiefs which pride had produced, and which adorn a country out of its own spoils. England has erected no churches, no hospitals, no palaces, no schools. England has built no bridges, made no high roads, cut no navigations, dug out no reservoirs. Every other conqueror of every other description has left some monument, either of state or beneficence, behind him. Were we to be driven out of India this day, nothing would remain to tell that it had been possessed, during the inglorious period of our dominion, by any thing better than the ourang-outang, or the tiger.

There is nothing in the boys we send to India worse than the boys whom we are whipping at school, or that we see trailing a pike or bending over a desk at home. But as English youth in India, drink the intoxicating draught of authority and dominion before their heads are able to bear it, and as they are full grown in fortune long before they are ripe in principle, neither nature nor reason have any opportunity to exert themselves for remedy of the excesses of their premature power. The consequences of their conduct, which in good minds (and many of theirs are probably such) might produce penitence or amendment, are unable to pursue the rapidity of their flight. Their prey is lodged in England, and the cries of India are given to seas and winds, to be blown about in every breaking up of the monsoon, over a remote and unhearing ocean. In India all the vices operate by which sudden fortune is acquired; in England are often displayed, by the same persons, the virtues which dispense hereditary wealth. Arrived in England, the destroyers of the nobility and gentry of a whole kingdom, will find the best company in this nation, at a board of elegance and hospitality. Here the manufacturer and husbandman will bless the just and punctual hand that in India has torn the cloth from the loom, or wrested the scanty portion of rice and salt from the pea-

sant of Bengal, or wrung from him the very opium in which he forgot his oppressions and his oppressor. They marry into your families, they enter into your senate, they ease your estates by loans, they raise their value by demand, they cherish and protect your relations, which lie heavy on your patronage; and there is scarcely a house in the kingdom that does not feel some concern and interest, that makes all reform of our eastern government appear officious and disgusting, and on the whole a most discouraging attempt. In such an attempt you hurt those who are able to return kindness or to resent injury. If you succeed, you save those who cannot so much as give you thanks. All these things show the difficulty of the work we have on hand: but they show its necessity too. Our Indian government is, in its best state, a grievance; it is necessary that the correctives should be uncommonly vigorous, and the work of men, sanguine, warm, and even impassioned in the cause. But it is an arduous thing to plead against abuses of a power which originates from our own country, and affects those whom we are used to consider as strangers.

§ 111. *Part of a Speech of Mr.* BURKE, *on the Debts of the Nabob of Arcot.*

You have all heard, and he has made himself to be well remembered, of an Indian chief called Hyder Ali Khan. This man possessed the western, as the company, under the name of the nabob of Arcot, does the eastern divisions of the Carnatic. It was among the leading measures in the designs of this cabal (according to their own emphatic language) to *extirpate* this Hyder Ali. They declared the nabob of Arcot to be his sovereign, and himself to be a rebel, and publicly invested their instrument with the sovereignty of the kingdom of Mysore. But their victim was not of the passive kind. They were soon obliged to conclude a treaty of peace and close alliance at the gates of Madras. Both before and since that treaty, every principle of policy pointed out this power as a natural alliance; and, on his part, it was courted by every sort of amicable office. But the cabinet council of English creditors would not suffer their nabob of Arcot to sign the treaty, nor even to give to a prince, at least his equal, the ordinary titles of respect and courtesy. From that time forward, a continued plot was carried on within the divan, black and white, of the nabob of Arcot, for the destruction of Hyder Ali. As to the outward members of the double, or rather treble government of Madras, which had signed the treaty, they were always prevented by some overruling influence, which they do not describe, but which cannot be misunderstood, from performing what justice and interest combined so evidently to enforce.

When at length Hyder Ali found, that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty, and no signature, could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make the country possessed by these incorrigible and pre-destinated criminals a memorable example to mankind. He resolved, in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance; and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together was no protection. He became at length so confident of his force, so collected in his might, that he made no secret whatever of his dreadful resolution. Hav-

ing terminated his disputes with every enemy, and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the nabob of Arcot, he drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the art of destruction; and, compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains. Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor, which blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst, and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic. Then ensued a scene of wo, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war, before known or heard of, were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants, flying from their flaming villages, in part were slaughtered; others, without regard to age, to the respect of rank, or sacredness of function; fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers, and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity, in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest, fled to the walled cities. But escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine.

The alms of the settlement, in this dreadful exigency, were certainly liberal; and all was done by charity, that private charity could do: but it was a people in beggary; it was a nation which stretched out its hands for food. For months together these creatures of sufferance, whose very excess and luxury, in their most plenteous days, had fallen short of the allowance of our austerest fasts, silent, patient, resigned, without sedition or disturbance, almost without complaint, perished by a hundred a day in the streets of Madras; every day seventy at least laid their bodies in the streets, or on the glacis of Tanjore, and expired of famine in the granary of India. I was going to awake your justice towards this unhappy part of our fellow citizens, by bringing before you some of the circumstances of this plague of hunger. Of all the calamities which beset and waylay the life of man, this comes the nearest to our heart, and is that wherein the proudest of us all feels himself to be nothing more than he is: but I find myself unable to manage it with decorum; these details are of a species of horror so nauseous and disgusting; they are so degrading to the sufferers and to the hearers; they are so humiliating to human nature itself, that, on better thoughts, I find it more advisable to throw a pall over this hideous object, and to leave it to your general conceptions.

For eighteen months, without intermission, this destruction raged from the gates of Madras to the gates of Tanjore; and so completely did these masters in their art, Hyder Ali and his more ferocious son, absolve themselves of their impious vow, that when the British armies traversed, as they did, the Carnatic for hundreds of miles in all directions, through the whole line of their march they did not see one man, not one woman, not one child, not one four-footed beast of any description whatever. One dead uniform silence reigned over the whole region. With the inconsiderable exceptions of the narrow vicinage of some few forts, I wish to be understood as speaking literally. I mean to produce to you more than three witnesses, above all exception, who will support this assertion in its full extent. That hur-

ricane of war passed through every part of the central provinces of the Carnatic. Six or seven districts to the north and to the south (and those not wholly untouched) escaped the general ravage.

The Carnatic is a country not much inferior in extent to England. Figure to yourself, Mr. Speaker, the land in whose representative chair you sit; figure to yourself the form and fashion of your sweet and cheerful country from Thames to Trent, north and south, and from the Irish to the German sea, east and west, emptied and embowelled (may God avert the omen of our crimes!) by so accomplished a desolation. Extend your imagination a little farther, and then suppose your ministers taking a survey of this scene of waste and desolation; what would be your thoughts if you should be informed, that they were computing how much had been the amount of the excises, how much the customs, how much the land and malt-tax, in order that they should charge upon the relics of the satiated vengeance of relentless enemies, the whole of what England had yielded in the most exuberant seasons of peace and abundance? What would you call it? To call it tyranny, sublimed into madness, would be too faint an image; yet this very madness is the principle upon which the ministers at your right hand have proceeded in their estimate of the revenues of the Carnatic, when they were providing, not supply for the establishments of its protection, but rewards for the authors of its ruin.

§ 111. *Personal Invective of Mr.* PITT *and Mr.* FOX, *in the debate on the Irish Propositions.*

MR. PITT

Replied to Mr. Sheridan in a style considerably marked with invective. He charged that gentleman with inconsistency, and with having for many weeks concealed his intentions so effectually, as to leave it a doubt whether he were friendly or inimical to the proposed arrangement. But the conduct of Mr. Sheridan was not to be wondered at, when it was remembered how inconsistent all the measures of the party, of which he was the mouth, were in themselves, and how inconsistent the persons who composed that party were with each other. Still their pursuits, however various and contradictory, had one uniform tendency. Whether they reprobated on this day what they had approved on the preceding, or whether one individual differed from or coincided with the rest of his associates, still the effects of all their efforts, of the artful silence of one man, and the prolix declamations of another, were to be the same; to embarrass and confound the measures of administration, to embroil and disunite the affections of their fellow-subjects; to excite groundless alarms, and foment the most dangerous discontents. Mr. Pitt enlarged with some humour on the pains which gentlemen had taken to deprecate in their speeches any imputation of inflammatory or dangerous intentions. It was not for him to determine whether their intentions were really so bad as they seemed apprehensive they should appear. On the present occasion, however, he predicted they would have no occasion to exult. The proposition, which so much pains had been taken to wrest, instead of being insidious with respect to Ireland, was a virtual recognition of her complete emancipation. With respect to the light in which the system would be regarded in that country, he would answer with the boldness which became him, and he would not scruple to say, that as far as probability would go on such an occasion, it certainly would be received with gratitude and

joy. An enlightened and liberal nation would not suffer itself to become a dupe to the designs of a set of men, who having exerted all their industry for the space of five months in alarming every interest in this country against the original propositions, were now, with equal diligence, employing the same violent methods for creating a similar opposition in Ireland, against the modification applied by the British house of commons. Their conduct was not in reality dictated by a friendship to one country or to the other; but by a desire to embroil the legislatures of both, and to defeat a measure which was necessary to the public tranquillity and permanent welfare of the empire. To illustrate the spirit of the fourth proposition, Mr. Pitt referred to the negotiations of states independent and unconnected with each other; and asserted, that provisions exactly similar to that in question were frequently adopted on such occasions. He instanced in the late treaty with France, in which that kingdom bound herself to publish certain edicts, as soon as other acts stipulated on her part were performed by this country; and he defied opposition to produce a single collection of treaties, in which there was not, in almost every page, a contract of a similar tendency.

Mr. Fox.

If Mr. Pitt employed invective on this occasion, Mr. Fox was roused in his reply to a language, perhaps more pointed, and scarcely less severe. In the personal and political character of the chancellor of the exchequer, there were many qualities and habits which had often surprised him, and which he believed confounded the speculations of every man who had ever much considered or analyzed his disposition. But his conduct on that night had reduced all that was unaccountable, incoherent, and contradictory in his character in times past, to a mere nothing. He shone out in a new light, surpassing even himself, and leaving his hearers wrapped in amazement, uncertain whether most to wonder at the extraordinary speech they had heard, or the frontless confidence with which that speech had been delivered. Such a farrago of idle and arrogant declamation, uttered in any other place, or by any other person on the subject in question, would naturally have filled the hearers with astonishment; but spoken by that gentleman, within those walls, in the presence of men who were witnesses of all the proceedings of the business, it was an act of boldness, a species of parliamentary hardihood, not to be accounted for upon any known and received rules of common sense or common reason.

Mr. Fox remarked upon the vast disparity in the tone of temper, and the style of expression, exhibited by Mr. Pitt upon this occasion, from those which he had employed upon the first introduction of the twenty propositions. In that debate he had observed, that the *ampullæ* and the *sesquipedalia verba*, his magnificent terms, his verbose periods and bombastic sentiments, were for once relinquished in exchange for a language and manners better accommodated to his disastrous condition. Then they saw that preposterous ambition, that gaudy pride and vaulting vanity, which glared beyond all the other features of Mr. Pitt, and which prompted him to look down with contempt upon his political coadjutors, melt away. Then they saw him descend to a curious and most affecting sympathy with the other supporters of the system, as well as into something like a modest and civil demeanour towards those who opposed it. But the change was transient and temporary. Mr. Pitt has relapsed into his favourite and darling habits. Nerv-

ed with new rancour, and impelled with fresh vehemence, he rushed blindly forward. Mr. Fox, however, inferred, from this conduct, that he was reduced to the last extremity. Finding it impossible to say one word in favour of his deformed and miserable system, he was obliged to throw out a series of invectives, and by exhibiting a list of charges—charges which, at the moment he gave them utterance, he knew to be absolutely and entirely destitute of every vestige of truth, to engage the attention and divert the notice of the house from his own wretched and contemptible schemes.

Mr. Fox took notice of Mr. Pitt's having reflected on Mr. Sheridan for the length of his declamation. Such a charge came with peculiar ill grace from that gentleman, who, like himself, was under the necessity of troubling the house much oftener, and for a much longer time than might be agreeable. Grateful for the indulgence with which they were favoured, and thankful for the patience and politeness with which they were honoured, they should certainly be the last to condemn that, in which themselves were the greatest transgressors. Mr. Fox added, that if an almost uniform deviation from the immediate subject in discussion, if abandoning fair argument for illiberal declamation, if frequently quitting sound sense for indecent sarcasms, and preferring to rouse the passions and to inflame the prejudices of his auditory to convincing their understandings and informing their judgments, tended to diminish the title of any member of that house to a more than common portion of its temper and endurance, he did not know any man who would have so ill-founded a claim upon such favours as Mr. Pitt himself.

The charge of shifting their ground and playing a double game, which Mr. Pitt had made upon the opposition, Mr. Fox considered as particularly unguarded and unfortunate. He —he to talk of their shifting their ground! he, who had shifted his ground till in truth he had no ground to stand upon! he, who had assumed so many shapes, colours, and characters, in the progress of this extraordinary undertaking! he, who had proclaimed determinations only to recede from them, and asserted principles only to renounce them! he, whose whole conduct, from the first moment the system had been proposed, was one continued chain of tricks, quibbles, subterfuges, and tergiversations, uniform alone in contradiction and inconsistencies! he, who had played a double game with England, and a double game with Ireland, and juggled both nations by a train of unparalleled subtlety! Let the house reflect upon these circumstances, and then let them judge whether a grosser piece of insanity was ever heard of, than that the author of all this miserable foolery should charge others with tergiversation and duplicity.

But it was not in retorting these silly charges that they rested their defence upon these points. It were indeed a hardship and injustice, that, because they combated the defects of a new scheme, they should be liable to the charge of shifting their ground against an old one no longer the object of discussion. Mr. Fox added, that if it was true that ingratitude was the worst of sins, he could see no other light in which Mr. Pitt appeared, but that of the worst of sinners. What a pernicious scheme would this have been, unpurged by their amendments! and now what a return did he make them? But there were proud and sullen souls in the world, enveloped in a fastidious admiration of themselves, and an austere and haughty contempt for the rest of the world; upon whom obligation had only the effect of enmity, and whose

hatred was best secured by redeeming them from danger and dishonour.

§ 112. *Speech of Mr.* CURRAN, *on the bill to limit the amount of Pensions.* 1786.

I object to adjourning this bill to the first of August, because I perceive in the present disposition of the house, that a proper decision will be made upon it this night. We have set out upon our inquiry in a manner so honourable, and so consistent, that we have reason to expect the happiest success, which I would not wish to see baffled by delay.

We began with giving the full affirmative of this house, that no grievance exists at all; we considered a simple matter of fact, and adjourned our opinion, or rather we gave sentence on the conclusion, after having adjourned the premises. But I do begin to see a great deal of argument in what the learned baronet has said,* and I beg gentlemen will acquit me of apostasy, if I offer some reasons why the bill should not be admitted to a second reading.

I am surprised that gentlemen have taken up such a foolish opinion, as that our constitution is maintained by its different component parts, mutually checking and controlling each other: they seem to think with Hobbes, that a state of nature is a state of warfare, and that, like Mahomet's coffin, the constitution is suspended between the attraction of different powers. My friends seem to think that the crown should be restrained from doing wrong by a physical necessity, forgetting that if you take away from a man all power to do wrong, you at the same time take away from him all merit of doing right, and by making it impossible for men to run into slavery, you enslave them most effectually. But if instead of the three different parts of our constitution drawing forcibly in right lines, at opposite directions, they were to unite their power, and draw all one way, in one right line, how great would be the effect of their force, how happy the direction of this union. The present system is not only contrary to mathematical rectitude, but to public harmony; but if instead of privilege setting up his back to oppose prerogative, he was to saddle his back and invite prerogative to ride, how comfortably might they both jog along; and therefore it delights me to hear the advocates for the royal bounty flowing freely, and spontaneously, and abundantly, as Holywell in Wales. If the crown grants double the amount of the revenue in pensions, they approve of their royal master, for he is the breath of their nostrils.

But we will find that this complaisance, this gentleness between the crown and its true servants, is not confined at home, it extends its influence to foreign powers. Our merchants have been insulted in Portugal, our commerce interdicted; what did the British lion do? Did he whet his tusks? Did he bristle up and shake his mane? Did he roar? No; no such thing—the gentle creature wagged his tail for six years at the court of Lisbon, and now we hear from the Delphic oracle on the treasury bench, that he is wagging his tail in London to chevalier Pinto, who he hopes soon to be able to tell us will allow his lady to entertain him as a lap-dog; and when she does, no doubt the British factory will furnish some of their softest woollens to make a cushion for him to lie upon. But though the gentle beast has continued so long fawning and crouching, I believe his vengeance will be great

* Sir Boyle Roche, who opposed the bill, said, he would not stop the fountain of royal favour, but let it flow freely, spontaneously, and abundantly, as Holywell in Wales, that turns so many mills.

as it is slow, and that posterity, whose ancestors are yet unborn, will be surprised at the vengeance he will take.

This polyglot of wealth, this museum of curiosities, the pension list, embraces every link in the human chain, every description of men, women, and children, from the exalted excellence of a Hawke or a Rodney, to the debased situation of the lady who humbleth herself that she may be exalted. But the lessons it inculcates form its greatest perfection :—it teacheth, that sloth and vice may eat that bread which virtue and honesty may starve for after they had earned it. It teaches the idle and dissolute to look up for that support which they are too proud to stoop and earn. It directs the minds of men to an entire reliance on the ruling power of the state, who feeds the ravens of the royal aviary, that cry continually for food. It teaches them to imitate those saints on the pension list that are like the lilies of the field—they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet are arrayed like Solomon in his glory. In fine, it teaches a lesson which indeed they might have learned from Epictetus—that it is sometimes good not to be over virtuous : it shows that in proportion as our distresses increase, the munificence of the crown increases also—in proportion as our clothes are rent, the royal mantle is extended over us.

But, notwithstanding the pension list, like charity, covers a multitude of sins, give me leave to consider it as coming home to the members of this house—give me leave to say, that the crown, in extending its charity, its liberality, its profusion, is laying a foundation for the independence of parliament ; for hereafter, instead of orators or patriots accounting for their conduct to such mean and unworthy persons as freeholders, they will learn to despise them, and look to the first man in the state, and they will by so doing have this security for their independence, that while any man in the kingdom has a shilling they will not want one.

Suppose at any future period of time the boroughs of Ireland should decline from their present flourishing and prosperous state—suppose they should fall into the hands of men who would wish to drive a profitable commerce, by having members of parliament to hire or let ; in such a case a secretary would find great difficulty, if the proprietors of members should enter into a combination to form a monopoly ; to prevent which in time, the wisest way is to purchase up the raw material, young members of parliament, just rough from the grass, and when they are a little bitted, and he has got a pretty stud perhaps of seventy, he may laugh at the slave merchant : some of them he may teach to sound through the nose like a barrel organ ; some, in the course of a few months, might be taught to cry, hear! hear! some, chair! chair! upon occasion, though, those latter might create a little confusion, if they were to forget whether they were calling inside or outside of these doors. Again, he might have some so trained that he need only pull a string, and up gets a repeating member ; and if they were so dull that they could neither speak nor make orations, (for they are different things,) he might have them taught to dance, *pedibus ire in sententia*—This improvement might be extended ; he might have them dressed in coats and shirts all of one colour, and of a Sunday he might march them to church two and two, to the great edification of the people and the honour of the Christian religion ; afterwards, like the ancient Spartans, or the fraternity at Kilmainham, they might dine all together in a large hall. Good heaven! what a sight to see them feeding in public upon public viands, and talking of public subjects for the

benefit of the public. It is a pity they are not immortal; but I hope they will flourish as a corporation, and that pensioners will beget pensioners to the end of the chapter.

§ 113. *Speech of Mr.* WILBERFORCE, *on the Slave Trade.*

He began with observing, that he did not mean to appeal to the passions of the house, but to their cool and impartial reason. He did not mean to accuse any one, but to take shame to himself, in common indeed with the whole parliament of Great Britain, for having suffered so odious a trade to be carried on under their authority. He deprecated every kind of reflection against the various descriptions of persons who were most immediately involved in this wretched transaction. It was necessary for him to state in the outset, that he did not conceive the witnesses, who were examined, and particularly interested witnesses, to be judges of the argument. In the matters of fact that were related by them he admitted their competency; but confident assertions, not of facts, but of supposed consequences of facts, went for nothing in his estimation. Mr. Wilberforce divided his subject into three parts; the nature of the trade as it affected Africa itself, the appearance it assumed in the transportation of the slaves, and the considerations that were suggested by their actual state in the West Indies. With respect to the first, it was found by experience to be just such as every man who used his reason would infallibly have concluded it to be. What must be the natural consequence of a slave trade with Africa, with a country vast in its extent, not utterly barbarous, but civilized in a very small degree? Was it not plain that she must suffer from it; that her savage manners must be rendered still more ferocious, and that a slave trade carried on round her coasts must extend violence and desolation to her very centre? Such were precisely the circumstances proved by the evidence before the privy council, particularly by those who had been most conversant with the subject, Mr. Wadstrom, captain Hill, and Doctor Sparrman. From them it appeared, that the kings of Africa were never induced to engage in war by public principles, by national glory, and, least of all, by the love of their people. They had conversed with these princes, and had learned from their own mouths, that to procure slaves was the object of their hostilities. Indeed, there was scarcely a single person examined before the privy council, who did not prove that the slave trade was the source of the tragedies continually acted upon that extensive continent. Some had endeavoured to palliate this circumstance; but there was not one that did not more or less admit it to be true. By one it was called the concurrent cause, by the majority it was acknowledged to be the principal motive of the African wars.

Mr. Wilberforce proceeded to describe the mode in which the slaves were transported from Africa to the West Indies. This he confessed was the most wretched part of the whole subject. So much misery condensed in so little room, was more than the human imagination had ever before conceived. He would not accuse the Liverpool traders; he verily believed, that if the wretchedness of any one of the many hundred negroes stowed in each ship could be brought before the view, and remain in the sight of the African merchants, there was not one among them whose heart would be strong enough to bear it. He called upon his hearers to imagine six or seven hundred of these victims chained two and two, surrounded with every object that was nauseous and disgusting, diseased,

and struggling with all the varieties of wretchedness. How could they bear to think of such a scene as this? Meanwhile he would beg leave to quote the evidence of Mr. Norris, delivered in a manner that fully demonstrated that interest could draw a film over the eyes, so thick, that total blindness could do no more. 'Their apartments,' said this evidence, 'are fitted up as much for their advantage as circumstances will admit. They have several meals a day, some of their own country provisions, with the best sauces of African cookery, and by way of variety, another meal of pulse, &c. according to European taste. After breakfast they have water to wash themselves, while their apartments are perfumed with frankincense and lime-juice. Before dinner they are amused after the manner of their country; the song and the dance are promoted, and games of chance are furnished. The men play and sing, while the women and girls make fanciful ornaments with beads, with which they are plentifully supplied.' Such was the sort of strain in which the Liverpool delegates gave their evidence before the privy council. What would the house think, when by the concurring testimony of other witnesses the true history was laid open? The slaves, who were sometimes described as rejoicing in their captivity, were so wrung with misery, at leaving their country, that it was the constant practice to set sail in the night, lest they should be sensible of their departure. Their accommodations it seemed were convenient. The right ancle of one, indeed, was connected with the left ancle of another by a small iron fetter, and if they were turbulent, by another on the wrists. The pulse which Mr. Norris mentioned were horse beans, and the legislature of Jamaica had stated the scantiness both of water and provision as a subject that called for the interference of parliament. Mr. Norris talked of frankincense and lime-juice, while the surgeons described the slaves as so closely stowed, that there was not room to tread among them; and while it was proved in evidence by Sir George Yonge, that, even in a ship that wanted two hundred of her complement, the stench was intolerable. The song and the dance, said Mr. Norris, are promoted. It would have been more fair perhaps if he had explained the word promoted. The truth was, that for the sake of exercise these miserable wretches, loaded with chains and oppressed with disease, were forced to dance by the terror of the lash, and sometimes by the actual use of it. 'I,' said one of the evidences, 'was employed to dance the men, while another person danced the women.' Such was the meaning of the word promoted; and it might also be observed, with respect to food, that instruments were sometimes carried out in order to force them to eat; which was the same sort of proof how much they enjoyed themselves in this instance also. With respect to their singing, it consisted of songs of lamentation on their departure, which while they sung they were always in tears; so that one of the captains, more humane probably than the rest, threatened a woman with a flogging, because the mournfulness of her song was too painful for his feelings. That he might not trust, however, too much to any sort of description, Mr. Wilberforce called the attention of the house to one species of evidence which was infallible. Death was a witness that could not deceive them, and the proportion of deaths would not only confirm, but, if possible, even aggravate our suspicion of the misery of the transit. It would be found, upon an average of all the ships upon which evidence had been given, that, exclusively of such as perished before they sailed, not less

than twelve and a half *per cent.* died in the passage. Besides these, the Jamaica report stated, that four and a half *per cent.* expired upon shore before the day of sale, which was only a week or two from the time of their landing; one third more died in the seasoning, and this in a climate exactly similar to their own, and where, as some of the witnesses pretended, they were healthy and happy. The diseases however that they contracted on ship-board, the astringents and washes that were employed to hide their wounds, and make them up for sale, were a principal cause of this mortality. The negroes, it should be remembered, were not purchased at first except in perfect health, and the sum of the different casualties taken together, produced a mortality of above fifty *per cent.*

Mr. Wilberforce added, that as soon as he had advanced thus far in his investigation, he felt the wickedness of the slave trade to be so enormous, so dreadful, and so irremediable, that he could stop at no alternative short of its abolition. A trade founded in iniquity, and carried on with such circumstances of horror, must be abolished, let the policy be what it might; and he had from this time determined, whatever were the consequences, that he would never rest till he had effected that abolition. His mind had indeed been harassed with the objections of the West Indian planters, who had asserted that the ruin of their property must be the consequence of this regulation. He could not however help distrusting their arguments. He could not believe that the Almighty Being, who forbad the practice of rapine and bloodshed, had made rapine and bloodshed necessary to any part of his universe. He felt a confidence in this persuasion, and took the resolution to act upon it. Light indeed soon broke in upon him; the suspicion of his mind was every day confirmed by increasing information, and the evidence he had now to offer upon this point was decisive and complete. The principle upon which he founded the necessity of the abolition was not policy, but justice; but, though justice were the principle of the measure, yet he trusted he should distinctly prove it to be reconcileable with our truest political interest.

In the first place he asserted, that the number of negroes in the West Indies might be kept up without the introduction of recruits from Africa; and to prove this, he enumerated the various sources of the present mortality. The first was the disproportion of the sexes, an evil which, when the slave trade was abolished, must in the course of nature cure itself. The second was the disorders contracted in the transportation, and the consequences of the washes and mercurial ointments by which they were made up for sale. A third was excessive labour, joined with improper food; and a fourth, the extreme dissoluteness of their manners. These would both of them be counteracted by the impossibility of procuring further supplies. It was the interest, they were told, of the masters, to treat their slaves with kindness and humanity; but it was immediate and present, not future and distant interest, that was the great spring of action in the affairs of mankind. Why did we make laws to punish men? It was their interest to be upright and virtuous. But there was a present impulse continually breaking in upon their better judgment, an impulse which was known to be contrary to their permanent advantage. It was ridiculous to say that men would be bound by their interest, when present gain or ardent passion urged them. It might as well be asserted, that a stone could not be thrown into the air, or a body move from place to place, because the principle of gravitation bound them to the surface of

the earth. If a planter in the West Indies found himself reduced in his profits, he did not usually dispose of any part of his slaves, and his own gratifications were never given up, so long as there was a possibility of any retrenchment in the allowance of his negroes. Mr. Wilberforce entered into a calculation in order to prove, that in many of the Islands, and particularly in Jamaica, there was an increase of population among the slaves actually begun; and he deduced from the whole, that the births in that Island at this moment exceeded the deaths by one thousand or eleven hundred *per annum*. Allowing, however, the number of negroes to decrease, there were other obvious sources that would ensure the welfare of the West Indian Islands; the waste of labour which at present prevailed; the introduction of the plough and other machinery; the division of work, which in free and civilized countries was the grand source of wealth; and the reduction of the number of domestic servants, of whom not less than from twenty to forty were kept in ordinary families. But granting that all these suppositions were unfounded, that every one of these succedanea should fail; the planters would still be secured, and out of all question indemnify themselves, as was the case in every transaction of commerce, by the increased price of their produce in the English market. The West Indians, therefore, who contended against the abolition, were nonsuited in every part of the argument. Did they say that fresh importation was necessary? He had shown, that the number of slaves might be kept up by procreation. Was this denied? He asserted that the plough, horses, machinery, domestic slaves, and all the other inevitable improvements, would supply the deficiency. Was it persisted in that the deficiency could be no way supplied, and that the quantity of produce would diminish? He then reverted to the unanswerable argument, that the increase of price would make up their loss, and secure them against every possible miscarriage.

Mr. Wilberforce proceeded to answer incidental objections. In the first place he asserted, that the African trade, instead of being the nursery of our sailors, had been found to be their grave. A comparison had with great industry been formed between the muster-rolls of the slave ships and those of the other branches of our commerce; and it had been found, that more sailors had died in one year in the slave trade, than in two years in all our other trades put together. Three thousand one hundred and seventy seamen had sailed from Liverpool in 1787, and of these only fourteen hundred and twenty-eight had returned. Information upon the subject had lately been received from the governor of Barbadoes, who stated, in the course of his narrative, 'that the African traders at home were obliged to send out their ships very strongly manned, as well from the unhealthiness of the climate, as the necessity of guarding the slaves; and as they soon felt the burden of the consequent expense, the masters quarrelled immediately upon their arrival in the islands with their seamen, upon the most frivolous pretences, and turned them on shore, while many of these valuable subjects, sometimes from sickness, and sometimes from the necessity of entering into foreign employment for subsistence, were totally lost to their country.' A further objection that had been urged was, that if we abandoned the slave trade, it would only be taken up by the French; we should become the sufferers, and the evil would remain in its utmost extent. This was indeed a very weak and sophistical argument; and, if it would defend the slave trade, might equally

be urged in favour of robbery, murder, and every species of wickedness, which, if we did not practise, others would probably commit. The objection, however, he believed had no foundation in fact. Mr. Necker, the present minister of France, was a man of ability and religion, and in his work upon the administration of the finances, had actually recorded his abhorrence of the slave trade; and the king of France having lately been requested to dissolve a society formed for the express purpose of the abolition, had answered that he could not comply with what was desired, and that he, on the contrary, rejoiced in the existence of such a society.

Mr. Wilberforce proceeded in his arguments to show, that no measure could in the present case be effectual, short of the entire abolition. The Jamaica report had recommended, that no persons should be kidnapped, or permitted to be made slaves contrary to the customs of Africa. Might they not be reduced to this state unjustly, and yet by no means contrary to the customs of Africa? Besides, how could we distinguish between the slaves justly and unjustly reduced to that condition? Could we discover them by their physiognomy? If we could, was it believed that the British captains would by any regulations in this country be prevailed upon to refuse all those that had not been fairly, honestly, and uprightly enslaved? Those who were offered to us for sale, were brought, some of them, three or four thousand miles, and exchanged like cattle from one hand to another, till they reached the coast. What compensation then could be made to the rejected slaves for their sufferings? The argument was equally valid as to their transportation. The profit of the merchant depended upon the number that could be crowded together, and the shortness of the allowance. As to their ultimate situation, it would also remain. Slavery was the source of all sorts of degradation, and the condition of slavery could not even be meliorated, without putting an end to the hope of further reinforcements. In fine, Mr. Wilberforce called upon his hearers to make all the amends in their power for the mischief they had done to the continent of Africa. He called upon them to recollect what Europe had been three centuries ago. In the reign of king Henry the Seventh, the inhabitants of Bristol had actually sold their children as an article of merchandise. The people of Ireland had done the same. Let then the same opportunity of civilization be extended to Africa, which had done so much for our own islands. It might hitherto have been alleged in our excuse, that we were not acquainted with the enormity of the wickedness we suffered; but we could no longer plead ignorance—it was directly brought before our eyes, and that house must decide, and must justify to the world and their consciences, the facts and principles upon which their decision was formed.

§ 114. *Speech of* PATRICK HENRY, *on the Virginia Resolutions.* 1775.

He rose at this time with a majesty unusual to him in an exordium, and with all that self-possession by which he was so invariably distinguished. "No man," he said, "thought more highly than he did, of the patriotism, as well as abilities, of the very worthy gentlemen who had just addressed the house. But different men often saw the same subject in different lights; and therefore, he hoped it would not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen, if, entertaining as he did, opinions of a character very opposite to theirs, he

should speak forth *his* sentiments freely and without reserve. This," he said, "was no time for ceremony. The question before the house was one of awful moment to this country. For his own part he considered it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery. And in proportion to the magnitude of the subject, ought to be the freedom of the debate. It was only in this way that they could hope to arrive at truth, and fulfil the great responsibility which they held to God and their country. Should he keep back his opinions, at such a time, through fear of giving offence, he should consider himself as guilty of treason towards his country, and of an act of disloyalty toward the majesty of Heaven, which he revered above all earthly kings.

"Mr. President," said he, "it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth—and listen to the song of that syren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is it," he asked, "the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Were we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For his part, whatever anguish of spirit it might cost, *he* was willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

"He had," he said, "but one lamp by which his feet were guided: and that was the lamp of experience. He knew of no way of judging of the future, but by the past. And judging by the past, he wished to know what there had been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen had been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition, comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land? Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir: she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains, which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we any thing new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done every thing that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned—we have remonstrated—we have supplicated—we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remon-

strances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. *There is no longer any room for hope.* If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight!—I repeat it, sir, we must fight!! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us!

"They tell us, sir," continued Mr. Henry, "that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed; and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance, by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations; and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come!! I repeat it, sir, let it come!!!

"It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north, will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God!—I know not what course others may take; but as for me," cried he, with both his arms extended aloft, his brows knit, every feature marked with the resolute purpose of his soul, and his voice swelled to its boldest note of exclamation—"give me liberty, or give me death!"

Wirt.

§ 115. *Part of Mr.* AMES' *Speech on the British Treaty.*

To expatiate on the value of public faith may pass with some men for declamation: to such men I have nothing to say. To others I will urge, can any circumstance mark upon a people more turpitude and debasement? Can any thing tend more to make men think themselves mean, or degrade to a lower point their estimation of virtue and their standard of action? It would not merely demoralize mankind; it tends to break all the ligaments of society, to dissolve that mysterious charm which attracts individuals to the nation, and to inspire in its stead a repulsive sense of shame and disgust.

What is patriotism? Is it a narrow affection for the spot where a man was born? Are the very clods where we tread entitled to this ardent preference, because they are greener? No, sir, this is not the character of the virtue, and it soars higher for its object. It is an extended self-love, mingling with all the enjoyments of life, and twisting itself with the minutest filaments of the heart. It is thus we obey the laws of society, because they are the laws of virtue. In their authority we see, not the array of force and terror, but the venerable image of our country's honour. Every good citizen makes that honour his own, and cherishes it not only as precious, but as sacred. He is willing to risk his life in its defence; and is conscious that he gains protection, while he gives it. For what rights of a citizen will be deemed inviolable, when a state renounces the principles that constitute their security? Or, if his life should not be invaded, what would its enjoyments be in a country odious in the eyes of strangers, and dishonoured in his own? Could he look with affection and veneration to such a country as his parent? The sense of having one would die within him; he would blush for his patriotism, if he retained any, and justly, for it would be a vice: he would be a banished man in his native land.

I see no exception to the respect that is paid among nations to the law of good faith. If there are cases in this enlightened period when it is violated, there are none when it is decried. It is the philosophy of politics, the religion of governments. It is observed by barbarians: a whiff of tobacco smoke, or a string of beads, gives not merely binding force, but sanctity to treaties. Even in Algiers, a truce may be bought for money; but, when ratified, even Algiers is too wise or too just to disown and annul its obligation. Thus we see, neither the ignorance of savages, nor the principles of an association for piracy and rapine, permit a nation to despise its engagements. If, sir, there could be a resurrection from the foot of the gallows, if the victims of justice could live again, collect together and form a society, they would, however loath, soon find themselves obliged to make justice, that justice under which they fell, the fundamental law of their state. They would perceive it was their interest to make others respect, and they would therefore soon pay some respect themselves to the obligations of good faith.

It is painful, I hope it is superfluous, to make even the supposition, that America should furnish the occasion of this opprobrium. No, let me not even imagine, that a republican government, sprung, as our own is, from a people enlightened and uncorrupted, a government whose origin is right, and whose daily discipline is duty, can, upon solemn debate, make its option to be faithless: can dare to act what despots dare not avow, what our own example evinces the states of Barbary are unsuspected of. No, let me rather make the supposition, that Great Britain refuses to execute the treaty, after we have done every thing to carry it into effect. Is there any language of reproach pungent enough to express your commentary on the fact? What would you say, or, rather, what would you not say? Would you not tell them, wherever an Englishman might travel, shame would stick to him: he would disown his country. You would exclaim, England, proud of your wealth, and arrogant in the possession of power, blush for these distinctions, which become the vehicles of your dishonour. Such a nation might truly say to corruption, thou art my father, and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister. We should say of such a race of men,

their name is a heavier burden than their debt.

I can scarcely persuade myself to believe, that the consideration I have suggested requires the aid of any auxiliary; but, unfortunately, auxiliary arguments are at hand. Five millions of dollars, and probably more, on the score of spoliations committed on our commerce, depend upon the treaty: the treaty offers the only prospect of indemnity. Such redress is promised as the merchants place some confidence in. Will you interpose and frustrate that hope, leaving to many families nothing but beggary and despair? It is a smooth proceeding to take a vote in this body: it takes less than half an hour to call the yeas and nays, and reject the treaty. But what is the effect of it? What but this: the very men, formerly so loud for redress, such fierce champions, that even to ask for justice was too mean and too slow, now turn their capricious fury upon the sufferers, and say, by their vote, to them and their families, no longer eat bread: petitioners, go home and starve: we cannot satisfy your wrongs and our resentments.

Will you pay the sufferers out of the treasury? No. The answer was given two years ago, and appears on our journals. Will you give them letters of marque and reprisal, to pay themselves by force? No. That is war. Besides it would be an opportunity for those who have already lost much to lose more. Will you go to war to avenge their injury? If you do, the war will leave you no money to indemnify them. If it should be unsuccessful, you will aggravate existing evils: if successful, your enemy will have no treasure left to give our merchants: the first losses will be confounded with much greater, and be forgotten. At the end of a war there must be a negotiation, which is the very point we have already gained: and why relinquish it? And who will be confident that the terms of the negotiation, after a desolating war, would be more acceptable to another house of representatives than the treaty before us? Members and opinions may be so changed, that the treaty would then be rejected for being what the present majority say it should be. Whether we shall go on making treaties and refusing to execute them, I know not: of this I am certain, it will be very difficult to exercise the treaty-making power on the new principle, with much reputation or advantage to the country.

The refusal of the posts (inevitable if we reject the treaty) is a measure too decisive in its nature to be neutral in its consequences. From great causes we are to look for great effects. A plain and obvious one will be the price of the Western lands will fall: settlers will not choose to fix their habitation on a field of battle. Those who talk so much of the interest of the United States should calculate, how deeply it will be affected by rejecting the treaty; how vast a tract of wild land will almost cease to be property. This loss, let it be observed, will fall upon a fund expressly devoted to sink the national debt. What then are we called upon to do? However the form of the vote and the protestations of many may disguise the proceeding, our resolution is in substance, and it deserves to wear the title of a resolution, to prevent the sale of the Western lands and the discharge of the public debt.

Will the tendency to Indian hostilities be contested by any one? Experience gives the answer. The frontiers were scourged with war, until the negotiation with Great Britain was far advanced; and then the state of hostility ceased. Perhaps the public agents of both nations are innocent of fomenting the Indian war, and perhaps they are not. We ought not, however, to expect that neigh-

bouring nations, highly irritated against each other, will neglect the friendship of the savages. The traders will gain an influence and will abuse it; and who is ignorant that their passions are easily raised and hardly restrained from violence? Their situation will oblige them to choose between this country and Great Britain, in case the treaty should be rejected: they will not be our friends, and at the same time the friends of our enemies.

But am I reduced to the necessity of proving this point? Certainly the very men who charged the Indian war on the detention of the posts, will call for no other proof than the recital of their own speeches. It is remembered, with what emphasis, with what acrimony, they expatiated on the burden of taxes, and the drain of blood and treasure into the western country, in consequence of Britain's holding the posts. Until the posts are restored, they exclaimed, the treasury and the frontiers must bleed.

If any, against all these proofs, should maintain, that the peace with the Indians will be stable without the posts, to them I will urge another reply. From arguments calculated to produce conviction, I will appeal directly to the hearts of those who hear me, and ask whether it is not already planted there? I resort especially to the convictions of the Western gentlemen, whether, supposing no posts and no treaty, the settlers will remain in security? Can they take it upon them to say, that an Indian peace, under these circumstances, will prove firm? No, sir, it will not be peace, but a sword; it will be no better than a lure to draw victims within the reach of the tomahawk.

On this theme, my emotions are unutterable. If I could find words for them, if my powers bore any proportion to my zeal, I would swell my voice to such a note of remonstrance, it should reach every log-house beyond the mountains. I would say to the inhabitants, wake from your false security: your cruel dangers, your more cruel apprehensions are soon to be renewed: the wounds, yet unhealed, are to be torn open again: in the day time, your path through the woods will be ambushed; the darkness of midnight will glitter with the blaze of your dwellings. You are a father—the blood of your sons shall fatten your corn-field: you are a mother—the war whoop shall wake the sleep of the cradle.

On this subject you need not suspect any deception on your feelings: it is a spectacle of horror, which cannot be overdrawn. If you have nature in your hearts, they will speak a language, compared with which all I have said or can say will be poor and frigid.

Will it be whispered, that the treaty has made me a new champion for the protection of the frontiers. It is known, that my voice as well as vote have been uniformly given in conformity with the ideas I have expressed. Protection is the right of the frontiers; it is our duty to give it.

Who will accuse me of wandering out of the subject? Who will say, that I exaggerate the tendencies of our measures? Will any one answer by a sneer, that all this is idle preaching. Will any one deny, that we are bound, and I would hope to good purpose, by the most solemn sanctions of duty for the vote we give? Are despots alone to be reproached for unfeeling indifference to the tears and blood of their subjects? Are republicans unresponsible? Have the principles, on which you ground the reproach upon cabinets and kings, no practical influence, no binding force? Are they merely themes of idle declamation, introduced to decorate the morality of a newspaper essay, or to furnish pretty topics of harangue from the windows of that state-house? I trust

it is neither too presumptuous nor too late to ask: Can you put the dearest interest of society at risk, without guilt, and without remorse?

It is vain to offer as an excuse, that public men are not to be reproached for the evils that may happen to ensue from their measures. This is very true, where they are unforeseen or inevitable. Those I have depicted are not unforeseen: they are so far from inevitable, we are going to bring them into being by our vote: we choose the consequences, and become as justly answerable for them, as for the measure that we know will produce them.

By rejecting the posts, we light the savage fires, we bind the victims. This day we undertake to render account to the widows and orphans whom our decision will make, to the wretches that will be roasted at the stake, to our country, and I do not deem it too serious to say, to conscience and to God. We are answerable; and if duty be any thing more than a word of imposture, if conscience be not a bugbear, we are preparing to make ourselves as wretched as our country.

There is no mistake in this case, there can be none: experience has already been the prophet of events, and the cries of our future victims have already reached us. The Western inhabitants are not a silent and uncomplaining sacrifice. The voice of humanity issues from the shade of the wilderness: it exclaims, that while one hand is held up to reject this treaty, the other grasps a tomahawk. It summons our imagination to the scenes that will open. It is no great effort of the imagination to conceive that events so near are already begun. I can fancy that I listen to the yells of savage vengeance and the shrieks of torture: already they seem to sigh in the Western wind; already they mingle with every echo from the mountains.

§ 116. *Conclusion of Mr.* HARPER'S *Speech on resisting the Encroachments of France.* 1797.

Supposing therefore, Mr. Harper said, that the people of this country were unwilling to oppose her, and the government unable; that we should prefer peace with submission, to the risk of war; that a strong party devoted to her would hang on the government, and impede all its measures of reaction; and that if she should place us by her aggressions in a situation, where the choice should seem to aim between a war with England and a war with her, our hatred to England, joined to those other causes, would force us to take the former part of the alternative; she had resolved on the measures which she was then pursuing, and the object of which was to make us renounce the treaty with England, and enter into a quarrel with that nation: in fine to effect that by force and aggressions, which she had attempted in vain by four years of intriguing and insidious policy.

If such were her objects how was she to be induced to renounce them? By trifling concessions of this, that, or the other article of a treaty, this, that, or the other advantage in trade? No. It seemed to him a delusion equally fatal and unaccountable, to suppose that she was to be thus satisfied: to suppose that by these inconsiderable favours, which she had not even asked for, she was to be bought off from a plan so great and important. It seemed to him the most fatal and unaccountable delusion, that could make gentlemen shut their eyes to this testimony of every nation, to this glare of light bursting in from every side; that could render them blind to the projects of France, to the Herculean strides of her overtowering ambition, which so evidently aimed at nothing less than the establishment of universal empire, or

universal influence, and had fixed on this country as one of the instruments for accomplishing her plan.

It was against this dangerous delusion that he wished to warn the house and the country. He wished to warn them not to deceive themselves with the vain and fallacious expectation, that the concessions proposed by this amendment would satisfy the wishes or arrest the measures of France. Did he dissuade from these concessions? Far from it, he wished them to be offered, and in the way the most likely to give weight to the offer. It was a bridge which he was willing to build, for the pride of France to retreat on; but what he wished to warn the house against, was the resting satisfied with building the bridge, to the neglect of those measures by which France might be induced to march over it, after it should be built. He wished to negotiate, and he even relied much on success; but the success of the negotiation must be secured on that floor. It must be secured by adopting firm language and energetic measures; measures which would convince France, that those opinions respecting this country on which her system was founded, were wholly erroneous; that we were neither a weak, a pusillanimous, nor a divided people; that we were not disposed to barter honour for quiet, nor to save our money at the expense of our rights: which might convince her that we understood her projects, and were determined to oppose them, with all our resources, and at the hazard of all our possessions. This, he believed, was the way to ensure success to the negotiation; and without this he should consider it as a measure equally vain, weak, and delusive.

When France should be at length convinced, that we were firmly resolved to call forth all our resources, and exert all our strength to resist her encroachments and aggressions, she would soon desist from them. She need not be told what these resources were; she well knew their greatness and extent; she well knew that this country, if driven into a war, could soon become invulnerable to her attacks, and could throw a most formidable and preponderating weight into the scale of her adversary. She would not therefore drive us to this extremity, but would desist as soon as she found us determined. He had before touched (he said) on our means of injuring France, and repelling her attacks; and if those means were less, still they might be rendered all sufficient, by resolution and courage. It was in these that the strength of nations consisted, and not in fleets, nor armies, nor population, nor money: in the "unconquerable will—the courage never to submit or yield." These were the true sources of national greatness; and to use the words of a celebrated writer,—"where these means were not wanting, all others would be found or created." It was by these means that Holland, in the days of her glory, had triumphed over the mighty power of Spain. It was by these that in later times, and in the course of the present war, the Swiss, a people not half so numerous as we, and possessing few of our advantages, had honourably maintained their neutrality amid the shock of surrounding states, and against the haughty aggressions of France herself. The Swiss had not been without their trials. They had given refuge to many French emigrants, whom their vengeful and implacable country had driven and pursued from state to state, and whom it wished to deprive of their last asylum in the mountains of Swisserland. The Swiss were required to drive them away, under the pretence that to afford them a retreat was contrary to the laws of neutrality. They at first temporized and

evaded the demand: France insisted; and finding at length that evasion was useless they assumed a firm attitude, and declared that having afforded an asylum to those unfortunate exiles, which no law of neutrality forbad, they would protect them in it at every hazard. France finding them thus resolved, gave up the attempt. This had been effected by that determined courage, which alone can make a nation great or respectable: and this effect had invariably been produced by the same cause, in every age and every clime. It was this that made Rome the mistress of the world, and Athens the protectress of Greece. When was it that Rome attracted most strongly the admiration of mankind, and impressed the deepest sentiment of fear on the hearts of her enemies? It was when seventy thousand of her sons lay bleeding at Cannæ, and Hannibal victorious over three Roman armies and twenty nations, was thundering at her gates. It was then that the young and heroic Scipio, having sworn on his sword, in the presence of the fathers of the country, not to despair of the republic, marched forth at the head of a people, firmly resolved to conquer or die; and that resolution ensured them the victory. When did Athens appear the greatest and the most formidable? It was when giving up their houses and possessions to the flames of the enemy, and having transferred their wives, their children, their aged parents, and the symbols of their religion, on board of their fleet, they resolved to consider themselves as the republic, and their ships as their country. It was then they struck that terrible blow, under which the greatness of Persia sunk and expired.

These means, he said, and many others were in our power. Let us resolve to use them, and act so as to convince France that we had taken the resolution, and there was nothing to fear. This conviction would be to us instead of fleets and armies, and even more effectual. Seeing us thus prepared she would not attack us. Then would she listen to our peaceable proposals; then would she accept the concessions we meant to offer. But should this offer not be thus supported, should it be attended by any circumstances from which she can discover weakness, distrust or division, then would she reject it with derision and scorn. He viewed in the proposed amendment circumstances of this kind; and for that among other reasons should vote against it. He should vote against it, not because he was for war, but because he was for peace; and because he saw in this amendment itself, and more especially in the course to which it pointed, the means of impeding instead of promoting our pacific endeavours. And let it be remembered, he said, that when we give this vote, we vote not only on the peace of our country, but on what is far more important, on its rights and its honour.

§ 117. *The Landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth.*

Different, indeed, most widely different from all these instances of emigration and plantation, were the condition, the purposes, and the prospects of our Fathers, when they established their infant colony upon this spot. They came hither to a land from which they were never to return. Hither they had brought, and here they were to fix, their hopes, their attachments, and their objects. Some natural tears they shed, as they left the pleasant abodes of their fathers, and some emotions they suppressed, when the white cliffs of their native country, now seen for the last time, grew dim to their sight. They

were acting however upon a resolution not to be changed. With whatever stifled regrets, with whatever occasional hesitation, with whatever appalling apprehensions, which might sometimes arise with force to shake the firmest purpose, they had yet committed themselves to heaven and the elements; and a thousand leagues of water soon interposed to separate them for ever from the region which gave them birth. A new existence awaited them here; and when they saw these shores, rough, cold, barbarous, and barren as then they were, they beheld their country. That mixed and strong feeling, which we call love of country, and which is, in general, never extinguished in the heart of man, grasped and embraced its proper object here. Whatever constitutes *country*, except the earth and the sun, all the moral causes of affection and attachment, which operate upon the heart, they had brought with them to their new abode. Here were now their families and friends; their homes, and their property. Before they reached the shore, they had established the elements of a social system, and at a much earlier period had settled their forms of religious worship. At the moment of their landing, therefore, they possessed institutions of government, and institutions of religion; and friends and families, and social and religious institutions, established by consent, founded on choice and preference, how nearly do these fill up our whole idea of country! The morning that beamed on the first night of their repose, saw the Pilgrims already established in their country. There were political institutions, and civil liberty, and religious worship. Poetry has fancied nothing, in the wanderings of heroes, so distinct and characteristic. Here was man, indeed, unprotected, and unprovided for, on the shore of a rude and fearful wilderness; but it was politic, intelligent and educated man. Every thing was civilized but the physical world. Institutions containing in substance all that ages had done for human government, were established in a forest. Cultivated mind was to act on uncultivated nature; and, more than all, a government, and a country, were to commence with the very first foundations laid under the divine light of the christian religion. Happy auspices of a happy futurity! Who would wish, that his country's existence had otherwise begun?—Who would desire the power of going back to the ages of fable?—Who would wish for an origin, obscured in the darkness of antiquity?—Who would wish for other emblazoning of his country's heraldry, or other ornaments of her genealogy, than to be able to say, that her first existence was with intelligence; her first breath the inspirations of liberty; her first principle the truth of divine religion?

Local attachments and sympathies would ere long spring up in the breasts of our ancestors, endearing to them the place of their refuge. Whatever natural objects are associated with interesting scenes and high efforts, obtain a hold on human feeling, and demand from the heart a sort of recognition and regard. This Rock soon became hallowed in the esteem of the Pilgrims, and these hills grateful to their sight. Neither they nor their children were again to till the soil of England, nor again to traverse the seas which surrounded her. But here was a new sea now open to their enterprise, and a new soil, which had not failed to respond gratefully to their laborious industry, and which was already assuming a robe of verdure. Hardly had they provided shelter for the living, ere they were summoned to erect sepulchres for the dead. The ground had become sacred, by enclosing the remains of some of their companions

and connexions. A parent, a child, a husband or a wife, had gone the way of all flesh, and mingled with the dust of New-England. We naturally look with strong emotions to the spot, though it be a wilderness, where the ashes of those we have loved repose. Where the heart has laid down what it loved most, it is desirous of laying itself down. No sculptured marble, no enduring monument, no honourable inscription, no ever-burning taper that would drive away the darkness of death, can soften our sense of the reality of mortality, and hallow to our feelings the ground which is to cover us, like the consciousness that we shall sleep dust to dust with the objects of our affections.

In a short time other causes sprung up to bind the Pilgrims with new cords to their chosen land. Children were born, and the hopes of future generations arose, in the spot of their new habitation. The second generation found this the land of their nativity, and saw that they were bound to its fortunes. They beheld their fathers' graves around them, and while they read the memorials of their toils and labours, they rejoiced in the inheritance which they found bequeathed to them.

Webster.

§ 118. *The Slave Trade.*

I deem it my duty on this occasion to suggest, that the land is not wholly free from the contamination of a traffic, at which every feeling of humanity must for ever revolt—I mean the African slave trade. Neither public sentiment, nor the law, has hitherto been able entirely to put an end to this odious and abominable trade. At the moment when God, in his mercy, has blessed the Christian world with an universal peace, there is reason to fear, that to the disgrace of the Christian name and character, new efforts are making for the extension of this trade, by subjects and citizens of Christian states, in whose hearts no sentiment of humanity or justice inhabits, and over whom neither the fear of God nor the fear of man exercises a control. In the sight of our law, the African slave trader is a pirate and a felon; and in the sight of heaven, an offender far beyond the ordinary depth of human guilt. There is no brighter part of our history, than that which records the measures which have been adopted by the government, at an early day, and at different times since, for the suppression of this traffic; and I would call on all the true sons of New-England, to co-operate with the laws of man, and the justice of heaven. If there be, within the extent of our knowledge or influence, any participation in this traffic, let us pledge ourselves here, upon the Rock of Plymouth, to extirpate and destroy it. It is not fit, that the land of the Pilgrims should bear the shame longer. I hear the sound of the hammer, I see the smoke of the furnaces where manacles and fetters are still forged for human limbs. I see the visages of those who by stealth, and at midnight, labour in this work of hell, foul and dark, as may become the artificers of such instruments of misery and torture. Let that spot be purified, or let it cease to be of New-England. Let it be purified, or let it be set aside from the Christian world; let it be put out of the circle of human sympathies and human regards, and let civilized man henceforth have no communion with it.

I would invoke those who fill the seats of justice, and all who minister at her altar, that they execute the wholesome and necessary severity of the law. I invoke the ministers of our religion, that they proclaim its denunciation of these crimes, and

add its solemn sanctions to the authority of human laws. If the pulpit be silent, whenever, or wherever, there may be a sinner bloody with this guilt, within the hearing of its voice, the pulpit is false to its trust. I call on the fair merchant, who has reaped his harvest upon the seas, that he assist in scourging from those seas the worst pirates which ever infested them. That ocean which seems to wave with a gentle magnificence to waft the burdens of an honest commerce, and to roll along its treasures with a conscious pride; that ocean, which hardy industry regards, even when the winds have ruffled its surface, as a field of grateful toil; what is it to the victim of this oppression, when he is brought to its shores, and looks forth upon it, for the first time, from beneath chains, and bleeding with stripes? What is it to him, but a wide spread prospect of suffering, anguish, and death? Nor do the skies smile longer, nor is the air longer fragrant to him. The sun is cast down from heaven. An inhuman and accursed traffic has cut him off in his manhood, or in his youth, from every enjoyment belonging to his being, and every blessing which his Creator intended for him.

Webster.

§ 119. *Conclusion of Mr.* WEBSTER'S *Speech at Plymouth.*

The hours of this day are rapidly flying, and this occasion will soon be passed. Neither we nor our children can expect to behold its return. They are in the distant regions of futurity, they exist only in the all-creating power of God, who shall stand here, a hundred years hence, to trace, through us, their descent from the Pilgrims, and to survey, as we have now surveyed, the progress of their country, during the lapse of a century. We would anticipate their concurrence with us in our sentiments of deep regard for our common ancestors. We would anticipate and partake the pleasure with which they will then recount the steps of New-England's advancement. On the morning of that day, although it will not disturb us in our repose, the voice of acclamation and gratitude, commencing on the Rock of Plymouth, shall be transmitted through millions of the sons of the Pilgrims, till it lose itself in the murmurs of the Pacific seas.

We would leave for the consideration of those who shall then occupy our places, some proof that we hold the blessings transmitted from our fathers in just estimation; some proof of our attachment to the cause of good government, and of civil and religious liberty; some proof of a sincere and ardent desire to promote every thing which may enlarge the understandings and improve the hearts of men. And when, from the long distance of a hundred years, they shall look back upon us, they shall know, at least, that we possessed affections, which running backward, and warming with gratitude for what our ancestors have done for our happiness, run forward also to our posterity, and meet them with cordial salutation, ere yet they have arrived on the shore of Being.

Advance, then, ye future generations! We would hail you, as you rise in your long succession, to fill the places which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence, where we are passing, and soon shall have passed, our own human duration. We bid you welcome to this pleasant land of the Fathers. We bid you welcome to the healthful skies, and the verdant fields of New-England. We greet your accession to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed. We welcome you to the blessings of good government, and religious liberty. We welcome you to the trea-

sures of science, and the delights of learning. We welcome you to the transcendent sweets of domestic life, to the happiness of kindred, and parents, and children. We welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of rational existence, the immortal hope of Christianity, and the light of everlasting Truth!

§ 120. *Part of Mr.* WEBSTER'S *Speech on the Greek Question*, 1824—*On the Policy of the Holy Alliance.*

The ultimate effect of this alliance of sovereigns, for objects personal to themselves, or respecting only the permanence of their own power, must be the destruction of all just feeling, and all natural sympathy, between those who exercise the power of government and those who are subject to it. The old channels of mutual regard and confidence are to be dried up, or cut off. Obedience can now be expected no longer than it is enforced. Instead of relying on the affections of the governed, sovereigns are to rely on the affections and friendship of other sovereigns. There are, in short, no longer to be nations. Princes and people no longer are to unite for interests common to them both. There is to be an end of all patriotism, as a distinct national feeling. Society is to be divided horizontally; all sovereigns above, and all subjects below; the former coalescing for their own security, and for the more certain subjection of the undistinguished multitude beneath. This, sir, is no picture drawn by imagination. I have hardly used language stronger than that in which the authors of this new system have commented on their own work. Mr. Chateaubriand, in his speech in the French Chamber of Deputies, in February last, declared, that he had a conference with the Emperor of Russia at Verona, in which that august sovereign uttered sentiments which appeared to him so precious, that he immediately hastened home, and wrote them down while yet fresh in his recollection. "The Emperor declared," said he, "that there can no longer be such a thing as an English, French, Russian, Prussian, or Austrian policy: there is henceforth but one policy, which, for the safety of all, should be adopted both by people and kings. It was for me first to show myself convinced of the principles upon which I founded the alliance; an occasion offered itself; the rising in Greece. Nothing certainly could occur more for my interests, for the interests of my people; nothing more acceptable to my country, than a religious war in Turkey: but I have thought I perceived in the troubles of the Morea, the sign of revolution, and I have held back. Providence has not put under my command 800,000 soldiers to satisfy my ambition, but to protect religion, morality, and justice, and to secure the prevalence of those principles of order on which human society rests. It may well be permitted that kings may have public alliances to defend themselves against secret enemies."

These, sir, are the words which the French minister thought so important as that they deserved to be recorded; and I too, sir, am of the same opinion. But, if it be true that there is hereafter to be neither a Russian policy, nor a Prussian policy, nor an Austrian policy, nor a French policy, nor even, which yet I will not believe, an English policy; there will be, I trust in God, an *American* policy. If the authority of all these governments be hereafter to be mixed and blended, and to flow in one augmented current of prerogative, over the face of Europe, sweeping away all resistance in its course, it will yet remain for us to secure our own happiness, by the preservation

of our own principles; which I hope we shall have the manliness to express on all proper occasions, and the spirit to defend in every extremity. The end and scope of this amalgamated policy is neither more nor less than this:—to interfere, *by force*, for any government, against any people who may resist it. Be the state of the people what it may, they shall not rise; be the government what it will, it shall not be opposed. The practical commentary has corresponded with the plain language of the text. Look at Spain, and at Greece. If men may not resist the Spanish inquisition, and the Turkish scimitar, what is there to which humanity must not submit? Stronger cases can never arise. Is it not proper for us, at all times—is it not our duty, at this time, to come forth, and deny, and condemn, these monstrous principles. Where, but here, and in one other place, are they likely to be resisted? They are advanced with equal coolness and boldness; and they are supported by immense power. The timid will shrink and give way; and many of the brave may be compelled to yield to force. Human liberty may yet, perhaps, be obliged to repose its principal hopes on the intelligence and vigour of the Saxon race. As far as depends on us, at least, I trust those hopes will not be disappointed; and that, to the extent which may consist with our own settled, pacific policy, our opinions and sentiments may be brought to act on the right side, and to the right end, on an occasion which is, in truth, nothing less than a momentous question between an intelligent age, full of knowledge, thirsting for improvement, and quickened by a thousand impulses, and the most arbitrary pretensions, sustained by unprecedented power.

This asserted right of forcible intervention, in the affairs of other nations, is in open violation of the public law of the world. Who has authorized these learned doctors of Troppau, to establish new articles in this code? Whence are their diplomas? Is the whole world expected to acquiesce in principles, which entirely subvert the independence of nations? On the basis of this independence has been reared the beautiful fabric of international law. On the principle of this independence, Europe has seen a family of nations, flourishing within its limits, the small among the large, protected not always by power, but by a principle above power, by a sense of propriety and justice. On this principle the great commonwealth of civilized states has been hitherto upheld. There have been occasional departures, or violations, and always disastrous, as in the case of Poland; but, in general, the harmony of the system has been wonderfully preserved. In the production and preservation of this sense of justice, this predominating principle, the Christian religion has acted a main part. Christianity and civilization have laboured together; it seems, indeed, to be a law of our human condition, that they can live and flourish only together. From their blended influence has arisen that delightful spectacle of the prevalence of reason and principle over power and interest, so well described by one who was an honour to the age—

"And sovereign *Law*, the *world's* collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate,
Sits empress—crowning good, repressing ill:
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend *Discretion*, like a vapour, sinks,
And e'en the all-dazzling crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.

But this vision is past. While the teachers of Laybach give the rule, there will be no law but the law of the strongest.

It may now be required of me to

show what interest *we* have, in resisting this new system. What is it to *us*, it may be asked, upon what principles, or what pretences, the European governments assert a right of interfering in the affairs of their neighbours? The thunder, it may be said, rolls at a distance. The wide Atlantic is between us and danger; and, however others may suffer, *we* shall remain safe.

I think it a sufficient answer to this, to say, that we are one of the nations; that we have an interest, therefore, in the preservation of that system of national law and national intercourse, which has heretofore subsisted, so beneficially for all. Our system of government, it should also be remembered, is, throughout, founded on principles utterly hostile to the new code; and, if we remain undisturbed by its operation, we shall owe our security, either to our situation or our spirit. The enterprising character of the age, our own active commercial spirit, the great increase which has taken place in the intercourse between civilized and commercial states, have necessarily connected us with the nations of the earth, and given us a high concern in the preservation of those salutary principles, upon which that intercourse is founded. We have as clear an interest in international law, as individuals have in the laws of society.

But, apart from the soundness of the policy, on the ground of direct interest, we have, sir, a duty, connected with this subject, which, I trust, we are willing to perform. What do *we* not owe to the cause of civil and religious liberty? to the principle of lawful resistance? to the principle that society has a right to partake in its own government? As the leading Republic of the world, living and breathing in these principles, and advanced by their operation, with unequalled rapidity, in our career, shall we give *our* consent to bring them into disrepute and disgrace? It is neither ostentation nor boasting, to say, that there lie before this country, in immediate prospect, a great extent and height of power. We are borne along towards this, without effort, and not always even with a full knowledge of the rapidity of our own motion. Circumstances which never combined before, have combined in our favour, and a mighty current is setting us forward, which we could not resist, even if we would, and which, while we would stop to make an observation, and take the sun, has set us, at the end of the operation, far in advance of the place where we commenced it. Does it not become us, then, is it not a duty imposed on us, to give our weight to the side of liberty and justice—to let mankind know that we are not tired of our own institutions—and to protest against the asserted power of altering, at pleasure, the law of the civilized world?

But whatever we do, in this respect, it becomes us to do upon clear and consistent principles. There is an important topic in the message to which I have yet hardly alluded. I mean the rumoured combination of the European continental sovereigns, against the new established free states of South America. Whatever position this government may take on that subject, I trust it will be one which can be defended, on known and acknowledged grounds of right. The near approach, or the remote distance of danger, may affect policy, but cannot change principle. The same reason that would authorize us to protest against unwarrantable combinations to interfere between Spain and her former colonies, would authorize us equally to protest, if the same combination were directed against the smallest state in Europe, although our duty to ourselves, our policy, and wisdom, might indi-

cate very different courses, as fit to be pursued by us in the two cases. We shall not, I trust, act upon the notion of dividing the world with the Holy Alliance, and complain of nothing done by them in their hemisphere, if they will not interfere with ours. At least this would not be such a course of policy as I could recommend or support. We have not offended, and, I hope, we do not intend to offend, in regard to South America, against any principle of national independence or of public law. We have done nothing, we shall do nothing, that we need to hush up or to compromise, by forbearing to express our sympathy for the cause of the Greeks, or our opinion of the course which other governments have adopted in regard to them.

It may, in the next place, be asked, perhaps, supposing all this to be true, what can *we* do? Are we to go to war? Are we to interfere in the Greek cause, or any other European cause? Are we to endanger our pacific relations?—No, certainly not. What, then, the question recurs, remains for *us?* If we will not endanger our own peace; if we will neither furnish armies, nor navies, to the cause which we think the just one, what is there within *our* power?

Sir, this reasoning mistakes the age. The time has been, indeed, when fleets, and armies, and subsidies, were the principal reliances even in the best cause. But happily for mankind, there has come a great change in this respect. Moral causes come into consideration, in proportion as the progress of knowledge is advanced; and the *public opinion* of the civilized world is rapidly gaining an ascendency over mere brutal force. It is already able to oppose the most formidable obstruction to the progress of injustice and oppression; and, as it grows more intelligent and more intense, it will be more and more formidable. It may be silenced by military power, but it cannot be conquered. It is elastic, irrepressible, and invulnerable to the weapons of ordinary warfare. It is that impassable, unextinguishable enemy of mere violence and arbitrary rule, which, like Milton's angels,

> "Vital in every part,
> "Cannot, but by annihilating, die."

Until this be propitiated or satisfied, it is in vain for power to talk either of triumphs or of repose. No matter what fields are desolated, what fortresses surrendered, what armies subdued, or what provinces overrun. In the history of the year that has passed by us, and in the instance of unhappy Spain, we have seen the vanity of all triumphs, in a cause which violates the general sense of justice of the civilized world. It is nothing, that the troops of France have passed from the Pyrenees to Cadiz; it is nothing that an unhappy and prostrate nation has fallen before them; it is nothing that arrests, and confiscation, and execution, sweep away the little remnant of national resistance. There is an enemy that still exists to check the glory of these triumphs. It follows the conqueror back to the very scene of his ovations; it calls upon him to take notice that Europe, though silent, is yet indignant; it shows him that the sceptre of his victory is a barren sceptre; that it shall confer neither joy nor honour, but shall moulder to dry ashes in his grasp. In the midst of his exultation, it pierces his ear with the cry of injured justice, it denounces against him the indignation of an enlightened and civilized age; it turns to bitterness the cup of his rejoicing, and wounds him with the sting which belongs to the consciousness of having outraged the opinion of mankind.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

NARRATIVES, DIALOGUES, &c.

WITH OTHER

HUMOROUS, FACETIOUS, AND ENTERTAINING PIECES.

§ 1. *The Story of* Le Fevre.

It was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies,—which was about seven years before my father came into the country,—and about as many after the time that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's house in town, in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in Europe—When my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small sideboard;—The landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand to beg a glass or two of sack; 'tis for a poor gentleman,—I think, of the army, said the landlord, who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste any thing 'till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast.—*I think*, says he, taking his hand from his forehead, *it would comfort me.*——

——If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy such a thing,—added the landlord,—I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill. ——I hope in God he will still mend, continued he—we are all of us concerned for him.

Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee, cried my uncle Toby; and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself,—and take a couple of bottles, with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more, if they will do him good.

Though I am persuaded, said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, he is a very compassionate fellow—Trim,—yet I cannot help entertaining an high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host;—— And of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him.——Step after him, said my uncle Toby,—do, Trim,—and ask if he knows his name.

——I have quite forgot it, truly, said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal,—but I can ask his son again:——Has he a

son with him then? said my uncle Toby.——A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age;—but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day:—he has not stirred from the bed-side these two days.

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took away without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

——Stay in the room, a little, says my uncle Toby.——

Trim!—said my uncle Toby, after he had lighted his pipe, and smoked about a dozen whiffs—Trim came in front of his master, and made his bow; my uncle Toby smoked on, and said no more.——Corporal! said my uncle Toby—the corporal made his bow.——My uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finished his pipe.

Trim! said my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman.—Your honour's roquelaure, replied the corporal, has not once been had on, since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas;—and besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin.—I fear so, replied my uncle Toby; but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me.—I wish I had not known so much of this affair—added my uncle Toby,—or that I had known more of it:—How shall we manage it?—Leave it, an't please your honour, to me, quoth the corporal;—I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house, and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour.—Thou shalt go, Trim, said my uncle Toby, and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant—I shall get it all out of him, said the corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his second pipe; and had it not been, that he now and then wandered from the point, with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tennaile a straight line as a crooked one,—he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he smoked it.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe, that corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account.

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant—Is he in the army then? said my uncle Toby—He is, said the corporal—And in what regiment? said my uncle Toby—I'll tell your honour, replied the corporal, every thing straight forward, as I learnt it.—Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe, said my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window seat, and begin thy story again. The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke, as plain as a bow could speak it—"Your honour is good:"—And having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered,—and began the story to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the same words.

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour, about the lieutenant and his son for when

I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing which was proper to be asked—That's a right distinction, Trim, said my uncle Toby—I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no servant with him;—that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed, (to join, I suppose, the regiment,) he had dismissed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man,—we can hire horses from hence.—But alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, said the landlady to me,—for I heard the death-watch all night long:—and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him: for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of;—but I will do it for my father myself, said the youth.—Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire, whilst I did it.—I believe, sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself.—I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.—The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears.—Poor youth! said my uncle Toby,—he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend;—I wish I had him here.

——I never, in the longest march, said the corporal, had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company:—What could be the matter with me, an' please your honour? Nothing in the world, Trim, said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose,—but that thou art a goodnatured fellow.

When I gave him the toast, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father;—and that if there was any thing in your house or cellar—(and thou might'st have added my purse too, said my uncle Toby) he was heartily welcome to it;—he made a very low bow, (which was meant to your honour,) but no answer,—for his heart was full—so he went up stairs with the toast:—I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen-door, your father will be well again.—Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire—but said not a word good or bad to comfort the youth.——I thought it was wrong, added the corporal——I think so too, said my uncle Toby.

When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up stairs.—I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers—for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-side; and as I shut the door I saw his son take up a cushion.—

I thought, said the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all.——I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.—Are you sure of it? replied the curate;——A soldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson;—and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world.—'Twas well said of thee, Trim, said my uncle Toby.—But when a soldier, said I, an' please your reverence, has been

standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water,—or engaged, said I, for months together in long and dangerous marches ;—harassed, perhaps, in his rear to day ;—harassing others to-morrow ;—detached here;—countermanded there; —resting this night upon his arms ;—beat up in his shirt the next ;—benumbed in his joints ;—perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on ;—he must say his prayers how and when he can.—I believe, said I,—for I was piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army,—I believe, an't please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray, —he prays as heartily as a parson—though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy.——Thou should'st not have said that, Trim, said my uncle Toby, —for God only knows who is a hypocrite and who is not ;—At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment, (and not till then,) it will be seen who has done their duties in this world, and who has not, and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.—I hope we shall, said Trim.——It is in the scripture, said my uncle Toby ; and I will show it thee to-morrow ;—In the mean time we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, said my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it,—it will never be inquired into whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one :—I hope not, said the corporal.—But go on, Trim, said my uncle Toby, with thy story.

When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes,—he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it ;—The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling—the book was laid upon the bed,—and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time.—— Let it remain there, my dear, said the lieutenant.

He did not offer to speak to me, till I had walked up close to his bedside :—If you are Captain Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me,—if he was of Leven's —said the lieutenant.—I told him your honor was.——Then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him—but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me.—You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's——but he knows me not,—said he, a second time musing ;—possibly he may my story—added he—pray tell the captain, I was the ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.——I remember the story, an't please your honour, said I, very well.——Do you so ? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,—then well may I.—In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black riband, about his neck, and kissed it twice.——Here, Billy, said he,—the boy flew across the room to the bed-side, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it, too,—then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.

I wish, said my uncle Toby with a deep sigh,——I wish, Trim, I was asleep.

Your honour, replied the corporal, is too much concerned ;—shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to

your pipe?——Do, Trim, said my uncle Toby.

I remember, said my uncle Toby, sighing again, the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted;—and particularly well that he as well as she, upon some account or other, (I forget what,) was universally pitied by the whole regiment;—but finish the story thou art upon;—'Tis finished already, said the corporal,—for I could stay no longer,—so I wished his honour a good night; young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and as we went down together, told me, they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join their regiment in Flanders—But alas! said the corporal,—the lieutenant's last day's march is over.——Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honour,—though I tell it only for the sake of those, who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not for their souls which way in the world to turn themselves——That notwithstanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond, parallel with the allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner——that nevertheless he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterscarp: and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses at the inn; and, except that he ordered the garden-gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade—he left Dendermond to itself,—to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good; and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son.

——That kind being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this.

Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed,—and I will tell thee in what Trim,—In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre,—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knowest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself, out of his pay,—that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself.——Your honour knows, said the corporal, I had no orders;——True, quoth my uncle Toby,——thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier,—but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse, continued my uncle Toby,——when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house,——thou shouldst have offered him my house too:——A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us,—we could tend and look to him:——thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim,——and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.—

——In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, smiling,—he might march.—He will never march, an' please your honour, in the world, said the corporal:——He will march, said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off:—An' please your honour, said the corporal, he will never march but to his grave:—He shall march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch,—he shall march to his regiment—He cannot stand it, said the corporal.—He shall be supported, said my uncle Toby.—He'll

drop at last, said the corporal, and what will become of his boy?—He shall not drop, said my uncle Toby, firmly.—A-well-o'day,—do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point, the poor soul will die :—— He shall not die, by G—, cried my uncle Toby.

——The *accusing spirit*, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in—and the *recording angel*, as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

——My uncle Toby went to his bureau,—put his purse into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician,—he went to bed and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's ; the hand of death press'd heavy upon his eye-lids,—and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle,—when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology sat himself down upon the chair by the bed-side, and independently of all modes and customs opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did,—how he had rested in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him ?——and without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.—

——You shall go home directly, Le Fevre, said my uncle Toby, to my house, and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter,—and we'll have an apothecary,—and the corporal shall be your nurse ;—and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre.

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby,—not the effect of familiarity, —but the cause of it,—which let you at once into his soul, and shewed you the goodness of his nature ; to this, there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him ; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.——The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart,—rallied back, the film forsook his eyes for a moment,— he looked up wishfully in my uncle Toby's face,—then cast a look upon his boy,—and that ligament, fine as it was,—was never broken.

Nature instantly ebb'd again,—— the film returned to its place,——the pulse flutter'd—stopp'd—went on— throbb'd — stopp'd again — mov'd — stopp'd—shall I go on ?——No.

Sterne.

§ 2. *Story of* La Roche.

More than forty years ago, an English philosopher, whose works have since been read and admired by all Europe, resided at a little town in France. Some disappointments in his native country had first driven him abroad, and he was afterwards induced to remain there, from having found in this retreat, where the connexions even of nation and language were avoided, a perfect seclusion and retirement, highly favourable to the developement of abstract subjects, in which he excelled all the writers of his time.

One morning, while he sat busied in those speculations, which after-

wards astonished the world, an old female domestic, who served him for a housekeeper, brought him word, that an elderly gentleman and his daughter had arrived in the village the preceding evening, on their way to some distant country, and that the father had been suddenly seized in the night with a dangerous disorder, which the people of the inn where they lodged feared would prove mortal: that she had been sent for, as having some knowledge in medicine, the village surgeon being then absent; and that it was truly piteous to see the good old man, who seemed not so much afflicted by his own distress, as by that which it caused to his daughter. Her master laid aside the volume in his hand, and broke off the chain of ideas it had inspired. His night gown was exchanged for a coat, and he followed his governante to the sick man's apartment.

'Twas the best in the little inn where they lay, but a paltry one notwithstanding. Mr. ——— was obliged to stoop as he entered it. It was floored with earth, and above were the joists, not plastered, and hung with cobwebs.—On a flock bed, at one end, lay the old man he came to visit; at the foot of it sat his daughter. She was dressed in a clean, white bed-gown; her dark locks hung loosely over it as she bent forward, watching the languid looks of her father. Mr. ——— and his housekeeper had stood some moments in the room without the lady's being sensible of their entering it.—'Mademoiselle!' said the old woman at last, in a soft tone.—She turned, and showed one of the finest faces in the world.—It was touched, not spoiled, with sorrow; and, when she perceived a stranger, whom the old woman now introduced to her, a blush at first, and then the gentle ceremonial of native politeness, which the affliction of the time tempered, but did not extinguish, crossed it for a moment, and changed its expression. It was sweetness all, however, and our philosopher felt it strongly. It was not a time for words; he offered his services in a few sincere ones. 'Monsieur lies miserably ill here,' said the governante. 'If he could be moved to our house,' said her master.—He had a spare bed for a friend, and there was a garret room unoccupied, next to the governante's. It was contrived accordingly. The scruples of the stranger, who could look scruples, though he could not speak them, were overcome, and the bashful reluctance of his daughter gave way to her belief of its use to her father. The sick man was wrapped in blankets, and carried across the street to the English gentleman's. The old woman helped his daughter to nurse him there. The surgeon, who arrived soon after, prescribed a little, and nature did much for him: in a week he was able to thank his benefactor.

By that time his host had learned the name and character of his guest. He was a protestant clergyman, of Switzerland, called La Roche, a widower, who had lately buried his wife, after a long and lingering illness, for which travelling had been prescribed; and was now returning home, after an ineffectual and melancholy journey, with his only child, the daughter we have mentioned.

He was a devout man, as became his profession. He possessed devotion in all its warmth, but with none of its asperity; I mean that asperity which men, called devout, sometimes indulge in. Mr. ———, though he felt no devotion, never quarrelled with it in others.—His governante joined the old man and his daughter in the prayers and thanksgivings, which they put up on his recovery: for she too was a heretic in the phrase of the village.—The philosopher walked out, with his long staff and his dog, and left them to their prayers and thanks-

givings.—'My master,' said the old woman, 'alas! he is not a Christian; but he is the best of unbelievers.'—'Not a Christian!' exclaimed mademoiselle La Roche, 'yet he saved my father! Heaven bless him for it; I would he were a Christian!'—'There is a pride in human knowledge, my child,' said her father, 'which often blinds men to the sublime truths of revelation; hence opposers of Christianity are found among men of virtuous lives, as well as among those of dissipated and licentious characters. Nay, sometimes I have known the latter more easily converted to the true faith than the former; because the fume of passion is more easily dissipated, than the mist of false theory and delusive speculation.' 'But Mr. ———,' said his daughter, 'alas! my father, he shall be a Christian before he dies.'—She was interrupted by the arrival of the landlord—he took her hand with an air of kindness—she drew it away from him in silence; threw down her eyes to the ground, and left the room.—'I have been thanking God,' said the good La Roche, 'for my recovery.'—'That is right,' replied his landlord.—'I would not wish,' continued the old man, hesitatingly, 'to think otherwise; did I not look up with gratitude to that Being, I should barely be satisfied with my recovery, as a continuation of life, which, it may be, is not a real good: — Alas! I may live to wish I had died, that you had left me to die, sir, instead of kindly relieving me (he clasped Mr. ———'s hand); but, when I look upon this renovated being as the gift of the Almighty, I feel a far different sentiment—my heart dilates with gratitude and love to him: it is prepared for doing his will, not as a duty but as a pleasure, and regards every breach of it, not with disapprobation but with horror.'—'You say right, my dear sir,' replied the philosopher; 'but you are not yet re-established enough to talk much,—you must take care of your health, and neither study nor preach for some time. I have been thinking over a scheme, that struck me to-day, when you mentioned your intended departure. I never was in Switzerland; I have a great mind to accompany your daughter and you into that country.—I will help to take care of you by the road; for, as I was your first physician, I hold myself responsible for your cure.' La Roche's eyes glistened at the proposal; his daughter was called in and told of it. She was equally pleased with her father; for they really loved the landlord—not perhaps the less for his infidelity; at least that circumstance mixed a sort of pity with their regard for him—their souls were not of a mould for harsher feelings; hatred never dwelt in them.

They travelled by short stages; for the philosopher was as good as his word, in taking care that the old man should not be fatigued. The party had time to be well acquainted with one another, and their friendship was increased by acquaintance. La Roche found a degree of simplicity and gentleness in his companion, which is not always annexed to the character of a learned or a wise man. His daughter, who was prepared to be afraid of him, was equally undeceived.——

On his part, he was charmed with the society of the good clergyman and his lovely daughter. He found in them the guileless manner of the earliest times, with the culture and accomplishment of the most refined ones. Every better feeling, warm and vivid; every ungentle one, repressed or overcome. He was not addicted to love; but he felt himself happy in being the friend of mademoiselle La Roche, and sometimes envied her father the possession of such a child.

After a journey of eleven days they

arrived at the dwelling of La Roche. It was situated in one of those valleys of the canton of Berne, where Nature seems to repose, as it were, in quiet, and has enclosed her retreat with mountains inaccessible. A stream, that spent its fury in the hills above, ran in front of the house; and a broken waterfall was seen through the wood, that covered its sides; below, it circled round a tufted plain, and formed a lake in front of a village, at the end of which appeared the spire of La Roche's church, rising above a clump of beeches.

Mr. ——— enjoyed the beauty of the scene; but, to his companions, it recalled the memory of a wife and parent they had lost. The old man's sorrow was silent: his daughter sobbed and wept. Her father took her hand, kissed it twice, pressed it to his bosom, threw up his eyes to heaven; and, having wiped off a tear, that was just about to drop from each, began to point out to his guest some of the most striking objects which the prospect afforded. The philosopher interpreted all this; and he could but slightly censure the creed from which it arose.

They had not been long arrived, when a number of La Roche's parishioners, who had heard of his return, came to the house to see and welcome him. The honest folks were awkward, but sincere, in their professions of regard. They made some attempts at condolence: it was too delicate for their handling; but La Roche took it in good part. 'It has pleased God,' said he; and they saw he had settled the matter with himself.—Philosophy could not have done so much with a thousand words.

It was now evening, and the good peasants were about to depart, when a clock was heard to strike seven, and the hour was followed by a particular chime. The country folks, who had come to welcome their pastor, turned their looks towards him at the sound: he explained their meaning to his guest. 'That is the signal,' said he, 'for our evening exercise; this is one of the nights of the week in which some of my parishioners are wont to join in it; a little rustic saloon serves for the chapel of our family, and such of the good people as are with us: if you choose rather to walk out, I will furnish you with an attendant; or here are a few old books, that may afford you some entertainment within.'—'By no means,' answered the philosopher; 'I will attend ma'moiselle at her devotions.' 'She is our organist,' said La Roche; 'our neighbourhood is the country of musical mechanism; and I have a small organ fitted up for the purpose of assisting our singing.' ''Tis an additional inducement,' replied the other; and they walked into the room together. At the end stood the organ mentioned by La Roche; before it, was a curtain, which his daughter drew aside; and, placing herself on a seat within, and drawing the curtain close, so as to save her the awkwardness of an exhibition, began a voluntary, solemn and beautiful in the highest degree. Mr. ——— was no musician; but he was not altogether insensible to music. This fastened on his mind more strongly, from its beauty being unexpected. The solemn prelude introduced a hymn, in which such of the audience as could sing immediately joined; the words were mostly taken from holy writ: it spoke the praises of God, and his care of good men. Something was said of the death of the just, of such as die in the Lord. The organ was touched with a hand less firm; it paused; it ceased; and the sobbing of ma'moiselle La Roche was heard in its stead. Her father gave a sign for stopping the psalmody, and rose to pray. He was discomposed at first, and his voice faltered as he spoke; but his heart was in his words, and

his warmth overcame his embarrassment. He addressed a Being whom he loved, and he spoke for those he loved. His parishioners catched the ardour of the good old man; even the philosopher felt himself moved, and forgot for a moment to think why he should not.

La Roche's religion was that of sentiment, not theory; and his guest was averse from disputation: their discourse, therefore, did not lead to questions concerning the belief of either; yet would the old man sometimes speak of his, from the fulness of a heart impressed with its force, and wishing to spread the pleasure he enjoyed in it. The ideas of his God and his Saviour were so congenial to his mind, that every emotion of it naturally awaked them. A philosopher might have called him an enthusiast; but if he possessed the fervour of enthusiasts, he was guiltless of their bigotry. 'Our Father, which art in Heaven!' might the good man say, for he felt it; and all mankind were his brethren.

'You regret, my friend,' said he to Mr. ———, 'when my daughter and I talk of the exquisite pleasure derived from music, you regret your want of musical powers and musical feelings; it is a department of soul, you say, which Nature has almost denied you, which, from the effects you see it have on others, you are sure must be highly delightful. Why should not the same thing be said of religion? Trust me, I feel it in the same way—an energy, an inspiration, which I would not lose for all the blessings of sense, or enjoyments of the world; yet, so far from lessening my relish of the pleasures of life, methinks I feel it heighten them all. The thought of receiving it from God, adds the blessing of sentiment to that of sensation in every good thing I possess; and, when calamities overtake me, and I have had my share, it confers a dignity on my affliction, so lifts me above the world. Man, I know, is but a worm; yet, methinks, I am then allied to God!' It would have been inhuman in our philosopher to have clouded, even with a doubt, the sunshine of his belief.

It was with regret he left a society, in which he found himself so happy: but he settled with La Roche and his daughter a plan of correspondence; and they took his promise, that, if ever he came within fifty leagues of their dwelling, he should travel those fifty leagues to visit them.——

About three years after our philosopher was on a visit at Geneva. The promise he made to La Roche and his daughter, on his former visit, was recalled to his mind by the view of that range of mountains, on a part of which they had often looked together. There was a reproach, too, conveyed along with the recollection, for his having failed to write to either for several months past. The truth was, that indolence was the habit most natural to him, from which he was not easily roused by the claims of correspondence, either of his friends or of his enemies: when the latter drew their pens in controversy, they were often unanswered, as well as the former. While he was hesitating about a visit to La Roche, which he wished to make, but found the effort rather too much for him, he received a letter from the old man, which had been forwarded to him from Paris, where he had then fixed his residence. It contained a gentle complaint of Mr. ———'s want of punctuality, but an assurance of continued gratitude for his former good offices; and, as a friend, whom the writer considered interested in his family, it informed him of the approaching nuptials of ma'moiselle La Roche, with a young man, a relation of her own, and formerly a pupil of her father's, of the most amiable dis-

positions, and respectable character. Attached from their earliest years, they had been separated by his joining one of the subsidiary regiments of the canton, then in the service of a foreign power. In this situation he had distinguished himself as much for courage and military skill, as for the other endowments which he had cultivated at home. The term of his service was now expired, and they expected him to return in a few weeks, when the old man hoped, as he expressed it in his letter, to join their hands, and see them happy before he died.

Our philosopher felt himself interested in this event, and determined to see his old friend and his daughter happy.

On the last day of his journey, different accidents had retarded his progress: he was benighted before he reached the quarter in which La Roche resided. His guide, however, was well acquainted with the road; and he found himself at last in view of the lake, which I have before described, in the neighbourhood of La Roche's dwelling. A light gleamed on the water, that seemed to proceed from the house; it moved slowly along, as he proceeded up the side of the lake, and at last he saw it glimmer through the trees, and stop at some distance from the place where he then was. He supposed it some piece of bridal merriment, and pushed on his horse, that he might be a spectator of the scene; but he was a good deal shocked, on approaching the spot, to find it proceed from the torch of a person clothed in the dress of an attendant on a funeral, and accompanied by several others, who, like him, seemed to have been employed in the rites of sepulture.

On Mr. ———'s making inquiry, who was the person they had been burying, one of them, with an accent more mournful than is common to their profession, answered, 'Then you knew not mademoiselle, sir!—you never beheld a lovelier—' 'La Roche!' exclaimed he, in reply. 'Alas! it was she indeed!' The appearance of surprise and grief, which his countenance assumed, attracted the notice of the peasant with whom he talked. He came up closer to Mr. ———; 'I perceive, sir, you were acquainted with mademoiselle La Roche.'—'Acquainted with her!—Good God!—when—how—where did she die?—where is her father?'—'She died, sir, of heart-break, I believe. The young gentleman to whom she was soon to have been married, was killed in a duel by a French officer, his intimate companion, and to whom, before their quarrel, he had often done the greatest favours. Her worthy father bears her death, as he has often told us, as a Christian should; he is even so composed, as to be now in his pulpit, ready to deliver a few exhortations to his parishioners, as is the custom with us on such occasions. Follow me, sir, and you shall hear him.' He followed the man without answering.

The church was dimly lighted, except near the pulpit, where the venerable La Roche was seated. His people were now lifting up their voices in a psalm to that Being, whom their pastor had taught them ever to bless and revere. La Roche sat, his figure bending gently forward, his eyes half closed, lifted up in silent devotion. A lamp, placed near him, threw its light strongly on his head, and marked the shadowy lines of age across the paleness of his brow, thinly covered with gray hairs.

The music ceased; La Roche sat for a moment, and Nature wrung a few tears from him. His people were loud in their grief. Mr. ——— was not less affected than they. La Roche arose; 'Father of mercies,' said he, 'forgive these tears; assist thy servant to lift up his soul to thee: to lift to thee the souls of thy people!

My friends! it is good so to do: at all seasons it is good; but in the days of our distress, what a privilege it is! Well said the sacred book, "Trust in the Lord! at all times trust in the Lord." When every other support fails us, when the fountains of worldly comfort are dried up, let us then seek those living waters, which flow from the throne of God. It is only from the belief of the goodness and wisdom of a Supreme Being, that our calamities can be borne in that manner which becomes a man. Human wisdom is here of little use; for, in proportion as it bestows comforts, it represses feeling, without which we may cease to be hurt by calamity, but we shall also cease to enjoy happiness. I will not bid you be insensible, my friends; I cannot, I cannot if I would.' His tears flowed afresh. 'I feel too much myself, and I am not ashamed of my feelings; but therefore may I the more willingly be heard; therefore have I prayed God to give me strength to speak to you; to direct you to him, not with empty words, but with these tears; not from speculation, but from experience, that while you see me suffer, you may know my consolation.

'You behold the mourner of his only child, the last earthly stay and blessing of his declining years! Such a child too! It becomes not me to speak of virtues; yet it is but gratitude to mention them, because they were exerted toward myself. Not many days ago, you saw her young, beautiful, virtuous, and happy: ye who are parents, will judge of my felicity then; ye will judge of my affliction now. But I look toward him who struck me; I see the hand of a father, amid the chastenings of my God. Oh! could I make you feel what it is to pour out the heart, when it is pressed down with many sorrows, to pour it out with confidence to him, in whose hands are life and death, on whose power waits all that the first enjoys, and in contemplation of whom disappears all that the last can inflict: for we are not as those, who die without hope; we know that our Redeemer liveth; that we shall live with him, with our friends his servants, in that blessed land where sorrow is unknown, and happiness is endless as it is perfect. Go, then, mourn not for me; I have not lost my child: but a little while, and we shall meet again, never to be separated. But ye are all my children. Would ye, that I should grieve without comfort? So live as she lived, that when your death cometh, it may be the death of the righteous, and your latter end be like hers.'

Such was the exhortation of La Roche; his audience answered it with their tears. The good old man dried up his at the altar of the Lord; his countenance had lost its sadness, and assumed the glow of faith and hope. Mr. ——— followed him into the house. The inspiration of the pulpit was past: at the sight of him, the scenes they had last met in rushed again on his mind. La Roche threw his arms round his neck, and watered it with his tears. The other was equally affected. They went together in silence into the parlour, where the evening service was wont to be performed. The curtains of the organ were open; La Roche started back at the sight,—'Oh! my friend!' said he, and his tears burst forth again. Mr. ——— had now recollected himself; he stepped forward, and drew the curtains close—the old man wiped off his tears, and taking his friend's hand, 'You see my weakness,' said he, ''tis the weakness of humanity, but my comfort is not therefore lost.'—'I heard you,' said the other, 'in the pulpit; I rejoice that such consolation is yours.'—'It is, my friend,' said he, 'and I trust I shall ever hold it fast; if there are any who doubt our faith,

let them think of what importance religion is to calamity, and forbear to weaken its force; if they cannot restore our happiness, let them not take away the solace of our affliction.'

Mackenzie.

§ 3. *On Human Grandeur.*

An alehouse-keeper near Islington, who had long lived at the sign of the French King, upon the commencement of the last war pulled down his old sign, and put up that of the Queen of Hungary. Under the influence of her red face and golden sceptre, he continued to sell ale, till she was no longer the favourite of his customers; he changed her therefore, some time ago, for the King of Prussia, who may probably be changed, in turn, for the next great man that shall be set up for vulgar admiration.

In this manner the great are dealt out, one after the other, to the gazing crowd. When we have sufficiently wondered at one of them, he is taken in, and another exhibited in his room, who seldom holds his station long; for the mob are ever pleased with variety.

I must own I have such an indifferent opinion of the vulgar, that I am ever led to suspect that merit which raises their shout: at least I am certain to find those great, and sometimes good men, who find satisfaction in such acclamations, made worse by it; and history has too frequently taught me, that the head which has grown this day giddy with the roar of the million, has the very next been fixed upon a pole.

As Alexander VI. was entering a little town in the neighbourhood of Rome, which had been just evacuated by the enemy, he perceived the townsmen busy in the market-place in pulling down from a gibbet a figure which had been designed to represent himself. There were some also knocking down a neighbouring statue of one of the Orsini family, with whom he was at war, in order to put Alexander's effigy in its place. It is possible a man who knew less of the world would have condemned the adulation of those bare-faced flatterers; but Alexander seemed pleased at their zeal; and turning to Borgia, his son, said with a smile, "Vides, mi fili, quam leve discrimen, patibulum inter et statuam." "You see, my son the small difference between a gibbet and a statue." If the great could be taught any lesson, this might serve to teach them upon how weak a foundation their glory stands: for as popular applause is excited by what seems like merit, it as quickly condemns what has only the appearance of guilt.

Popular glory is a perfect coquette: her lovers must toil, feel every inquietude, indulge every caprice: and, perhaps, at last, be jilted for their pains. True glory, on the other hand, resembles a woman of sense; her admirers must play no tricks; they feel no great anxiety, for they are sure, in the end, of being rewarded in proportion to their merit. When Swift used to appear in public, he generally had the mob shouting at his train. "Pox take these fools," he would say, "how much joy might all this bawling give my lord-mayor!"

We have seen those virtues which have, while living, retired from the public eye, generally transmitted to posterity, as the truest objects of admiration and praise. Perhaps the character of the late duke of Marlborough may one day be set up, even above that of his more talked-of predecessor; since an assemblage of all the mild and amiable virtues are far superior to those vulgarly called the great ones. I must be pardoned for this short tribute to the memory of a man who, while living, would as much detest to receive any thing that wore

the appearance of flattery, as I should to offer it.

I know not how to turn so trite a subject out of the beaten road of common-place, except by illustrating it, rather by the assistance of my memory than judgment; and, instead of making reflections, by telling a story.

A Chinese, who had long studied the works of Confucius, who knew the characters of fourteen thousand words, and could read a great part of every book that came into his way, once took it into his head to travel into Europe, and observe the customs of a people which he thought not very much inferior even to his own countrymen. Upon his arrival at Amsterdam, his passion for letters naturally led him to a bookseller's shop; and, as he could speak a little Dutch, he civilly asked the bookseller of the works of the immortal Xixofou. The bookseller assured him he had never heard the book mentioned before. "Alas!" cries our traveller, "to what purpose, then, has he fasted to death, to gain a renown which has never travelled beyond the precincts of China!"

There is scarce a village in Europe, and not one university that is not thus furnished with its little great men. The head of a petty corporation, who opposes the designs of a prince, who would tyrannically force his subjects to save their best clothes for Sundays; the puny pedant, who finds one undiscovered quality in the polype, or describes an unheeded process in the skeleton of a mole; and whose mind, like his microscope, perceives nature only in detail; the rhymer, who makes smooth verses, and paints to our imagination, when he should only speak to our hearts; all equally fancy themselves walking forward to immortality, and desire the crowd behind them to look on. The crowd takes them at their word. Patriot, philosopher, and poet, are shouted in their train. "Where was there ever so much merit seen! no time so important as our own! ages, yet unborn, shall gaze with wonder and applause!" To such music the important pigmy moves forward, bustling and swelling, and aptly compared to a puddle in a storm.

I have lived to see generals who once had crowds hallooing after them wherever they went, who were bepraised by news-papers and magazines, those echoes of the voice of the vulgar, and yet they have long sunk into merited obscurity, with scarce even an epitaph left to flatter. A few years ago the herring-fishery employed all Grub-street; it was the topic in every coffee-house, and the burden of every ballad. We were to drag up oceans of gold from the bottom of the sea; we were to supply all Europe with herrings upon our own terms. At present, we hear no more of all this. We have fished up very little gold that I can learn; nor do we furnish the world with herrings, as was expected. Let us wait but a few years longer, and we shall find all our expectations a herring-fishery. *Goldsmith.*

§ 4. *A Dialogue between Mr.* ADDISON *and Dr.* SWIFT.

Dr. Swift. Surely, Addison, fortune was exceedingly bent upon playing the fool (a humour her ladyship, as well as most other ladies of very great quality, is frequently in) when she made you a minister of state, and me a divine!

Addison. I must confess we were both of us out of our elements. But you do not mean to insinuate, that, if our destinies had been reversed, all would have been right?

Swift. Yes, I do.—You would have made an excellent bishop, and I should have governed Great Britain as I did Ireland, with an abso-

lute sway, while I talked of nothing but liberty, property, and so forth.

Addison. You governed the mob of Ireland; but I never heard that you governed the kingdom. A nation and a mob are different things.

Swift. Aye, so you fellows that have no genius for politics may suppose. But there are times when, by putting himself at the head of the mob, an able man may get to the head of the nation. Nay, there are times when the nation itself is a mob, and may be treated as such by a skilful observer.

Addison. I do not deny the truth of your axiom: but is there no danger that, from the vicissitudes of human affairs, the favourite of the mob, should be mobbed in his turn?

Swift. Sometimes there may; but I risked it, and it answered my purpose. Ask the lord-lieutenants, who were forced to pay court to me instead of my courting them, whether they did not feel my superiority. And if I could make myself so considerable when I was only a dirty dean of St. Patrick's, without a seat in either house of parliament, what should I have done if fortune had placed me in England, unincumbered with a gown, and in a situation to make myself heard in the house of lords or of commons?

Addison. You would doubtless have done very marvellous acts; perhaps you might have then been as zealous a whig as lord Wharton himself: or, if the whigs had offended the statesman, as they unhappily did the doctor, who knows but you might have brought in the Pretender? Pray let me ask you one question, between you and me: If you had been first minister under that prince, would you have tolerated the Protestant religion, or not?

Swift. Ha! Mr. Secretary, are you witty upon me? Do you think, because Sunderland took a fancy to make you a great man in the state, that he could also make you as great in wit as nature made me? No, no; wit is like grace, it must come from above. You can no more get that from the king, than my lords the bishops can the other. And though I will own you had some, yet believe me, my friend, it was no match for mine. I think you have not vanity enough to pretend to a competition with me.

Addison. I have been often told by my friends that I was rather too modest: so, if you please, I will not decide this dispute for myself, but refer it to Mercury, the god of wit, who happens just now to be coming this way, with a soul he has newly brought to the shades.

Hail, divine Hermes! A question of precedence in the class of wit and humour, over which you preside, having arisen between me and my countryman, Dr. Swift, we beg leave—

Mercury. Dr. Swift, I rejoice to see you.—How does my old lad? How does honest Lemuel Gulliver? Have you been in Lilliput lately, or in the Flying Island, or with your good nurse Glumdalclitch? Pray, when did you eat a crust with Lord Peter? Is Jack as mad still as ever? I hear the poor fellow is almost got well by more gentle usage. If he had but more food he would be as much in his senses as brother Martin himself. But Martin, they tell me, has spawned a strange brood of fellows, called Methodists, Moravians, Hutchinsonians, who are madder than Jack was in his worst days. It is a pity you are not alive again to be at them: they would be excellent food for your tooth; and a sharp tooth it was, as ever was placed in the gum of a mortal; ay, and a strong one too. The hardest food would not break it, and it could pierce the thickest skulls. Indeed it was like one of Cerberus's teeth: one should not have thought it belonged to a man.——Mr. Addison, I beg your

pardon, I should have spoken to you sooner; but I was so struck with the sight of the doctor, that I forgot for a time the respects due to you.

Swift. Addison, I think our dispute is decided before the judge has heard the cause.

Addison. I own it is in your favour, and I submit—but—

Mercury. Do not be discouraged, friend Addison. Apollo perhaps would have given a different judgment. I am a wit, and a rogue, and a foe to all dignity. Swift and I naturally like one another: he worships me more than Jupiter, and I honour him more than Homer; but yet, I assure you, I have a great value for you——Sir Roger de Coverly, Will Honeycomb, Will Wimble, the country gentleman in the Freeholder, and twenty more characters, drawn with the finest strokes of natural wit and humour in your excellent writings, seat you very high in the class of my authors, though not quite so high as the dean of St. Patrick's. Perhaps you might have come nearer to him, if the decency of your nature and cautiousness of your judgment would have given you leave. But if in the force and spirit of his wit he has the advantage, how much does he yield to you in all the polite and elegant graces; in the fine touches of delicate sentiment; in developing the secret springs of the soul; in showing all the mild lights and shades of a character; in marking distinctly every line, and every soft gradation of tints which would escape the common eye! Who ever painted like you the beautiful parts of human nature, and brought them out from under the shade even of the greatest simplicity, or the most ridiculous weaknesses; so that we are forced to admire, and feel that we venerate, even while we are laughing? Swift could do nothing that approaches to this.——He could draw an ill face very well, or caricature a good one with a masterly hand: but there was all his power; and, if I am to speak as a god, a worthless power it is. Yours is divine: it tends to improve and exalt human nature.

Swift. Pray, good Mercury, (if I may have leave to say a word for myself,) do you think that my talent was of no use to correct human nature? Is whipping of no use to mend naughty boys?

Mercury. Men are not so patient of whipping as boys, and I seldom have known a rough satirist mend them. But I will allow that you have done some good in that way, though not half so much as Addison did in his. And now you are here, if Pluto and Proserpine would take my advice, they should dispose of you both in this manner:—When any hero comes hither from earth, who wants to be humbled, (as most heroes do,) they should set Swift upon him to bring him down. The same good office he may frequently do to a saint swollen too much with the wind of spiritual pride, or to a philosopher, vain of his wisdom and virtue. He will soon show the first that he cannot be holy without being humble; and the last, that with all his boasted morality, he is but a better kind of Yahoo. I would also have him apply his anticosmetic wash to the painted face of female vanity, and his rod, which draws blood at every stroke, to the hard back of insolent folly or petulant wit. But you, Mr. Addison, should be employed to comfort and raise the spirits of those whose good and noble souls are dejected with a sense of some infirmities in their nature. To them you should hold your fair and charitable mirror, which would bring to their sight all their hidden perfections, cast over the rest a softening shade, and put them in a temper fit for Elysium.———Adieu! I must now return to my business above.

Dialogues of the Dead.

§ 5. *The Hill of Science. A Vision.*

In that season of the year when the serenity of the sky, the various fruits which cover the ground, the discoloured foliage of the trees, and all the sweet, but fading graces of inspiring autumn, open the mind to benevolence, and dispose it for contemplation, I was wandering in a beautiful and romantic country, till curiosity began to give way to weariness; and I sat me down on the fragment of a rock overgrown with moss, where the rustling of the falling leaves, the dashing of waters, and the hum of the distant city, soothed my mind into the most perfect tranquillity, and sleep insensibly stole upon me, as I was indulging the agreeable reveries which the objects around me naturally inspired.

I immediately found myself in a vast extended plain, in the middle of which arose a mountain higher than I had before any conception of. It was covered with a multitude of people, chiefly youth; many of whom pressed forwards with the liveliest expression of ardour in their countenance, though the way was in many places steep and difficult. I observed, that those who had but just begun to climb the hill thought themselves not far from the top; but as they proceeded, new hills were continually rising to their view, and the summit of the highest they could before discern seemed but the foot of another, till the mountain at length appeared to lose itself in the clouds. As I was gazing on these things with astonishment, my good genius suddenly appeared: The mountain before thee, said he, is the Hill of Science. On the top is the temple of Truth, whose head is above the clouds, and a veil of pure light covers her face. Observe the progress of her votaries; be silent and attentive.

I saw that the only regular approach to the mountain was by a gate, called the gate of Languages. It was kept by a woman of a pensive and thoughtful appearance, whose lips were continually moving, as though she repeated something to herself. Her name was Memory. On entering this first enclosure, I was stunned with a confused murmur of jarring voices, and dissonant sounds; which increased upon me to such a degree, that I was utterly confounded, and could compare the noise to nothing but the confusion of tongues at Babel. The road was also rough and stony; and rendered more difficult by heaps of rubbish continually tumbled down from the higher parts of the mountain; and broken ruins of ancient buildings, which the travellers were obliged to climb over at every step; insomuch that many, disgusted with so rough a beginning, turned back, and attempted the mountain no more; while others, having conquered this difficulty, had no spirits to ascend farther, and sitting down on some fragment of the rubbish, harangued the multitude below with the greatest marks of importance and self-complacency.

About half way up the hill, I observed on each side the path a thick forest covered with continual fogs, and cut out into labyrinths, cross alleys, and serpentine walks, entangled with thorns and briars. This was called the wood of Error: and I heard the voices of many who were tost up and down in it, calling to one another, and endeavouring in vain to extricate themselves. The trees in many places shot their boughs over the path, and a thick mist often rested on it; yet never so much but that it was discernible by the light which beamed from the countenance of Truth.

In the pleasantest part of the mountain were placed the bowers of the Muses, whose office it was to cheer the spirits of the travellers, and en-

courage their fainting steps with songs from their divine harps. Not far from hence were the fields of Fiction, filled with a variety of wild flowers springing up in the greatest luxuriance, of richer scents and brighter colours than I had observed in any other climate. And near them was the dark walk of Allegory, so artificially shaded, that the light at noon-day was never stronger than that of a bright moon-shine. This gave it a pleasingly romantic air for those who delighted in contemplation. The paths and alleys were perplexed with intricate windings, and were all terminated with the statue of a Grace, a Virtue, or a Muse.

After I had observed these things, I turned my eye towards the multitudes who were climbing the steep ascent, and observed amongst them a youth of a lively look, a piercing eye, and something fiery and irregular in all his motions. His name was Genius. He darted like an eagle up the mountain, and left his companions gazing after him with envy and admiration: but his progress was unequal, and interrupted by a thousand caprices. When pleasure warbled in the valley he mingled in her train. When Pride beckoned towards the precipice he ventured to the tottering edge. He delighted in devious and untried paths; and made so many excursions from the road, that his feebler companions often out-stripped him. I observed that the Muses beheld him with partiality; but Truth often frowned, and turned aside her face. While Genius was thus wasting his strength in eccentric flights, I saw a person of a very different appearance, named Application. He crept along with a slow and unremitting pace, his eyes fixed on the top of the mountain, patiently removing every stone that obstructed his way, till he saw most of those below him who had at first derided his slow and toilsome progress. Indeed there were few who ascended the hill with equal and uninterrupted steadiness; for, beside the difficulties of the way, they were continually solicited to turn aside by a numerous crowd of Appetites, Passions, and Pleasures, whose importunity, when they had once complied with, they became less and less able to resist; and though they often returned to the path, the asperities of the road were more severely felt, the hill appeared more steep and rugged, the fruits which were wholesome and refreshing seemed harsh and ill-tasted, their sight grew dim, and their feet tripped at every little obstrucr tion.

I saw, with some surprise, that the Muses, whose business was to cheer and encourage those who were toiling up the ascent, would often sing in the bowers of Pleasure, and accompany those who were enticed away at the call of the Passions; they accompanied them, however, but a little way, and always forsook them when they lost sight of the hill. The tyrants then doubled their chains upon the unhappy captives, and led them away, without resistance, to the cells of Ignorance, or the mansions of Misery. Amongst the innumerable seducers, who were endeavouring to draw away the votaries of Truth from the path of Science, there was one, so little formidable in her appearance, and so gentle and languid in her attempts, that I should scarcely have taken notice of her, but for the numbers she had imperceptibly loaded with her chains. Indolence (for so she was called) far from proceeding to open hostilities, did not attempt to turn their feet out of the path, but contented herself with retarding their progress; and the purpose she could not force them to abandon, she persuaded them to delay. Her touch had a power like that of the torpedo, which withered the strength of those who came within its influ-

ence. Her unhappy captives still turned their faces towards the temple, and always hoped to arrive there; but the ground seemed to slide from beneath their feet, and they found themselves at the bottom, before they suspected they had changed their place. The placid serenity, which at first appeared in their countenance, changed by degrees into a melancholy languor, which was tinged with deeper and deeper gloom, as they glided down the stream of Insignificance; a dark and sluggish water, which is curled by no breeze, and enlivened by no murmur, till it falls into a dead sea, where startled passengers are awakened by the shock, and the next moment buried in the gulph of Oblivion.

Of all the unhappy deserters from the paths of Science, none seemed less able to return than the followers of Indolence. The captives of Appetite and Passion could often seize the moment when their tyrants were languid or asleep to escape from their enchantment; but the dominion of Indolence was constant and unremitted, and seldom resisted, till resistance was in vain.

After contemplating these things, I turned my eyes towards the top of the mountain, where the air was always pure and exhilarating, the path shaded with laurels and other evergreens, and the effulgence which beamed from the face of the goddess seemed to shed a glory round her votaries. Happy, said I, are they who are permitted to ascend the mountain!—but while I was pronouncing this exclamation with uncommon ardour, I saw standing beside me a form of diviner features and a more benign radiance. Happier, said she, are those whom Virtue conducts to the mansions of Content! What, said I, does Virtue then reside in the vale? I am found, said she, in the vale, and I illuminate the mountain: I cheer the cottager at his toil, and inspire the sage at his meditation. I mingle in the crowd of cities, and bless the hermit in his cell. I have a temple in every heart that owns my influence; and to him that wishes for me I am already present. Science may raise you to eminence, but I alone can guide you to felicity!—While the goddess was thus speaking, I stretched out my arms towards her with a vehemence which broke my slumbers. The chill dews were falling around me, and the shades of evening stretched over the landscape. I hastened homeward, and resigned the night to silence and meditation.

Aikin's Miscel.

§ 6. *On the Love of Life.*

Age, that lessens the enjoyment of life, increases our desire of living. Those dangers which, in the vigour of youth, we had learned to despise, assume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution increasing as our years increase, fear becomes at last the prevailing passion of the mind; and the small remainder of life is taken up in useless efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued existence.

Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wise are liable! If I should judge of that part of life which lies before me by that which I have already seen, the prospect is hideous. Experience tells me, that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity; and sensation assures me, that those I have felt are stronger than those which are yet to come. Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade; hope, more powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty; some happiness, in long prospective, still beckons me to pursue; and, like a losing gamester, every new disappointment increases my ardour to continue the game.

Whence then is this increased love of life, which grows upon us with our years? whence comes it, that we thus make greater efforts to preserve our existence, at a period when it becomes scarce worth the keeping? Is it that nature, attentive to the preservation of mankind, increases our wishes to live, while she lessens our enjoyments; and as she robs the senses of every pleasure, equips Imagination in the spoils? Life would be insupportable to an old man, who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigour of manhood; the numberless calamities of decaying nature, and the consciousness of surviving every pleasure, would at once induce him, with his own hand, to terminate the scene of misery; but happily the contempt of death forsakes him at a time when it could only be prejudicial; and life acquires an imaginary value, in proportion as its real value is no more.

Our attachment to every object around us increases, in general, from the length of our acquaintance with it. "I would not choose," says a French philosopher, "to see an old post pulled up, with which I had been long acquainted." A mind long habituated to a certain set of objects, insensibly becomes fond of seeing them; visits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance: from hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of possession; they love the world and all that it produces; they love life and all its advantages; not because it gives them pleasure, but because they have known it long.

Chinvang the Chaste, ascending the throne of China, commanded that all who were unjustly detained in prison during the preceding reigns should be set free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occasion, there appeared a majestic old man, who, falling at the emperor's feet addressed him as follows: "Great father of China, behold a wretch, now eighty-five years old, who was shut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was imprisoned, though a stranger to crime, or without being even confronted by my accusers. I have now lived in solitude and darkness for more than fifty years, and am grown familiar with distress. As yet, dazzled with the splendour of that sun to which you have restored me, I have been wandering the streets to find out some friend that would assist, or relieve, or remember me; but my friends, my family, and relations are all dead; and I am forgotten. Permit me then, O Chinvang, to wear out the wretched remains of life in my former prison; the walls of my dungeon are to me more pleasing than the most splendid palace; I have not long to live, and shall be unhappy except I spend the rest of my days where my youth was passed; in that prison from whence you were pleased to release me."

The old man's passion for confinement is similar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the prison, we look round with discontent, are displeased with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only increases our fondness for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houses we have built, or the posterity we have begotten, all serve to bind us closer to the earth, and embitter our parting. Life sues the young like a new acquaintance; the companion, as yet unexhausted, is at once instructive and amusing; its company pleases, yet, for all this it is but little regarded. To us, who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend; its jests have been anticipated in former conversation; it has no new story to make us smile, no new improvement with which to surprise, yet still we love it; destitute of every enjoyment, still we love it, husband the wasting treasure with

increasing frugality, and feel all the poignancy of anguish in the fatal separation.

Sir Philip Mordaunt was young, beautiful, sincere, brave, an Englishman. He had a complete fortune of his own, and the love of the king his master, which was equivalent to riches. Life opened all her treasures before him, and promised a long succession of happiness. He came, tasted of the entertainment, but was disgusted even at the beginning. He professed an aversion to living; was tired of walking round the same circle; had tried every enjoyment, and found them all grow weaker at every repetition. "If life be, in youth, so displeasing," cried he to himself, "what will it appear when age comes on? if it be at present indifferent, sure it will then be execrable." This thought embittered every reflection; till at last, with all the serenity of perverted reason, he ended the debate with a pistol! Had this self-deluded man been apprised, that existence grows more desirable to us the longer we exist, he would have then faced old age without shrinking; he would have boldly dared to live; and served that society by his future assiduity, which he basely injured by his desertion. *Goldsmith.*

§ 7. *The Canal and the Brook. A Reverie.*

A delightfully pleasant evening succeeding a sultry summer-day, invited me to take a solitary walk; and, leaving the dust of the highway, I fell into a path which led along a pleasant little valley watered by a small meandering brook. The meadow ground on its banks had been lately mown, and the new grass was springing up with a lively verdure. The brook was hid in several places by the shrubs that grew on each side, and intermingled their branches. The sides of the valley were roughened by small irregular thickets; and the whole scene had an air of solitude and retirement, uncommon in the neighbourhood of a populous town. The Duke of Bridgwater's canal crossed the valley, high raised on a mound of earth, which preserved a level with the elevated ground on each side. An arched road was carried under it beneath which the brook that ran along the valley was conveyed by a subterraneous passage. I threw myself upon a green bank, shaded by a leafy thicket, and resting my head upon my hand, after a welcome indolence had overcome my senses, I saw, with the eyes of fancy, the following scene.

The firm-built side of the aque duct suddenly opened, and a gigan tic form issued forth, which I soon discovered to be the Genius of the Canal. He was clad in a close garment of russet hue. A mural crown, indented with battlements, surrounded his brow. His naked feet were discoloured with clay. On his left shoulder he bore a huge pick-axe; and in his right hand he held certain instruments, used in surveying and levelling. His looks were thoughtful, and his features harsh. The breach through which he proceeded instantly closed, and with a heavy tread he advanced into the valley. As he approached the brook, the Deity of the Stream arose to meet him. He was habited in a light green mantle, and the clear drops fell from his dark hair, which was encircled with a wreath of water-lily, interwoven with sweet-scented flag; an angling rod supported his steps. The Genius of the Canal eyed him with a contemptuous look, and in a hoarse voice thus began;

"Hence, ignoble rill! with thy scanty tribute to thy lord the Mersey; nor thus waste thy almost exhausted urn in lingering windings along the vale. Feeble as thine aid is, it will

not be unacceptable to that master stream himself; for, as I lately crossed his channel, I perceived his sands loaded with stranded vessels. I saw, and pitied him, for undertaking a task to which he is unequal. But thou, whose languid current is obscured by weeds, and interrupted by misshapen pebbles; who losest thyself in endless mazes, remote from any sound but thy own idle gurgling; how canst thou support an existence so contemptible and useless? For me, the noblest child of Art, who hold my unremitting course from hill to hill, over vales and rivers; who pierce the solid rock for my passage, and connect unknown lands with distant seas; wherever I appear I am viewed with astonishment, and exulting Commerce hails my waves. Behold my channel thronged with capacious vessels for the conveyance of merchandise and splendid barges for the use and pleasure of travellers; my banks crowned with airy bridges and huge warehouses, and echoing with the busy sounds of industry! Pay then the homage due from Sloth and Obscurity to Grandeur and Utility."

"I readily acknowledge," replied the Deity of the Brook, in a modest accent, "the superior magnificence and more extensive utility of which you so proudly boast; yet in my humble walk, I am not void of a praise less shining, but not less solid than yours. The nymph of this peaceful valley, rendered more fertile and beautiful by my stream; the neighbouring sylvan deities, to whose pleasure I contribute; will pay a grateful testimony to my merit. The windings of my course, which you so much blame, serve to diffuse over a greater extent of ground the refreshment of my waters; and the lovers of nature and the Muses, who are fond of straying on my banks, are better pleased that the line of beauty marks my way, than if, like yours, it were directed in a straight, unvaried line. They prize the irregular wildness with which I am decked, as the charms of beauteous simplicity. What you call the weeds which darken and obscure my waves, afford to the botanist a pleasing speculation of the works of nature; and the poet and painter think the lustre of my stream greatly improved by glittering through them. The pebbles which diversify my bottom, and make these ripplings in my current, are pleasing objects to the eye of taste; and my simple murmurs are more melodious to the learned ear, than all the rude noises of your banks, or even the music that resounds from your stately barges. If the unfeeling sons of Wealth and Commerce judge of me by the mere standard of usefulness, I may claim no undistinguished rank. While your waters, confined in deep channels, or lifted above the valleys, roll on, a useless burden to the fields, and only subservient to the drudgery of bearing temporary merchandises, my stream will bestow unvarying fertility on the meadows, during the summers of future ages. Yet I scorn to submit my honours to the decision of those whose hearts are shut up to taste and sentiment: let me appeal to nobler judges. The philosopher and poet, by whose labours the human mind is elevated and refined, and opened to pleasures beyond the conception of vulgar souls, will acknowledge that the elegant deities who preside over simple and natural beauty, have inspired them with their charming and instructive ideas. The sweetest and most majestic bird that ever sung, has taken a pride in owning his affection to woods and streams; and while the stupendous monuments of Roman grandeur, the columns which pierced the skies, and the aqueducts which poured their waves over mountains and vallies, are sunk in oblivion, the gently-winding Mincius still retains his tranquil ho-

nours. And when thy glories, proud Genius! are lost and forgotten; when the flood of commerce, which now supplies thy urn, is turned into another course, and has left thy channel dry and desolate; the softly flowing Avon shall still murmur in song, and his banks receive the homage of all who are beloved by Phœbus and the Muses."

Aikin's Miscel.

§ 8. *The Story of a Disabled Soldier.*

No observation is more common, and at the same time more true, than, That one half of the world are ignorant how the other half lives. The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention; are enlarged upon in tones of declamation; and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble sufferers: the great, under the pressure of calamity, are conscious of several others sympathizing with their distress; and have at once the comfort of admiration and pity.

There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude, when the whole world is looking on: men in such circumstances will act bravely, even from motives of vanity; but he who, in the vale of obscurity, can brave adversity; who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope to alleviate his misfortunes, can behave with tranquillity and indifference, is truly great; whether peasant or courtier, he deserves admiration, and should be held up for our imitation and respect.

While the slightest inconveniences of the great are magnified into calamities; while tragedy mouths out their sufferings in all the strains of eloquence, the miseries of the poor are entirely disregarded; and yet some of the lower ranks of people undergo more real hardships in one day, than those of a more exalted station suffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable what difficulties the meanest of our common sailors and soldiers endure without murmuring or regret; without passionately declaiming against Providence, or calling their fellows to be gazers on their intrepidity. Every day is to them a day of misery, and yet they entertain their hard fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear an Ovid, a Cicero, or a Rabutin, complain of their misfortunes and hardships, whose greatest calamity was that of being unable to visit a certain spot of earth, to which they had foolishly attached an idea of happiness! Their distresses were pleasures, compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day endure without murmuring. They ate, drank, and slept; they had slaves to attend them; and were sure of subsistence for life: while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander without a friend to comfort or assist them, and even without shelter from the severity of the season.

I have been led into these reflections from accidentally meeting, some days ago, a poor fellow, whom I knew when a boy, dressed in a sailor's jacket, and begging at one of the outlets of the town with a wooden leg. I knew him to have been honest and industrious when in the country, and was curious to learn what had reduced him to his present situation. Wherefore, after having given him what I thought proper, I desired to know the history of his life and misfortunes and the manner in which he was reduced to his present distress. The disabled soldier, for such he was, though dressed in a sailor's habit, scratching his head, and leaning on his crutch, put himself into an attitude to comply with my request, and gave me his history as follows:

"As for my misfortunes, master, I can't pretend to have gone through any more than other folks; for, except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reason, thank Heaven, that I have to complain: there is Bill Tibbs, of our regiment, he has lost both his legs and an eye to boot; but, thank Heaven, it is not so bad with me yet.

"I was born in Shropshire; my father was a labourer, and died when I was five years old; so I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged, or where I was born, so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third. I thought in my heart, they kept sending me about so long, that they would not let me be born in any parish at all; but at last, however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and was resolved, at least, to know my letters; but the master of the workhouse put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet; and here I lived an easy kind of life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not suffered to stir out of the house, for fear, as they said, I should run away; but what of that, I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well enough, till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myself; so I was resolved to go seek my fortune.

"In this manner I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and starved when I could get none: when happening one day to go through a field belonging to a justice of the peace, I spied a hare crossing the path just before me; and I believe the devil put it in my head to fling my stick at it:—well, what will you have on't?—I killed the hare, and was bringing it away, when the justice himself met me; he called me a poacher and a villain; and collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself. I fell upon my knees, begged his worship's pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I knew of my breed, seed, and generation; but, though I gave a very true account, the justice said I could give no account; so I was indicted at sessions, found guilty of being poor, and sent up to London to Newgate, in order to be transported as a vagabond.

"People may say this and that of being in jail, but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in in all my life. I had my belly-full to eat and drink, and did no work at all. This kind of life was too good to last for ever; so I was taken out of prison, after five months, put on board a ship, and sent off, with two hundred more, to the plantations. We had but an indifferent passage, for being all confined in the hold, more than a hundred of our people died for want of sweet air; and those that remained were sickly enough, God knows. When we came ashore, we were sold to the planters, and I was bound for seven years more. As I was no scholar, for I did not know my letters, I was obliged to work among the negroes; and I served out my time, as in duty bound to do.

"When my time was expired, I worked my passage home, and glad I was to see old England again, because I loved my country. I was afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more, so I did not much care to go down into the country, but kept about the town, and did little jobs when I could get them.

"I was very happy in this manner

for some time, till one evening, coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand. They belonged to a press-gang: I was carried before the justice, and, as I could give no account of myself, I had my choice left whether to go on board a man of war, or list for a soldier: I chose the latter; and, in this post of a gentleman. I served two campaigns in Flanders was at the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and received but one wound, through the breast here; but the doctor of our regiment soon made me well again.

"When the peace came on I was discharged; and, as I could not work, because my wound was sometimes troublesome, I listed for a landman in the east India company's service. I have fought the French in six pitched battles; and I verily believe that, if I could read or write, our captain would have made me a corporal. But it was not my good fortune to have any promotion, for I soon fell sick, and so got leave to return home again with forty pounds in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the present war, and I hoped to be set on shore, and to have the pleasure of spending my money; but the government wanted men, and so I was pressed for a sailor before ever I could set foot on shore.

"The boatswain found me, as he said, an obstinate fellow: he swore he knew that I understood my business well, but that I shammed Abraham to be idle: but, God knows, I knew nothing of sea-business, and he beat me without considering what he was about. I had still, however, my forty pounds, and that was some comfort to me under every beating; and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost my money.

"Our crew was carried into Brest, and many of them died, because they were not used to live in a jail; but, for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was seasoned. One night, as I was asleep on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me, for I always loved to lie well, I was awakened by the boatswain, who had a dark lantern in his hand: 'Jack,' says he to me, 'will you knock out the French sentries' brains?' 'I don't care,' says I, striving to keep myself awake, 'if I lend a hand.' 'Then follow me,' says he, 'and I hope we shall do business.' So up I got, and tied my blanket, which was all the clothes I had, about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen. I hate the French, because they are all slaves, and wear wooden shoes.

"Though we had no arms, one Englishman is able to beat five French at any time; so we went down to the door, where both the sentries were posted, and rushed upon them, seized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence nine of us ran together to the quay, and seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbour, and put to sea. We had not been here three days before we were taken up by the Dorset privateer, who were glad of so many good hands, and we consented to run our chance. However, we had not as much luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with the Pompadour privateer, of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three; so to it we went, yard-arm and yard-arm. The fight lasted for three hours, and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman, had we but had some more men left behind; but, unfortunately, we lost all our men just as we were going to get the victory.

"I was once more in the power of the French, and I believe it would have gone hard with me had I been brought back to Brest; but, by good fortune we were retaken by the Viper. I had almost forgot to tell you

that, in that engagement, I was wounded in two places: I lost four fingers off the left hand, and my leg was shot off. If I had had the good fortune to have lost my leg and use of my hand on board a king's ship, and not on board a privateer, I should have been entitled to clothing and maintenance during the rest of my life! but that was not my chance: one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God, I enjoy good health, and will for ever love liberty and Old England. Liberty, property, and Old England for ever, huzza!"

Thus saying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity and content; nor could I avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with misery serves better than philosophy to teach us to despise it.

Goldsmith.

§ 9. *On Dignity of Manners.*

There is a certain dignity of manners absolutely necessary to make even the most valuable character either respected or respectable.

Horse-play, romping, frequent and loud fits of laughter, jokes, waggery, and indiscriminate familiarity, will sink both merit and knowledge into a degree of contempt. They compose at most a merry fellow; and a merry fellow was never yet a respectable man. Indiscriminate familiarity either offends your superiors, or else dubs you their dependent and led captain. It gives your inferiors just, but troublesome and improper claims of equality. A joker is near akin to a buffoon, and neither of them is the least related to wit. Whoever is admitted or sought for, in company, upon any other account than that of his merit and manners, is never respected there, but only made use of. We will have such-a-one, for he sings prettily; we will invite such-a-one to a ball, for he dances well; we will have such-a-one at supper, for he is always joking and laughing; we will ask another, because he plays deep at all games, or because he can drink a great deal. These are all vilifying distinctions, mortifying preferences, and exclude all ideas of esteem and regard. Whoever *is had* (as it is called) in company, for the sake of any one thing singly, is singly that thing, and will never be considered in any other light; consequently never respected, let his merits be what they may.

This dignity of manners, which I recommend so much to you, is not only as different from pride, as true courage is from blustering, or true wit from joking, but is absolutely inconsistent with it; for nothing vilifies and degrades more than pride. The pretensions of the proud man are oftener treated with sneer and contempt, than with indignation; as we offer ridiculously too little to a tradesman, who asks ridiculously too much for his goods; but we do not haggle with one who only asks a just and reasonable price.

Abject flattery and indiscriminate assentation degrade, as much as indiscriminate contradiction and noisy debate disgust. But a modest assertion of one's own opinion, and a complaisant acquiescence in other people's, preserve dignity.

Vulgar, low expressions, awkward motions and address, vilify, as they imply either a very low turn of mind, or low education, and low company

Frivolous curiosity about trifles, and a laborious attention to little objects, which neither require nor deserve a moment's thought, lower a man; who from thence is thought (and not unjustly) incapable of greater matters. Cardinal de Retz, very sagaciously, marked out Cardinal Chigi for a little mind from the moment he told him he had written

three years with the same pen, and that it was an excellent good one still.

A certain degree of exterior seriousness in looks and motions gives dignity, without excluding wit and decent cheerfulness, which are always serious themselves. A constant smirk upon the face, and a whiffling activity of the body, are strong indications of futility. Whoever is in a hurry, shows that the thing he is about is too big for him—haste and hurry are very different things.

I have only mentioned some of those things which may, and do, in the opinion of the world, lower and sink characters, in other respects valuable enough; but I have taken no notice of those that affect and sink the moral characters: they are sufficiently obvious. A man who has patiently been kicked, may as well pretend to courage, as a man blasted by vices and crimes, to dignity of any kind. But an exterior decency and dignity of manners, will even keep such a man longer from sinking, than otherwise he would be: of such consequence is the το πρεπον, or decorum, even though affected and put on.

Chesterfield.

§ 10. *On Vulgarity.*

A vulgar, ordinary way of thinking, acting, or speaking, implies a low education, and a habit of low company. Young people contract it at school, or among servants, with whom they are too often used to converse; but, after they frequent good company, they must want attention and observation very much, if they do not lay it quite aside; and indeed, if they do not, good company will be very apt to lay them aside. The various kinds of vulgarisms are infinite; I cannot pretend to point them out to you; but I will give some samples, by which you may guess at the rest.

A vulgar man is captious and jealous; eager and impetuous about trifles: he suspects himself to be slighted; thinks every thing that is said is meant at him; if the company happens to laugh, he is persuaded they laugh at him; he grows angry and testy, says something very impertinent, and draws himself into a scrape, by showing what he calls a proper spirit, and asserting himself. A man of fashion does not suppose himself to be either the sole or principal object of the thoughts, looks, or words of the company; and never suspects that he is either slighted or laughed at, unless he is conscious that he deserves it. And if (which very seldom happens) the company is absurd or ill bred enough to do either, he does not care two-pence, unless the insult be so gross and plain as to require satisfaction of another kind. As he is above trifles, he is never vehement and eager about them; and wherever they are concerned, rather acquiesces than wrangles. A vulgar man's conversation always savours strongly of the lowness of his education and company: it turns chiefly upon his domestic affairs, his servants, the excellent order he keeps in his own family, and the little anecdotes of the neighbourhood; all which he relates with emphasis, as interesting matters.—He is a mangossip.

Vulgarism in language is the next, and distinguishing characteristic of bad company, and a bad education. A man of fashion avoids nothing with more care than this. Proverbial expressions and trite sayings are the flowers of the rhetoric of a vulgar man. Would he say, that men differ in their tastes; he both supports and adorns that opinion, by the good old saying, as he respectfully calls it, that "what is one man's meat is another man's poison." If any

body attempts being *smart*, as he calls it, upon him; he gives them *tit for tat*, ay, that he does. He has always some favourite word for the time being: which, for the sake of using often, he commonly abuses. Such as, *vastly* angry, *vastly* kind, *vastly* handsome, and *vastly* ugly. Even his pronunciation of proper words carries the mark of the beast along with it. He calls the earth *yearth;* he is *obleiged*, not *obliged* to you. He goes *to wards*, and not *towards* such a place. He sometimes affects hard words, by way of ornament, which he always mangles. A man of fashion never has recourse to proverbs and vulgar aphorisms; uses neither favourite words nor hard words; but takes great care to speak very correctly and grammatically, and to pronounce properly; that is, according to the usage of the best companies.

An awkward address, ungraceful attitudes and actions, and a certain left-handedness (if I may use that word) loudly proclaim low education and low company; for it is impossible to suppose, that a man can have frequented good company, without having catched something, at least, of their air and motions. A new-raised man is distinguished in a regiment by his awkwardness; but he must be impenetrably dull, if, in a month or two's time, he cannot perform at least the common manual exercise, and look like a soldier. The very accoutrements of a man of fashion are grievous incumbrances to a vulgar man. He is at a loss what to do with his hat, when it is not upon his head: his cane (if unfortunately he wears one) is at perpetual war with every cup of tea or coffee he drinks; destroys them first, and then accompanies them in their fall. His sword is formidable only to his own legs, which would possibly carry him fast enough out of the way of any sword but his own. His clothes fit him so ill, and constrain him so much, that he seems rather their prisoner than their proprietor. He presents himself in company like a criminal in a court of justice; his very air condemns him; and people of fashion will no more connect themselves with the one, than people of character will with the other. This repulse drives and sinks him into low company; a gulph from whence no man, after a certain age, ever emerged.

Chesterfield.

§ 11. *On Good-breeding.*

A friend of yours and mine has very justly defined good breeding to be, "the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them." Taking this for granted (as I think it cannot be disputed) it is astonishing to me, that any body, who has good sense and good nature, can essentially fail in good breeding. As to the modes of it, indeed, they vary according to persons, places, and circumstances; and are only to be acquired by observation and experience; but the substance of it is every where and eternally the same. Good manners are, to particular societies, what good morals are to society in general, their cement and their security. And as laws are enacted to enforce good morals, or at least to prevent the ill effects of bad ones; so there are certain rules of civility, universally implied and received, to enforce good manners, and punish bad ones. And, indeed, there seems to me to be less difference both between the crimes and punishments, than at first one would imagine. The immoral man, who invades another's property, is justly hanged for it; and the ill-bred man who, by his ill-manners, invades and disturbs the quiet and com

forts of private life, is by common consent as justly banished society. Mutual complaisances, attentions, and sacrifices of little conveniences, are as natural an implied compact between civilized people, as protection and obedience are between kings and subjects; whoever, in either case, violates that compact, justly forfeits all advantages arising from it. For my own part, I really think, that, next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing; and the epithet which I should covet the most, next to that of Aristides, would be that of well-bred. Thus much for good-breeding in general; I will now consider some of the various modes and degrees of it.

Very few, scarcely any, are wanting in the respect which they should show to those whom they acknowledge to be infinitely their superiors; such as crowned heads, princes, and public persons of distinguished and eminent posts. It is the manner of showing that respect which is different. The man of fashion, and of the world, expresses it in its fullest extent; but naturally, easily, and without concern; whereas a man, who is not used to keep good company, expresses it awkwardly; one sees that he is not used to it, and that it costs him a great deal: but I never saw the worst-bred man living guilty of lolling, whistling, scratching his head, and such like indecencies, in companies that he respected. In such companies, therefore, the only point to be attended to is, to show that respect which every body means to show, in an easy, unembarrassed, and graceful manner. This is what observation and experience must teach you.

In mixed companies, whoever is admitted to make part of them, is, for the time at least, supposed to be upon a footing of equality with the rest; and, consequently, as there is no one principal object of awe and respect, people are apt to take a greater latitude in their behaviour, and to be less upon their guard; and so they may, provided it be within certain bounds, which are upon no occasion to be transgressed. But, upon these occasions, though no one is entitled to distinguished marks of respect, every one claims, and very justly, every mark of civility and good breeding. Ease is allowed, but carelessness and negligence are strictly forbidden. If a man accosts you, and talks to you ever so dully or frivolously; it is worse than rudeness, it is brutality, to show him, by a manifest inattention to what he says, that you think him a fool or a blockhead, and not worth hearing. It is much more so with regard to women; who, of whatever rank they are, are entitled, in consideration of their sex, not only to an attentive, but an officious good breeding from men. Their little wants, likings, dislikes, preferences, antipathies, and fancies, must be officiously attended to, and, if possible, guessed at and anticipated, by a well bred man. You must never usurp to yourself those conveniences and gratifications which are of common right; such as the best places, the best dishes, &c. but, on the contrary, always decline them yourself and offer them to others; who, in their turns, will offer them to you; so that upon the whole, you will, in your turn, enjoy your share of the common right. It would be endless for me to enumerate all the particular instances in which a well bred man shows his good breeding in good company; and it would be injurious to you to suppose, that your own good sense will not point them out to you; and then your own good-nature will recommend, and your self-interest enforce the practice.

There is a third sort of good-breeding, in which people are the most apt to fail, from a very mistaken no-

tion that they cannot fail at all. I mean, with regard to one's most familiar friends and acquaintances, or those who really are our inferiors; and there, undoubtedly, a greater degree of ease is not only allowed, but proper, and contributes much to the comforts of a private, social life. But ease and freedom have their bounds, which must by no means be violated. A certain degree of negligence and carelessness becomes injurious and insulting, from the real or supposed inferiority of the persons; and that delightful liberty of conversation among a few friends is soon destroyed, as liberty often has been, by being carried to licentiousness. But example explains things best, and I will put a pretty strong case:—Suppose you and me alone together; I believe you will allow that I have as good a right to unlimited freedom in your company, as either you or I can possibly have in any other; and I am apt to believe too, that you would indulge me in that freedom, as far as any body would. But, notwithstanding this, do you imagine that I should think there were no bounds to that freedom? I assure you I should not think so; and I take myself to be as much tied down by a certain degree of good manners to you, as by other degrees of them to other people. The most familiar and intimate habitudes, connexions, and friendships, require a degree of good-breeding, both to preserve and cement them. The best of us have our bad sides; and it is as imprudent as it is ill-bred, to exhibit them. I shall not use ceremony with you; it would be misplaced between us: but I shall certainly observe that degree of good-breeding with you, which is, in the first place, decent, and which, I am sure, is absolutely necessary to make us like one another's company long.

Chesterfield.

§ 12. BAYES's *Rules for Composition.*

Smith. How, Sir, helps for wit!

Bayes. Ay, Sir, that's my position; and I do here aver, that no man the sun e'er shone upon, has parts sufficient to furnish out a stage, except it were by the help of these my rules.

Smith. What are those rules, I pray?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my first rule is the rule of transversion, or *regula duplex*, changing verse into prose, and prose into verse, alternately, as you please.

Smith. Well, but how is this done by rule, Sir?

Bayes. Why thus, Sir; nothing so easy, when understood. I take a book in my hand, either at home or elsewhere (for that's all one); if there be any wit in't (as there is no book but has some) I transverse it; that is, if it be prose, put it into verse (but that takes up some time); and if it be verse put it into prose.

Smith. Methinks, Mr. Bayes, that putting verse into prose, should be called transposing.

Bayes. By my troth, Sir, it is a very good notion, and hereafter it shall be so.

Smith. Well, Sir, and what d'ye do with it then?

Bayes. Make it my own: 'tis so changed, that no man can know it—My next rule is the rule of concord, by way of table-book. Pray observe.

Smith. I hear you, Sir: go on.

Bayes. As thus: I come into a coffee-house, or some other place where witty men resort; I make as if I minded nothing (do ye mark?) but as soon as any one speaks—pop, I slap it down, and make that too my own.

Smith. But, Mr. Bayes, are you not sometimes in danger of their making you restore by force, what you have gotten thus by art?

Bayes. No, Sir, the world's unmindful; they never take notice of these things.

Smith. But pray, Mr. Bayes, among all your other rules, have you no one rule for invention?

Bayes. Yes, Sir, that's my third rule: that I have here in my pocket.

Smith. What rule can that be, I wonder?

Bayes. Why, Sir, when I have any thing to invent, I never trouble my head about it, as other men do, but presently turn over my book of Drama common-places, and there I have, at one view, all that Persius, Montaigne, Seneca's tragedies, Horace, Juvenal, Claudian, Pliny, Plutarch's Lives, and the rest, have ever thought upon this subject; and so, in a trice, by leaving out a few words, or putting in others of my own—the business is done.

Smith. Indeed, Mr. Bayes, this is as sure and compendious a way of wit as ever I heard of.

Bayes. Sir, if you make the least scruple of the efficacy of these my rules, do but come to the play-house, and you shall judge of them by the effects.—But now, pray, Sir, may I ask you how you do when you write?

Smith. Faith, Sir, for the most part, I am in pretty good health.

Bayes. Ay, but I mean, what do you do when you write?

Smith. I take pen, ink, and paper, and sit down.

Bayes. Now I write standing; that's one thing: and then another thing is—with what do you prepare yourself?

Smith. Prepare myself! What the devil does the fool mean?

Bayes. Why I'll tell you now what I do:—If I am to write familiar things, as sonnets to Armida, and the like, I make use of stew'd prunes only; but when I have a grand design in hand, I ever take physic and let blood: for when you would have pure swiftness of thought, and fiery flights of fancy, you must have a care of the pensive part.—In fine, you must purge the belly.

Smith. By my troth, Sir, this is a most admirable receipt for writing.

Bayes. Ay, 'tis my secret; and, in good earnest, I think one of the best I have.

Smith. In good faith, Sir, and that may very well be.

Bayes. May be, Sir! I'm sure on't. *Experto crede Roberto.* But I must give you this caution by the way—be sure you never take snuff when you write.

Smith. Why so, Sir?

Bayes. Why, it spoiled me once one of the sparkishest plays in all England. But a friend of mine, at Gresham-college, has promised to help me to some spirit of brains—and that shall do my business.

§ 13. *The Art of Pleasing.*

The desire of being pleased is universal: the desire of pleasing should be so too. It is included in that great and fundamental principle of morality, of doing to others what one wishes they should do to us. There are indeed some moral duties of a much higher nature, but none of a more amiable; and I do not hesitate to place it at the head of the minor virtues.

The manner of conferring favours or benefits is, as to pleasing, almost as important as the matter itself. Take care, then, never to throw away the obligations, which perhaps you may have it in your power to confer upon others, by an air of insolent protection, or by a cold and comfortless manner, which stifles them in their birth. Humanity inclines, religion requires, and our moral duties oblige us, as far as we are able, to relieve the distresses and miseries of our

fellow-creatures: but this is not all; for a true heart-felt benevolence and tenderness will prompt us to contribute what we can to their ease, their amusement, and their pleasure, as far as innocently we may. Let us then not only scatter benefits, but even strew flowers for our fellow-travellers, in the rugged ways of this wretched world.

There are some, and but too many in this country particularly, who, without the least visible taint of ill-nature or malevolence, seem to be totally indifferent, and do not show the least desire to please; as, on the other hand, they never designedly offend. Whether this proceeds from a lazy, negligent, and listless disposition, from a gloomy and melancholic nature, from ill health, low spirits, or from a secret and sullen pride, arising from the consciousness of their boasted liberty and independency, is hard to determine, considering the various movements of the human heart, and the wonderful errors of the human head. But, be the cause what it will, that neutrality, which is the effect of it, makes these people, as neutralities do, despicable, and mere blanks in society. They would surely be roused from their indifference, if they would seriously consider the infinite utility of pleasing.

The person who manifests a constant desire to please, places his, perhaps, small stock of merit at great interest. What vast returns, then, must real merit, when thus adorned, necessarily bring in! A prudent usurer would with transport place his last shilling at such interest, and upon so solid a security.

The man who is amiable will make almost as many friends as he does acquaintances. I mean in the current acceptation of the word, but not such sentimental friends, as Pylades or Orestes, Nysus and Euryalus, &c. but he will make people in general wish him well, and inclined to serve him in any thing not inconsistent with their own interest.

Civility is the essential article towards pleasing, and is the result of good-nature and of good sense; but good-breeding is the decoration, the lustre of civility, and only to be acquired by a minute attention to, and experience of good company. A good-natured ploughman or fox-hunter, may be intentionally as civil as the politest courtier; but their manner often degrades and vilifies the matter; whereas, in good-breeding, the manner always adorns and dignifies the matter to such a degree, that I have often known it give currency to base coin.

Civility is often attended by a ceremoniousness, which good-breeding corrects, but will not quite abolish. A certain degree of ceremony is a necessary out-work of manners as well as of religion: it keeps the forward and petulant at a proper distance, and is a very small restraint to the sensible, and to the well-bred part of the world.

Chesterfield.

§ 14. *A Dialogue between* PLINY *the Elder and* PLINY *the Younger.*

Pliny the Elder. The account that you give me, nephew, of your behaviour amidst the terrors and perils that accompanied the first eruption of Vesuvius, does not please me much. There was more of vanity in it than true magnanimity. Nothing is great that is unnatural and affected. When the earth shook beneath you, when the heavens were obscured with sulphureous clouds, full of ashes and cinders thrown up from the bowels of the new formed volcano, when all nature seemed on the brink of destruction, to be reading Livy, and making extracts, as if all had been safe and quiet about you, was an absurd affectation. To meet danger with courage is the part of a man

but to be insensible of it, is brutal stupidity; and to pretend insensibility where it cannot exist, is ridiculous falseness. When you afterwards refused to leave your aged mother, and save yourself without her by flight, you indeed acted nobly. It was also becoming a Roman to keep up her spirits, amidst all the horrors of that dreadful scene, by showing yourself undismayed and courageous. But the merit and glory of this part of your conduct is sunk by the other, which gives an air of ostentation and vanity to the whole.

Pliny the Younger. That vulgar minds should suppose my attention to my studies in such a conjuncture unnatural and affected, I should not much wonder: but that you would blame it as such, I did not expect; you, who approached still nearer than I to the fiery storm, and died by the suffocating heat of the vapour.

Pliny the Elder. I died, as a good and brave man ought to die, in doing my duty. Let me recall to your memory all the particulars, and then you shall judge yourself on the difference of your conduct and mine. I was the prefect of the Roman fleet, which then lay at Misenum. Upon the first account I received of the very unusual cloud that appeared in the air, I ordered a vessel to carry me out to some distance from the shore, that I might the better observe the phenomenon, and try to discover its nature and cause. This I did as a philosopher, and it was a curiosity proper and natural to a searching, inquisitive mind. I offered to take you with me, and surely you should have desired to go; for Livy might have been read at any other time, and such spectacles are not frequent: but you remained fixed and chained down to your book with a pedantic attachment. When I came out from my house, I found all the people forsaking their dwellings, and flying to the sea, as the safest retreat. To assist them, and all others who dwelt on the coast, I immediately ordered the fleet to put out, and sailed with it round the whole bay of Naples, steering particularly to those parts of the shore where the danger was greatest, and from whence the inhabitants were endeavouring to escape with the most trepidation. Thus I spent the whole day, and preserved by my care some thousands of lives; noting at the same time, with a steady composure and freedom of mind, the several forms and phenomena of the eruption. Towards night, as we approached to the foot of Vesuvius, all the gallies were covered with ashes and embers, which grew hotter and hotter; then showers of pumice-stones, and burnt and broken pyrites, began to fall on our heads: and we were stopped by the obstacles which the ruins of the mountains had suddenly formed by falling into the sea, and almost filling it up on the part of the coast. I then commanded my pilot to steer to the villa of my friend Pomponianus, which you know was situated in the inmost recess of the bay. The wind was very favourable to carry me thither, but would not allow him to put off from the shore as he wished to have done. We were therefore constrained to pass the night in his house. They watched, and I slept, until the heaps of pumice-stones, which fell from the clouds, that had now been impelled to that side of the bay, rose so high in the area of the apartment I lay in, that I could not have got out had I staid any longer; and the earthquakes were so violent, as to threaten every moment the fall of the house: we therefore thought it more safe to go into the open air, guarding our heads as well as we could with pillows tied upon them. The wind continuing adverse, and the sea very rough, we remained on the shore, until a sulphureous and fiery vapour oppressed my weak lungs, and ended my life.—In all this

I hope that I acted as the duty of my station required, and with true magnanimity. But on this occasion, and in many other parts of your life, I must say, my dear nephew, that there was a vanity mixed with your virtue, which hurt and disgraced it. Without that, you would have been one of the worthiest men that Rome has produced; for none ever excelled you in the integrity of your heart and greatness of your sentiments. Why would you lose the substance of glory by seeking the shadow? Your eloquence had the same fault as your manners: it was too affected. You professed to make Cicero your guide and your pattern: but when one reads his panegyric upon Julius Cæsar, in his oration for Marcellus, and yours upon Trajan; the first seems the language of nature and truth, raised and dignified with all the majesty of the most sublime eloquence; the latter appears the studied harangue of a florid rhetorician, more desirous to shine and set off his own wit, than to extol the great man he was praising.

Pliny the Younger. I have too high a respect for you, uncle, to question your judgment either of my life or my writings; they might both have been better, if I had not been too solicitous to render them perfect. But it is not for me to say much on that subject: permit me therefore to return to the subject on which we began our conversation. What a direful calamity was the eruption of Vesuvius, which you have now been describing! Do not you remember the beauty of that charming coast, and of the mountain itself, before it was broken and torn with the violence of those sudden fires that forced their way through it, and carried desolation and ruin over all the neighbouring country? The foot of it was covered with corn-fields and rich meadows, interspersed with fine villas and magnificent towns; the sides of it were clothed with the best vines in Italy, producing the richest and noblest wines. How quick, how unexpected, how dreadful the change! all was at once overwhelmed with ashes, and cinders, and fiery torrents, presenting to the eye the most dismal scene of horror and destruction!

Pliny the Elder. You paint it very truly.—But has it never occurred to your mind, that this change is an emblem of that which must happen to every rich, luxurious state? While the inhabitants of it are sunk in voluptuousness, while all is smiling around them, and they think that no evil, no danger is nigh, the seeds of destruction are fermenting within; and, breaking out on a sudden, lay waste all their opulence, all their delights; till they are left a sad monument of divine wrath, and of the fatal effects of internal corruption.

Dialogues of the Dead.

§ 15. *Endeavour to please, and you can scarcely fail to please.*

The means of pleasing vary according to time, place, and person; but the general rule is the trite one. Endeavour to please, and you will infallibly please to a certain degree; constantly show a desire to please, and you will engage people's self-love in your interest; a most powerful advocate. This, as indeed almost every thing else, depends on attention.

Be therefore attentive to the most trifling thing that passes where you are; have, as the vulgar phrase is, your eyes and your ears always about you. It is a very foolish, though a very common saying, "I really did not mind it," or, "I was thinking of quite another thing at that time." The proper answer to such ingenious excuses, and which admits of no reply, is, Why did you not mind it? you was present when it was said or

done. Oh! but you may say, you was thinking of quite another thing: if so, why was you not in quite another place proper for that important other thing, which you say you was thinking of? But you will say perhaps, that the company was so silly that it did not deserve your attention: that, I am sure, is the saying of a silly man; for a man of sense knows that there is no company so silly, that some use may not be made of it by attention.

Let your address, when you first come into company, be modest, but without the least bashfulness or sheepishness; steady, without impudence; and unembarrassed, as if you were in your own room. This is a difficult point to hit, and therefore deserves great attention; nothing but a long usage in the world, and in the best company, can possibly give it.

A young man, without knowledge of the world, when he first goes into a fashionable company, where most are his superiors, is commonly either annihilated by bashfulness, or, if he rouses and lashes himself up to what he only thinks a modest assurance, he runs into impudence and absurdity, and consequently offends instead of pleasing. Have always as much as you can, that gentleness of manners, which never fails to make favourable impressions, provided it be equally free from an insipid smile, or a pert smirk.

Carefully avoid an argumentative and disputative turn, which too many people have, and some even value themselves upon in company; and, when your opinion differs from others, maintain it only with modesty, calmness, and gentleness; but never be eager, loud, or clamorous; and, when you find your antagonist beginning to grow warm, put an end to the dispute by some genteel stroke of humour. For, take it for granted, if the two best friends in the world dispute with eagerness upon the most trifling subject imaginable, they will, for the time, find a momentary alienation from each other. Disputes upon any subject are a sort of trial of the understanding, and must end in the mortification of one or other of the disputants. On the other hand, I am far from meaning that you should give an universal assent to all that you hear said in company; such an assent would be mean, and in some cases criminal; but blame with indulgence, and correct with gentleness.

Always look people in the face when you speak to them; the not doing it is thought to imply conscious guilt; besides that, you lose the advantage of observing by their countenances, what impression your discourse makes upon them. In order to know people's real sentiments, I trust much more to my eyes than to my ears; for they can say whatever they have a mind I should hear; but they can seldom help looking what they have no intention that I should know.

If you have not command enough over yourself to conquer your humours, as I am sure every rational creature may have, never go into company while the fit of ill-humour is upon you. Instead of company's diverting you in those moments, you will displease, and probably shock them; and you will part worse friends than you met; but whenever you find in yourself a disposition to sullenness, contradiction, or testiness, it will be in vain to seek for a cure abroad. Stay at home; let your humour ferment and work itself off. Cheerfulness and good-humour are of all qualifications the most amiable in company; for, though they do not necessarily imply good-nature and good-breeding, they represent them, at least, very well, and that is all that is required in mixt company.

I have indeed known some very ill-natured people, who were very

good-humoured in company; but I never knew any one generally ill-humoured in company, who was not essentially ill-natured. When there is no malevolence in the heart, there is always a cheerfulness and ease in the countenance and manners. By good humour and cheerfulness, I am far from meaning noisy mirth and loud peals of laughter, which are the distinguishing characteristics of the vulgar and of the ill-bred, whose mirth is a kind of storm. Observe it, the vulgar often laugh, but never smile; whereas well-bred people often smile, but seldom laugh. A witty thing never excited laughter; it pleases only the mind, and never distorts the countenance; a glaring absurdity, a blunder, a silly accident, and those things that are generally called comical, may excite a laugh, though never a loud nor a long one, among well-bred people.

Sudden passion is called short-lived madness; it is a madness indeed, but the fits of it return so often in choleric people, that it may well be called a continual madness. Should you happen to be of this unfortunate disposition, make it your constant study to subdue, or, at least, to check it; when you find your choler rising, resolve neither to speak to nor answer the person who excites it; but stay till you find it subsiding, and then speak deliberately. Endeavour to be cool and steady upon all occasions; the advantages of such a steady calmness are innumerable, and would be too tedious to relate. It may be acquired by care and reflection; if it could not, that reason which distinguishes men from brutes would be given us to very little purpose: as a proof of this, I never saw, and scarcely ever heard of a Quaker in a passion. In truth, there is in that sect a decorum and decency, and an amiable simplicity, that I know in no other.

Chesterfield.

§ 16. *Humorous Scene between Prince* HENRY *and* FALSTAFF, *in which the Prince detects* FALSTAFF'S *monstrous Lies.*

P. Henry. Welcome, Jack!—Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too, marry and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy:—ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether socks and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*]—You rogue, here's lime in this sack too. There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villainous coward!—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhang'd in England, and one of them is fat, and grows old, Heaven help the while! A bad world! I say—A plague of all cowards! I say still.

P. Henry. How now, Woolsack! what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more! You Prince of Wales!

P. Henry. Why, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me that.

P. Henry. Ye fat paunch, an' ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee hang'd ere I'll call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are strait enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your back. Call you that backing of your friends? a plague upon such backing? give

me them that will face me—give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue if I drank to-day.

P. Henry. O villain! thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drank'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards! still, say I.

P. Henry. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! here be four of us have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Henry. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it! taken from us, it is: a hundred upon four of us.

P. Henry. What! a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue if I were not at half sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have escaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose, my buckler cut through and through, my sword hack'd like a handsaw, *ecce signum!* I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!

P. Henry. What, fought you with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two-legg'd creature.

P. Henry. Pray Heav'n you have not murdered some of them!

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for. I have pepper'd two of them; two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me a horse. Thou knowest my old ward: here I lay, and thus I bore my point; four rogues in buckram let drive at me.

P. Henry. What, four! thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal, I told thee four.—These four came all a front, and mainly thrust at me: I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven! why they were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram?

P. Henry. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven by these hilts, or I am a villain else. Dost thou hear me, Hal!

P. Henry. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of—

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken, began to give me ground; but I follow'd me close, came in foot and hand, and, with a thought—seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Henry. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two.

Fal. But as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal-green, came at my back, and let drive at me; (for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.)

P. Henry. These lies are like the father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou obscene greasy tallow-catch—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

P. Henry. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal-green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason: what say'st thou to this? Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What upon compulsion!—No: were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion! Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I

would give no man a reason upon compulsion.

P. Henry. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin. This sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dry'd neat's tongue, you stock-fish! O, for breath to utter! what is like thee? you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck—

P. Henry. Well, breathe a while, and then to't again; and when thou hast tir'd thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this:—Poins and I saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth: mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and with a word out-fac'd you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house. And, Falstaff, you carry'd your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard a bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Fal. Ha! ha! ha!—D'ye think I did not know you!—By the Lord, I knew you as well as he that made you. Why, hear ye, my master, was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince; instinct is a great matter. I was a coward on instinct, I grant you: and I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But I am glad you have the money. Let us clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Henry. Content!—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah!—no more of that, Hal, if thou lovest me.

Shakspeare.

§ 17. *Scene between* IAGO *and* CASSIO, *in which* CASSIO *regrets his folly in getting drunk.*

Iago. What! are you hurt, Lieutenant?

Cas. Past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, Heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! Oh I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation! Iago, my reputation——

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound: there is more sense in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition: oft got without merit, and lost without deserving. What, man!—there are ways to recover the general again. Sue to him, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd.——Drunk! and squabble! swagger! swear! and discourse fustian with one's own shadow! Oh thou invincible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee Devil.

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? what had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Cas. It has pleased the devil Drunkenness to give place to the devil Wrath, one imperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again—he shall tell me I am a drunkard!——Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast!———Every inordinate cup is unbless'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well us'd; exclaim no more against it. And, good Lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approv'd it, Sir. —I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general. Confess yourself freely to her: importune her help, to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

Cat. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, Lieutenant: I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago.

Shakspeare.

§ 18. *Directions for the Management of Wit.*

If you have wit (which I am not sure that I wish you, unless you have at the same time at least an equal portion of judgment to keep it in good order) wear it, like your sword in the scabbard, and do not blandish it to the terror of the whole company. Wit is a shining quality, that every body admires; most people aim at it, all people fear it, and few love it, unless in themselves:—a man must have a good share of wit himself, to endure a great share in another. When wit exerts itself in satire, it is a most malignant distemper: wit, it is true, may be shown in satire, but satire does not constitute wit, as many imagine. A man of wit ought to find a thousand better occasions of showing it.

Abstain, therefore, most carefully from satire; which, though it fall on no particular person in company, and momentarily, from the malignancy of the human heart, pleases all; yet, upon reflection, it frightens all too. Every one thinks it may be his turn next; and will hate you for what he finds you could say of him, more than be obliged to you for what you do not say. Fear and hatred are next-door neighbours: the more wit you have, the more good-nature and politeness you must show, to induce people to pardon your superiority; for that is no easy matter.

Appear to have rather less than more wit than you really have. A wise man will live at least as much within his wit as his income. Con-

tent yourself with good sense and reason, which at the long run are ever sure to please every body who has either; if wit comes into the bargain, welcome it, but never invite it. Bear this truth always in your mind, that you may be admired for your wit, if you have any; but that nothing but good sense and good qualities can make you be beloved. These are substantial every day's wear: whereas wit is a holiday-suit, which people put on chiefly to be stared at.

There is a species of minor wit, which is much used, and much more abused; I mean raillery. It is a most mischievous and dangerous weapon, when in unskilful and clumsy hands; and it is much safer to let it quite alone than to play with it; and yet almost every body plays with it, though they see daily the quarrels and heart-burnings that it occasions.

The injustice of a bad man is sooner forgiven than the insults of a witty one; the former only hurts one's liberty and property; but the latter hurts and mortifies that secret pride which no human breast is free from. I will allow, that there is a sort of raillery which may not only be inoffensive, but even flattering; as when, by a genteel irony, you accuse people of those imperfections which they are most notoriously free from, and consequently insinuate that they possess the contrary virtues. You may safely call Aristides a knave, or a very handsome woman an ugly one. Take care, however, that neither the man's character nor the lady's beauty be in the least doubtful. But this sort of raillery requires a very light and steady hand to administer it. A little too strong, it may be mistaken into an offence; and a little too smooth, it may be thought a sneer, which is a most odious thing.

There is another sort, I will not call it wit, but merriment and buffoonery, which is mimicry. The most successful mimic in the world is always the most absurd fellow, and an ape is infinitely his superior. His profession is to imitate and ridicule those natural defects and deformities for which no man is in the least accountable, and in the imitation of which he makes himself, for the time, as disagreeable and shocking as those he mimics. But I will say no more of these creatures, who only amuse the lowest rabble of mankind.

There is another sort of human animals, called wags, whose profession is to make the company laugh immoderately; and who always succeed, provided the company consist of fools; but who are equally disappointed in finding that they never can alter a muscle in the face of a man of sense. This is a most contemptible character, and never esteemed, even by those who are silly enough to be diverted by them.

Be content for yourself with sound good sense and good manners, and let wit be thrown into the bargain, where it is proper and inoffensive. Good sense will make you esteemed; good manners will make you beloved; and wit will give a lustre to both.

Chesterfield.

§ 19. *Egotism to be avoided.*

The egotism is the most usual and favourite figure of most people's rhetoric, and which I hope you will never adopt, but, on the contrary, most scrupulously avoid. Nothing is more disagreeable or irksome to the company, than to hear a man either praising or condemning himself; for both proceed from the same motive, vanity. I would allow no man to speak of himself unless in a court of justice, in his own defence, or as a witness. Shall a man speak in his own praise? No: the hero of his own little tale always puzzles and disgusts the company; who do not know what

to say, or how to look. Shall he blame himself? No: vanity is as much the motive of his condemnation as of his panegyric.

I have known many people take shame to themselves, and, with a modest contrition, confess themselves guilty of most of the cardinal virtues. They have such a weakness in their nature, that they cannot help being too much moved with the misfortunes and miseries of their fellow-creatures; which they feel perhaps more, but at least as much as they do their own. Their generosity, they are sensible, is imprudence; for they are apt to carry it too far, from the weak, the irresistible beneficence of their nature. They are possibly too jealous of their honour, too irascible when they think it is touched; and this proceeds from their unhappy warm constitution, which makes them too sensible upon that point; and so possibly with respect to all the virtues. A poor trick, and a wretched instance of human vanity, and what defeats its own purpose.

Do you be sure never to speak of yourself, for yourself, nor against yourself; but let your character speak for you: whatever that says will be believed; but whatever you say of it will not be believed, and only make you odious and ridiculous.

I know that you are generous and benevolent in your nature; but that, though the principal point, is not quite enough; you must seem so too. I do not mean ostentatiously; but do not be ashamed, as many young fellows are, of owning the laudable sentiments of good-nature and humanity, which you really feel. I have known many young men, who desired to be reckoned men of spirit, affect a hardness and unfeelingness which in reality they never had; their conversation is in the decisive and menacing tone, mixed with horrid and silly oaths; and all this to be thought men of spirit. Astonishing error this! which naturally reduces them to this dilemma: If they really mean what they say, they are brutes; and if they do not, they are fools for saying it. This, however, is a common character among young men: carefully avoid this contagion, and content yourself with being calmly and mildly resolute and steady, when you are thoroughly convinced you are in the right; for this is true spirit.

Observe the *a-propos* in every thing you say or do. In conversing with those who are much your superiors, however easy and familiar you may and ought to be with them, preserve the respect that is due to them. Converse with your equals with an easy familiarity, and, at the same time, great civility and decency: but too much familiarity, according to the old saying, often breeds contempt, and sometimes quarrels. I know nothing more difficult in common behaviour, than to fix due bounds to familiarity: too little implies an unsocial formality; too much destroys friendly and social intercourse. The best rule I can give you to manage familiarity is, never to be more familiar with any body than you would be willing, and even wish, that he should be with you. On the other hand, avoid that uncomfortable reserve and coldness which is generally the shield of cunning or the protection of dulness. To your inferiors you should use a hearty benevolence in your words and actions, instead of a refined politeness, which would be apt to make them suspect that you rather laughed at them.

Carefully avoid all affectation either of body or of mind. It is a very true and a very trite observation, That no man is ridiculous for being what he really is, but for affecting to be what he is not. No man is awkward by nature, but by affecting to be genteel. I have known many a man of common sense pass gene-

rally for a fool, because he affected a degree of wit that nature had denied him. A ploughman is by no means awkward in the exercise of his trade, but would be exceedingly ridiculous, if he attempted the air and graces of a man of fashion. You learned to dance; but it was not for the sake of dancing; it was to bring your air and motions back to what they would naturally have been, if they had had fair play, and had not been warped in youth by bad examples, and awkward imitations of other boys.

Nature may be cultivated and improved both as to the body and the mind; but it is not to be extinguished by art; and all endeavours of that kind are absurd, and an inexpressible fund for ridicule. Your body and mind must be at ease to be agreeable; but affectation is a particular restraint, under which no man can be genteel in his carriage or pleasing in his conversation. Do you think your motions would be easy or graceful, if you wore the clothes of another man much slenderer or taller than yourself? Certainly not; it is the same thing with the mind, if you affect a character that does not fit you, and that nature never intended for you.

In fine, it may be laid down as a general rule, that a man who despairs of pleasing will never please: a man that is sure that he shall always please wherever he goes, is a coxcomb; but the man who hopes and endeavours to please will most infallibly please.

Chesterfield.

§ 20. *Cruelty to Animals.*

Montaigne thinks it some reflection upon human nature itself, that few people take delight in seeing beasts caress or play together, but almost every one is pleased to see them lacerate and worry one another. I am sorry this temper is become almost a distinguishing character of our own nation, from the observation which is made by foreigners of our beloved pastimes, bear-baiting, cock-fighting, and the like. We should find it hard to vindicate the destroying of any thing that has life, merely out of wantonness; yet in this principle our children are bred up; and one of the first pleasures we allow them, is the license of inflicting pain upon poor animals: almost as soon as we are sensible what life is ourselves, we make it our sport to take it from other creatures. I cannot but believe a very good use might be made of the fancy which children have for birds and insects. Mr Locke takes notice of a mother who permitted them to her children, but rewarded or punished them as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entering them betimes into a daily exercise of humanity, and improving their very diversion to a virtue.

I fancy, too, some advantage might be taken of the common notion, that 'tis ominous or unlucky to destroy some sorts of birds, as swallows and martins. This opinion might possibly arise from the confidence these birds seem to put in us by building under our roofs; so that this is a kind of violation of the laws of hospitality to murder them. As for Robin redbreasts in particular, it is not improbable they owe their security to the old ballad of "The children in the wood." However it be, I don't know, I say, why this prejudice, well improved and carried as far as it would go, might not be made to conduce to the preservation of many innocent creatures, which are now exposed to all the wantonness of an ignorant barbarity.

There are other animals that have the misfortune, for no manner of reason, to be treated as common enemies, wherever found. The conceit that a cat has nine lives, has cost at least nine lives in ten of the whole

race of them: scarce a boy in the streets but has in this point outdone Hercules himself, who was famous for killing a monster that had but three lives. Whether the unaccountable animosity against this useful domestic may be any cause of the general persecution of owls (who are a sort of feathered cats), or whether it be only an unreasonable pique the moderns have taken to a serious countenance, I shall not determine: though I am inclined to believe the former; since I observe the sole reason alleged for the destruction of frogs is because they are like toads. Yet, amidst all the misfortunes of these unfriended creatures, 'tis some happiness that we have not yet taken a fancy to eat them; for should our countrymen refine upon the French never so little, 'tis not to be conceived to what unheard-of torments, owls, cats, and frogs, may be yet reserved.

When we grow up to men, we have another succession of sanguinary sports: in particular, hunting. I dare not attack a diversion which has such authority and custom to support it; but must have leave to be of opinion, that the agitation of that exercise, with the example and number of the chasers, not a little contributes to resist those checks, which compassion would naturally suggest in behalf of the animal pursued. Nor shall I say, with Monsieur Fleury, that this sport is a remain of the Gothic barbarity: but I must animadvert upon a certain custom yet in use with us, and barbarous enough to be derived from the Goths, or even the Scythians; I mean that savage compliment our huntsmen pass upon ladies of quality, who are present at the death of a stag, when they put the knife in their hands to cut the throat of a helpless, trembling, and weeping creature.

But if our sports are destructive, our gluttony is more so, and in a more inhuman manner. Lobsters roasted alive, pigs whipped to death, fowls sewed up, are testimonies of our outrageous luxury. Those who (as Seneca expresses it) divide their lives betwixt an anxious conscience, and a nauseated stomach, have a just reward of their gluttony in the diseases it brings with it: for human savages, like other wild beasts, find snares and poison in the provisions of life, and are allured by their appetite to their destruction. I know nothing more shocking, or horrid, than the prospect of one of their kitchens covered with blood, and filled with the cries of the creatures expiring in tortures. It gives one an image of a giant's den in romance, bestrewed with the scattered heads and mangled limbs of those who were slain by his cruelty.

Pope.

§ 21. *The Manners of a Bookseller.*

To the Earl of Burlington.

My Lord,

If your mare could speak, she would give an account of what extraordinary company she had on the road; which since she cannot do, I will.

It was the enterprising Mr Lintot, the redoubtable rival of Mr. Tonson, who, mounted on a stone-horse (no disagreeable companion to your lordship's mare), overtook me in Windsor-forest. He said, he heard I designed for Oxford, the seat of the Muses; and would, as my bookseller, by all means accompany me thither.

I asked him where he got his horse? He answered, he got it of his publisher; "For that rogue, my printer (said he) disappointed me; I hoped to put him in good humour by a treat at the tavern, of a brown fricassee of rabbits, which cost two shillings, with two quarts of wine, be-

sides my conversation. I thought myself cock-sure of his horse, which he readily promised me, but said that Mr. Tonson had just such another design of going to Cambridge, expecting there the copy of a new kind of Horace from Dr. ———; and if Mr Tonson went, he was pre-engaged to attend him, being to have the printing of the said copy.

"So, in short, I borrowed this stone-horse of my publisher, which he had of Mr. Oldmixon for a debt; he lent me, too, the pretty boy you see after me: he was a smutty dog yesterday, and cost me near two hours to wash the ink off his face, but the devil is a fair-conditioned devil, and very forward in his catechise; if you have any more bags he shall carry them."

I thought Mr. Lintot's civility not to be neglected; so gave the boy a small bag, containing three shirts, and an Elzevir Virgil; and mounting in an instant, proceeded on the road, with my man before, my courteous stationer beside, and the aforesaid devil behind.

Mr. Lintot began in this manner:—"Now damn them! what if they should put it in the news-paper how you and I went together to Oxford? what would I care? If I should go down into Sussex, they would say I was gone to the speaker: but what of that? If my son were but big enough to go on with the business, by G—d I would keep as good company as old Jacob.

Hereupon I inquired of his son. "The lad (says he) has fine parts, but is somewhat sickly; much as you are—I spare for nothing in his education at Westminster. Pray dont you think Westminster to be the best school in England? Most of the late ministry came out of it, so did many of this ministry; I hope the boy will make his fortune."

Don't you design to let him pass a year at Oxford? "To what purpose? (said he) the universities do but make pedants, and I intend to breed him a man of business."

As Mr. Lintot was talking, I observed he sat uneasy on his saddle, for which I expressed some solicitude. Nothing, says he, I can bear it well enough; but since we have the day before us, methinks it would be very pleasant for you to rest awhile under the woods. When we were alighted, "See here, what a mighty pretty kind of Horace I have in my pocket! what if you amused yourself in turning an ode, till we mount again? Lord! if you pleased, what a clever miscellany might you make at your leisure hours!" Perhaps I may, said I, if we ride on; the motion is an aid to my fancy; a round trot very much awakens my spirits: then jog on apace, and I'll think as hard as I can.

Silence ensued for a full hour: after which Mr. Lintot lugg'd the reins, stopp'd short, and broke out, "Well, Sir, how far have you gone?" I answered, seven miles. "Z—ds! Sir," said Lintot, "I thought you had done seven stanzas. Oldsworth, in a ramble round Wimbleton hill, would translate a whole ode in half this time. I'll say that for Oldsworth (though I lost by his Timothy's) he translates an ode of Horace the quickest of any man in England. I remember Dr. King would write verses in a tavern three hours after he could not speak: and there's Sir Richard, in that rumbling old chariot of his, between Fleet-ditch and St Giles's pound, shall make you half a job."

Pray, Mr. Lintot (said I), now you talk of translators, what is your method of managing them? "Sir (replied he), those are the saddest pack of rogues in the world; in a hungry fit, they'll swear they understand all the languages in the universe; I have known one of them take down a Greek book upon my counter, and cry, Ay, this is Hebrew, I must read

it from the latter end. By G—d, I can never be sure in these fellows; for I neither understand Greek, Latin, French, nor Italian, myself. But this is my way; I agree with them for ten shillings per sheet, with a proviso, that I will have their doings corrected by whom I please: so by one or other they are led at last to the true sense of an author; my judgment giving the negative to all my translators." But how are you secure those correctors may not impose upon you? "Why I get any civil gentleman (especially any Scotchman) that comes into my shop, to read the original to me in English; by this I know whether my translator be deficient, and whether my corrector merits his money or not.

"I'll tell you what happened to me last month: I bargained with S——— for a new version of Lucretius, to publish against Tonson's: agreeing to pay the author so many shillings on his producing so many lines. He made a great progress in a very short time, and I gave it to the corrector to compare with the Latin; but he went directly to Creech's translation, and found it the same, word for word, all but the first page. Now, what d'ye think I did? I arrested the translator for a cheat; nay, and I stopped the corrector's pay too, upon this proof, that he had made use of Creech instead of the original."

Pray tell me next how you deal with the critics? "Sir (said he) nothing more easy. I can silence the most formidable of them: the rich ones with a sheet apiece of the blotted manuscript, which costs me nothing; they'll go about with it to their acquaintance, and say they had it from the author, who submitted to their correction: this has given some of them such an air, that in time they come to be consulted with, and dedicated to, as the top critics of the town.—As for the poor critics, I'll give you one instance of my management, by which you may guess at the rest. A lean man, that looked like a very good scholar, came to me t'other day; he turned over your Homer, shook his head, shrugged up his shoulders, and pished at every line of it. One would wonder (says he) at the strange presumption of some men; Homer is no such easy task, that every stripling, every versifier—He was going on, when my wife called to dinner—Sir, said I, will you please to eat a piece of beef with me? Mr. Lintot (said he), I am sorry you should be at the expense of this great book; I am really concerned on your account—Sir, I am much obliged to you: if you can dine upon a piece of beef, together with a slice of pudding—Mr. Lintot, I do not say but Mr. Pope, if he would but condescend to advise with men of learning—Sir, the pudding is upon the table, if you please to go in——My critic complies, he comes to a taste of your poetry; and tells me in the same breath, that your book is commendable and the pudding excellent.

"Now, Sir, (concluded Mr. Lintot,) in return to the frankness I have shown, pray tell me, Is it the opinion of your friends at court that my Lord Lansdown will be brought to the bar or not?" I told him, I heard he would not; and I hoped it, my lord being one I had particular obligations to. "That may be (replied Mr. Lintot); but, by G—d, if he is not, I shall lose the printing of a very good trial."

These, my lord, are a few traits by which you may discern the genius of Mr. Lintot; which I have chosen for the subject of a letter. I dropt him as soon as I got to Oxford, and paid a visit to my lord Carlton at Middleton.

The conversations I enjoy here are not to be prejudiced by my pen, and the pleasures from them only to

be equalled when I meet your lordship. I hope in a few days to cast myself from your horse at your feet.

Pope.

§ 22. *Description of a Country Seat.*

To the Duke of Buckingham.

In answer to a letter in which he enclosed the description of Buckingham-house, written by him to the D. of Sh.

Pliny was one of those few authors who had a warm house over his head, nay, two houses; as appears by two of his epistles. I believe, if any of his contemporary authors durst have informed the public where they lodged, we should have found the garrets of Rome as well inhabited as those of Fleet-street; but 'tis dangerous to let creditors into such a secret; therefore we may presume that then, as well as now-a-days, nobody knew where they lived but their booksellers.

It seems, that when Virgil came to Rome, he had no lodging at all; he first introduced himself to Augustus by an epigram, beginning *Nocte pluit tota*—an observation which probably he had not made, unless he had lain all night in the street.

Where Juvenal lived, we cannot affirm; but in one of his satires he complains of the excessive price of lodging; neither do I believe he would have talked so feelingly of Codrus's bed, if there had been room for a bed-fellow in it.

I believe with all the ostentation of Pliny, he would have been glad to have changed both his houses for your grace's one; which is a country-house in the summer, and a town-house in the winter, and must be owned to be the properest habitation for a wise man, who sees all the world change every season without ever changing himself.

I have been reading the description of Pliny's house with an eye to yours; but finding they will bear no comparison, will try if it can be matched by the large country seat I inhabit at present, and see what figure it may make by the help of a florid description.

You must expect nothing regular in my description, any more than in the house; the whole vast edifice is so disjointed, and the several parts of it so detached one from the other, and yet so joining again, one cannot tell how, that in one of my poetical fits, I imagined it had been a village in Amphion's time; where the cottages, having taken a country-dance together, had been all out, and stood stone-still with amazement ever since.

You must excuse me if I say nothing of the front; indeed I don't know which it is. A stranger would be grievously disappointed, who endeavoured to get into the house the right way. One would reasonably expect, after the entry through the porch, to be let into the hall: alas, nothing less! you find yourself in the house of office. From the parlour you think to step into the drawing-room; but, upon opening the iron nailed door, you are convinced, by a flight of birds about your ears, and a cloud of dust in your eyes, that it is the pigeon-house. If you come into the chapel, you find its altars, like those of the ancients, continually smoking; but it is with the steams of the adjoining kitchen.

The great hall within is high and spacious, flanked on one side with a very long table, a true image of ancient hospitality: the walls are all over ornamented with monstrous horns of animals, about twenty broken pikes, ten or a dozen blunderbusses, and a rusty match-lock musket or two, which we were informed had served in the civil wars. Here is one vast arched window, beauti-

fully darkened with divers 'scutcheons of painted glass; one shining pane in particular bears date 1286, which alone preserves the memory of a knight, whose iron armour is long since perished with rust, and whose alabaster nose is mouldered from his monument. The face of dame Eleanor, in another piece, owes more to that single pane than to all the glasses she ever consulted in her life. After this, who can say that glass is frail, when it is not half so frail as human beauty, or glory! and yet I can't but sigh to think that the most authentic record of so ancient a family should lie at the mercy of every infant who flings a stone. In former days there have dined in this hall gartered knights, and courtly dames, attended by ushers, sewers, and seneschals; and yet it was but last night that an owl flew hither, and mistook it for a barn.

This hall lets you (up and down) over a very high threshold into the great parlour. Its contents are a broken-belly'd virginal, a couple of crippled velvet chairs, with two or three mildewed pictures of mouldy ancestors, who look as dismally as if they came fresh from hell, with all their brimstone about them: these are carefully set at the further corner; for the windows being every where broken, make it so convenient a place to dry poppies and mustard seed, that the room is appropriated to that use.

Next this parlour, as I said before, lies the pigeon-house; by the side of which runs an entry, which lets you on one hand and t'other into a bedchamber, a buttery, and a small hole called the chaplain's study: then follow a brewhouse, a little green and gilt parlour, and the great stairs, under which is the dairy: a little further, on the right, the servants' hall; and by the side of it, up six steps, the old lady's closet for her private devotions; which has a lattice into the hall, intended, (as we imagine,) that at the same time as she pray'd she might have an eye on the men and maids. There are upon the ground floor, in all, twenty-six apartments; among which I must not forget a chamber which has in it a large antiquity of timber, that seems to have been either a bedstead or a cider-press.

The kitchen is built in form of a rotunda, being one vast vault to the top of the house; where one aperture serves to let out the smoke and let in the light. By the blackness of the walls, the circular fires, vast caldrons, yawning mouths of ovens and furnaces, you would think it either the forge of Vulcan, the cave of Polypheme, or the temple of Moloch. The horror of this place has made such an impression on the country-people, that they believe the witches keep their Sabbath here, and that once a year the devil treats them with infernal venison, a roasted tiger stuffed with ten-penny nails.

Above stairs we have a number of rooms; you never pass out of one into another, but by the ascent or descent of two or three stairs. Our best room is very long and low, of the exact proportion of a bandbox. In most of these rooms there are hangings of the finest work in the world, that is to say, those which Arachne spins from her own bowels. Were it not for this only furniture, the whole would be a miserable scene of naked walls, flaw'd ceilings, broken windows, and rusty locks. The roof is so decayed, that after a favourable shower we may expect a crop of mushrooms, between the chinks of our floors. All the doors are as little and low as those to the cabins of packet-boats. These rooms have, for many years, had no other inhabitants than certain rats, whose very age renders them worthy of this seat, for the very rats of this venerable house are grey; since these have

not yet quitted it, we hope at least that this ancient mansion may not fall during the small remnant these poor animals have to live, who are now too infirm to remove to another. There is yet a small subsistence left them in the few remaining books of the library.

We had never seen half what I have described, but for a starch'd grey-headed steward, who is as much an antiquity as any in this place, and looks like an old family picture walked out of its frame. He entertained us as we passed from room to room with several relations of the family; but his observations were particularly curious when he came to the cellar: he informed us where stood the triple rows of butts of sack, and where were ranged the bottles of tent, for toasts, in a morning; he pointed to the stands that supported the iron-hooped hogsheads of strong beer; then stepping to a corner, he lugged out the tattered fragments of an unframed picture: "This (says he, with tears) was poor Sir Thomas! once master of all this drink. He had two sons, poor young masters! who never arrived to the age of his beer; they both fell ill in this very room, and never went out on their own legs." He could not pass by a heap of broken bottles without taking up a piece, to show us the arms of the family upon it. He then led us up the tower by dark winding stone steps, which landed us into several little rooms one above another. One of these was nailed up, and our guide whispered to us as a secret the occasion of it: it seems the course of this noble blood was a little interrupted, about two centuries ago, by a freak of the lady Frances, who was here taken in the fact with a neighbouring prior; ever since which the room has been nailed up, and branded with the name of the Adultery-Chamber. The ghost of lady Frances is supposed to walk there, and some prying maids of the family report that they have seen a lady in a fardingale through the keyhole: but this matter is hushed up, and the servants are forbid to talk of it.

I must needs have tired you with this long description: but what engaged me in it, was a generous principle to preserve the memory of that, which itself must soon fall into dust, nay, perhaps part of it, before this letter reaches your hands.

Indeed we owe this old house the same kind of gratitude that we do to an old friend, who harbours us in his declining condition, nay even in his last extremities. How fit is this retreat for uninterrupted study, where no one that passes by can dream there is an inhabitant, and even those who would dine with us dare not stay under our roof! Any one that sees it, will own I could not have chosen a more likely place to converse with the dead in. I had been mad indeed if I had left your grace for any one but Homer. But when I return to the living, I shall have the sense to endeavour to converse with the best of them, and shall therefore, as soon as possible, tell you in person how much I am, &c. *Pope.*

§ 23. *Apology for his Religious Tenets.*

My Lord,

I am truly obliged by your kind condolence on my father's death, and the desire you express that I should improve this incident to my advantage. I know your lordship's friendship to me is so extensive, that you include in that wish both my spiritual and my temporal advantage; and it is what I owe to that friendship, to open my mind unreservedly to you on this head. It is true I have lost a parent, for whom no gains

I could make would be any equivalent. But that was not my only tie; I thank God another still remains (and long may it remain) of the same tender nature; *Genitrix est mihi*—and excuse me if I say with Euryalus,

Nequeam lachrymas perferre parentis.

A rigid divine may call it a carnal tie, but sure it is a virtuous one: at least I am more certain that it is a duty of nature to preserve a good parent's life and happiness, than I am of any speculative point whatever.

Ignaram hujus quodcunque pericli
Hanc ego, nunc, linquam?

For she, my lord, would think this separation more grievous than any other; and I, for my part, know as little as poor Euryalus did, of the success of such an adventure (for an adventure it is, and no small one, in spite of the most positive divinity). Whether the change would be to my spiritual advantage, God only knows; this I know, that I mean as well in the religion I now profess, as I can possibly ever do in another. Can a man who thinks so justify a change, even if he thought both equally good? To such an one, the part of joining with any one body of Christians might perhaps be easy; but I think it would not be so to renounce the other.

Your lordship has formerly advised me to read the best controversies between the churches. Shall I tell you a secret? I did so at fourteen years old (for I loved reading, and my father had no other books); there was a collection of all that had been written on both sides in the reign of king James the Second; I warmed my head with them, and the consequence was, that I found myself a papist and a protestant by turns, according to the last book I read. I am afraid most seekers are in the same case; and when they stop, they are not so properly converted, as outwitted. You see how little glory you would gain by my conversion. And, after all, I verily believe your lordship and I are both of the same religion, if we were thoroughly understood by one another: and that all honest and reasonable Christians would be so, if they did but talk enough together every day; and had nothing to do together, but to serve God, and live in peace with their neighbour.

As to the temporal side of the question, I can have no dispute with you; it is certain, all the beneficial circumstances of life, and all the shining ones, lie on the part you would invite me to. But if I could bring myself to fancy, what I think you do but fancy, that I have any talents for active life, I want health for it; and besides it is a real truth, I have less inclination (if possible) than ability. Contemplative life is not only my scene, but it is my habit too. I began my life, where most people end theirs, with a disrelish of all that the world calls ambition. I don't know why 'tis called so, for to me it always seemed to be rather stooping than climbing. I'll tell you my politic and religious sentiments in a few words. In my politics, I think no further than how to preserve the peace of my life, in any government under which I live; nor in my religion, than to preserve the peace of my conscience, in any church with which I communicate. I hope all churches and all governments are so far of God, as they are rightly understood, and rightly administered: and where they are, or may be wrong, I leave it to God alone to mend or reform them; which, whenever he does, it must be by greater instruments than I am. I am not a papist, for I renounce the temporal invasions of the papal power, and detest their arrogat-

ed authority over princes and states. I am a catholic in the strictest sense of the word. If I was born under an absolute prince, I would be a quiet subject: but I thank God I was not. I have a due sense of the excellence of the British constitution. In a word, the things I have always wished to see, are not a Roman catholic, or a French catholic, or a Spanish catholic, but a true catholic: and not a king of Whigs, or a king of Tories, but a king of England. Which God of his mercy grant his present majesty may be, and all future majesties. You see, my lord, I end like a preacher: this is *sermo ad clerum*, not *ad populum*. Believe me, with infinite obligation and sincere thanks, ever your, &c.

Pope.

§ 24. *Defence against a noble Lord's Reflections.*

There was another reason why I was silent as to that paper—I took it for a lady's (on the printer's word in the title-page), and thought it too presuming, as well as indecent, to contend with one of that sex in altercation: for I never was so mean a creature as to commit my anger against a lady to paper, though but in a private letter. But soon after, her denial of it was brought to me by a noble person of real honour and truth. Your lordship indeed said you had it from a lady, and the lady said it was your lordship's; some thought the beautiful by-blow had two fathers, or (if one of them will hardly be allowed a man) two mothers; indeed I think both sexes had a share in it, but which was uppermost, I know not; I pretend not to determine the exact method of this witty fornication: and, if I call it your's, my lord, 'tis only because, whoever got it, you brought it forth.

Here, my lord, allow me to observe the different proceeding of the ignoble poet, and his noble enemies. What he has written of Fanny, Adonis, Sappho, or who you will, he owned, he published, he set his name to: what they have published of him, they have denied to have written; and what they have written of him, they have denied to have published. One of these was the case in the past libel, and the other in the present; for, though the parent has owned it to a few choice friends, it is such as he has been obliged to deny, in the most particular terms, to the great person whose opinion concerned him most.

Yet, my lord, this epistle was a piece not written in haste, or in a passion, but many months after all pretended provocation; when you was at full leisure at Hampton-Court, and I the object singled, like a deer out of season, for so ill-timed and ill-placed a diversion. It was a deliberate work, directed to a reverend person, of the most serious and sacred character, with whom you are known to cultivate a strict correspondence, and to whom it will not be doubted, but you open your secret sentiments, and deliver your real judgment of men and things. This, I say, my lord, with submission, could not but awaken all my reflection and attention. Your lordship's opinion of me as a poet, I cannot help; it is yours, my lord, and that were enough to mortify a poor man; but it is not yours alone, you must be content to share it with the gentlemen of the Dunciad, and (it may be) with many more innocent and ingenious gentlemen. If your lordship destroys my poetical character, they will claim their part in the glory; but, give me leave to say, if my moral character be ruined, it must be wholly the work of your lordship; and will be hard even for you to do, unless I myself co-operate.

How can you talk (my most wor-

thy lord) of all Pope's works as so many libels, affirm that he has no invention but in defamation, and charge him with selling another man's labours printed with his own name? Fye, my lord, you forget yourself. He printed not his name before a line of the person's you mention; that person himself has told you and all the world, in the book itself, what part he had in it, as may be seen at the conclusion of his notes to the Odyssey. I can only suppose your lordship (not having at that time forgot your Greek) despised to look upon the translation; and ever since entertained too mean an opinion of the translator to cast an eye upon it. Besides, my lord, when you said he sold another man's works, you ought in justice to have added that he bought them, which very much alters the case. What he gave him was five hundred pounds; his receipt can be produced to your lordship. I dare not affirm he was as well paid as some writers (much his inferiors) have been since; but your lordship will reflect that I am no man of quality, either to buy or sell scribbling so high: and that I have neither place, pension, nor power to reward for secret services. It cannot be, that one of your rank can have the least envy to such an author as I am; but, were that possible, it were much better gratified by employing not your own, but some of those low and ignoble pens to do you this mean office. I dare engage you'll have them for less than I gave Mr. Broom, if your friends have not raised the market. Let them drive the bargain for you, my lord; and you may depend on seeing, every day in the week, as many (and now and then as pretty) verses, as these of your lordship.

And would it not be full as well, that my poor person should be abused by them, as by one of your rank and quality? Cannot Curl do the same? nay, has he not done it before your lordship, in the same kind of language, and almost the same words? I cannot but think, the worthy and discreet clergyman himself will agree, it is improper, nay, unchristian, to expose the personal defects of our brother; that both such perfect forms as yours, and such unfortunate ones as mine, proceed from the hand of the same Maker, who fashioneth his vessels as he pleaseth; and that it is not from their shape we can tell whether they were made for honour or dishonour. In a word he would teach you charity to your greatest enemies; of which number, my lord, I cannot be reckoned, since, though a poet, I was never your flatterer.

Next, my lord, as to the obscurity of my birth, (a reflection, copied also from Mr. Curl and his brethren,) I am sorry to be obliged to such a presumption as to name my family in the same leaf with your lordship's: but my father had the honour, in one instance, to resemble you, for he was a younger brother. He did not indeed think it a happiness to bury his elder brother, though he had one, who wanted some of those good qualities which yours possessed. How sincerely glad could I be, to pay to that young nobleman's memory the debt I owed to his friendship, whose early death deprived your family of as much wit and honour as he left behind him in any branch of it! But as to my father, I could assure you, my lord, that he was no mechanic (neither a hatter, nor, which might please your lordship yet better, a cobbler), but in truth of a very tolerable family: and my mother of an ancient one, as well born and educated as that lady, whom your lordship made choice of to be the mother of your own children; whose merit, beauty, and vivacity (if transmitted to your posterity) will be a better present than

even the noble blood they derive only from you; a mother, on whom I was never obliged so far to reflect, as to say she spoiled me; and a father, who never found himself obliged to say of me, that he disapproved my conduct. In a word, my lord, I think it enough, that my parents, such as they were, never cost me a blush; and that their son, such as he is, never cost them a tear.

I have purposely omitted to consider your lordship's criticisms on my poetry. As they are exactly the same with those of the forementioned authors, I apprehend they would justly charge me with partiality, if I gave to you what belongs to them; or paid more distinction to the same things when they are in your mouth, than when they were in theirs. It will be showing both them and you (my lord) a more particular respect, to observe how much they are honoured by your imitation of them, which indeed is carried through your whole epistle. I have read somewhere at school (though I make it no vanity to have forgot where), that Tully naturalized a few phrases at the instance of some of his friends. Your lordship has done more in honour of these gentlemen; you have authorized not only their assertions, but their style. For example, A flow that wants skill to restrain its ardour,—a dictionary that gives us nothing at its own expense.—As luxuriant branches bear but little fruit, so wit unprun'd is but raw fruit—While you rehearse ignorance, you still know enough to do it in verse—Wits are but glittering ignorance.—The account of how we pass our time—and, The weight on Sir R. W——'s brain. You can ever receive from no head more than such a head (as no head) has to give; your lordship would have said never receive instead of ever, and any head instead of no head. But all this is perfectly new, and has greatly enriched our language. *Pope.*

§ 25. *Envy.*

Envy is almost the only vice which is practicable at all times, and in every place; the only passion which can never lie quiet for want of irritation; its effects, therefore, are every where discoverable, and its attempts always to be dreaded.

It is impossible to mention a name, which any advantageous distinction has made eminent, but some latent animosity will burst out. The wealthy trader, however he may abstract himself from public affairs, will never want those who hint with Shylock, that ships are but boards, and that no man can properly be termed rich whose fortune is at the mercy of the winds. The beauty adorned only with the unambitious graces of innocence and modesty, provokes, whenever she appears, a thousand murmurs of detraction, and whispers of suspicion. The genius, even when he endeavours only to entertain with pleasing images of nature, or instruct by uncontested principles of science, yet suffers persecution from innumerable critics, whose acrimony is excited merely by the pain of seeing others pleased, of hearing applauses which another enjoys.

The frequency of envy makes it so familiar that it escapes our notice; nor do we often reflect upon its turpitude or malignity, till we happen to feel its influence. When he that has given no provocation to malice, but by attempting to excel in some useful art, finds himself pursued by multitudes whom he never saw with implacability of personal resentment; when he perceives clamour and malice let loose upon him as a public enemy, and incited by every stratagem of defamation; when he hears

the misfortunes of his family, or the follies of his youth, exposed to the world; and every failure of conduct, or defect of nature, aggravated and ridiculed; he then learns to abhor those artifices at which he only laughed before, and discovers how much the happiness of life would be advanced by the eradication of envy from the human heart.

Envy is, indeed, a stubborn weed of the mind, and seldom yields to the culture of philosophy. There are, however, considerations, which, if carefully implanted, and diligently propagated, might in time overpower and repress it, since no one can nurse it for the sake of pleasure, as its effects are only shame, anguish, and perturbation.

It is, above all other vices, inconsistent with the character of a social being, because it sacrifices truth and kindness to very weak temptations. He that plunders a wealthy neighbour, gains as much as he takes away, and improves his own condition, in the same proportion as he impairs another's; but he that blasts a flourishing reputation, must be content with a small dividend of additional fame, so small as can afford very little consolation to balance the guilt by which it is obtained.

I have hitherto avoided mentioning that dangerous and empirical morality, which cures one vice by means of another. But envy is so base and detestable, so vile in its original, and so pernicious in its effects, that the predominance of almost any other quality is to be desired. It is one of those lawless enemies of society, against which poisoned arrows may honestly be used. Let it therefore be constantly remembered, that whoever envies another, confesses his superiority, and let those be reformed by their pride, who have lost their virtue.

It is no slight aggravation of the injuries which envy incites, that they are committed against those who have given no intentional provocation; and that the sufferer is marked out for ruin, not because he has failed in any duty, but because he has dared to do more than was required.

Almost every other crime is practised by the help of some quality which might have produced esteem or love, if it had been well employed; but envy is a more unmixed and genuine evil; it pursues a hateful end by despicable means, and desires not so much its own happiness as another's misery. To avoid depravity like this, it is not necessary that any one should aspire to heroism or sanctity; but only, that he should resolve not to quit the rank which nature assigns, and wish to maintain the dignity of a human being. *Rambler.*

§ 26. EPICURUS, *a Review of his Character.*

I believe you will find, my dear Hamilton, that Aristotle is still to be preferred to Epicurus. The former made some useful experiments and discoveries, and was engaged in a real pursuit of knowledge, although his manner is much perplexed. The latter was full of vanity and ambition. He was an impostor, and only aimed at deceiving. He seemed not to believe the principles which he has asserted. He committed the government of all things to chance. His natural philosophy is absurd. His moral philosophy wants its proper basis, the fear of God. Monsieur Bayle, one of his warmest advocates, is of this last opinion, where he says, *On ne sauroit pas dire assez de bien de l'honnêteté de ses mœurs, ni assez de mal de ses opinions sur la religion.* His general maxim, That happiness

consisted in pleasure, was too much unguarded, and must lay a foundation of a most destructive practice: although, from his temper and constitution, he made his life sufficiently pleasurable to himself, and agreeable to the rules of true philosophy. His fortune exempted him from care and solicitude; his valetudinarian habit of body from intemperance. He passed the greatest part of his time in his garden, where he enjoyed all the elegant amusements of life. There he studied. There he taught his philosophy. This particular happy situation greatly contributed to that tranquillity of mind, and indolence of body, which he made his chief ends. He had not, however, resolution sufficient to meet the gradual approaches of death, and wanted that constancy which Sir William Temple ascribes to him: for in his last moments, when he found that his condition was desperate, he took such large draughts of wine, that he was absolutely intoxicated and deprived of his senses; so that he died more like a bacchanal than a philosopher. *Orrery's Life of Swift.*

§ 27. *Example, its prevalence.*

Is it not Pliny, my lord, who says, that the gentlest, he should have added the most effectual, way of commanding, is by example? The harshest orders are softened by example, and tyranny itself becomes persuasive. What pity it is that so few princes have learned this way of commanding! But again; the force of example is not confined to those alone that pass immediately under our sight: the examples that memory suggests have the same effect in their degree, and an habit of recalling them will soon produce the habit of imitating them. In the same epistle from whence I cited a passage just now, Seneca says, that Cleanthes had never become so perfect a copy of Zeno, if he had not passed his life with him; that Plato, Aristotle, and the other philosophers of that school, profited more by the example than by the discourses of Socrates. (But here by the way Seneca mistook; Socrates died two years according to some, and four years according to others, before the birth of Aristotle: and his mistake might come from the inaccuracy of those who collected for him; as Erasmus observes, after Quintilian, in his judgment on Seneca.) But be this, which was scarce worth a parenthesis, as it will, he adds, that Metrodorus, Hermachus, and Polyxenus, men of great note, were formed by living under the same roof with Epicurus, not by frequenting his school. These are instances of the force of immediate example. But your lordship knows, citizens of Rome placed the images of their ancestors in the vestibules of their houses; so that whenever they went in or out, these venerable bustoes met their eyes, and recalled the glorious actions of the dead, to fire the living, to excite them to imitate and even emulate their great forefathers. The success answered the design. The virtue of one generation was transfused, by the magic of example, into several: and a spirit of heroism was maintained through many ages of that commonwealth.

Dangerous, when copied without Judgment.

Peter of Medicis had involved himself in great difficulties, when those wars and calamities began which Lewis Sforza first drew on and entailed on Italy, by flattering the ambition of Charles the Eighth, in order to gratify his own, and calling the French into that country. Peter owed his distress to his folly in

departing from the general tenor of conduct his father Laurence had held, and hoped to relieve himself by imitating his father's example in one particular instance. At a time when the wars with the Pope and king of Naples had reduced Laurence to circumstances of great danger, he took the resolution of going to Ferdinand, and of treating in person with that prince. The resolution appears in history imprudent and almost desperate: were we informed of the secret reasons on which this great man acted, it would appear very possibly a wise and safe measure. It succeeded, and Laurence brought back with him public peace and private security. When the French troops entered the dominions of Florence, Peter was struck with a panic terror, went to Charles the Eighth, put the port of Leghorn, the fortresses of Pisa, and all the keys of the country, into this prince's hands: whereby he disarmed the Florentine commonwealth, and ruined himself. He was deprived of his authority, and driven out of the city, by the just indignation of the magistrates and people; and in the treaty which they made afterwards with the king of France, it was stipulated that he should not remain within a hundred miles of the state, nor his brothers within the same distance of the city of Florence. On this occasion Guicciardin observes, how dangerous it is to govern ourselves by particular examples; since to have the same success, we must have the same prudence, and the same fortune; and since the example must not only answer the case before us in general, but in every minute circumstance.

Bolingbroke.

§ 28. *Exile only an imaginary Evil.*

To live deprived of one's country is intolerable. Is it so? How comes it then to pass that such numbers of men live out of their countries by choice? Observe how the streets of London and Paris are crowded. Call over those millions by name, and ask them one by one, of what country they are: how many will you find, who from different parts of the earth come to inhabit these great cities, which afford the largest opportunities and the largest encouragement to virtue and vice? Some are drawn by ambition, and some are sent by duty; many resort thither to improve their minds, and many to improve their fortunes; others bring their beauty, and others their eloquence to market. Remove from hence, and go to the utmost extremities of the East or West: visit the barbarous nations of Africa, or the inhospitable regions of the North; you will find no climate so bad, no country so savage as not to have some people who come from abroad, and inhabit those by choice.

Among numberless extravagances which pass through the minds of men, we may justly reckon for one that notion of a secret affection, independent of our reason, and superior to our reason, which we are supposed to have for our country; as if there were some physical virtue in every spot of ground which necessarily produced this effect in every one born upon it.

Amor patriæ ratione valentior omni.

This notion may have contributed to the security and grandeur of states. It has therefore been not unartfully cultivated, and the prejudice of education has been with care put on its side. Men have come in this case, as in many others, from believing that it ought to be so, to persuade others, and even to believe themselves, that it is so.

Cannot hurt a reflecting Man.

Whatever is best is safest; lies out of the reach of human power; can neither be given nor taken away. Such is this great and beautiful work of nature, the world. Such is the mind of man, which contemplates and admires the world, whereof it makes the noblest part. These are inseparably ours, and as long as we remain in one, we shall enjoy the other. Let us march therefore intrepidly wherever we are led by the course of human accidents. Wherever they lead us, on what coast soever we are thrown by them, we shall not find ourselves absolutely strangers. We shall meet with men and women, creatures of the same figure, endowed with the same faculties, and born under the same laws of nature.

We shall see the same virtues and vices, flowing from the same principles, but varied in a thousand different and contrary modes, according to that infinite variety of laws and customs which is established for the same universal end, the preservation of society. We shall feel the same revolution of seasons, and the same sun and moon will guide the course of our year. The same azure vault, bespangled with stars, will be every where spread over our heads. There is no part of the world from whence we may not admire those planets which roll, like ours, in different orbits round the same central sun; from whence we may not discover an object still more stupendous, that army of fixed stars hung up in the immense space of the universe; innumerable suns, whose beams enlighten and cherish the unknown worlds which roll around them: and whilst I am ravished by such contemplations as these, whilst my soul is thus raised up to heaven, it imports me little what ground I tread upon. *Bolingbroke.*

§ 29. *The Love of Fame.*

I can by no means agree with you in thinking that the love of fame is a passion, which either reason or religion condemns. I confess, indeed, there are some who have represented it as inconsistent with both; and I remember, in particular, the excellent author of the Religion of Nature delineated has treated it as highly irrational and absurd. As the passage falls in so thoroughly with your own turn of thought, you will have no objection, I imagine, to my quoting it at large; and I give it you, at the same time, as a very great authority on your side. "In reality," says that writer, "the man is not known ever the more to posterity, because his name is transmitted to them: He doth not live because his name does. When it is said, Julius Cæsar subdued Gaul, conquered Pompey, &c. it is the same thing as to say, the conqueror of Pompey was Julius Cæsar, i. e. Cæsar and the conqueror of Pompey is the same thing; Cæsar is as much known by one designation as by the other. The amount then is only this: that the conqueror of Pompey conquered Pompey; or rather, since Pompey is as little known now as Cæsar, somebody conquered somebody. Such a poor business is this boasted immortality! and such is the thing called glory among us! To discerning men this fame is mere air, and what they despise, if not shun."

But surely "'twere to consider too curiously," as Horatio says to Hamlet, "to consider thus." For though fame with posterity should be, in the strict analysis of it, no other than what it is here described, a mere uninteresting proposition, amounting to nothing more than that somebody acted meritoriously; yet it would not necessarily follow, that true philosophy would banish the desire of

it from the human breast. For this passion may be (as most certainly it is) wisely implanted in our species, notwithstanding the corresponding object should in reality be very different from what it appears in imagination. Do not many of our most refined and even contemplative pleasures owe their existence to our mistakes? It is but extending (I will not say, improving) some of our senses to a higher degree of acuteness than we now possess them, to make the fairest views of nature, or the noblest productions of art, appear horrid and deformed. To see things as they truly and in themselves are, would not always, perhaps, be of advantage to us in the intellectual world, any more than in the natural. But, after all, who shall certainly assure us, that the pleasure of virtuous fame dies with its possessor, and reaches not to a farther scene of existence? There is nothing, it should seem, either absurd or unphilosophical in supposing it possible at least, that the praises of the good and the judicious, that sweetest music to an honest ear in this world, may be echoed back to the mansions of the next: that the poet's description of fame may be literally true, and though she walks upon earth, she may yet lift her head into heaven.

But can it be reasonable to extinguish a passion which nature has universally lighted up in the human breast, and which we constantly find to burn with most strength and brightness in the noblest and best formed bosoms? Accordingly revelation is so far from endeavouring (as you suppose), to eradicate the seed which nature hath thus deeply planted, that she rather seems, on the contrary, to cherish and forward its growth. To be *exalted with honour*, and to be *had in everlasting remembrance*, are in the number of those encouragements which the Jewish dispensation offered to the virtuous; as the person from whom the sacred author of the Christian system received his birth, is herself represented as rejoicing that *all generations should call her blessed.*

To be convinced of the great advantage of cherishing this high regard to posterity, this noble desire of an after life in the breath of others, one need only look back upon the history of the ancient Greeks and Romans. What other principle was it, which produced that exalted strain of virtue in those days, that may well serve as a model to these? Was it not the *consentiens laus bonorum*, the *incorrupta vox bene judicantum* (as Tully calls it), the concurrent approbation of the good, the uncorrupted applause of the wise, that animated their most generous pursuits?

To confess the truth, I have been ever inclined to think it a very dangerous attempt, to endeavour to lessen the motives of right conduct, or to raise any suspicion concerning their solidity. The tempers and dispositions of mankind are so extremely different, that it seems necessary they should be called into action by a variety of incitements. Thus, while some are willing to wed virtue for her personal charms, others are engaged to take her for the sake of her expected dowry: and since her followers and admirers have so little hopes from her in present, it were pity, methinks, to reason them out of any imagined advantage in reversion. *Fitzosborne's Letters.*

§ 30. *Enthusiasm.*

Though I rejoice in the hope of seeing enthusiasm expelled from her religious dominions, let me entreat you to leave her in the undisturbed enjoyment of her civil possessions. To own the truth, I look upon enthusiasm, in all other points but that

of religion, to be a very necessary turn of mind; as indeed it is a vein which nature seems to have marked with more or less strength in the tempers of most men. No matter what the object is, whether business, pleasures, or the fine arts; whoever pursues them to any purpose must do so *con amore:* and inamoratos, you know, of every kind, are all enthusiasts. There is indeed a certain heightening faculty which universally prevails through our species; and we are all of us, perhaps in our several favourite pursuits, pretty much in the circumstances of the renowned knight of La Mancha, when he attacked the barber's brazen basin, for Mambrino's golden helmet.

What is Tully's *aliquid immensum infinitumque*, which he professes to aspire after in oratory, but a piece of true rhetorical Quixotism? Yet never, I will venture to affirm, would he have glowed with so much eloquence, had he been warmed with less enthusiasm. I am persuaded indeed, that nothing great or glorious was ever performed, where this quality had not a principal concern; and as our passions add vigour to our actions, enthusiasm gives spirit to our passions. I might add too, that it even opens and enlarges our capacities. Accordingly I have been informed, that one of the great lights of the present age never sits down to study, till he has raised his imagination by the power of music. For this purpose he has a band of instruments placed near his library, which play till he finds himself elevated to a proper height; upon which he gives a signal, and they instantly cease.

But those high conceits which are suggested by enthusiasm, contribute not only to the pleasure and perfection of the fine arts, but to most other effects of our action and industry. To strike this spirit therefore out of the human constitution, to reduce things to their precise philosophical standard, would be to check some of the main wheels of society, and to fix half the world in an useless apathy. For if enthusiasm did not add an imaginary value to most of the objects of our pursuit; if fancy did not give them their brightest colours, they would generally, perhaps, wear an appearance too contemptible to excite desire:

> Weary'd we should lie down in death,
> This cheat of life would take no more,
> If you thought fame an empty breath,
> I Phillis but a perjur'd whore.
>
> PRIOR.

In a word, this enthusiasm for which I am pleading, is a beneficent enchantress, who never exerts her magic but to our advantage, and only deals about her friendly spells in order to raise imaginary beauties, or to improve real ones. The worst that can be said of her is, that she is a kind deceiver, and an obliging flatterer. *Fitzosborne's Letters.*

§ 31. *Fortune not to be trusted*

The sudden invasion of an enemy overthrows such as are not on their guard; but they who foresee the war, and prepare themselves for it before it breaks out, stand without difficulty the first and the fiercest onset. I learned this important lesson long ago, and never trusted to fortune even while she seemed to be at peace with me. The riches, the honours, the reputation, and all the advantages which her treacherous indulgence poured upon me, I placed so that she might snatch them away without giving me any disturbance. I kept a great interval between me and them. She took them, but she could not tear them from me. No man suffers by bad fortune, but he who has been deceiv-

ed by good. If we grow fond of her gifts, fancy that they belong to us, and are perpetually to remain with us; if we lean upon them, and expect to be considered for them; we shall sink into all the bitterness of grief, as soon as these false and transitory benefits pass away, as soon as our vain and childish minds, unfraught with solid pleasures, become destitute even of those which are imaginary. But, if we do not suffer ourselves to be transported with prosperity, neither shall we be reduced by adversity. Our souls will be proof against the dangers of both these states; and having explored our strength, we shall be sure of it; for in the midst of felicity, we shall have tried how we can bear misfortune.

Her evils disarmed by Patience.

Banishment, with all its train of evils, is so far from being the cause of contempt, that he who bears up with an undaunted spirit against them, while so many are dejected by them, erects on his very misfortune a trophy to his honour: for such is the frame and temper of our minds, that nothing strikes us with greater admiration than a man intrepid in the midst of misfortunes. Of all ignominies, an ignominious death must be allowed to be the greatest; and yet where is the blasphemer who will presume to defame the death of Socrates! This saint entered the prison with the same countenance with which he reduced thirty tyrants, and he took off ignominy from the place; for how could it be deemed a prison when Socrates was there? Aristides was led to execution in the same city: all those who met the sad procession, cast their eyes to the ground, and with throbbing hearts bewailed, not the innocent man, but Justice herself who was in him condemned. Yet there was a wretch found, for monsters are sometimes produced in contradiction to the ordinary rules of nature, who spit in his face as he passed along. Aristides wiped his cheek, smiled, turned to the magistrate, and said, "Admonish this man not to be so nasty for the future."

Ignominy then can take no hold on virtue; for virtue is in every condition the same, and challenges the same respect. We applaud the world when she prospers; and when she falls into adversity we applaud her. Like the temples of the gods, she is venerable even in her ruins. After this, must it not appear a degree of madness to defer one moment acquiring the only arms capable of defending us against attacks, which at every moment we are exposed to? Our being miserable, or not miserable, when we fall into misfortunes, depends on the manner in which we have enjoyed prosperity.

Bolingbroke.

§ 32. *Delicacy constitutional, and often dangerous.*

Some people are subject to a certain delicacy of passion, which makes them extremely sensible to all the accidents of life, and gives them a lively joy upon every prosperous event, as well as a piercing grief, when they meet with crosses and adversity. Favours and good offices easily engage their friendship, while the smallest injury provokes their resentment. Any honour or mark of distinction elevates them above measure; but they are as sensibly touched with contempt. People of this character have, no doubt, much more lively enjoyments, as well as more pungent sorrows, than men of cool and sedate tempers: but I believe, when every thing is balanced, there is no one, who would not rather choose

to be of the latter character, were he entirely master of his own disposition. Good or ill fortune is very little at our own disposal: and when a person who has this sensibility of temper meets with any misfortune, his sorrow or resentment takes entire possession of him, and deprives him of all relish in the common occurrences of life; the right enjoyment of which forms the greatest part of our happiness. Great pleasures are much less frequent than great pains; so that a sensible temper cannot meet with fewer trials in the former way than in the latter; not to mention, that men of such lively passions are apt to be transported beyond all bounds of prudence and discretion, and to take false steps in the conduct of life, which are often irretrievable.

Delicacy of Taste desirable.

There is a delicacy of taste observable in some men, which very much resembles this delicacy of passion, and produces the same sensibility to beauty and deformity of every kind, as that does to prosperity and adversity, obligations and injuries. When you present a poem or a picture to a man possessed of this talent, the delicacy of his feelings makes him to be touched very sensibly with every part of it; nor are the masterly strokes perceived with more exquisite relish and satisfaction, than the negligencies or absurdities with disgust and uneasiness. A polite and judicious conversation affords him the highest entertainment; rudeness or impertinence is as great a punishment to him. In short, delicacy of taste has the same effect as delicacy of passion: it enlarges the sphere both of our happiness and misery, and makes us sensible to pains as well as pleasures which escape the rest of mankind.

I believe, however, there is no one, who will not agree with me, that, notwithstanding this resemblance, a delicacy of taste is as much to be desired and cultivated as a delicacy of passion is to be lamented, and to be remedied if possible. The good or ill accidents of life are very little at our disposal; but we are pretty much masters what books we shall read, what diversions we shall partake of, and what company we shall keep. Philosophers have endeavoured to render happiness entirely independent of every thing external that is impossible to be attained: but every wise man will endeavour to place his happiness on such objects as depend most upon himself; and that is not to be attained so much by any other means, as by this delicacy of sentiment. When a man is possessed of that talent, he is more happy by what pleases his taste, than by what gratifies his appetites; and receives more enjoyment from a poem or a piece of reasoning, than the most expensive luxury can afford.

That it teaches us to select our Company.

Delicacy of taste is favourable to love and friendship, by confining our choice to few people, and making us indifferent to the company and conversation of the greatest part of men. You will very seldom find that mere men of the world, whatever strong sense they may be endowed with, are very nice in distinguishing of characters, or in marking those insensible differences and gradations which make one man preferable to another. Any one that has competent sense, is sufficient for their entertainment: they talk to him of their pleasures and affairs with the same frankness as they would to any other; and finding many who are fit to supply his place, they never feel any

vacancy or want in his absence. But, to make use of the allusion of a famous French author, the judgment may be compared to a clock or watch, where the most ordinary machine is sufficient to tell the hours; but the most elaborate and artificial can only point the minutes and seconds, and distinguish the smallest differences of time. One who has well digested his knowledge both of books and men, has little enjoyment but in the company of a few select companions. He feels too sensibly how much all the rest of mankind fall short of the notions which he has entertained; and his affections being thus confined in a narrow circle, no wonder he carries them farther than if they were more general and undistinguished. The gaiety and frolic of a bottle companion improves with him into a solid friendship; and the ardours of a youthful appetite into an elegant passion.

Hume's Essays.

§ 33. *Detraction a detestable Vice.*

It has been remarked, that men are generally kind in proportion as they are happy; and it is said, even of the devil, that he is good-humoured when he is pleased. Every act, therefore, by which another is injured, from whatever motive, contracts more guilt and expresses greater malignity, if it is committed in those seasons which are set apart to pleasantry and good-humour, and brightened with enjoyments peculiar to rational and social beings.

Detraction is among those vices which the most languid virtue has sufficient force to prevent; because by detraction that is not gained which is taken away. "He who filches from me my good name," says Shakspeare, "enriches not himself, but makes me poor indeed." As nothing therefore degrades human nature more than detraction, nothing more disgraces conversation. The detractor, as he is the lowest moral character, reflects greater dishonour upon his company, than the hangman; and he whose disposition is a scandal to his species, should be more diligently avoided, than he who is scandalous only by his offence.

But for this practice, however vile, some have dared to apologize, by contending the report, by which they injured an absent character, was true: this, however, amounts to no more than that they have not complicated malice with falsehood, and that there is some difference between detraction and slander. To relate all the ill that is true of the best man in the world, would probably render him the object of suspicion and distrust; and was this practice universal, mutual confidence and esteem, the comforts of society, and the endearments of friendship, would be at an end.

There is something unspeakably more hateful in those species of villainy by which the law is evaded, than those by which it is violated and defiled. Courage has sometimes preserved rapacity from abhorrence, as beauty has been thought to apologize for prostitution; but the injustice of cowardice is universally abhorred, and, like the lewdness of deformity, has no advocate. Thus hateful are the wretches who detract with caution, and while they perpetrate the wrong, are solicitous to avoid the reproach. They do not say, that Chloe forfeited her honour to Lysander; but they say that such a report has been spread, they know not how true. Those who propagate these reports, frequently invent them; and it is no breach of charity to suppose this to be always the case; because no man who spreads detraction would have scrupled to produce it: and he who should diffuse poison in a brook

would scarce be acquitted of a malicious design, though he should allege, that he received it of another who is doing the same elsewhere.

Whatever is incompatible with the highest dignity of our nature, should indeed be excluded from our conversation: as companions, not only that which we owe to ourselves but to others, is required of us; and they who can indulge any vice in the presence of each other, are become obdurate in guilt, and insensible to infamy. *Rambler.*

§ 34. *Learning should be sometimes applied to cultivate our Morals.*

Envy, curiosity, and our sense of the imperfection of our present state, inclines us always to estimate the advantages which are in the possession of others above their real value. Every one must have remarked what powers and prerogatives the vulgar imagine to be conferred by learning. A man of science is expected to excel the unlettered and unenlightened, even on occasions where literature is of no use, and among weak minds loses part of his reverence by discovering no superiority in those parts of life, in which all are unavoidably equal; as when a monarch makes a progress to the remoter provinces, the rustics are said sometimes to wonder that they find him of the same size with themselves.

These demands of prejudice and folly can never be satisfied, and therefore many of the imputations which learning suffers from disappointed ignorance, are without reproach. Yet it cannot be denied, that there are some failures to which men of study are peculiarly exposed. Every condition has its disadvantages. The circle of knowledge is too wide for the most active and diligent intellect, and while science is pursued with ardour, other accomplishments of equal use are necessarily neglected; as a small garrison must leave one part of an extensive fortress naked, when an alarm calls them to another.

The learned, however, might generally support their dignity with more success, if they suffered not themselves to be misled by superfluous attainments of qualification which few can understand or value, and by skill which they may sink into the grave without any conspicuous opportunities of exerting. Raphael, in return to Adam's inquiries into the courses of the stars and the revolutions of heaven, counsels him to withdraw his mind from idle speculations, and, instead of watching motions which he has no power to regulate, to employ his faculties upon nearer and more interesting objects, the survey of his own life, the subjection of his passions, the knowledge of duties which must daily be performed, and the detection of dangers which must daily be incurred.

This angelic counsel every man of letters should always have before him. He that devotes himself wholly to retired study, naturally sinks from omission to forgetfulness of social duties, and from which he must be sometimes awakened, and recalled to the general condition of mankind. *Ibid.*

Its Progress.

It had been observed by the ancients, That all the arts and sciences arose among free nations; and that the Persians and Egyptians, notwithstanding all their ease, opulence, and luxury, made but faint efforts towards those finer pleasures, which were carried to such perfection by the Greeks, amidst continual wars, attended with poverty, and the great-

est simplicity of life and manners. It had also been observed, that as soon as the Greeks lost their liberty, though they increased mightily in riches, by the means of the conquests of Alexander; yet the arts from that moment declined amongst them, and have never since been able to raise their head in that climate. Learning was transplanted to Rome, the only free nation at that time in the universe; and having met with so favourable a soil, it made prodigious shoots for above a century; till the decay of liberty produced also a decay of letters, and spread a total barbarism over the world. From these two experiments, of which each was double in its kind, and showed the fall of learning in despotic governments, as well as its rise in popular ones, Longinus thought himself sufficiently justified in asserting, that the arts and sciences could never flourish but in a free government; and in this opinion he has been followed by several eminent writers in our country, who either confined their view merely to ancient facts, or entertained too great a partiality in favour of that form of government which is established amongst us.

But what would these writers have said to the instances of modern Rome and Florence? Of which the former carried to perfection all the finer arts of sculpture, painting, and music, as well as poetry, though they groaned under slavery, and under the slavery of priests: while the latter made the greatest progress in the arts and sciences, after they began to lose their liberty by the usurpations of the family of Medicis. Ariosto, Tasso, Galilæo, no more than Raphael and Michael Angelo, were not born in republics. And though the Lombard school was famous as well as the Roman, yet the Venetians have had the smallest share in its honours, and seem rather inferior to the Italians in their genius for the arts and sciences. Rubens established his school at Antwerp, not at Amsterdam; Dresden not Hamburgh, is the centre of politeness in Germany.

But the most eminent instance of the flourishing state of learning in despotic governments, is that of France, which scarce ever enjoyed an established liberty, and yet has carried the arts and sciences as near perfection as any other nation. The English are, perhaps, better philosophers; the Italians better painters and musicians: the Romans were better orators; but the French are the only people, except the Greeks, who have been at once philosophers, poets, orators, historians, painters, architects, sculptors, and musicians. With regard to the stage, they have excelled even the Greeks, who have far excelled the English: and in common life they have in a great measure perfected that art, the most useful and agreeable of any, *l' art de vivre*, the art of society and conversation.

If we consider the state of the sciences and polite arts in our country, Horace's observation with regard to the Romans, may, in a great measure, be applied to the British,

> Sed in longum tamen ævum
> Manserunt, hodieque manent vestigia ruris.*

The elegance and propriety of style have been very much neglected among us. We have no dictionary of our language, and scarce a tolerable grammar. The first polite prose we have, was wrote by a man who is still alive. As to Sprat, Locke, and even Temple, they knew too little of the rules of art to be esteemed very elegant writers. The prose of Bacon, Harrington, and Milton, is altogether stiff and pedantic; though their

* The traces of rusticity long remained and even now remain among us.

sense be excellent. Men in this country have been so much occupied in the great disputes of religion, politics, and philosophy, that they had no relish for the minute observations of grammar and criticism. And though this turn of thinking must have considerably improved our sense and our talent of reasoning beyond those of other nations, it must be confessed, that even in those sciences above mentioned, we have not any standard book which we can transmit to posterity: and the utmost we have to boast of, are a few essays towards a more just philosophy; which, indeed, promise very much, but have not, as yet, reached any degree of perfection.

Useless without Taste.

A man may know exactly all the circles and ellipses of the Copernican system, and all the irregular spirals of the Ptolemaic, without perceiving that the former is more beautiful than the latter. Euclid has very fully explained every quality of the circle, but has not, in any proposition, said a word of its beauty. The reason is evident. Beauty is not a quality of the circle. It lies not in any part of the line, whose parts are all equally distant from a common centre. It is only the effect which that figure operates upon the mind, whose particular fabric or structure renders it susceptible of such sentiments. In vain would you look for it in the circle, or seek it, either by your senses, or by mathematical reasonings, in all the properties of that figure.

The mathematician, who took no other pleasure in reading Virgil but that of examining Æneas's voyage by the map, might understand perfectly the meaning of every Latin word employed by that divine author, and consequently might have a distinct idea of the whole narration; he would even have a more distinct idea of it, than they could have who had not studied so exactly the geography of the poem. He knew, therefore, every thing in the poem. But he was ignorant of its beauty; because the beauty, properly speaking, lies not in the poem, but the sentiment or taste of the reader. And where a man has no such delicacy of temper as to make him feel this sentiment, he must be ignorant of the beauty, though possessed of the science and understanding of an angel. *Hume's Essays.*

Its Obstructions.

So many hindrances may obstruct the acquisition of knowledge, that there is little reason for wondering that it is in a few hands. To the greater part of mankind the duties of life are inconsistent with much study, and the hours which they would spend upon letters must be stolen from their occupations and their families. Many suffer themselves to be lured by more sprightly and luxurious pleasures from the shades of contemplation, where they find seldom more than a calm delight, such as, though greater than all others, if its certainty and its duration be reckoned with its power of gratification, is yet easily quitted for some extemporary joy, which the present moment offers, and another perhaps will put out of reach.

It is the great excellence of learning that it borrows very little from time or place; it is not confined to season or to climate, to cities or to the country, but may be cultivated and enjoyed where no other pleasure can be obtained. But this quality, which constitutes much of its value, is one occasion of neglect; what may be done at all times with equal

propriety, is deferred from day to day, till the mind is gradually reconciled to the omission, and the attention is turned to other objects. Thus habitual idleness gains too much power to be conquered, and the soul shrinks from the idea of intellectual labour and intenseness of meditation.

That those who profess to advance learning sometimes obstruct it, cannot be denied; the continual multiplication of books not only distracts choice, but disappoints inquiry. To him that has moderately stored his mind with images, few writers afford any novelty; or what little they have to add to the common stock of learning is so buried in the mass of general notions, that, like silver mingled with the ore of lead, it is too little to pay for the labour of separation; and he that has often been deceived by the promise of a title, at last grows weary of examining, and is tempted to consider all as equally fallacious. *Idler.*

§ 35. *Mankind, a Portrait of.*

Vanity bids all her sons to be generous and brave,——and her daughters to be chaste and courteous.—— But why do we want her instructions? ——Ask the comedian, who is taught a part he feels not.——

Is it that the principles of religion want strength, or that the real passion for what is good and worthy will not carry us high enough?——God! thou knowest they carry us too high ——we want not *to be*——but *to seem.*——

Look out of your door,—take notice of that man; see what disquieting, intriguing, and shifting, he is content to go through, merely to be thought a man of plain-dealing;—— three grains of honesty would save him all this trouble:———alas! he has them not.——

Behold a second, under a show of piety hiding the impurities of a debauched life;——he is just entering the house of God:———would he was more pure—or less pious!— but then he could not gain his point.

Observe a third going almost in the same track, with what an inflexible sanctity of deportment he sustains himself as he advances!—every line in his face writes abstinence; ——every stride looks like a check upon his desires: see, I beseech you, how he is cloak'd up with sermons, prayers, and sacraments; and so bemuffled with the externals of religion, that he has not a hand to spare for a worldly purpose;—he has armour at least—Why does he put it on? Is there no serving God without all this? Must the garb of religion be extended so wide to the danger of its rending? Yes, truly, or it will not hide the secret——and, What is that?

———That the saint has no religion at all.

——But here comes GENEROSITY: giving—not to a decayed artist —but to the arts and sciences themselves.—See,—he *builds not a chamber in the walls apart for the prophets;* but whole schools and colleges for those who come after. Lord! how they will magnify his name!—— 'tis in capitals already; the first—the highest, in the gilded rent-roll of every hospital and asylum——

One honest tear shed in private over the unfortunate, is worth it all.

What a problematic set of creatures does simulation make us! Who would divine that all the anxiety and concern so visible in the airs of one half of that great assembly should arise from nothing else, but that the other half of it may think them to be men of consequence, penetration, parts, and conduct?—What a noise amongst the claimants about it? Behold humility, out of mere pride— and honesty almost out of knavery·

—Chastity, never once in harm's way;——and courage, like a Spanish soldier upon an Italian stage—a bladder full of wind.—

———Hark! that, the sound of that trumpet,——let not my soldier run——'tis some good Christian giving alms. O PITY, thou gentlest of human passions! soft and tender are thy notes, and ill accord they with so loud an instrument.

Sterne's Sermons.

§ 36. *Hard Words defended.*

Few faults of style, whether real or imaginary, excite the malignity of a more numerous class of readers, than the use of hard words.

If an author be supposed to involve his thoughts in voluntary obscurity, and to obstruct, by unnecessary difficulties, a mind eager in pursuit of truth; if he writes not to make others learned, but to boast the learning which he possesses himself, and wishes to be admired rather than understood, he counteracts the first end of writing, and justly suffers the utmost severity of censure, or the more afflictive severity of neglect.

But words are only hard to those who do not understand them; and the critic ought always to inquire, whether he is incommoded by the fault of the writer, or by his own.

Every author does not write for every reader; many questions are such as the illiterate part of mankind can have neither interest nor pleasure in discussing, and which therefore it would be an useless endeavour to levy with common minds, by tiresome circumlocutions or laborious explanations; and many subjects of general use may be treated in a different manner, as the book is intended for the learned or the ignorant. Diffusion and explication are necessary to the instruction of those who being neither able nor accustomed to think for themselves, can learn only what is expressly taught; but they who can form parallels, discover consequences, and multiply conclusions, are best pleased with involution of argument and compression of thought; they desire only to receive the seeds of knowledge which they may branch out by their own power, to have the way to truth pointed out which they can then follow without a guide.

The Guardian directs one of his pupils "to think with the wise, but speak with the vulgar." This is a precept specious enough, but not always practicable. Difference of thoughts will produce difference of language. He that thinks with more extent than another will want words of larger meaning; he that thinks with more subtlety will seek for terms of more nice discrimination; and where is the wonder, since words are but the images of things, that he who never knew the originals should not know the copies?

Yet vanity inclines us to find faults any where rather than in ourselves. He that reads and grows wiser, seldom suspects his own deficiency; but complains of hard words and obscure sentences, and asks why books are written which cannot be understood.

Among the hard words which are no longer to be used, it has been long the custom to number terms of art. "Every man (says Swift) is more able to explain the subject of an art than its professors; a farmer will tell you in two words, that he has broken his leg; but a surgeon, after a long discourse, shall leave you as ignorant as you were before." This could only have been said but by such an exact observer of life, in gratification of malignity, or in ostentation of acuteness. Every hour produces instances of the necessity of terms of art. Mankind could never conspire in uniform affectation;

it is not but by necessity that every science and every trade has its peculiar language. They that content themselves with general ideas may rest in general terms; but those whose studies or employments force them upon closer inspection, must have names for particular parts, and words by which they may express various modes of combination, such as none but themselves have occasion to consider.

Artists are indeed sometimes ready to suppose, that none can be strangers to words to which themselves are familiar, talk to an incidental inquirer as they talk to one another, and make their knowledge ridiculous by injudicious obtrusion. An art cannot be taught but by its proper terms, but it is not always necessary to teach the art.

That the vulgar express their thoughts clearly is far from true; and what perspicuity can be found among them proceeds not from the easiness of their language, but the shallowness of their thoughts. He that sees a building as a common spectator, contents himself with relating that it is great or little, mean or splendid, lofty or low; all these words are intelligible and common, but they convey no distinct or limited ideas; if he attempts, without the terms of architecture, to delineate the parts, or enumerate the ornaments, his narration at once becomes unintelligible. The terms, indeed, generally displease, because they are understood by few; but they are little understood only, because few that look upon an edifice examine its parts or analyze its columns into their members.

The state of every other art is the same; as it is cursorily surveyed or accurately examined, different forms of expression become proper. In morality it is one thing to discuss the niceties of the casuist, and another to direct the practice of common life. In agriculture, he that instructs the farmer to plough and sow, may convey his notions without the words which he would find necessary in explaining to philosophers the process of vegetation; and if he, who has nothing to do but to be honest by the shortest way, will perplex his mind with subtle speculations; or if he whose task is to reap and thrash, will not be contented without examining the evolution of the seed and circulation of the sap, the writers whom either shall consult are very little to be blamed, though it should sometimes happen that they are read in vain. *Idler.*

§ 37. *Discontent, the common Lot of all Mankind.*

Such is the emptiness of human enjoyments, that we are always impatient of the present. Attainment is followed by neglect, and possession by disgust; and the malicious remark of the Greek epigrammatist on marriage, may be applied to every other course of life, that its two days of happiness are the first and the last.

Few moments are more pleasing than those in which the mind is concerting measures for a new undertaking. From the first hint that wakens the fancy to the hour of actual execution, all is improvement and progress, triumph and felicity. Every hour brings additions to the original scheme, suggests some new expedient to secure success, or discovers consequential advantages not hitherto foreseen. While preparations are made and materials accumulated, day glides after day through elysian prospects, and the heart dances to the song of hope.

Such is the pleasure of projecting, that many content themselves with a succession of visionary schemes, and wear out their allotted time in the

calm amusement of contriving what they never attempt or hope to execute.

Others, not able to feast their imagination with pure ideas, advance somewhat nearer to the grossness of action, with great diligence collect whatever is requisite to their design, and, after a thousand researches and consultations, are snatched away by death, as they stand *in procinctu* waiting for a proper opportunity to begin.

If there were no other end of life, than to find some adequate solace for every day, I know not whether any condition could be preferred to that of the man who involves himself in his own thoughts, and never suffers experience to show him the vanity of speculation; for no sooner are notions reduced to practice, than tranquillity and confidence forsake the breast; every day brings its task, and often without bringing abilities to perform it: difficulties embarrass, uncertainty perplexes, opposition retards, censure exasperates, or neglect depresses. We proceed, because we have begun; we complete our design, that the labour already spent may not be vain; but as expectation gradually dies away, the gay smile of alacrity disappears, we are necessitated to implore severer powers, and trust the event to patience and constancy.

When once our labour has begun, the comfort that enables us to endure it is the prospect of its end; for though in every long work there are some joyous intervals of self-applause, when the attention is re-created by unexpected facility, and the imagination soothed by incidental excellencies not comprised in the first plan, yet the toil with which performance struggles after idea, is so irksome and disgusting, and so frequent is the necessity of resting below that perfection which we imagined within our reach, that seldom any man obtains more from his endeavours than a painful conviction of his defects, and a continual resuscitation of desires which he feels himself unable to gratify.

So certainly is weariness and vexation the concomitant of our undertakings, that every man, in whatever he is engaged, consoles himself with the hope of change. He that has made his way by assiduity and vigilance to public employment, talks among his friends of nothing but the delight of retirement: he whom the necessity of solitary application secludes from the world, listens with a beating heart to its distant noises, longs to mingle with living beings, and resolves, when he can regulate his hours by his own choice, to take his fill of merriment and diversions, or to display his abilities on the universal theatre, and enjoy the pleasure of distinction and applause.

Every desire, however innocent or natural, grows dangerous, as by long indulgence it becomes ascendant in the mind. When we have been much accustomed to consider any thing as capable of giving happiness, it is not easy to restrain our ardour, or to forbear some precipitation in our advances, and irregularity in our pursuits. He that has long cultivated the tree, watched the swelling bud and opening blossom, and pleased himself with computing how much every sun and shower added to its growth, scarcely stays till the fruit has obtained its maturity, but defeats his own cares by eagerness to reward them. When we have diligently laboured for any purpose, we are willing to believe that we have attained it; and because we have already done much, too suddenly conclude that no more is to be done.

All attraction is increased by the approach of the attracting body. We never find ourselves so desirous to finish, as in the latter part of our

work, or so impatient of delay, as when we know that delay cannot be long. Part of this unseasonable importunity of discontent may be justly imputed to languor and weariness, which must always oppress us more as our toil has been longer continued; but the greater part usually proceeds from frequent contemplation of that ease which we now consider as near and certain, and which, when it has once flattered our hopes, we cannot suffer to be longer withheld.

Rambler.

§ 38. *Justice, its Nature and real Import defined.*

Mankind, in general, are not sufficiently acquainted with the import of the word justice: it is commonly believed to consist only in a performance of those duties to which the laws of society can oblige us. This, I allow, is sometimes the import of the word, and in this sense justice is distinguished from equity; but there is a justice still more extensive, and which can be shown to embrace all the virtues united.

Justice may be defined, that virtue which impels us to give to every person what is his due. In this extended sense of the word, it comprehends the practice of every virtue which reason prescribes, or society should expect. Our duty to our Maker, to each other, and to ourselves, are fully answered, if we give them what we owe them. Thus justice, properly speaking, is the only virtue, and all the rest have their origin in it.

The qualities of candour, fortitude, charity, and generosity, for instance, are not in their own nature virtues; and, if ever they deserve the title, it is owing only to justice, which impels and directs them. Without such a moderator, candour might become indiscretion, fortitude obstinacy, charity imprudence, and generosity mistaken profusion.

A disinterested action, if it be not conducted by justice, is, at best, indifferent in its nature, and not unfrequently even turns to vice. The expenses of society, of presents, of entertainments, and the other helps to cheerfulness, are actions merely indifferent, when not repugnant to a better method of disposing of our superfluities; but they become vicious, when they obstruct or exhaust our abilities from a more virtuous disposition of our circumstances.

True generosity is a duty as indispensably necessary as those imposed on us by law. It is a rule imposed on us by reason, which should be the sovereign law of a rational being. But this generosity does not consist in obeying every impulse of humanity, in following blind passion for our guide, and impairing our circumstances by present benefactions, so as to render us incapable of future ones.

Goldsmith's Essays.

§ 39. *Habit, the difficulty of conquering.*

There is nothing which we estimate so fallaciously as the force of our own resolutions, nor any fallacy which we so unwillingly and tardily detect. He that has resolved a thousand times, and a thousand times deserted his own purpose, yet suffers no abatement of his confidence, but still believes himself his own master, and able, by innate vigour of soul, to press forward to his end, through all the obstructions that inconveniences or delights can put in his way.

That this mistake should prevail for a time is very natural. When conviction is present, and temptation out of sight, we do not easily conceive how any reasonable being can deviate from his true interest. What ought to be done while it yet hangs

only in speculation, is so plain and certain, that there is no place for doubt; the whole soul yields itself to the predominance of truth, and readily determines to do what, when the time of action comes, will be at last omitted.

I believe most men may review all the lives that have passed within their observation, without remembering one efficacious resolution, or being able to tell a single instance of a course of practice suddenly changed in consequence of a change of opinion, or an establishment of determination. Many indeed alter their conduct, and are not at fifty what they were at thirty, but they commonly varied imperceptibly from themselves, followed the train of external causes, and rather suffered reformation than made it.

It is not uncommon to charge the difference between promise and performance, between profession and reality, upon deep design and studied deceit; but the truth is, that there is very little hypocrisy in the world; we do not so often endeavour or wish to impose on others as ourselves; we resolve to do right, we hope to keep our resolutions, we declare them to confirm our own hope, and fix our own inconstancy by calling witnesses of our actions; but at last habit prevails, and those whom we invited at our triumph, laugh at our defeat.

Custom is commonly too strong for the most resolute resolver, though furnished for the assault with all the weapons of philosophy. "He that endeavours to free himself from an ill habit," says Bacon, "must not change too much at a time, lest he should be discouraged by difficulty; nor too little, for then he will make but slow advances." This is a precept which may be applauded in a book, but will fail in the trial, in which every change will be found too great or too little. Those who have been able to conquer habit, are like those that are fabled to have returned from the realms of Pluto:

Pauci, quos æquus amavit
Jupiter, atque ardens evexit ad æthera virtus.

They are sufficient to give hope but not security, to animate the contest but not to promise victory.

Those who are in the power of evil habits, must conquer them as they can, and conquered they must be, or neither wisdom nor happiness can be attained; but those who are not yet subject to their influence, may, by timely caution, preserve their freedom, they may effectually resolve to escape the tyrant, whom they will very vainly resolve to conquer. *Idler.*

§ 40. *History, our natural Fondness for it, and its true use.*

The love of history seems inseparable from human nature, because it seems inseparable from self-love. The same principle in this instance carries us forward and backward, to future and to past ages. We imagine that the things which affect us must affect posterity: this sentiment runs through mankind, from Cæsar down to the parish-clerk in Pope's Miscellany. We are fond of preserving, as far as it is in our frail power, the memory of our own adventures, of those of our own time, and of those that preceded it. Rude heaps of stones have been raised, and ruder hymns have been composed, for this purpose, by nations who had not yet the use of arts and letters. To go no farther back, the triumphs of Odin were celebrated in Runic songs, and the feats of our British ancestors were recorded in those of their bards. The savages of America have the same custom at this day: and long historical ballads of

their hunting and wars are sung at all their festivals. There is no need of saying how this passion grows among all civilized nations, in proportion to the means of gratifying it: but let us observe, that the same principle of nature directs us as strongly, and more generally as well as more early, to indulge our own curiosity, instead of preparing to gratify that of others. The child hearkens with delight to the tales of his nurse; he learns to read, and he devours with eagerness fabulous legends and novels. In riper years he applies to history, or to that which he takes for history, to authorized romance; and even in age, the desire of knowing what has happened to other men, yields to the desire alone of relating what has happened to ourselves. Thus history, true or false, speaks to our passions always. What pity is it, that even the best should speak to our understandings so seldom! That it does so, we have none to blame but ourselves. Nature has done her part. She has opened this study to every man who can read and think: and what she has made the most agreeable, reason can make the most useful application of to our minds. But if we consult our reason, we shall be far from following the examples of our fellow-creatures, in this as in most other cases, who are so proud of being rational. We shall neither read to sooth our indolence, nor to gratify our vanity; as little shall we content ourselves to drudge like grammarians and critics, that others may be able to study, with greater ease and profit, like philosophers and statesmen: as little shall we affect the slender merit of becoming great scholars at the expense of groping all our lives in the dark mazes of antiquity. All these mistake the true drift of study and the true use of history Nature gave us curiosity to excite the industry of our minds; but she never intended it to be made the principal, much less the sole, object of their application. The true and proper object of this application, is a constant improvement in private and in public virtue. An application to any study, that tends neither directly nor indirectly to make us better men, and better citizens, is at best but a specious and ingenious sort of idleness, to use an expression of Tillotson: and the knowledge we acquire is a creditable kind of ignorance, nothing more. This creditable kind of ignorance is, in my opinion, the whole benefit which the generality of men, even of the most learned, reap from the study of history: and yet the study of history seems to me, of all other, the most proper to train us up to private and public virtue.

We need but to cast our eyes on the world, and we shall see the daily force of example: we need but to turn them inward, and we shall soon discover why example has this force. Such is the imperfection of human understanding, such the frail temper of our minds, that abstract or general propositions, though never so true, appear obscure or doubtful to us very often, till they are explained by examples; and that the wisest lessons in favour of virtue go but a little way to convince the judgment and determine the will, unless they are enforced by the same means, and we are obliged to apply to ourselves that we see happen to other men. Instructions by precept have the further disadvantage of coming on the authority of others, and frequently require a long deduction of reasoning. *Homines amplius oculis quam auribus credunt: longum iter est per præcepta, breve et efficax per exempla.** The reason of this judgment, which I quote from one of Se-

* Men believe their eyes rather than their ears:—the way is long by precept, short and efficacious by example.

neca's epistles, in confirmation of my own opinion, rests I think on this, That when examples are pointed out to us, there is a kind of appeal, with which we are flattered, made to our senses, as well as our understandings. The instruction comes then upon our own authority: we frame the precept after our own experience, and yield to fact when we resist speculation. But this is not the only advantage of instruction by example; for example appeals not to our understanding alone, but to our passions likewise. Example assuages these or animates them; sets passion on the side of judgment, and makes the whole man of a-piece, which is more than the strongest reasoning and the clearest demonstration can do; and thus forming habits by repetitions, example secures the observance of those precepts which example insinuated.

Bolingbroke.

§ 41. *Human Nature, its Dignity.*

In forming our notions of human nature we are very apt to make comparison between men and animals, which are the only creatures endowed with thought, that fall under our senses. Certainly this comparison is very favourable to mankind; on the one hand, we see a creature, whose thoughts are not limited by any narrow bounds either of place or time, who carries his researches into the most distant regions of this globe, and beyond this globe, to the planets and heavenly bodies; looks backward to consider the first origin of the human race; casts his eyes forwards to see the influence of his actions upon posterity, and the judgments which will be formed of his character a thousand years hence: a creature who traces causes and effects to great lengths and intricacy; extracts general principles from particular appearances: improves upon his discoveries, corrects his mistakes, and makes his very errors profitable. On the other hand, we are presented with a creature the very reverse of this; limited in its observations and reasonings to a few sensible objects which surround it; without curiosity, without a foresight, blindly conducted by instinct, and arriving in a very short time at its utmost perfection, beyond which it is never able to advance a single step. What a difference is there betwixt these creatures; and how exalted a notion must we entertain of the former, in comparison of the latter!

Hume's Essays.

§ 42. *The Operations of Human Nature considered.*

We are composed of a mind and of a body, intimately united, and mutually affecting each other. Their operations indeed are entirely different. Whether the immortal spirit that enlivens this machine, is originally of a superior nature in various bodies (which, I own, seems most consistent and agreeable to the scale and order of beings), or whether the difference depends on a symmetry, or peculiar structure of the organs combined with it, is beyond my reach to determine. It is evidently certain, that the body is curiously formed with proper organs to delight, and such as are adapted to all the necessary uses of life. The spirit animates the whole; it guides the natural appetites, and confines them within just limits. But the natural force of this spirit is often immersed in matter; and the mind becomes subservient to passions, which it ought to govern and direct. Your friend Horace, although of the Epicurean doctrine,

acknowledges this truth, where he says,

Atque affigit humo divinæ particulam auræ.

It is no less evident, that this immortal spirit has an independent power of acting, and, when cultivated in a proper manner, seemingly quits the corporeal frame within which it is imprisoned, and soars into higher, and more spacious regions; where, with an energy which I had almost said was divine, it ranges among those heavenly bodies that in this lower world are scarce visible to our eyes; and we can at once explain the distance, magnitude, and velocity of the planets, and can foretel, even to a degree of minuteness, the particular time when a comet will return, and when the sun will be eclipsed in the next century. These powers certainly evince the dignity of human nature, and the surprising effects of the immaterial spirit within us, which in so confined a state can thus disengage itself from the fetters of matter. It is from this pre-eminence of the soul over the body, that we are enabled to view the exact order and curious variety of different beings; to consider and cultivate the natural productions of the earth; and to admire and imitate the wise benevolence which reigns throughout the sole system of the universe. It is from hence that we form moral laws for our conduct. From hence we delight in copying that great original, who in his essence is utterly incomprehensible, but in his influence is powerfully apparent to every degree of his creation. From hence too we perceive a real beauty in virtue, and a distinction between good and evil. Virtue acts with the utmost generosity, and with no view to her own advantage: while Vice, like a glutton, feeds herself enormously, and then is willing to disgorge the nauseous offals of her feast. *Orrery.*

§ 43. *On the Liberty of the Press.*

We have the origin of book-licensing not, that can be heard of, from any ancient state, or polity, or church, nor by any statute left us by our ancestors elder or later, nor from the modern custom of any reformed city abroad; but from the most antichristian council and the most tyrannous inquisition that ever inquired. Till then books were ever as freely admitted as any other birth; the issue of the brain was no more stifled than the issue of the womb.

I am of those who believe it will be a harder alchymy than Lullius ever knew, to sublimate any good use out of such an invention.

Truth and understanding are not such wares as to be monopolized and traded in by tickets, and statutes, and standards. We must not think to make a staple commodity of all the knowledge in the land, to mark and license it like our broadcloth and our woolpacks.

To the pure all things are pure; not only meats and drinks, but all kinds of knowledge whether of good or evil; the knowledge cannot defile, nor consequently the books, if the will and conscience be not defiled.

Bad books serve in many respects to discover, to confute, to forewarn, and to illustrate.

Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to doubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? Who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty? She needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensings, to make her victorious: those are the shifts and defences that Error uses against her power. Give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps

for then she speaks not true, but then rather she turns herself into all shapes, except her own, and perhaps tunes her voice according to the time, until she be adjured into her own likeness.

To count a man not fit to print his mind, is the greatest indignity to a free and knowing spirit that can be put upon him. What advantage is it to be a man [rather than] a boy at school, if we have only escaped the ferula to come under the fescue of an *imprimatur?* When a man writes to the world, he summons up all his reason and deliberation to assist him; he searches, meditates, is industrious, and likely consults and confers with his judicious friends; if in this, the most consummate act of his fidelity and ripeness, no years, no industry, no former proof of his abilities, can bring him to that state of maturity, as not to be still mistrusted and suspected, it cannot but be a dishonour and derogation to the author, to the book, to the privilege and dignity of learning.

Nor is it to the common people less a reproach; for if we be so jealous over them, as that we dare not trust them with an English pamphlet, what do we but censure them for a giddy, vicious, and ungrounded people; in such a sick and weak state of faith and discretion as to be able to take nothing down but through the pipe of a licenser. That this is care or love of them we cannot pretend. Wisdom we cannot call it, because it stops but one breach of license, nor that neither: those corruptions which it seeks to prevent, break in faster at doors which cannot be shut. He who were pleasantly disposed could not avoid to liken it to the exploit of that gallant man, who thought to pound up the crows by shutting his park gate.

If the amendment of manners be aimed at, look into Italy and Spain, whether those places be one scruple the better, the honester, the wiser, the chaster, since all the inquisitorial rigour that hath been executed upon books.

I could recount what I have seen and heard in countries where this kind of inquisition tyrannises; when I have sat among their learned men, who did nothing but bemoan the servile condition into which learning amongst them was brought; that this was it which had damped the glory of Italian wits; that nothing had been there written now these many years but flattery and fustian. There it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition, for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought.

This obstructing violence meets, for the most part, with an event utterly opposite to the end which it drives at; instead of suppressing sects and schisms, it raises them and invests them with a reputation. 'The punishment of wits enhances their authority,' said the Viscount St. Albans, 'and a forbidden writing is thought to be a certain spark of truth that flies up in the faces of them who seek to tread it out.'

When God shakes a kingdom, with strong and healthful commotions, to a general reforming, it is not untrue that many sectaries and false teachers are then busiest in seducing; but yet more true it is, that God then raises to his own work men of rare abilities, and more than common industry, not only to look back and revise what hath been taught heretofore, but to gain further, and go on some new enlightened steps in the discovery of truth.

If any one would write and bring his helpful hand to the slow moving reformation which we labour under, if Truth have spoken to him before others, or but seemed at least to speak, who hath so bejesuited us

that we should trouble that man with asking license to do so worthy a deed; and not consider, that if it come to prohibiting, there is not aught more likely to be prohibited than truth itself, whose first appearance to our eyes, bleared and dimmed with prejudice and custom, is more unsightly and unplausible than many errors? And what do they vainly tell us of new opinions, when this very opinion of theirs, that none must be heard but whom they like, is the worst and newest opinion of all others, and is the chief cause why sects and schisms do so much abound, and true knowledge is kept at a distance.

When the cheerfulness of the people is so sprightly up, as that it has not only wherewithal to guard well its own freedom and safety, but to spare and to bestow upon the solidest and sublimest points of controversy, and new invention, it betokens us not degenerated, nor drooping to a fatal decay, but casting off the old and wrinkled skin of corruption, to outlive these pangs and wax young again, entering the glorious ways of truth and prosperous virtue, destined to become great and honourable in these latter ages. Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself, like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her endazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight, at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.

What should ye do then, should ye suppress all this flowery crop of knowledge and new light, sprung up, and yet springing daily in this city? Should ye set an oligarchy to bring a famine upon our minds, when we shall know nothing but what is measured to us by their bushel?

Believe it, lords and commons, they who counsel you to such a suppressing of [books], do as good, bid you suppress yourselves: and I will soon show how. If it be desired to know the immediate cause of all this free writing and free speaking, there cannot be assigned a truer than your own mild, and free, and humane government. It is Liberty which is the nurse of all great wits; this is that which hath rarified and enlightened our spirits, like the influence of Heaven; this is that which hath enfranchised, enlarged, and lifted up our apprehensions degrees above themselves. Ye cannot make us now less capable, less knowing, less eagerly prizing of the truth, unless you first make yourselves, who made us so, less the founders of our true liberty. We can grow ignorant again, brutish, formal, and slavish, as you found us; but you must first become that which you cannot be, oppressive, arbitrary, and tyrannous, as they were from whom ye have freed us. That our hearts are now more capacious, our thoughts more erected to the search and expectation of greatest and exactest things, is the issue of your own virtue propagated in us. Although I dispraise not the defence of just immunities; yet give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely, according to conscience, above all liberties.

As good almost kill a man as kill a book; who kills a man, kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a

life beyond life. It is true, no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary therefore what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom; and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and sift essence, the breath of reason itself, slays an immortality rather than a life. *Milton.*

§ 44. *Patience recommended.*

The darts of adverse fortune are always levelled at our heads. Some reach us, and some fly to wound our neighbours. Let us therefore impose an equal temper on our minds, and pay without murmuring the tribute which we owe to humanity. The winter brings cold and we must freeze. The summer returns with heat, and we must melt. The inclemency of the air disorders our health, and we must be sick. Here we are exposed to wild beasts, and there to men more savage than the beasts: and if we escape the inconveniences and dangers of the air and the earth, there are perils by water and perils by fire. This established course of things it is not in our power to change; but it is in our power to assume such a greatness of mind as becomes wise and virtuous men, as may enable us to encounter the accidents of life with fortitude, and to conform ourselves to the order of nature, who governs her great kingdom, the world, by continual mutations. Let us submit to this order; let us be persuaded that whatever does happen ought to happen, and never be so foolish as to expostulate with nature. The best resolution we can take, is to suffer what we cannot alter, and to pursue without repining the road which Providence, who directs every thing, has marked to us: for it is enough to follow; and he is but a bad soldier who sighs, and marches with reluctancy. We must receive the orders with spirit and cheerfulness, and not endeavour to slink out of the post which is assigned us in this beautiful disposition of things, whereof even sufferings make a necessary part. Let us address ourselves to God who governs all, as Cleanthes did in those admirable verses,

Parent of Nature! Master of the World!
Where'er thy providence directs, behold
My steps with cheerful resignation turn;
Fate leads the willing, drags the backward on.
Why should I grieve, when grieving I must bear;
Or take with guilt, what guiltless I might share?

Thus let us speak, and thus let us act. Resignation to the will of God is true magnanimity. But the sure mark of a pusillanimous and base spirit, is to struggle against, to censure the order of Providence, and, instead of mending our own conduct, to set up for correcting that of our Maker. *Bolingbroke.*

§ 45. *Patience exemplified in the Story of an Ass.*

I was just receiving the dernier compliments of Monsieur Le Blanc, for a pleasant voyage down the Rhône——when I was stopped at the gate——

'Twas by a poor ass, who had just turned in with a couple of large panniers upon his back, to collect eleemosynary turnip-tops and cabbage-leaves; and stood dubious, with his

two fore-feet on the inside of the threshold, and with his two hinder feet towards the street, as not knowing very well whether he was to go in or no.

Now, 'tis an animal (be in what hurry I may) I cannot bear to strike ——there is a patient endurance of sufferings, wrote so unaffectedly in his looks and carriage, which pleads so mightily for him, that it always disarms me; and to that degree, that I do not like to speak unkindly to him; on the contrary, meet him where I will—whether in town or country—in cart or under panniers —whether in liberty or bondage—— I have ever something civil to say to him on my part; and as one word begets another (if he has as little to do as I)—I generally fall into conversation with him; and surely never is my imagination so busy as in framing his responses from the etchings of his countenance—and where those carry me not deep enough ——in flying from my own heart into his, and seeing what is natural for an ass to think—as well as a man, upon the occasion. In truth, it is the only creature of all the classes of beings below me, with whom I can do this: for parrots, jackdaws, &c.——I never exchange a word with them——nor with the apes, &c. for pretty near the same reason; they act by rote, as the others speak by it, and equally make me silent: nay, my dog and my cat, though I value them both——(and for my dog, he would speak if he could)— yet, somehow or other, they neither of them possess the talents for conversation—I can make nothing of a discourse with them, beyond the proposition, the reply, and rejoinder, which terminated my father's and my mother's conversations, in his beds of justice—and those uttered— there's an end of the dialogue——

——But with an ass, I can commune for ever.

Come, Honesty! said I—seeing it was impracticable to pass betwixt him and the gate—art thou for coming in, or going out?

The ass twisted his head round to look up the street———

Well—replied I—we'll wait a minute for thy driver.

———He turned his head thoughtful about, and looked wistfully the opposite way———

I understand thee perfectly, answered I—if thou takest a wrong step in this affair, he will cudgel thee to death———Well! a minute is but a minute, and if it saves a fellow-creature a drubbing, it shall not be set down as ill spent.

He was eating the stem of an artichoke as this discourse went on, and in the little peevish contentions of nature betwixt hunger and unsavouriness, had dropt it out of his mouth half a dozen times, and pick'd it up again——God help thee, Jack! said I, thou hast a bitter breakfast on't—and many a bitter day's labour—and many a bitter blow, I fear, for its wages—'tis all bitterness to thee, whatever life is to others.—— And now thy mouth, if one knew the truth of it, is as bitter, I dare say, as soot—(for he had cast aside the stem) and thou hast not a friend perhaps in all this world, that will give thee a macaroon.———In saying this, I pulled out a paper of them, which I had just purchased, and gave him one—and at this moment that I am telling it, my heart smites me, that there was more of pleasantry in the conceit, of seeing how an ass would eat a macaroon ——than of benevolence in giving him one, which presided in the act.

When the ass had eaten his macaroon, I press'd him to come in—the poor beast was heavy loaded—his legs seem'd to tremble under him— he hung rather backwards, and, as I pulled at his halter, it broke short in my hand—he look'd up pensive in

my face—"Don't thrash me with it—but if you will, you may."——If I do, said I, I'll be d——d.

The word was but one half of it pronounced, like the abbess of Andoüillet's—(so there was no sin in it)—when a person coming in, let fall a thundering bastinado upon the poor devil's crupper, which put an end to the ceremony.

Out upon it!

cried I——but the interjection was equivocal——and, I think wrong placed too—for the end of an osier, which had started out from the contexture of the ass's pannier, had caught hold of my breeches pocket as he rushed by me, and rent it in the most disastrous direction you can imagine—so that the *Out upon it!* in my opinion, should have come in here. *Sterne.*

§ 46. *True Pleasure defined.*

We are affected with delightful sensations, when we see the inanimate parts of the creation, the meadows, flowers, and trees, in a flourishing state. There must be some rooted melancholy at the heart, when all nature appears smiling about us, to hinder us from corresponding with the rest of the creation, and joining in the universal chorus of joy. But if meadows and trees in their cheerful verdure, if flowers in their bloom, and all the vegetable parts of the creation in their most advantageous dress, can inspire gladness into the heart, and drive away all sadness but despair; to see the rational creation happy and flourishing, ought to give us a pleasure as much superior, as the latter is to the former in the scale of beings. But the pleasure is still heightened, if we ourselves have been instrumental in contributing to the happiness of our fellow-creatures, if we have helped to raise a heart drooping beneath the weight of grief, and revived that barren and dry land, where no water was, with refreshing showers of love and kindness. *Seed's Sermons.*

§ 47. *How Politeness is manifested.*

To correct such gross vices as lead us to commit a real injury to others, is the part of morals, and the object of the most ordinary education. Where that is not attended to, in some degree, no human society can subsist. But in order to render conversation and the intercourse of minds more easy and agreeable, good-manners have been invented, and have carried the matter somewhat farther. Wherever nature has given the mind a propensity to any vice, or to any passion disagreeable to others, refined breeding has taught men to throw the bias on the opposite side, and to preserve, in all their behaviour, the appearance of sentiments contrary to those which they naturally incline to. Thus, as we are naturally proud and selfish, and apt to assume the preference above others, a polite man is taught to behave with deference towards those with whom he converses, and to yield up the superiority to them in all the common incidents of society. In like manner, wherever a person's situation may naturally beget any disagreeable suspicion in him, 'tis the part of good-manners to prevent it, by a studied display of sentiments directly contrary to those of which he is apt to be jealous. Thus old men know their infirmities, and naturally dread contempt from youth: hence, well-educated youth re-double their instances of respect and deference to their elders. Strangers and foreigners are without protection: hence, in all polite countries, they receive the highest civilities, and are entitled to the first place in every company. A man is lord in his own

family, and his guests are, in a manner, subject to his authority: hence, he is always the lowest person in the company; attentive to the wants of every one; and giving himself all the trouble, in order to please, which may not betray too visible an affectation, or impose too much constraint on his guests. Gallantry is nothing but an instance of the same generous and refined attention. As nature has given man the superiority above woman, by endowing him with greater strength both of mind and body, 'tis his part to alleviate that superiority, as much as possible, by the generosity of his behaviour, and by a studied deference and complaisance for all her inclinations and opinions. Barbarous nations display this superiority, by reducing their females to the most abject slavery; by confining them, by beating them, by selling them, by killing them. But the male sex among a polite people discover their authority in a more generous, though not a less evident, manner; by civility, by respect, by complaisance, and, in a word, by gallantry. In good company, you need not ask who is master of the feast? The man who sits in the lowest place, and who is always industrious in helping every one, is most certainly the person. We must either condemn all such instances of generosity, as foppish and affected, or admit of gallantry among the rest. The ancient Muscovites wedded their wives with a whip instead of a wedding ring. The same people, in their own houses, took always the precedency above foreigners, even foreign ambassadors. These two instances of their generosity and politeness are much of a piece.

Hume's Essays.

§ 48. *The Business and Qualifications of a Poet described.*

"Wherever I went, I found that poetry was considered as the highest learning, and regarded with a veneration somewhat approaching to that which man would pay to the angelic nature. And it yet fills me with wonder, that, in almost all countries, the most ancient poets are considered as the best: whether it be that every other kind of knowledge is an acquisition gradually attained, and poetry is a gift conferred at once; or that the first poetry of every nation surprised them as a novelty, and retained the credit by consent which it received by accident at first: or whether, as the province of poetry is to describe nature and passion, which are always the same, the first writers took possession of the most striking objects for description, and the most probable occurrences for fiction, and left nothing to those that followed them, but transcriptions of the same events, and new combinations of the same images. Whatever be the reason, it is commonly observed that the early writers are in possession of nature, and their followers of art: that the first excel in strength and invention, and the latter in elegance and refinement.

"I was desirous to add my name to this illustrious fraternity. I read all the poets of Persia and Arabia, and was able to repeat by memory the volumes that are suspended in the mosque of Mecca. But I soon found that no man was ever great by imitation. My desire of excellence impelled me to transfer my attention to nature and to life. Nature was to be my subject, and men to be my auditors: I could never describe what I had not seen: I could not hope to move those with delight or terror, whose interests and opinions I did not understand.

"Being now resolved to be a poet, I saw every thing with a new purpose; my sphere of attention was suddenly magnified: no kind of knowledge was to be overlooked. I

ranged mountains and deserts for images and resemblances, and pictured upon my mind every tree of the forest and flower of the valley. I observed with equal care the crags of the rock, and the pinnacles of the palace. Sometimes I wandered along the mazes of the rivulet, and sometimes watched the changes of the summer clouds. To a poet nothing can be useless. Whatever is beautiful, and whatever is dreadful, must be familiar to his imagination: he must be conversant with all that is awfully vast or elegantly little. The plants of the garden, the animals of the wood, the minerals of the earth, and meteors of the sky, must all concur to store his mind with inexhaustible variety: for every idea is useful for the enforcement or decoration of moral or religious truth: and he who knows most will have most power of diversifying his scenes, and of gratifying his reader with remote allusions and unexpected instruction.

"All the appearances of nature I was therefore careful to study, and every country which I have surveyed has contributed something to my poetical powers."

"In so wide a survey," said the prince, "you must surely have left much unobserved. I have lived, till now, within the circuit of these mountains, and yet cannot walk abroad without the sight of something which I never beheld before, or never heeded."

"The business of a poet," said Imlac, "is to examine, not the individual, but the species; to remark general properties and large appearances: he does not number the streaks of the tulip, or describe the different shades in the verdure of the forest. He is to exhibit in his portraits of nature such prominent and striking features, as recal the original to every mind; and must neglect the minuter discriminations, which one may have remarked, and another have neglected, for those characteristics which are alike obvious to vigilance and carelessness.

"But the knowledge of nature is only half the task of a poet: he must be acquainted likewise with all the modes of life. His character requires that he estimate the happiness and misery of every condition, observe the power of all the passions in all their combinations, and trace the changes of the human mind as they are modified by various institutions, and accidental influences of climate or custom, from the sprightliness of infancy to the despondence of decrepitude. He must divest himself of the prejudices of his age or country; he must consider right and wrong in their abstract and invariable state; he must disregard present laws and opinions, and rise to general and transcendental truths, which will always be the same: he must therefore content himself with the slow progress of his name; contemn the applause of his own time, and commit his claims to the justice of posterity. He must write as the interpreter of nature, and the legislator of mankind, and consider himself as presiding over the thoughts and manners of future generations, as a being superior to time and place.

"His labour is not yet at an end: he must know many languages and many sciences; and, that his style may be worthy of his thoughts, must, by incessant practice, familiarize to himself every delicacy of speech and grace of harmony."

Johnson's Rasselas.

§ 49. *Remarks on some of the best Poets, both ancient and modern.*

It is manifest that some particular ages have been more happy than others in the production of great men, and all sorts of arts and sci-

ences; as that of Euripides, Sophocles, Aristophanes, and the rest, for stage poetry, amongst the Greeks; that of Augustus for heroic, lyric, dramatic, elegiac, and indeed all sorts of poetry, in the persons of Virgil, Horace, Varius, Ovid, and many others; especially if we take into that century the latter end of the commonwealth, wherein we find Varro, Lucretius, and Catullus: and at the same time lived Cicero, Sallust, and Cæsar. A famous age in modern times, for learning in every kind, was that of Lorenzo de Medici, and his son Leo X. wherein painting was revived, poetry flourished, and the Greek language was restored.

Examples in all these are obvious: but what I would infer is this, That in such an age, it is possible some great genius may arise to equal any of the ancients, abating only for the language; for great contemporaries whet and cultivate each other; and mutual borrowing and commerce, makes the common riches of learning, as it does of civil government.

But suppose that Homer and Virgil were the only poets of their species, and that nature was so much worn out in producing them, that she is never able to bear the like again; yet the example only holds in heroic poetry. In tragedy and satire, I offer myself to maintain, against some of our modern critics, that this age and the last, particularly in England, have excelled the ancients in both these kinds.

Thus I might safely confine myself to my native country; but if I would only cross the seas, I might find in France a living Horace and a Juvenal, in the person of the admirable Boileau, whose numbers are excellent, whose expressions are noble, whose thoughts are just, whose language is pure, whose satire is pointed, and whose sense is close. What he borrows from the ancients, he repays with usury of his own, in coin as good, and almost as universally valuable; for, setting prejudice and partiality apart, though he is our enemy, the stamp of a Louis, the patron of arts, is not much inferior to the medal of an Augustus Cæsar. Let this be said without entering into the interests of factions and parties, and relating only the bounty of that king to men of learning and merit: a praise so just, that even we, who are his enemies, cannot refuse it to him.

Now, if it may be permitted me to go back again to the consideration of epic poetry, I have confessed that no man hitherto has reached, or so much as approached to the excellencies of Homer or Virgil: I must farther add, that Statius, the best versificator next to Virgil, knew not how to design after him, though he had the model in his eyes; that Lucan is wanting both in design and subject, and is besides too full of heat and affection; that among the moderns, Ariosto neither designed justly, nor observed any unity of action, or compass of time or moderation in the vastness of his draught: his style is luxurious, without majesty or decency; and his adventurers without the compass of nature and possibility. Tasso, whose design was regular, and who observed the rules of unity in time and place more closely than Virgil, yet was not so happy in his action: he confesses himself to have been too lyrical, that is, to have written beneath the dignity of heroic verse, in his episodes of Sophronia, Erminia, and Armida; his story is not so pleasing as Ariosto's; he is too flatulent sometimes; and sometimes too dry; many times unequal, and almost always forced; and besides is full of conceptions, points of epigram, and witticisms; all which are not only below the dignity of heroic verse, but contrary to its nature. Virgil

and Homer have not one of them: and those who are guilty of so boyish an ambition in so grave a subject, are so far from being considered as heroic poets, that they ought to be turned down from Homer to Anthologia, from Virgil to Martial and Owen's epigrams, and from Spenser to Flecno, that is, from the top to the bottom of all poetry. But to return to Tasso; he borrows from the invention of Boyardo, and in his alteration of his poem, which is infinitely the worst, imitates Homer so very servilely, that (for example) he gives the king of Jerusalem fifty sons, only because Homer had bestowed the like number on king Priam; he kills the youngest in the same manner, and has provided his hero with a Patroclus, under another name, only to bring him back to the wars, when his friend was killed. The French have performed nothing in this kind, which is not below those two Italians, and subject to a thousand more reflections, without examining their St. Louis, their Pucelle, or their Alarique. The English have only to boast of Spenser and Milton, who neither of them wanted either genius or learning to have been perfect poets, and yet both of them are liable to many censures. For there is no uniformity in the design of Spenser; he aims at the accomplishment of no one action; he raises up a hero for every one of his adventures, and endows each of them with some particular moral virtue, which renders them all equal without subordination or preference. Every one is most valiant in his own legend; only we must do them the justice to observe, that magnanimity, which is the character of Prince Arthur, shines through the whole poem, and succours the rest, when they are in distress. The original of every knight was then living in the court of queen Elizabeth; and he attributed to each of them that virtue which he thought most conspicuous in them: an ingenious piece of flattery, though it turned not much to his account. Had he lived to finish his poem, in the six remaining legends, it had certainly been more of a piece; but could not have been perfect, because the model was not true. But Prince Arthur, or his chief patron, Sir Philip Sidney, whom he intended to make happy by the marriage of his Gloriana, dying before him, deprived the poet both of means and spirit to accomplish his design. For the rest, his obsolete language, and ill choice of his stanza, are faults but of the second magnitude: for, notwithstanding the first, he is still intelligible, at least after a little practice; and for the last, he is the more to be admired, that labouring under such a difficulty, his verses are so numerous, so various, and so harmonious, that only Virgil, whom he professedly imitated, has surpassed him among the Romans, and only Mr. Waller among the English.

Dryden.

§ 50. *Remarks on some of the best English dramatic Poets.*

Shakspeare was the man who, of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily: when he describes any thing, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards and found her there. I cannot say he is every where alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat and insipid; his comic wit degenerating

into clenches; his serious, swelling into bombast. But he is always great, when some great occasion is presented to him: no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of Poets,

Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.

The consideration of this made Mr. Hales of Eton say, that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better treated in Shakspeare; and, however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him Fletcher and Jonson, never equalled them to him in their esteem. And in the last king's court, when Ben's reputation was at the highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greatest part of the courtiers, set our Shakspeare far above him.

Beaumont and Fletcher, of whom I am next to speak, had, with the advantage of Shakspeare's wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improved by study; Beaumont especially being so accurate a judge of players, that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure, and, 'tis thought, used his judgment in correcting, if not contriving, all his plots. What value he had for him, appears by the verses he writ to him, and therefore I need speak no farther of it. The first play which brought Fletcher and him in esteem was their Philaster; for before that, they had written two or three very unsuccessfully: and the like is reported of Ben Jonson, before he writ Every Man in his Humour. Their plots were generally more regular than Shakspeare's, especially those which were made before Beaumont's death; and they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better, whose wild debaucheries, and quickness of repartees, no poet can ever paint as they have done. That humour which Ben Jonson derived from particular persons, they made it not their business to describe: they represented all the passions very lively, but above all, love. I am apt to believe the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection: what words have been taken in since, are rather superfluous than necessary. Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage; two of theirs being acted through the year for one of Shakspeare's or Jonson's: the reason is, because there is a certain gaiety in their comedies, and pathos in their more serious plays, which suits generally with all men's humour. Shakspeare's language is likewise a little obsolete, and Ben Jonson's wit comes short of theirs.

As for Jonson, to whose character I am now arrived, if we look upon him while he was himself (for his last plays were but his dotages), I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit and language, and humour also, in some measure, we had before him; but something of art was wanting to the drama till he came. He managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavouring to move the passions; his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such an height. Humour was his proper sphere, and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic people. He was deeply conversant in the ancients, both

Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them: there is not a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times, whom he has not translated in Sejanus and Catiline. But he has done his robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch, and what would be theft in other poets, is only victory in him. With the spoils of those writers he so represents old Rome to us, in its rites, ceremonies, and customs, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him. If there was any fault in his language, 'twas that he weaved it too closely and laboriously in his serious plays: perhaps, too, he did a little too much Romanize our tongue, leaving the words which he translated as much Latin as he found them; wherein, though he learnedly followed the idiom of their language, he did not enough comply with ours. If I would compare with him Shakspeare, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakspeare the greater wit. Shakspeare was the Homer, or father of our dramatic poets, Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing; I admire him, but I love Shakspeare. To conclude of him: as he has given us the most correct plays, so in the precepts which he has laid down in his discoveries, we have as many and as profitable rules for perfecting the stage as any wherewith the French can furnish us.

Dryden's Essays.

§ 51. *Retirement of no Use to some.*

To lead the life I propose with satisfaction and profit, renouncing the pleasures and business of the world, and breaking the habits of both, is not sufficient; the supine creature, whose understanding is superficially employed through life, about a few general notions, and is never bent to a close and steady pursuit of truth, may renounce the pleasures and business of the world, for even in the business of the world we see such creatures often employed, and may break the habits; nay, he may retire and drone away life in solitude like a monk, or like him over the door of whose house, as if his house had been his tomb, somebody writ, "Here lies such an one:" but no such man will be able to make the true use of retirement. The employment of his mind, that would have been agreeable and easy if he had accustomed himself to it early, will be unpleasant and impracticable late: such men lose their intellectual powers for want of exerting them, and, having trifled away youth, are reduced to the necessity of trifling away age. It fares with the mind just as it does with the body. He who was born with a texture of brain as strong as that of Newton, may become unable to perform the common rules of arithmetic; just as he who has the same elasticity in his muscles, the same suppleness in his joints, and all his nerves and sinews as well-braced as Jacob Hall, may become a fat unwieldy sluggard. Yet further; the implicit creature, who has thought it all his life needless, or unlawful, to examine the principles of facts that he took originally on trust, will be as little able as the other to improve his solitude to any good purpose: unless we call it a good purpose, for that sometimes happens, to confirm and exalt his prejudices, so that he may live and die in one continued delirium. The confirmed prejudices of a thoughtful life, are as hard to change as the confirmed habits of an indolent life: and as some must trifle away age because they trifled away youth, others

must labour on in a maze of error, because they have wandered there too long to find their way out.

Bolingbroke.

§ 52. *Defence of Riddles: In a letter to a Lady.*

It is with wonderful satisfaction I find you are grown such an adept in the occult arts, and that you take a laudable pleasure in the ancient and ingenious study of making and solving riddles. It is a science, undoubtedly, of most necessary acquirement, and deserves to make a part in the meditation of both sexes. Those of yours may by this means very innocently indulge their usual curiosity of discovering and disclosing a secret; whilst such amongst ours who have a turn for deep speculations, and are fond of puzzling themselves and others, may exercise their faculties this way with much private satisfaction, and without the least disturbance to the public. It is an art indeed which I would recommend to the encouragement of both the universities, as it affords the easiest and shortest method of conveying some of the most useful principles of logic, and might therefore be introduced as a very proper substitute in the room of those dry systems which are at present in vogue in those places of education. For as it consists in discovering truth under borrowed appearances, it might prove of wonderful advantage in every branch of learning, by habituating the mind to separate all foreign ideas, and consequently preserving it from that grand source of error, the being deceived by false connexions. In short, Timoclea, this your favourite science contains the sum of all human policy; and as there is no passing through the world without sometimes mixing with fools and knaves, who would not choose to be master of the enigmatical art, in order, on proper occasions, to be able to lead aside craft and impertinence from their aim, by the convenient artifice of a prudent disguise? It was the maxim of a very wise prince, that "he who knows not how to dissemble, knows not how to reign:" and I desire you would receive it as mine, that "he who knows not how to riddle, knows not how to live."

But besides the general usefulness of this art, it will have a farther recommendation to all true admirers of antiquity, as being practised by the most considerable personages of early times. It is almost three thousand years ago since Samson proposed his famous riddle so well known; though the advocates for ancient learning must forgive me, if in this article I attribute the superiority to the moderns; for if we may judge of the skill of the former in this profound art by that remarkable specimen of it, the geniuses of those early ages were by no means equal to those which our times have produced. But as a friend of mine has lately finished, and intends very shortly to publish, a most learned work in folio, wherein he has fully proved that important point, I will not anticipate the pleasure you will receive by perusing this curious performance. In the mean while let it be remembered, to the immortal glory of this art, that the wisest man, as well as the greatest prince that ever lived, is said to have amused himself and a neighbouring monarch in trying the strength of each other's talents in this way; several riddles, it seems, having passed between Solomon and Hiram upon condition that he who failed in the solution should incur a certain penalty. It is recorded likewise of the great father of poetry, even the divine Homer himself, that he had a taste of this sort; and we are told by a Greek writer of his life, that he died with vexation for

not being able to discover a riddle which was proposed to him by some fishermen at a certain island called Jo. *Fitzosborne's Letters.*

§ 53. *The true Use of the Senses perverted by Fashion.*

Nothing has been so often explained, and yet so little understood, as simplicity in writing; and the reason of its remaining so much a mystery, is our own want of simplicity in manners. By our present mode of education, we are forcibly warped from the bias of nature, in mind as well as in body; we are taught to disguise, distort, and alter our sentiments until our thinking faculty is diverted into an unnatural channel; and we not only relinquish and forget, but also become incapable of our original dispositions. We are totally changed into creatures of art and affectation; our perception is abused, and our senses are perverted; our minds lose their nature, force, and flavour; the imagination, sweated by artificial fire, produces nought but vapid and sickly bloom; the genius, instead of growing like a vigorous tree, that extends its branches on every side, buds, blossoms, and bears delicious fruit, resembles a lopped and stunted yew, tortured into some wretched form, projecting no shade or shelter, displaying no flower, diffusing no fragrance, and producing no fruit, and exhibiting nothing but a barren conceit for the amusement of the idle spectator.

Thus debauched from nature, how can we relish her genuine productions? As well might a man distinguish objects through the medium of a prism, that presents nothing but a variety of colours to the eye; or a maid pining in the green-sickness prefer a biscuit to a cinder.

It has often been alleged, that the passions can never be wholly deposed, and that by appealing to these, a good writer will always be able to force himself into the hearts of his readers; but even the strongest passions are weakened, nay, sometimes totally extinguished and destroyed, by mutual opposition, dissipation, and acquired insensibility. How often at our theatre has the tear of sympathy and burst of laughter been repressed by a malignant species of pride, refusing approbation to the author and actor, and renouncing society with the audience! I have seen a young creature, possessed of the most delicate complexion, and exhibiting features that indicate sensibility, sit without the least emotion, and behold the most tender and pathetic scenes of Otway represented with all the energy of action; so happy had she been in her efforts to conquer the prejudices of nature. She had been trained up in the belief that nothing was more awkward, than to betray a sense of shame or sympathy; she seemed to think that a consent of passion with the vulgar, would impair the dignity of her character; and that she herself ought to be the only object of approbation. But she did not consider that such approbation is seldom acquired by disdain; and that want of feeling is a very bad recommendation to the human heart. For my own share, I never fail to take a survey of the female part of an audience, at every interesting incident of the drama. When I perceive the tear stealing down a lady's cheek, and the sudden sigh escape from her breast, I am attracted towards her by an irresistible emotion of tenderness and esteem; her eyes shine with enchanting lustre, through the pearly moisture that surrounds them; my heart warms at the glow which humanity kindles on her cheek, and keeps time with the accelerated heavings of her snowy bosom; I at once love her benevolence, and revere her discernment. On the

contrary, when I see a fine woman's face unaltered by the distress of the scene, with which I myself am affected, I resent her indifference as an insult on my own understanding; I suppose her heart to be savage, her disposition unsocial, her organs indelicate, and exclaim with the fox in the fable, *O pulchrum caput! sed cerebrum non habet.**

Yet this insensibility is not perhaps owing to any original defect. Nature may have stretched the string, though it has long ceased to vibrate. It may have been displeased and distracted by the first violence offered to the native machine; it may have lost its tone through long disuse; or be so twisted and overstrained as to produce an effect very different from that which was primarily intended. If so little regard is paid to nature when she knocks so powerfully at the breast, she must be altogether neglected and despised in her calmer mood of serene tranquillity, when nothing appears to recommend her but simplicity, propriety, and innocence. A clear, blue sky, spangled with stars, will prove a homely and insipid object to eyes accustomed to the glare of torches, tapers, gilding, and glitter; they will be turned with loathing and disgust from the green mantle of the spring, so gorgeously adorned with buds and foliage, flowers, and blossoms, to contemplate a gaudy negligee, striped and intersected with abrupt unfriendly tints that fetter the masses of light, and distract the vision; and cut and pinked into the most fantastic forms; and flounced and furbelowed, patched and fringed with all the littleness of art, unknown to elegance. Those ears that are offended by the sweetly wild notes of the thrush, the blackbird, and the nightingale, the distant cawing of the rook, the tender cooing of the turtle, the soft sighing of reeds and osiers, the magic murmur of lapsing streams; will be regaled and ravished by the extravagant and alarming notes of a squeaking fiddle, extracted by a musician who has no other genius than that which lies in his fingers; they will even be entertained with the rattling of coaches, the rumbling of carts, and the delicate cry of cod and mackerel.

The sense of smelling that delights in the scent of excrementitious animal juices, such as musk, civet, and urinous salts, will loath the fragrancy of new mown hay, the hawthorn's bloom, the sweet briar, the honeysuckle, and the rose; and the organs that are gratified with the taste of sickly veal which has been bled into the palsy, rotten pullets crammed into fevers, brawn made up of dropsical pig, the abortion of pigeons and of poultry, 'sparagus gorged with the crude unwholesome juice of dung, peas without substance, peaches without taste, and pine-apples without flavour, will certainly nauseate the native, genuine, and salutary taste of Welsh beef, Banstead mutton, Hampshire pork, and barn-door fowls; whose juices are concocted by a natural digestion, and whose flesh is consolidated by free air and exercise.

In such a total perversion of the senses, the ideas must be misrepresented, the powers of the imagination disordered, and the judgment of consequence unsound. The disease is attended with a false appetite, which the natural food of the mind will not satisfy. It must have sauces compounded of the most heterogeneous trash. The soul seems to sink into a kind of sleepy idiotism, or childish vacancy of thought. It is diverted by toys and baubles, which can only be pleasing to the most superficial curiosity. It is enlivened by a quick succession of trivial objects, that glisten, and glance and dance before the eye; and, like

* What a fine head! but it has no brains.

an infant kept awake and inspirited by the sound of a rattle, it must not only be dazzled and aroused, but also cheated, hurried, and perplexed by the artifice of deception, business, intricacy, and intrigue, which is a kind of low juggle that may be termed the legerdemain of genius. This being the case, it cannot enjoy, nor indeed distinguish, the charms of natural and moral beauty or decorum. The ingenuous blush of native innocence, the plain language of ancient faith and sincerity, the cheerful resignation to the will of heaven, the mutual affection of the charities, the voluntary respect paid to superior dignity or station, the virtue of beneficence extended even to the brute creation, nay, the very crimson glow of health, and swelling lines of beauty, are despised, detested, scorned, and ridiculed as ignorance, rudeness, rusticity, and superstition. *Smollett.*

§ 54. *Swearing an indelicate as well as a wicked Practice.*

As there are some vices, which the vulgar have presumed to copy from the great; so there are others, which the great have condescended to borrow from the vulgar. Among these I cannot but set down the shocking practice of cursing and swearing: a practice, which (to say nothing at present of its impiety and profaneness) is low and indelicate, and places the man of quality on the same level with the chairman at his door. A gentleman would forfeit all pretensions to that title, who should choose to embellish his discourse with the oratory of Billingsgate, and converse in the style of an oyster-woman; but it is accounted no disgrace to him to use the same coarse expressions of cursing and swearing with the meanest of the mob. For my own part, I cannot see the difference between a *By-gad* or a *Gad-dem-me*, minced and softened by a genteel pronunciation from well-bred lips, and the same expression bluntly bolted out from the broad mouth of a porter or hackney coach-man.

I shall purposely wave making any reflections on the impiety of this practice, as I am satisfied they would have but little weight either with the *beau-monde* or the *canaille*. The swearer of either station devotes himself piecemeal, as it were, to destruction; pours out anathemas against his eyes, his heart, his soul, and every part of his body; nor does he scruple to extend the same good wishes to the limbs and joints of his friends and acquaintance. This they both do with the same fearless unconcern; but with this only difference, that the gentleman swearer damns himself and others with the greatest civility and good-breeding imaginable.

My predecessor the Tatler gives us an account of a certain humourist, who got together a party of noted swearers to dinner with him, and ordered their discourses to be taken down in short-hand; which being afterwards repeated to them, they were extremely startled and surprised at their own common talk. A dialogue of this nature would be no improper supplement to Swift's *polite conversation;* though, indeed, it would appear too shocking to be set down in print. But I cannot help wishing, that it were possible to draw out a catalogue of the fashionable oaths and curses in present use at Arthur's or at any other polite assembly; by which means the company themselves would be led to imagine that their conversation had been carried on between the lowest of the mob; and they would blush to find, that they had gleaned the choicest phrases from lanes and alleys, and enriched their discourse with the elegant dialect of Wapping and Broad St Giles's.

The legislature has indeed provided against this offence, by affixing a penalty on every delinquent according to his station; but this law, like those made against gaming, is of no effect: while the genteeler sort of swearers put forth the same execrations at the hazard-table or in the tennis-court, which the more ordinary gamesters repeat, with the same impunity, over the shuffle-board or in the skittle-alley. Indeed, were this law to be rigorously put in execution, there would appear to be little or no proportion in the punishment: since the gentleman would escape by depositing his crown; while the poor wretch, who cannot raise a shilling, must be clapped into the stocks, or sent to Bridewell. But as the offence is exactly the same, I would also have no distinction made in the treatment of the offenders: and it would be a most ridiculous but a due mortification to a man of quality, to be obliged to thrust his leg through the same stocks with a carman or a coal-heaver; since he first degraded himself, and qualified himself for their company by talking in the same mean dialect.

I am aware that it will be pleaded in excuse for this practice, that oaths and curses are intended only as mere expletives, which serve to round a period, and give a grace and spirit to conversation. But there are still some old-fashioned creatures, who adhere to their common acceptation, and cannot help thinking it a very serious matter, that a man should devote his body to the devil, or call down damnation on his soul. Nay, the swearer himself, like the old man in the fable calling upon death, would be exceeding loath to be taken at his word; and while he wishes destruction to every part of his body, would be highly concerned to have a limb rot away, his nose fall off, or an eye drop out of the socket. It would therefore be advisable to substitute some other terms equally unmeaning, and at the same time remote from the vulgar cursing and swearing.

It is recorded to the honour of the famous Dean Stanhope, that in his younger days, when he was chaplain to a regiment, he reclaimed the officers, who were much addicted to this vulgar practice, by the following method of reproof: One evening as they were all in company together, after they had been very eloquent in this kind of rhetoric, so natural to the gentlemen of the army, the worthy Dean took occasion to tell a story in his turn; in which he frequently repeated the words *bottle* and *glass*, instead of the usual expletives of *God*, *devil*, and *damn*, which he did not think quite so becoming for one of his cloth to make free with. I would recommend it to our people of fashion to make use of the like innocent phrases whenever they are obliged to have recourse to these substitutes for thought and expression. "Bottle and glass" might be introduced with great energy in the table-talk at the King's Arms or St. Alban's taverns. The gamester might be indulged, without offence, in swearing by the "knave of clubs," or the "curse of Scotland;" or he might with some propriety retain the old execration of "the deuce take it." The beau should be allowed to swear by his "gracious self," which is the god of his idolatry; and the common expletives should consist only of "upon my word and upon my honour;" which terms, whatever sense they might formerly bear, are at present understood only as words of course without meaning.

Connoisseur.

§ 55. *Sympathy a Source of the Sublime.*

It is by the passion of sympathy that we enter into the concerns of

others; that we are moved as they are moved, and are never suffered to be indifferent spectators of almost any thing which men can do or suffer. For sympathy must be considered as a sort of substitution, by which we are put into the place of another man, and affected in a good measure as he is affected; so that this passion may either partake of the nature of those which regard self-preservation, and turning upon pain may be a source of the sublime; or it may turn upon ideas of pleasure, and then, whatever has been said of the social affections, whether they regard society in general, or only some particular modes of it, may be applicable here.

It is by this principle chiefly that poetry, painting, and other affecting arts, transfuse their passions from one breast to another, and are often capable of grafting a delight on wretchedness, misery, and death itself. It is a common observation, that objects, which in the reality would shock, are, in tragical and such-like representations, the source of a very high species of pleasure. This, taken as a fact, has been the cause of much reasoning. This satisfaction has been commonly attributed, first, to the comfort we receive in considering that so melancholy a story is no more than a fiction; and next, the contemplation of our own freedom from the evils we see represented. I am afraid it is a practice much too common, in inquiries of this nature, to attribute the cause of feelings which merely arise from the mechanical structure of our bodies, or from the natural frame and constitution of our minds, to certain conclusions of the reasoning faculty on the objects presented to us; for I have some reason to apprehend, that the influence of reason in producing our passions is nothing near so extensive as is commonly believed. *Burke on the Sublime.*

§ 56. *Effects of Sympathy in the Distresses of others.*

To examine this point concerning the effect of tragedy in a proper manner, we must previously consider, how we are affected by the feelings of our fellow creatures in circumstances of real distress. I am convinced we have a degree of delight, and that no small one, in the real misfortunes and pains of others; for, let the affection be what it will in appearance, if it does not make us shun such objects, if, on the contrary, it induces us to approach them, if it makes us dwell upon them, in this case I conceive we must have a delight or pleasure, of some species or other, in contemplating objects of this kind. Do we not read the authentic histories of scenes of this nature with as much pleasure as romances or poems, where the incidents are fictitious? The prosperity of no empire, nor the grandeur of no king, can so agreeably affect in the reading, as the ruin of the state of Macedon, and the distress of its unhappy prince. Such a catastrophe touches us in history, as much as the destruction of Troy does in fable. Our delight in cases of this kind is very greatly heightened, if the sufferer be some excellent person who sinks under an unworthy fortune. Scipio and Cato are both virtuous characters; but we are more deeply affected by the violent death of the one, and the ruin of the great cause he adhered to, than with the deserved triumphs and uninterrupted prosperity of the other; for terror is a passion which always produces delight when it does not press too close, and pity is a passion accompanied with pleasure because it arises from love and social affection. Whenever we are formed by nature to any active purpose, the passion which animates us to it is attended with delight, or a pleasure of

some kind, let the subject matter be what it will; and as our Creator has designed we should be united together by so strong a bond as that of sympathy, he has therefore twisted along with it a proportionable quantity of this ingredient; and always in the greatest proportion where our sympathy is most wanted, in the distresses of others. If this passion was simply painful, we should shun, with the greatest care, all persons and places that could excite such a passion; as some, who are so far gone in indolence as not to endure any strong impression, actually do. But the case is widely different with the greater part of mankind; there is no spectacle we so eagerly pursue, as that of some uncommon and grievous calamity; so that whether the misfortune is before our eyes, or whether they are turned back to it in history, it always touches with delight; but it is not an unmixed delight, but blended with no small uneasiness. The delight we have in such things, hinders us from shunning scenes of misery; and the pain we feel, prompts us to relieve ourselves in relieving those who suffer; and all this antecedent to any reasoning, by an instinct that works us to its own purposes, without our concurrence. *Burke on the Sublime.*

§ 57. *Tears not unworthy of an Hero.*

If tears are arguments of cowardice, what shall I say of Homer's hero? Shall Achilles pass for timorous because he wept, and wept on less occasions than Eneas? Herein Virgil must be granted to have excelled his master. For once both heroes are described lamenting their lost loves: Briseis was taken away by force from the Grecian; Creusa was lost for ever to her husband. But Achilles went roaring along the salt sea-shore, and like a booby was complaining to his mother, when he should have revenged his injury by his arms. Eneas took a nobler course; for, having secured his father and son, he repeated all his former dangers to have found his wife, if she had been above ground.

And here your lordship may observe the address of Virgil; it was not for nothing that this passage was related with all these tender circumstances. Eneas told it; Dido heard it. That he had been so affectionate a husband, was no ill argument to the coming dowager that he might prove as kind to her. Virgil has a thousand secret beauties, though I have not leisure to remark them.

Segrais, on the subject of a hero shedding tears, observes, that historians commend Alexander for weeping when he read the mighty actions of Achilles; and Julius Cæsar is likewise praised, when, out of the same noble envy, he wept at the victories of Alexander. But if we observe more closely, we shall find that the tears of Eneas were always on a laudable occasion. Thus he weeps out of compassion and tenderness of nature, when in the temple of Carthage he beholds the picture of his friends, who sacrificed their lives in defence of their country. He deplores the lamentable end of his pilot Palinurus; the untimely death of young Pallas his confederate; and the rest, which I omit. Yet even for these tears, his wretched critics dare condemn him. They make Eneas little better than a kind of St. Swithin's hero, always raining. One of these censors is bold enough to arraign him of cowardice, when, in the beginning of the first book, he not only weeps but trembles at an approaching storm.

But to this I have answered formerly, that his fear was not for himself, but his people. And what can give a sovereign a better commenda-

tion, or recommend a hero more to the affection of the reader? They were threatened with a tempest, and he wept; he was promised Italy, and therefore he prayed for the accomplishment of that promise. All this in the beginning of a storm: therefore he showed the more early piety, and the quicker sense of compassion. Thus much I have urged elsewhere in the defence of Virgil; and since I have been informed by Mr. Moyl, a young gentleman whom I can never sufficiently commend, that the ancients accounted drowning an accursed death. So that if we grant him to have been afraid, he had just occasion for that fear, both in relation to himself and to his subjects.

Dryden.

§ 58. *Terror a Source of the Sublime.*

No passion so effectually robs the mind of all its powers of acting and reasoning as fear; for fear being an apprehension of pain of death, it operates in a manner that resembles actual pain. Whatever therefore is terrible with regard to sight, is sublime too, whether this cause of terror be endued with greatness of dimensions or not; for it is impossible to look on any thing as trifling or contemptible, that may be dangerous. There are many animals who, though far from being large, are yet capable of raising ideas of the sublime, because they are considered as objects of terror; as serpents and poisonous animals of almost all kinds. Even to things of great dimensions, if we annex any adventitious idea of terror, they become without comparison greater. An even plain of a vast extent on land, is certainly no mean idea; the prospect of such a plain may be as extensive as a prospect of the ocean; but can it ever fill the mind with any thing so great as the ocean itself? This is owing to several causes, but it is owing to none more than to this, that the ocean is an object of no small terror.

Burke on the Sublime.

§ 59. *Tragedy compared with Epic Poetry.*

To raise, and afterwards to calm the passions; to purge the soul from pride, by the examples of human miseries which befal the greatest; in few words, to expel arrogance and introduce compassion, are the greatest effects of tragedy. Great, I must confess, if they were altogether as lasting as they are pompous. But are habits to be introduced at three hours warning? are radical diseases so suddenly removed? A mountebank may promise such a cure, but a skilful physician will not undertake it. An epic poem is not so much in haste; it works leisurely; the changes which it makes are slow; but the cure is likely to be more perfect. The effects of tragedy, as I said, are too violent to be lasting. If it be answered, that for this reason tragedies are often to be seen, and the dose to be repeated; this is tacitly to confess, that there is more virtue in one heroic poem, than in many tragedies. A man is humbled one day, and his pride returns the next. Chemical medicines are observed to relieve oftener than to cure; for it is the nature of spirits to make swift impressions, but not deep. Galenical decoctions, to which I may properly compare an epic poem, have more of body in them; they work by their substance and their weight. It is one reason of Aristotle's to prove that tragedy is the more noble, because it turns in a shorter compass; the whole action being circumscribed within the space of four-and-twenty hours. He might prove as well that a mushroom is to

be preferred before a peach, because it shoots up in the compass of a night. A chariot may be driven round the pillar in less space than a large machine, because the bulk is not so great. Is the moon a more noble planet than Saturn, because she makes her revolution in less than thirty days; and he in little less than thirty years? Both their orbs are in proportion to their several magnitudes; and, consequently, the quickness or slowness of their motion, and the time of their circumvolutions, is no argument of the greater or less perfection. And besides, what virtue is there in a tragedy, which is not contained in an epic poem? where pride is humbled, virtue rewarded, and vice punished; and those more amply treated than the narrowness of the drama can admit? the shining quality of an epic hero, his magnanimity, his constancy, his patience, his piety, or whatever characteristical virtue his poet gives him, raises first our admiration: we are naturally prone to imitate what we admire: and frequent acts produce a habit. If the hero's chief quality be vicious, as, for example, the choler and obstinate desire of vengeance in Achilles, yet the moral is instructive: and besides, we are informed in the very proposition of the Iliad, that this anger was pernicious: that it brought a thousand ills on the Grecian camp. The courage of Achilles is proposed to imitation, not his pride and disobedience to his general, nor his brutal cruelty to his dead enemy, nor the selling his body to his father: we abhor those actions while we read them, and what we abhor we never imitate: the poet only shows them, like rocks or quicksands, to be shunned.

By this example the critics have concluded, that it is not necessary the manners of the hero should be virtuous. They are poetically good, if they are of a piece. Though where a character of perfect virtue is set before us, it is more lovely; for there the whole hero is to be imitated. This is the Eneas of Virgil: this is that idea of perfection in an epic poem, which painters and statuaries have only in their minds, and which no hands are able to express. These are the beauties of a God in a human body. When the picture of Achilles is drawn in tragedy, he is taken with those warts and moles, and hard features, by those who represent him on the stage, or he is no more Achilles; for his creator Homer has so described him. Yet even thus he appears a perfect hero, though an imperfect character of virtue. Horace paints him after Homer, and delivers him to be copied on the stage with all those imperfections; therefore they are either not faults in an heroic poem, or faults common to the drama. After all, on the whole merits of the case, it must be acknowledged, that the epic poem is more for the manners, and tragedy for the passions. The passions, as I have said, are violent; and acute distempers require medicines of a strong and speedy operation. Ill habits of the mind and chronical diseases are to be corrected by degrees, and cured by alteratives; wherein though purges are sometimes necessary, yet diet, good air, and moderate exercise, have the greatest part. The matter being thus stated, it will appear that both sorts of poetry are of use for their proper ends. The stage is active, the epic poem works at greater leisure, yet is active too, when need requires; for dialogue is imitated by the drama, from the more active parts of it. One puts off a fit like the quinquina, and relieves us only for a time; the other roots out the distemper, and gives a healthful habit. The sun enlightens and cheers us, dispels fog, and warms the ground

with his daily beams; but the corn is sowed, increases, is ripened, and reaped for use, in process of time, and its proper season. I proceed from the greatness of the action to the dignity of the actors; I mean, to the persons employed in both poems. There likewise tragedy will be seen to borrow from the epopee; and that which borrows is always of less dignity, because it has not of its own. A subject, it is true, may lend to his sovereign; but the act of borrowing makes the king inferior, because he wants, and the subject supplies. And suppose the persons of the drama wholly fabulous, or of the poet's invention, yet heroic poetry gave him the examples of that invention; because it was first, and Homer the common father of the stage. I know not of any one advantage which tragedy can boast above heroic poetry, but that it is represented to the view, as well as read; and instructs in the closet as well as on the theatre. This is an uncontested excellence, and a chief branch of its prerogative; yet I may be allowed to say without partiality, that herein the actors share the poet's praise. Your lordship knows some modern tragedies which are beautiful on the stage, and yet I am confident you would not read them. Tryphon, the stationer, complains they are seldom asked for in his shop. The poet who flourished in the scene, is damned in the *ruelle;* nay more, is not esteemed a good poet, by those who see and hear his extravagances with delight. They are a sort of stately fustian and lofty childishness. Nothing but nature can give a sincere pleasure: where that is not imitated, it is grotesque painting; the fine woman ends in a fish's tail. *Dryden.*

§ 60. *History of Translations.*

Among the studies which have exercised the ingenious and the learned for more than three centuries, none has been more diligently or more successfully cultivated than the art of translation; by which the impediments which bar the way to science are, in some measure, removed, and the multiplicity of languages becomes less incommodious.

Of every other kind of writing, the ancients have left us models which all succeeding ages have laboured to imitate; but translation may justly be claimed by the moderns as their own. In the first ages of the world instruction was commonly oral, and learning traditional, and what was not written could not be translated. When alphabetical writing made the conveyance of opinions and the transmission of events more easy and certain, literature did not flourish in more than one country at once; for distant nations had little commerce with each other, and those few whom curiosity sent abroad in quest of improvement, delivered their acquisitions in their own manner, desirous perhaps to be considered as the inventors of that which they had learned from others.

The Greeks for a time travelled into Egypt, but they translated no books from the Egyptian language; and when the Macedonians had overthrown the empire of Persia, the countries that became subject to the Grecian dominion studied only the Grecian literature. The books of the conquered nations, if they had any among them, sunk in oblivion; Greece considered herself as the mistress, if not as the parent of arts, her language contained all that was supposed to be known, and, except the sacred writings of the Old Testament, I know not that the library of Alexandria adopted any thing from a foreign tongue.

The Romans confessed themselves the scholars of the Greeks, and do not appear to have expected, what

has since happened, that the ignorance of succeeding ages would prefer them to their teachers. Every man who in Rome aspired to the praise of literature, thought it necessary to learn Greek, and had no need of versions when they could study the originals. Translation, however, was not wholly neglected. Dramatic poems could be understood by the people in no language but their own, and the Romans were sometimes entertained with the tragedies of Euripides and the comedies of Menander. Other works were sometimes attempted; in an old scholiast there is mention of a Latin Iliad, and we have not wholly lost Tully's version of the poem of Aratus; but it does not appear that any man grew eminent by interpreting another, and perhaps it was more frequent to translate for exercise or amusement than for fame.

The Arabs were the first nation who felt the ardour of translation: when they had subdued the eastern provinces of the Greek empire, they found their captives wiser than themselves, and made haste to relieve their wants by imparted knowledge. They discovered that many might grow wise by the labour of a few, and that improvements might be made with speed, when they had the knowledge of former ages in their own language. They therefore made haste to lay hold on medicine and philosophy, and turned their chief authors into Arabic. Whether they attempted the poems is not known; their literary zeal was vehement, but it was short, and probably expired before they had time to add the arts of elegance to those of necessity.

The study of ancient literature was interrupted in Europe by the irruption of the northern nations, who subverted the Roman empire, and erected new kingdoms with new languages. It is not strange, that such confusion should suspend literary attention: those who lost, and those who gained dominion, had immediate difficulties to encounter and immediate miseries to redress, and had little leisure, amidst the violence of war, the trepidation of flight, the distresses of forced migration, or the tumults of unsettled conquest, to inquire after speculative truth, to enjoy the amusement of imaginary adventures, to know the history of former ages, or study the events of any other lives. But no sooner had this chaos of dominion sunk into order, than learning began again to flourish in the calm of peace. When life and possessions were secure, convenience and enjoyment were soon sought, learning was found the highest gratification of the mind, and translation became one of the means by which it was imparted.

At last, by a concurrence of many causes, the European world was roused from its lethargy; those arts which had been long obscurely studied in the gloom of monasteries became the general favourites of mankind; every nation vied with its neighbour for the prize of learning; the epidemical emulation spread from south to north, and curiosity and translation found their way to Britain.

He that reviews the progress of English literature, will find that translation was very early cultivated among us, but that some principles, either wholly erroneous, or too far extended, hindered our success from being always equal to our diligence.

Chaucer, who is generally considered as the father of our poetry, has left a version of Boetius on the Comforts of Philosophy, the book which seems to have been the favourite of middle ages, which had been translated into Saxon by King Alfred, and illustrated with a copious comment ascribed to Aquinas. It may be supposed that Chaucer would apply more than common attention to

an author of so much celebrity, yet he has attempted nothing higher than a version strictly literal, and has degraded the poetical parts to prose, that the constraint of versification might not obstruct his zeal for fidelity.

Caxton taught us typography about the year 1490. The first book printed in English was a translation. Caxton was both the translator and printer of the Destruccion of Troye, a book which, in that infancy of learning, was considered as the best account of the fabulous ages, and which, though now driven out of notice by authors of no greater use or value, still continued to be read in Caxton's English to the beginning of the present century.

Caxton proceeded as he began, and, except the poems of Gower and Chaucer, printed nothing but translations from the French, in which the original is so scrupulously followed, that they afford us little knowledge of our own language; though the words are English, the phrase is foreign.

As learning advanced, new works were adopted into our language, but I think with little improvement of the art of translation, though foreign nations and other languages offered us models of a better method; till in the age of Elizabeth we began to find that greater liberty was necessary to elegance, and that elegance was necessary to general reception; some essays were then made upon the Italian poets, which deserve the praise and gratitude of posterity.

But the old practice was not suddenly forsaken; Holland filled the nation with literal translation, and, what is yet more strange, the same exactness was obstinately practised in the version of the poets. This absurd labour of construing into rhyme was countenanced by Jonson, in his version of Horace; and, whether it be that more men have learning than genius, or that the endeavours of that time were more directed towards knowledge than delight, the accuracy of Jonson found more imitators than the elegance of Fairfax; and May, Sandys, and Holiday, confined themselves to the toil of rendering line for line, not indeed with equal felicity, for May and Sandys were poets, and Holiday only a scholar and a critic.

Feltham appears to consider it as the established law of poetical translation that the lines should be neither more nor fewer than those of the original; and so long had his prejudice prevailed, that Denham praises Fanshaw's version of Guarini as the example of a "new and noble way," as the first attempt to break the boundaries of custom, and assert the natural freedom of the muse.

In the general emulation of wit and genius, which the festivity of the Restoration produced, the poets shook off their constraint, and considered translation as no longer confined to servile closeness. But reformation is seldom the work of pure virtue or unassisted reason. Translation was improved more by accident than conviction. The writers of the foregoing age had at least learning equal to their genius, and, being often more able to explain the sentiments or illustrate the allusions of the ancients, than to exhibit their graces and transfuse their spirit, were perhaps willing sometimes to conceal their want of poetry by profusion of literature, and therefore translated literally, that their fidelity might shelter their insipidity or harshness. The wits of Charles's time had seldom more than slight and superficial views, and their care was to hide their want of learning behind the colours of a gay imagination: they therefore translated always with freedom, sometimes with licentiousness, and perhaps expected that their readers should accept

sprightliness for knowledge, and consider ignorance and mistake as the impatience and negligence of a mind too rapid to stop at difficulties, and too elevated to descend to minuteness.

Thus was translation made more easy to the writer, and more delightful to the reader; and there is no wonder if ease and pleasure have found their advocates. The paraphrastic liberties have been almost universally admitted; and Sherbourn, whose learning was eminent, and who had no need of any excuse to pass slightly over obscurities, is the only writer who, in later times, has attempted to justify or revive the ancient severity.

There is undoubtedly a mean to be observed, Dryden saw very early that closeness best preserved an author's sense, and that freedom best exhibited his spirit; he therefore will deserve the highest praise who can give a representation at once faithful and pleasing, who can convey the same thoughts with the same graces, and who, when he translates, changes nothing but the language.

Idler.

§ 61. *What Talents are requisite to form a good Translator.*

After all, a translator is to make his author appear as charming as possibly he can, provided he maintains his character and makes him not unlike himself. Translation is a kind of drawing after the life; where every one will acknowledge there is a double sort of likeness, a good one and a bad. 'Tis one thing to draw the outlines true, the features like, the proportions exact, the colouring itself perhaps tolerable; and another thing to make all those graceful, by the posture, the shadowings, and chiefly by the spirit which animates the whole. I cannot, without some indignation, look on an ill copy of an excellent original; much less can I behold with patience, Virgil, Homer, and some others, whose beauties I have been endeavouring all my life to imitate, so abused, as I may say, to their faces, by a botching interpreter. What English readers, unacquainted with Greek or Latin, will believe me, or any other man, when we commend those authors, and confess we derive all that is pardonable in us from their fountains, if they take those to be the same poets whom our Ogilbys have translated? But I dare assure them, that a good poet is no more like himself in a dull translation, than a carcass would be to his living body. There are many who understand Greek and Latin, and yet are ignorant of their mother-tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the English are known to few: it is impossible even for a good wit to understand and practise them without the help of a liberal education, long reading, and digesting of those few good authors we have amongst us; the knowledge of men and manners; the freedom of habitudes and conversation with the best of company of both sexes; and, in short, without wearing off the rust which he contracted, while he was laying in a stock of learning. Thus difficult it is to understand the purity of English, and critically to discern not only good writers from bad, and a proper style from a corrupt, but also to distinguish that which is pure in a good author, from that which is vicious and corrupt in him. And for want of all these requisites, or the greatest part of them, most of our ingenious young men take up some cry'd-up English poet for their model, adore him, and imitate him, as they think, without knowing wherein he is defective, where he is boyish and trifling, wherein either his thoughts are improper to the sub-

ject, or his expressions unworthy of his thoughts, or the turn of both is unharmonious. Thus it appears necessary, that a man should be a nice critic in his mother-tongue, before he attempts to translate a foreign language. Neither is it sufficient that he be able to judge of words and style; but he must be a master of them too; he must perfectly understand his author's tongue, and absolutely command his own: so that, to be a thorough translator, he must be a thorough poet. Neither is it enough to give his author's sense in good English, in poetical expressions, and in musical numbers: for, though all those are exceeding difficult to perform, there yet remains a harder task; and it is a secret of which few translators have sufficiently thought. I have already hinted a word or two concerning it; that is, the maintaining the character of an author, which distinguishes him from all others, and makes him appear that individual poet whom you would interpret. For example, not only the thoughts, but the style and versification of Virgil and Ovid are very different. Yet I see even in our best poets, who have translated some parts of them, that they have confounded their several talents; and by endeavouring only at the sweetness and harmony of numbers, have made them both so much alike, that if I did not know the originals, I should never be able to judge by the copies, which was Virgil and which was Ovid. It was objected against a late noble painter (Sir P. Lely) that he drew many graceful pictures, but few of them were alike. And this happened to him because he always studied himself more than those who sat to him. In such translators I can easily distinguish the hand which performed the work, but I cannot distinguish their poet from another. Suppose two authors are equally sweet, yet there is a great distinction to be made in sweetness; as in that of sugar and in that of honey. I can make the difference more plain, by giving you (if it be worth knowing) my own method of proceeding in my translations out of four several poets; Virgil, Theocritus, Lucretius, and Horace. In each of these, before I undertook them, I considered the genius and distinguishing character of my author. I looked on Virgil as a succinct, grave, and majestic writer; one who weighed not only every thought, but every word and syllable; who was still aiming to crowd his sense into as narrow a compass as possibly he could; for which reason he is so very figurative, that he requires (I may almost say) a grammar apart to construe him. His verse is every where sounding the very thing in your ears whose sense it bears; yet the numbers are perpetually varied, to increase the delight of the reader; so that the same sounds are never repeated twice together. On the contrary, Ovid and Claudian, though they write in styles differing from each other, yet have each of them but one sort of music in their verses. All the versification and little variety of Claudian is included within the compass of four or five lines, and then he begins again in the same tenour; perpetually closing his sense at the end of a verse, and verse commonly which they call golden, or two substantives and two adjectives, with a verb betwixt them to keep the peace. Ovid, with all his sweetness, has as little variety of numbers and sound as he: he is always, as it were, upon the hand-gallop, and his verse runs upon carpet-ground. He avoids, like the other, all synalæphas, or cutting off one vowel when it comes before another in the following word, But to return to Virgil: though he is smooth where smoothness is required, yet he is so far from affecting it, that he seems rather to disdain it;

frequently makes use of synalæphas; and concludes his sense in the middle of his verse. He is every where above conceits of epigrammatic wit, and gross hyperboles: he maintains majesty in the midst of plainness; he shines, but glares not; and is stately without ambition, which is the vice of Lucan. I drew my definition of poetical wit from my particular consideration of him: for propriety of thoughts and words are only to be found in him; and where they are proper, they will be delightful. Pleasure follows of necessity, as the effect does the cause; and therefore is not to be put into the definition. This exact propriety of Virgil I particularly regarded as a great part of his character: but must confess to my shame, that I have not been able to translate any part of him so well as to make him appear wholly like himself: for where the original is close, no version can reach it in the same compass. Hannibal Caro's in the Italian, is the nearest, the most poetical, and the most sonorous of any translation of the Æneid: yet, though he takes the advantage of blank verse, he commonly allows two lines for one of Virgil, and does not always hit his sense. Tasso tells us, in his letters, that Sperone Speroni, a great Italian wit, who was his contemporary, observed of Virgil and Tully, that the Latin orator endeavoured to imitate the copiousness of Homer, the Greek poet; and that the Latin poet made it his business to reach the conciseness of Demosthenes, the Greek orator. Virgil, therefore, being so very sparing of his words, and leaving so much to be imagined by the reader, can never be translated as he ought, in any modern tongue. To make him copious is to alter his character: and to translate him line for line is impossible, because the Latin is naturally a more succinct language than either the Italian, Spanish, French, or even than the English, which, by reason of its monosyllables, is far the most compendious of them. Virgil is much the closest of any Roman poet, and the Latin hexameter has more feet than the English heroic

Dryden.

§ 62. *Examples that Words may affect without raising Images.*

I find it very hard to persuade several, that their passions are affected by words from whence they have no ideas; and yet harder to convince them, that in the ordinary course of conversation, we are sufficiently understood without raising any images of the things concerning which we speak. It seems to be an odd subject of dispute with any man, whether he has ideas in his mind or not. Of this at first view, every man, in his own forum, ought to judge without appeal. But strange as it may appear, we are often at a loss to know what ideas we have of things, or whether we have any ideas at all upon some subjects. It even requires some attention to be thoroughly satisfied on this head. Since I wrote these papers, I found two very striking instances of the possibility there is, that a man may hear words without having any idea of the things which they represent, and yet afterwards be capable of returning them to others, combined in a new way, and with great propriety, energy and instruction. The first instance is that of Mr. Blacklock, a poet blind from his birth. Few men, blessed with the most perfect sight, can describe visual objects with more spirit and justness than this blind man; which cannot possibly be owing to his having a clearer conception of the things he describes than is common to other persons. Mr. Spence, in an elegant preface which

he has written to the works of this poet, reasons very ingeniously, and, I imagine, for the most part very rightly, upon the cause of this extraordinary phenomenon; but I cannot altogether agree with him, that some improprieties in language and thought, which occur in these poems, have arisen from the blind poet's imperfect conception of visual objects, since such improprieties, and much greater, may be found in writers even of a higher class than Mr. Blacklock, and who, notwithstanding, possessed the faculty of seeing in its full perfection. Here is a poet doubtless as much affected by his own descriptions as any that reads them can be; and yet he is affected with this strong enthusiasm by things of which he neither has, nor can possibly have any idea, further than that of a bare sound; and why may not those who read his works be affected in the same manner that he was, with as little of any real ideas of the things described? The second instance is of Mr. Saunderson, professor of mathematics in the university of Cambridge. This learned man had acquired great knowledge in natural philosophy, in astronomy, and whatever sciences depend upon mathematical skill. What was the most extraordinary, and the most to my purpose, he gave excellent lectures upon light and colours; and this man taught others the theory of those ideas which they had, and which he himself undoubtedly had not. But the truth is, that the words red, blue, green, answered to him as well as the ideas of the colours themselves; for the ideas of greater or lesser degrees of refrangibility being applied to these words, and the blind man being instructed in what other respects they were found to agree or to disagree, it was as easy for him to reason upon the words, as if he had been fully master of the ideas. Indeed it must be owned, he could make no new discoveries in the way of experiment. He did nothing but what we do every day in common discourse. When I wrote this last sentence, and used the words *every day*, and *common discourse*, I had no images in my mind of any succession of time; nor of men in conference with each other; nor do I imagine that the reader will have any such ideas on reading it. Neither when I spoke of red, blue, and green, as well as of refrangibility, had I these several colours, or the rays of light passing into a different medium, and there diverted from their course, painted before me in the way of images. I know very well that the mind possesses a faculty of raising such images at pleasure; but then an act of the will is necessary to this; and in ordinary conversation or reading it is very rarely that any image at all is excited in the mind. If I say, "I shall go to Italy next summer," I am well understood. Yet I believe nobody has by this painted in his imagination the exact figure of the speaker passing by land or by water, or both; sometimes on horseback, sometimes in a carriage; with all the particulars of the journey. Still less has he any idea of Italy, the country to which I proposed to go; or of the greenness of the fields, the ripening of the fruits, and the warmth of the air, with the change to this from a different season, which are the ideas for which the word *summer* is substituted; but least of all has he any image from the word *next;* for this word stands for the idea of many summers, with the exclusion of all but one: and surely the man who says *next summer*, has no images of such a succession, and such an exclusion. In short, it is not only those ideas which are commonly called abstract, and of which no image at all can be

found, but even of particular real beings, that we converse without having any idea of them excited in the imagination; as will certainly appear on a diligent examination of our own minds.

Burke on the Sublime.

§ 63. *Painting disagreeable in Women.*

A lady's face, like the coat in the Tale of a Tub, if left alone, will wear well; but if you offer to load it with foreign ornaments, you destroy the original ground.

Among other matter of wonder on my first coming to town, I was much surprised at the general appearance of youth among the ladies. At present there is no distinction in their complexions, between a beauty in her teens and a lady in her grand climacteric; yet at the same time I could not but take notice of the wonderful variety in the face of the same lady. I have known an olive beauty on Monday grow very ruddy and blooming on Tuesday; turn pale on Wednesday; come round to the olive hue again on Thursday; and, in a word, change her complexion as often as her gown. I was amazed to find no old aunts in this town, except a few unfashionable people whom nobody knows; the rest still continuing in the zenith of their youth and health, and falling off, like timely fruit, without any previous decay. All this was a mystery that I could not unriddle, till, on being introduced to some ladies, I unluckily improved the hue of my lips at the expense of a fair one, who unthinkingly had turned her cheek; and found that my kisses were given (as is observed in the epigram) like those of Pyramus, through a wall. I then discovered, that this surprising youth and beauty was all counterfeit; and that (as Hamlet says) "God had given them one face, and they had made themselves another."

I have mentioned the accident of my carrying off half a lady's face by a salute, that your courtly dames may learn to put on their faces a little tighter; but as for my own daughters, while such fashions prevail, they shall still remain in Yorkshire. There I think they are pretty safe; for this unnatural fashion will hardly make its way into the country, as this vamped complexion would not stand against the rays of the sun, and would inevitably melt away in a country dance. The ladies have, indeed, been always the greatest enemies to their own beauty, and seem to have a design against their own faces. At one time the whole countenance was eclipsed in a black velvet mask; at another it was blotted with patches; and at present it is crusted over with plaster of Paris In those battered belles who still aim at conquest, this practice is in some sort excusable; but is surely as ridiculous in a young lady to give up beauty for paint, as it would be to draw a good set of teeth merely to fill their places with a row of ivory.

Indeed so common is the fashion among the young as well as the old, that when I am in a group of beauties, I consider them as so many pretty pictures; looking about me with as little emotion as I do at Hudson's: and if any thing fills me with admiration, it is the judicious arrangement of the tints, and delicate touches of the painter. Art very often seems almost to vie with nature: but my attention is too frequently diverted by considering the texture and hue of the skin beneath; and the picture fails to charm, while my thoughts are engrossed by the wood and canvass.

Connoisseur.

§ 64. *Juvenal and Horace compared as Satirists.*

I would willingly divide the palm betwixt these poets upon the two heads of profit and delight, which are the two ends of poetry in general. It must be granted by the favourers of Juvenal, that Horace is the more copious and profitable in his instructions of human life: but in my particular opinion, which I set not up for a standard to better judgments, Juvenal is the more delightful author. I am profited by both, I am pleased with both; but I owe more to Horace for my instruction, and more to Juvenal for my pleasure. This, as I said, is my particular taste of these two authors: they who will have either of them to excel the other in both qualities, can scarce give better reasons for their opinion, than I for mine; but all unbiassed readers will conclude, that my moderation is not to be condemned. To such impartial men I must appeal; for they who have already formed their judgment, may justly stand suspected of prejudice; and though all who are my readers will set up to be my judges, I enter my caveat against them, that they ought not so much as to be of my jury; or if they be admitted, it is but reason that they should first hear what I have to urge in the defence of my opinion.

That Horace is somewhat the better instructor of the two, is proved hence, that his instructions are more general, Juvenal's more limited: so that, granting that the counsels which they give are equally good for moral use, Horace, who gives the most various advice, and most applicable to all occasions which can occur to us in the course of our lives; as including in his discourses not only all the rules of morality, but also of civil conversation; is undoubtedly to be preferred to him, who is more circumscribed in his instructions, makes them to fewer people, and on fewer occasions, than the other. I may be pardoned for using an old saying, since it is true, and to the purpose, *Bonum quo communius eo melius.* Juvenal, excepting only his first satire, is in all the rest confined to the exposing some particular vice; that he lashes, and there he sticks. His sentences are truly shining and instructive; but they are sprinkled here and there. Horace is teaching us in every line, and is perpetually moral; he had found out the skill of Virgil, to hide his sentences; to give you the virtue of them without showing them in their full extent: which is the ostentation of a poet, and not his art. And this Petronius charges on the authors of his time, as a vice of writing, which was then growing on the age: *Ne sententiæ extra corpus orationis emineant.* He would have them weaved into the body of the work, and not appear embossed upon it, and striking directly on the reader's view. Folly was the proper quarry of Horace, and not vice: and as there are but few notoriously wicked men, in comparison with a shoal of fools and fops; so it is a harder thing to make a man wise, than to make him honest: for the will is only to be reclaimed in the one; but the understanding is to be informed in the other. There are blind sides and follies, even in the professors of moral philosophy; and there is not any one set of them that Horace has not exposed. Which, as it was not the design of Juvenal, who was wholly employed in lashing vices, some of them the most enormous that can be imagined; so, perhaps, it was not so much his talent, *Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico, tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit.* This was the commendation that Persius gave him; where, by *vitium*, he means those little vices which we

call follies, the defects of human understanding, or at most the peccadillos of life, rather than the tragical vices, to which men are hurried by their unruly passions and exorbitant desires. But on the word *omne*, which is universal, he concludes with me, that the divine wit of Horace left nothing untouched; that he entered into the utmost recesses of nature; found out the imperfections even of the most wise and grave, as well as of the common people; discovering even in the great Trebatius, to whom he addresses the first satire, his hunting after business, and following the court; as well as in the persecutor Crispinus, his impertinence and importunity. It is true, he exposes Crispinus openly as a common nuisance; but he rallies the other as a friend, more finely. The exhortations of Persius are confined to noblemen; and the stoic philosophy is that alone which he recommends to them: Juvenal exhorts to particular virtues, as they are opposed to those vices against which he declaims; but Horace laughs to shame all follies, and insinuates virtue rather by familiar examples than by the severity of precepts.

This last consideration seems to incline the balance on the side of Horace, and to give him the preference to Juvenal, not only in profit, but in pleasure. But, after all, I must confess that the delight which Horace gives me is but languishing. Be pleased still to understand, that I speak of my own taste only: he may ravish other men; but I am too stupid and insensible to be tickled. Where he barely grins himself, and, as Scaliger says, only shows his white teeth, he cannot provoke me to any laughter. His urbanity, that is, his good manners, are to be commended, but his wit is faint; and his salt, if I may dare to say so, almost insipid. Juvenal is of a more vigorous and masculine wit: he gives me as much pleasure as I can bear: he fully satisfies my expectation: he treats his subject home: his spleen is raised, and he raises mine: I have the pleasure of concernment in all he says: he drives his reader along with him: and when he is at the end of his way, I willingly stop with him. If he went another stage, it would be too far, it would make a journey of a progress, and turn the delight into fatigue. When he gives over, it is a sign the subject is exhausted, and the wit of man can carry it no farther. If a fault can be justly found in him, it is that he is sometimes too luxuriant, too redundant; says more than he needs, like my friend the Plain Dealer, but never more than pleases. Add to this, that his thoughts are as just as those of Horace, and much more elevated. His expressions are sonorous and more noble, his verse more numerous, and his words are suitable to his thoughts, sublime and lofty. All these contribute to the pleasure of the reader; and the greater the soul of him who reads, his transports are the greater. Horace is always on the amble, Juvenal on the gallop; but his way is perpetually on carpet-ground. He goes with more impetuosity than Horace, but as securely; and the swiftness adds more lively agitation to the spirits. *Dryden.*

§ 65. *Delicate Satire not easily hit off.*

How easy is it to call rogue and villain, and that wittily! but how hard to make a man appear a fool, a blockhead, or a knave, without using any of those opprobrious terms! To spare the grossness of the names, and to do the thing yet more severely, is to draw a full face, and to make the nose and cheek stand out, and yet not to employ any depth of

shadowing. This is the mystery of that noble trade, which yet no master can teach to his apprentice: he may give the rules, but the scholar is never the nearer in his practice. Neither is it true, that this fineness of raillery is offensive. A witty man is tickled while he is hurt in this manner; and a fool feels it not. The occasion of an offence may possibly be given, but he cannot take it, if it be granted, that in effect this way does more mischief; that a man is secretly wounded; and though he be not sensible himself, yet the malicious world will find it out for him: yet there is still a vast difference betwixt the slovenly butchering of a man, and the fineness of a stroke that separates the head from the body, and leaves it standing in its place. A man may be capable, as Jack Ketch's wife said of her servant, of a plain piece of work, a bare hanging: but to make a malefactor die sweetly, was only belonging to her husband. I wish I could apply it to myself, if the reader would be kind enough to think it belongs to me. The character of Zimri in my Absalom, is, in my opinion, worth the whole poem: it is not bloody, but it is ridiculous enough: and he for whom it was intended, was too witty to resent it as an injury. If I had railed, I might have suffered for it justly; but I managed mine own works more happily, perhaps more dexterously. I avoided the mention of great crimes, and applied myself to the representing of blind sides, and little extravagancies, to which, the wittier a man is, he is generally the more obnoxious. It succeeded as I wished; the jest went round, and he was out in his turn who began the frolic. *Dryden.*

§ 66. *The Works of Art defective in entertaining the Imagination.*

If we consider the works of nature and art, as they are qualified to entertain the imagination, we shall find the last very defective, in comparison of the former; for though they may sometimes appear as beautiful or strange, they can have nothing in them of that vastness and immensity, which affords so great an entertainment to the mind of the beholder. The one may be as polite and delicate as the other, but can never show herself so august and magnificent in the design. There is something more bold and masterly in the rough careless strokes of nature, than in the nice touches and embellishments of art. The beauties of the most stately garden or palace lie in a narrow compass, the imagination immediately runs them over, and requires something else to gratify her; but, in the wide fields of nature, the sight wanders up and down without confinement, and is fed with an infinite variety of images, without any certain stint or number. For this reason we always find the poet in love with a country life, where nature appears in the greatest perfection, and furnishes out all those scenes that are most apt to delight the imagination.

Hic secura quies, et nescia fallere vita.
Dives opum variarum; hic latis otia fundis,
Speluncæ, vivique lacus, hic frigida Tempe,
Mugitusque boum, molle que sub arbore somni.*
VIRGIL.

But though there are several of these wild scenes that are more delightful than any artificial shows; yet we find the works of nature still more pleasant, the more they resem-

* But easy quiet, a secure retreat,
A harmless life that knows not how to cheat,
With home-bred plenty the rich owner bless,
And rural pleasures crown his happiness,
Unvexed with quarrels, undisturbed with noise,
The country king his peaceful realm enjoys—
Cool grots, and living lakes, the flowery pride
Of meads, and streams, that thro' the valley glide,
And shady groves that easy sleep invite,
And after toilsome days, a soft repose at night.
DRYDEN

ble those of art: for in this case our pleasure rises from a double principle; from the agreeableness of the objects to the eye, and from their similitude to other objects: we are pleased as well with comparing their beauties as with surveying them, and can represent them to our minds either as copies or originals. Hence it is that we take delight in a prospect which is well laid out, and diversified with fields and meadows, woods and rivers; in those accidental landskips of trees, clouds, and cities, that are sometimes found in the veins of marble; in the curious fret-work of rocks and grottos; and, in a word, in any thing that hath such a variety or regularity as may seem the effects of design, in what we call the works of chance.

Advantage from their Similarity to those of Nature.

If the products of nature rise in value, according as they more or less resemble those of art, we may be sure that artificial works receive a greater advantage from their resemblance to such as are natural; because here the similitude is not only pleasant, but the pattern more perfect. The prettiest landskip I ever saw, was one drawn on the walls of a dark room, which stood opposite on one side to a navigable river, and on the other to a park. The experiment is very common in optics. Here you might discover the waves and fluctuations of the water in strong and proper colours, with the picture of a ship entering at one end, and sailing by degrees through the whole piece. On another there appeared the green shadow of trees, waving to and fro with the wind, the herds of deer among them in miniature, leaping about upon the wall. I must confess the novelty of such a sight may be one occasion of its pleasantness to the imagination, but certainly the chief reason is its near resemblance to nature, as it does not only, like other pictures, give the colour and figure, but the motion of the things it represents.

We have before observed, that there is generally in nature something more grand and august, than what we meet with in the curiosities of art. When, therefore, we see this imitated in any measure, it gives us a nobler and more exalted kind of pleasure than what we receive from the nicer and more accurate productions of art. On this account our English gardens are not so entertaining to the fancy as those in France and Italy, where we see a large extent of ground covered over with an agreeable mixture of garden and forest, which represent every where an artificial rudeness, much more charming than that neatness and elegance which we meet with in those of our own country. It might indeed, be of ill consequence to the public, as well as unprofitable to private persons, to alienate so much ground from pasturage and the plough, in many parts of a country that is so well peopled, and cultivated to a far greater advantage. But why may not a whole estate be thrown into a kind of garden by frequent plantations, that may turn as much to the profit as the pleasure of the owner? A marsh overgrown with willows, or a mountain shaded with oaks, are not only more beautiful but more beneficial, than when they lie bare and unadorned. Fields of corn make a pleasant prospect, and if the walks were a little taken care of that lie between them, if the natural embroidery of the meadows were helped and improved by some small additions of art, and the several rows of hedges set off by trees and flowers that the soil was capable

of receiving, a man might make a pretty landskip of his own possessions. *Spectator.*

§ 67. *On the Progress of the Arts.*

The natural progress of the works of men is from rudeness to convenience, from convenience to elegance, and from elegance to nicety.

The first labour is enforced by necessity. The savage finds himself incommoded by heat and cold, by rain and wind; he shelters himself in the hollow of a rock, and learns to dig a cave where there was none before. He finds the sun and the wind excluded by the thicket, and when the accidents of the chase, or the convenience of pasturage, leads him into more open places, he forms a thicket for himself, by planting stakes at proper distances, and laying branches from one to another.

The next gradation of skill and industry produces a house, closed with doors, and divided by partitions; and apartments are multiplied and disposed according to the various degrees of power or invention; improvement succeeds improvement, as he that is freed from a greater evil grows impatient of a less, till ease in time is advanced to pleasure.

The mind, set free from the importunities of natural want, gains leisure to go in search of superfluous gratifications, and adds to the uses of habitation the delights of prospect. Then begins the reign of symmetry; orders of architecture are invented, and one part of the edifice is conformed to another, without any other reason than that the eye may not be offended.

The passage is very short from elegance to luxury. Ionic and Corinthian columns are soon succeeded by gilt cornices, inlaid floors, and petty ornaments, which show rather the wealth than the taste of the possessor. *Idler.*

§ 68. *The Study of Astronomy, peculiarly delightful.*

In fair weather when my heart is cheered, and I feel that exaltation of spirits which results from light and warmth, joined with a beautiful prospect of nature, I regard myself as one placed by the hand of God in the midst of an ample theatre, in which the sun, moon, and stars, the fruits also and vegetables of the earth, perpetually changing their positions or their aspects, exhibit an elegant entertainment to the understanding as well as to the eye.

Thunder and lightning, rain and hail, the painted bow and the glaring comet, are decorations of this mighty theatre; and the sable hemisphere studded with spangles, the blue vault at noon, the glorious gildings and the rich colours in the horizon, I look on as so many successive scenes.

When I consider things in this light, methinks it is a sort of impiety to have no attention to the course of nature, and the revolutions of the heavenly bodies. To be regardless of those phenomena that are placed within our view, on purpose to entertain our faculties, and display the wisdom and power of our Creator, is an affront to Providence of the same kind, (I hope it was not impious to make such a simile,) as it would be to a good poet to fit out his play without minding the plot or beauties of it. And yet how few are there who attend to the drama of nature, its artificial structure, and those admirable scenes whereby the passions of a philosopher are gratefully agitated, and his soul affected with the sweet emotions of joy and surprise.

How many fox-hunters and rural 'squires are to be found all over Great Britain, who are ignorant that they have lived all this time in a

planet; that the sun is several thousand times bigger than the earth; and that there are several other worlds within our view, greater and more glorious than our own! "Ay, but," says some illiterate fellow, "I enjoy the whole world, and leave it to others to contemplate it." Yes, you eat, and drink, and run about upon it; that is, you enjoy as a brute; but to enjoy as a rational being is to know it, to be sensible of its greatness and beauty, to be delighted with its harmony, and, by these reflections, to obtain just sentiments of the almighty mind that framed it.

The man who, unembarrassed with vulgar cares, leisurely attends to the flux of things in heaven and things on earth, and observes the laws by which they are governed, hath secured to himself an easy and convenient seat, where he beholds with pleasure all that passes on the stage of nature, while those about him are, some fast asleep, and others struggling for the highest places, or turning their eyes from the entertainment prepared by Providence, to play at push-pin with one another.

Within this ample circumference of the world, the glorious lights that are hung on high, the meteors in the middle region, the various livery of the earth, and the profusion of good things that distinguish the seasons, yield a prospect which annihilates all human grandeur. *Tatler.*

§ 69. *The planetary and terrestrial Worlds comparatively considered.*

To us, who dwell on its surface, the earth is by far the most extensive orb that our eyes can any where behold: it is also clothed with verdure, distinguished by trees, and adorned with variety of beautiful decorations; whereas to a spectator placed on one of the planets, it wears an uniform aspect, looks all luminous, and no larger than a spot. To beings who still dwell at greater distances it entirely disappears. That which we call alternately the morning and the evening star; as in one part of the orbit she rides foremost in the procession of night, in the other ushers in and anticipates the dawn; is a planetary world, which, with the four others that so wonderfully vary their mystic dance, are in themselves dark bodies, and shine only by reflection; have fields, and seas, and skies of their own, are furnished with all accommodations for animal subsistence, and are supposed to be the abodes of intellectual life; all which, together with our earthly habitation, are dependent on that grand dispenser of divine munificence, the sun; receive their light from the distribution of his rays, and derive their comfort from his benign agency.

The sun which seems to perform its daily stages through the sky, is in this respect fixed and immovable; it is the great axle of heaven, about which the globe we inhabit, and other more spacious orbs, wheel their stated courses. The sun, though seemingly smaller than the dial it illuminates, is abundantly larger than this whole earth, on which so many lofty mountains rise, and such vast oceans roll. A line extending from side to side through the centre of that resplendent orb, would measure more than eight hundred thousand miles; a girdle formed to go round its circumference, would require a length of millions. Were its solid contents to be estimated, the account would overwhelm our understanding, and be almost beyond the power of language to express. Are we startled at these reports of philosophy? Are we ready to cry out in a transport of surprise, "How mighty is the Being who kindled such a prodigious fire, and keeps alive from age to age such an enormous mass of flame!" Let us attend our philo-

sophic guides, and we shall be brought acquainted with speculations more enlarged and more inflaming.

This sun, with all its attendant planets, is but a very little part of the grand machine of the universe; every star, though in appearance no bigger than the diamond that glitters upon a lady's ring, is really a vast globe, like the sun in size and in glory; no less spacious, no less luminous, than the radiant source of the day; so that every star is not barely a world, but the centre of a magnificent system; has a retinue of worlds, irradiated by its beams, and revolving round its attractive influence, all which are lost to our sight in unmeasurable wilds of ether. That the stars appear like so many diminutive and scarce distinguishable points, is owing to their immense and inconceivable distance. Immense and inconceivable indeed it is, since a ball, shot from a loaded cannon, and flying with unabated rapidity, must travel at this impetuous rate almost seven hundred thousand years, before it could reach the nearest of these twinkling luminaries.

While beholding this vast expanse I learn my own extreme meanness, I would also discover the abject littleness of all terrestrial things. What is the earth, with all her ostentatious scenes, compared with this astonishing grand furniture of the skies? What, but a dim speck, hardly perceivable in the map of the universe? It is observed by a very judicious writer, that if the sun himself, which enlightens this part of the creation, was extinguished, and all the host of planetary worlds, which move about him, were annihilated, they would not be missed by an eye that can take in the whole compass of nature, any more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The bulk of which they consist, and the space which they occupy, is so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole, that their loss would leave scarce a blank in the immensity of God's works. If then, not our globe only, but this whole system, be so very diminutive, what is a kingdom or a country? What are a few lordships, or the so much admired patrimonies of those who are styled wealthy? When I measure them with my own little pittance, they swell into proud and bloated dimensions: but when I take the universe for my standard, how scanty is their size, how contemptible their figure! they shrink into pompous nothings.

Spectator.

§ 70. *Causes of national Characters.*

The vulgar are very apt to carry all national characters to extremes; and having once established it as a principle, that any people are knavish, or cowardly, or ignorant, they will admit of no exception, but comprehend every individual under the same character. Men of sense condemn these undistinguishing judgments; though at the same time they allow, that each nation has a peculiar set of manners, and that some particular qualities are more frequently to be met with among one people than among their neighbours. The common people in Switzerland have surely more probity than those of the same rank in Ireland; and every prudent man will, from that circumstance alone, make a difference in the trust which he reposes in each. We have reason to expect greater wit and gaiety in a Frenchman than in a Spaniard, though Cervantes was born in Spain. An Englishman will naturally be thought to have more wit than a Dane, though Tycho Brahe was a native of Denmark.

Different reasons are assigned for these national characters, while some

account for them from moral, and others from physical causes. By moral causes I mean all circumstances which are fitted to work on the mind, as motives or reasons, and which render a peculiar set of manners habitual to us. Of this kind are the nature of the government, the revolutions of public affairs, the plenty or penury in which the people live, the situation of the nation with regard to its neighbours, and such like circumstances. By physical causes, I mean those qualities of the air and climate, which are supposed to work insensibly on the temper, by altering the tone and habit of the body, and giving a particular complexion; which, though reflection and reason may sometimes overcome, yet will it prevail among the generality of mankind, and have an influence on their manners.

That the character of a nation will very much depend on moral causes, must be evident to the most superficial observer; since a nation is nothing but a collection of individuals, and the manners of individuals are frequently determined by these causes. As poverty and hard labour debase the minds of the common people, and render them unfit for any science and ingenious profession, so where any government becomes very oppressive to all its subjects, it must have a proportional effect on their temper and genius, and must banish all the liberal arts from amongst them.

The same principle of moral causes fixes the characters of different professions, and alters even the disposition which the particular members receive from the hand of nature. A soldier and a priest are different characters in all nations and all ages, and this difference is founded on circumstances whose operation is external and unalterable.

The uncertainty of their life makes soldiers lavish and generous, as well as brave; their idleness, as well as the large societies which they form in camps or garrisons, inclines them to pleasure and gallantry; by their frequent change of company they acquire good breeding and an openness of behaviour; being employed only against a public and open enemy, they become candid, honest, and undesigning: and as they use more the labour of the body than the mind, they are commonly thoughtless and ignorant.

It is a trite but not altogether a false maxim, that priests of all religions are the same; and though the character of the profession will not in every instance prevail over the personal character, yet is it sure always to predominate with the greater number. For as chemists observe, that spirits when raised to a certain height are all the same, from whatever materials they be extracted; so these men being elevated above humanity, acquire an uniform character, which is entirely their own, and which is in my opinion, generally speaking, not the most amiable that is to be met with in human society; it is in most points opposite to that of a soldier, as is the way of life from which it is derived.

Hume's Essays.

§ 71. *Chastity an additional Ornament to Beauty.*

There is no charm in the female sex, that can supply the place of virtue. Without innocence, beauty is unlovely, and quality contemptible; good-breeding degenerates into wantonness, and wit into impudence. It is observed, that all the virtues are represented by both painters and statuaries under female shapes; but if any one of them has a more particular title to that sex, it is Modesty. I shall leave it to the divines to guard them against the opposite vice,

as they may be overpowered by temptations; it is sufficient for me to have warned them against it, as they may be led astray by instinct.

Spectator.

§ 72. *Chastity a valuable Virtue in a Man.*

But as I am now talking to the world, yet untainted, I will venture to recommend chastity as the noblest male qualification.

It is, methinks, very unreasonable, that the difficulty of attaining all other good habits, is what makes them honourable; but in this case, the very attempt is become very ridiculous: but in spite of all the raillery of the world, truth is still truth, and will have beauties inseparable from it. I should, upon this occasion, bring examples of heroic chastity, were I not afraid of having my paper thrown away by the modish part of the town, who go no farther, at best, than the mere absence of ill, and are contented to be rather irreproachable than praiseworthy. In this particular, a gentleman in the court of Cyrus, reported to his majesty the charms and beauty of Panthea; and ended his panegyric by telling him, that since he was at leisure, he would carry him to visit her. But that prince, who is a very great man to this day, answered the pimp, because he was a man of quality, without roughness, and said, with a smile, "If I should visit her upon your introduction, now I have leisure, I don't know but I might go again upon her own invitation when I ought to be better employed." But when I cast about all the instances which I have met with in all my reading, I find not one so generous, so honest, and so noble, as that of Joseph in holy writ. When his master had trusted him so unreservedly (to speak in the emphatical manner of the scripture), "He knew not aught he had, save the bread which he did eat," he was so unhappy as to appear irresistibly beautiful to his mistress; but when this shameless woman proceeds to solicit him, how gallant is his answer! "Behold, my master wotteth not what is with me in the house, and hath committed all that he hath to my hand; there is none greater in the house than I, neither hath he kept back any thing from me but thee, because thou art his wife." The same argument, which a base mind would have made to itself for committing the evil, was to this brave man the greatest motive for forbearing it, that he could do it with impunity; the malice and falsehood of the disappointed woman naturally arose on that occasion, and there is but a short step from the practice of virtue to the hatred of it. It would therefore be worth serious consideration in both sexes, and the matter is of importance enough to them, to ask themselves whether they would change lightness of heart, indolence of mind, cheerful meals, untroubled slumbers, and gentle dispositions, for a constant pruriency which shuts out all things that are great or indifferent, clouds the imagination with insensibility and prejudice to all manner of delight, but that which is common to all creatures that extend their species.

A loose behaviour and an inattention to every thing that is serious, flowing from some degree of this petulancy, is observable in the generality of the youth of both sexes in this age. It is the one common face of most public meetings, and breaks in upon the sobriety, I will not say severity, that we ought to exercise in churches. The pert boys and flippant girls are but faint followers of those in the same inclinations at more advanced years. I know not who can oblige them to mend their

manners; all that I pretend to, is to enter my protest, that they are neither fine gentlemen nor fine ladies for this behaviour. As for the portraitures which I would propose, as the images of agreeable men and women, if they are not imitated or regarded, I can only answer, as I remember Mr. Dryden did on the like occasion, when a young fellow, just come from the play of Cleomenes, told him, in raillery against the continency of his principal character, If I had been alone with a lady, I should not have passed my time like your Spartan: "That may be," answered the bard with a very grave face; "but give me leave to tell you, Sir, you are no hero."

Guardian.

§ 73. *The Characters of Gamesters.*

The whole tribe of gamesters may be ranked under two divisions. Every man who makes carding, dicing, and betting his daily practice, is either a dupe or a sharper; two characters equally the objects of envy and admiration. The dupe is generally a person of great fortune and weak intellects:

Who will as tenderly be led by th' nose,
As asses are. SHAKSPEARE.

He plays, not that he has any delight in cards and dice, but because it is the fashion; and if whist or hazard are proposed, he will no more refuse to make one at the table, than among a set of hard drinkers, he would object drinking his glass in turn, because he is not dry.

There are some few instances of men of sense, as well as family and fortune, who have been dupes and bubbles. Such an unaccountable itch of play has seized them, that they have sacrificed every thing to it, and have seemed wedded to seven's the main, and the odd trick. There is not a more melancholy object than a gentleman of sense thus infatuated. He makes himself and family a prey to a gang of villains more infamous than highwaymen; and perhaps when his ruin is completed, he is glad to join with the very scoundrels that destroyed him, and live upon the spoil of others, whom he can draw into the same follies that proved so fatal to himself.

Here we may take a survey of the character of a sharper; and that he may have no room to complain of foul play, let us begin with his excellencies. You will perhaps be startled, Mr. Town, when I mention the excellencies of a sharper; but a gamester, who makes a decent figure in the world, must be endued with many amiable qualities, which would undoubtedly appear with great lustre, were they not eclipsed by the odious character affixed to his trade. In order to carry on the common business of his profession, he must be a man of quick and lively parts, attended with a stoical calmness of temper, and a constant presence of mind. He must smile at the loss of thousands; and is not to be discomposed though ruin stares him in the face. As he is to live among the great, he must not want politeness and affability; he must be submissive, but not servile; he must be master of an ingenious, liberal air, and have a seeming openness of behaviour.

These must be the chief accomplishments of our hero: but lest I should be accused of giving too favourable a likeness of him, now we have seen his outside, let us take a view of his heart. There we shall find avarice the main spring that moves the whole machine. Every gamester is eaten up with avarice; and when this passion is in full force, it is more strongly predominant than any other. It conquers even lust

and conquers it more effectually than age. At sixty we look at a fine woman with pleasure; but when cards and dice have engrossed our attention, women and all their charms are slighted at five-and-twenty. A thorough gamester renounces Venus and Cupid for Plutus and Ames-ace, and owns no mistress of his heart except the queen of trumps. His insatiable avarice can only be gratified by hypocrisy; so that all those specious virtues already mentioned, and which, if real, might be turned to the benefit of mankind, must be directed in a gamester towards the destruction of his fellow-creatures. His quick and lively parts serve only to instruct and assist him in the most dextrous method of packing the cards and cogging the dice; his fortitude, which enables him to lose thousands without emotion, must often be practised against the stings and reproaches of his conscience, and his liberal deportment and affected openness is a specious veil to recommend and conceal the blackest villany.

It is now necessary to take a second survey of his heart; and as we have seen its vices, let us consider its miseries. The covetous man, who has not sufficient courage or inclination to increase his fortune by bets, cards, or dice, but is contented to hoard up thousands by thefts less public, or by cheats less liable to uncertainty, lives in a state of perpetual suspicion and terror; but the avaricious fears of the gamester are infinitely greater. He is constantly to wear a mask: and like Monsieur St. Croix, *coadjuteur* to that famous *empoisonneuse*, Madame Brinvillier, if his mask falls off, he runs the hazard of being suffocated by the stench of his own poisons. I have seen some examples of this sort not many years ago at White's. I am uncertain whether the wretches are still alive: but if they are still alive, they breathe like toads under ground, crawling amidst old walls, and paths long since unfrequented.

But supposing that the sharper's hypocrisy remains undetected, in what a state of mind must that man be, whose fortune depends upon the insincerity of his heart, the disingenuity of his behaviour, and the false bias of his dice! What sensations must he suppress, when he is obliged to smile, although he is provoked; when he must look serene in the height of despair; and when he must act the stoic, without the consolation of one virtuous sentiment, or one moral principle! How unhappy must he be, even in that situation from which he hopes to reap most benefit; I mean amidst stars, garters, and the various herds of nobility! Their lordships are not always in a humour to play: they choose to laugh; they choose to joke; in the mean time our hero must patiently await the good hour, and must not only join in the laugh, and applaud the joke, but must humour every turn and caprice to which that set of spoiled children, called bucks of quality, are liable. Surely his brother Thicket's employment, of sauntering on horseback in the wind and rain till the Reading coach passes through Smallberry-green, is the more eligible, and no less honest occupation.

The sharper has also frequently the mortification of being thwarted in his designs. Opportunities of fraud will not for ever present themselves. The false dice cannot be constantly produced, nor the packed cards always be placed upon the table. It is then our gamester is in the greatest danger. But even then, when he is in the power of fortune, and has nothing but mere luck and fair play on his side, he must stand the brunt, and perhaps give away his last guinea, as coolly as he would lend a nobleman a shilling.

Our hero is now going off the stage, and his catastrophe is very tragical. The next news we hear of him is his death, achieved by his own hand, and with his own pistol. An inquest is bribed, he is buried at midnight—and forgotten before sunrise.

These two portraits of a sharper, wherein I have endeavoured to show different likenesses in the same man, put me in mind of an old print, which I remember at Oxford, of Count Guiscard. At first sight he was exhibited in a full-bottomed wig, a hat and feather, embroidered clothes, diamond buttons, and the full court dress of those days; but by pulling a string the folds of the paper were shifted, the face only remained, a new body came forward, and Count Guiscard appeared to be a devil.

Connoisseur.

§ 74. *Curiosity.*

The love of variety, or curiosity of seeing new things, which is the same or at least a sister passion to it, —seems wove into the frame of every son and daughter of Adam; we usually speak of it as one of nature's levities, though planted within us for the solid purposes of carrying forward the mind to fresh inquiry and knowledge: strip us of it, the mind (I fear) would doze for ever over the present page; and we should all of us rest at ease with such objects as presented themselves in the parish or province where we first drew breath.

It is to this spur which is ever in our sides, that we owe the impatience of this desire for travelling: the passion is no ways bad,—but as others are—in its mismanagement or excess;—order it rightly, the advantages are worth the pursuit; the chief of which are—to learn the languages, the laws and customs, and understand the government and interest of other nations,—to acquire an urbanity and confidence of behaviour, and fit the mind more easily for conversation and discourse; to take us out of the company of our aunts and grandmothers, and from the tracks of nursery mistakes; and by showing us new objects, or old ones in new lights, to reform our judgments—by tasting perpetually the varieties of nature, to know what is good—by observing the address and arts of men, to conceive what is sincere,—and by seeing the difference of so many various humours and manners—to look into ourselves, and form our own.

This is some part of the cargo we might return with; but the impulse of seeing new sights, augmented with that of getting clear from all lessons both of wisdom and reproof at home—carries our youth too early out, to turn this venture to much account; on the contrary, if the scene painted of the prodigal in his travels, looks more like a copy than an original—will it not be well if such an adventurer, with so unpromising a setting out,—without care,—without compass,—be not cast away for ever; —and may he not be said to escape well—if he returns to his country only as naked as he first left it?

But you will send an able pilot with your son—a scholar.—

If wisdom could speak no other language but Greek or Latin—you do well—or if mathematics will make a gentleman,—or natural philosophy but teach him to make a bow,—he may be of some service in introducing your son into good societies, and supporting him in them when he has done—but the upshot will be generally this, that in the most pressing occasions of address, if he is a man of mere reading, the unhappy youth will have the tutor to carry,—and not the tutor to carry him

But you will avoid this extreme; he shall be escorted by one who knows the world, not merely from books—but from his own experience:—a man who has been employed on such services, and thrice made the tour of Europe with success.

—That is, without breaking his own, or his pupil's neck;—for if he is such as my eyes have seen! some broken Swiss valet-de-chambre—— some general undertaker, who will perform the journey in so many months, "if God permit,"—much knowledge will not accrue;—some profit at least,—he will learn the amount to a half-penny, of every stage from Calais to Rome;—he will be carried to the best inns,—instructed where there is the best wine, and sup a livre cheaper, than if the youth had been left to make the tour and bargain himself. Look at our governor! I beseech you:—see, he is an inch taller as he relates the advantages.—

—And here endeth his pride—his knowledge, and his use.

But when your son gets abroad, he will be taken out of his hand, by his society with men of rank and letters, with whom he will pass the greatest part of his time.

Let me observe, in the first place, —that company which is really good is very rare—and very shy: but you have surmounted this difficulty, and procured him the best letters of recommendation to the most eminent and respectable in every capital.

And I answer, that he will obtain all by them, which courtesy strictly stands obliged to pay on such occasions, but no more.

There is nothing in which we are so much deceived, as in the advantages proposed from our connexions and discourse with the literati, &c. in foreign parts; especially if the experiment is made before we are matured by years or study.

Conversation is a traffic; and if you enter into it without some stock of knowledge, to balance the account perpetually betwixt you,—the trade drops at once: and this is the reason,—however it may be boasted to the contrary, why travellers have so little (especially good) conversation with natives,—owing to their suspicion,—or perhaps conviction, that there is nothing to be extracted from the conversation of young itinerants, worth the trouble of their bad language,—or the interruption of their visits.

The pain on these occasions is usually reciprocal; the consequence of which is, that the disappointed youth seeks an easier society; and as bad company is always ready,—and ever laying in wait—the career is soon finished; and the poor prodigal returns the same object of pity, with the prodigal in the gospel.

Sterne's Sermons.

§ 75. *Controversy seldom decently conducted.*

It is no uncommon circumstance in controversy, for the parties to engage in all the fury of disputation, without precisely instructing their readers, or truly knowing themselves, the particulars about which they differ. Hence that fruitless parade of argument, and those opposite pretences to demonstration, with which most debates, on every subject, have been infested. Would the contending parties first be sure of their own meaning, and then communicate their sense to others in plain terms and simplicity of heart, the face of controversy would soon be changed, and real knowledge, instead of imaginary conquest, would be the noble reward of literary toil.

Browne's Essays.

§ 76. *How to please in Conversation.*

None of the desires dictated by vanity is more general, or less blameable than that of being distinguished for the arts of conversation. Other accomplishments may be possessed without opportunity of exerting them or wanted without danger that the defect can often be remarked; but as no man can live otherwise than in a hermitage without hourly pleasure or vexation, from the fondness or neglect of those about him, the faculty of giving pleasure is of continual use. Few are more frequently envied than those who have the power of forcing attention wherever they come, whose entrance is considered as a promise of felicity, and whose departure is lamented, like the recess of the sun from northern climates, as a privation of all that enlivens fancy and inspires gaiety.

It is apparent that to excellence in this valuable art some peculiar qualifications are necessary; for every man's experience will inform him that the pleasure which men are able to give in conversation holds no stated proportion to their knowledge or their virtue. Many find their way to the tables and the parties of those, who never consider them as of the least importance in any other place; we have all, at one time or other, been content to love those whom we could not esteem, and been persuaded to try the dangerous experiment of admitting him for a companion whom we know to be too ignorant for a counsellor, and too treacherous for a friend.

He that would please must rarely aim at such excellence as depresses his hearers in their own opinion, or debars them from the hope of contributing reciprocally to the entertainment of the company. Merriment extorted by sallies of imagination, sprightliness of remark, or quickness of reply, is too often what the Latins call, the Sardinian laughter, a distortion of face without gladness of the heart.

For this reason no style of conversation is more extensively acceptable than the narrative. He who has stored his memory with slight anecdotes, private incidents, and personal peculiarities, seldom fails to find his audience favourable. Almost every man listens with eagerness to extemporary history; for almost every man has some real or imaginary connexion with a celebrated character, some desire to advance or oppose a rising name. Vanity often co-operates with curiosity. He that is a hearer in one place, qualifies himself to become a speaker in another; for though he cannot comprehend a series of argument, or transport the volatile spirit of wit without evaporation, yet he thinks himself able to treasure up the various incidents of a story, and pleas his hopes with the information whicl he shall give to some inferior society

Narratives are for the most part heard without envy, because they are not supposed to imply any intellectual qualities above the common rate. To be acquainted with facts not yet echoed by plebeian mouths, may happen to one man as well as to another, and to relate them when they are known, has in appearance so very little difficulty, that every one concludes himself equal to the task. *Rambler*

§ 77. *The various Faults in Conversation and Behaviour pointed out*

I shall not attempt to lay down any particular rules for conversation but rather point out such faults in discourse and behaviour, as rende the company of half mankind rather tedious than amusing. It is in vain, indeed, to look for conversa

tion, where we might expect to find it in the greatest perfection, among persons of fashion: there it is almost annihilated by universal card-playing: insomuch that I have heard it given as a reason, why it is impossible for our present writers to succeed in the dialogue of genteel comedy, that our people of quality scarce ever meet but to game. All their discourse turns upon the odd trick and the four honours: and it is no less a maxim with the votaries of whist than with those of Bacchus, that talking spoils company.

Every one endeavours to make himself as agreeable to society as he can; but it often happens, that those who most aim at shining in conversation, over-shoot their mark. Though a man succeeds, he should not (as is frequently the case) engross the whole talk to himself: for that destroys the very essence of conversation, which is talking together. We should try to keep up conversation like a ball bandied to and fro from one to the other, rather than seize it all to ourselves, and drive it before us like a foot-ball. We should likewise be cautious to adapt the matter of our discourse to our company: and not talk Greek before ladies, or of the last new furbelow to a meeting of country justices.

But nothing throws a more ridiculous air over the whole conversation, than certain peculiarities, easily acquired, but very difficultly conquered and discarded. In order to display these absurdities in a truer light, it is my present purpose to enumerate such of them, as are most commonly to be met with; and first to take notice of those buffoons in society, the Attitudinarians and Face-makers. These accompany every word with a peculiar grimace or gesture; they assent with a shrug, and contradict with a twisting of the neck: are angry with a wry mouth, and pleased in a caper of a minuet-step. They may be considered as speaking harlequins; and their rules of eloquence are taken from the posture-master. These should be condemned to converse only in dumb-show with their own persons in the looking-glass; as well as the Smirkers and Smilers, who so prettily set off their faces, together with their words, by a *je-ne-scai-quoi* between a grin and a dimple. With these we may likewise rank the affected tribe of Mimics, who are constantly taking off the peculiar tone of voice or gesture of their acquaintance; though they are such wretched imitators, that (like bad painters) they are frequently forced to write the name under the picture, before they can discover any likeness.

Next to these, whose elocution is absorbed in action, and who converse chiefly with their arms and legs, we may consider the professed Speakers. And first, the emphatical; who squeeze, and press, and ram down every syllable with excessive vehemence, and energy. These orators are remarkable for their distinct elocution and force of expression; they dwell on the important particles *of* and *the*, and the significant conjunctive *and;* which they seem to hawk up, with much difficulty, out of their own throats, and to cram them, with no less pain, into the ears of their auditors. These should be suffered only to syringe (as it were) the ears of a deaf man, through a hearing-trumpet: though I must confess, that I am equally offended with the Whisperers or Low Speakers, who seem to fancy all their acquaintance deaf, and come up so close to you, that they may be said to measure noses with you, and frequently overcome you with the full exhalations of a stinking breath. I would have these oracular gentry obliged to talk at a distance through a speaking-trumpet, or apply their lips to the walls of a whispering gal-

lery. The Wits, who will not condescend to utter any thing but a *bon mot*, and the Whistlers or Tune-hummers, who never articulate at all, may be joined very agreeably together in concert; and to those tinkling cymbals I would also add the sounding brass, the Bawler who inquires after your health with the bellowing of a town crier.

The Tatlers, whose pliable pipes are admirably adapted to the "soft parts of conversation," and sweetly "prattling out of fashion," make very pretty music from a beautiful face and a female tongue: but from a rough manly voice and coarse features, mere nonsense is as harsh and dissonant as a jig from a hurdy-gurdy. The Swearers I have spoken of in a former paper: but the Half-swearers, who split, and mince, and fritter their oaths into *gad's bud*, *ad's fish*, and *demme;* the Gothic humbuggers, and those who "nick-name God's creatures," and call a man a cabbage, a crab, a queer cub, an odd fish, and an unaccountable *muskin*, should never come into company without an interpreter. But I will not tire my reader's patience by pointing out all the pests of conversation: nor dwell particularly on the Sensibles, who pronounce dogmatically on the most trivial points, and speak in sentences; the Wonderers, who are always wondering what o'-clock it is, or wondering whether it will rain or no, or wondering when the moon changes; the Phraseologists, who explain a thing by *all that*, or enter into particulars with *this and that and t'other;* and lastly the Silent Men, who seem afraid of opening their mouths, lest they should catch cold, and literally observe the precept of the gospel, by letting their conversation be only yea, yea, and nay, nay.

The rational intercourse kept up by conversation, is one of our principal distinctions from brutes. We should therefore endeavour to turn this peculiar talent to our advantage and consider the organs of speech as the instruments of understanding we should be very careful not to use them as the weapons of vice, or tools of folly, and do our utmost to unlearn any trivial or ridiculous habits, which tend to lessen the value of such an inestimable prerogative. It is, indeed, imagined by some philosophers, that even birds and beasts (though without the power of articulation) perfectly understand one another by the sounds they utter; and that dogs, cats, &c. have each a particular language to themselves, like different nations. Thus it may be supposed, that the nightingales of Italy have as fine an ear to their own native wood-notes, as any signor or signora for an Italian air; that the boars of Westphalia gruntle as expressively through the nose as the inhabitants in High-German; and that the frogs in the dykes of Holland croak as intelligibly as the natives jabber their Low-Dutch. However this may be, we may consider those whose tongues hardly seem to be under the influence of reason, and do not keep up the proper conversation of human creatures, as imitating the language of different animals. Thus, for instance, the affinity between chatterers and monkeys, and praters and parrots is too obvious not to occur at once: Grunters and Growlers may be justly compared to hogs: Snarlers are curs, that continually show their teeth, but never bite; and the spitfire passionate are a sort of wild cats, that will not bear stroking, but will purr when they are pleased. Complainers are screech-owls; and story-tellers, always repeating the same dull note, are cuckows. Poets that prick up their ears at their own hideous braying, are no better than asses; Critics in general are venomous serpents, that delight in hissing, and some of

them, who have got by heart a few technical terms without knowing their meaning, are no other than magpies.

Connoisseur.

§ 78. *Distempers of the Mind cured.*

Sir,

Being bred to the study of physic, and having observed, with sorrow and regret, that whatever success the faculty may meet with in bodily distempers, they are generally baffled by distempers of the mind, I have made the latter the chief subject of my attention, and may venture to affirm, that my labour has not been thrown away. Though young in my profession, I have had a tolerable share of experience, and have a right to expect, that the credit of some extraordinary cures I have performed will furnish me with opportunities of performing more. In the mean time, I require it of you, not as a favour to myself, but as an act of justice to the public, to insert the following in your Chronicle.

Mr. Abraham Buskin, tailor, was horribly infected with the itch of stage-playing, to the grievous discomfiture of his wife and the great detriment of nine small children. I prevailed with the manager of one of the theatres to admit him for a single night in the character of Othello, in which it may be remembered that a button-maker had formerly distinguished himself; when, having secured a seat in a convenient corner of the gallery, by the dexterous application of about three pecks of potatoes to the *sinciput* and *occiput* of the patient, I entirely cured him of his delirium; and he has ever since betaken himself quietly to his needle and thimble.

Mr. Edward Snap was of so choleric a temper, and so extremely apt to think himself affronted, that it was reckoned dangerous even to look at him. I tweaked him by the nose, and administered the proper application behind; and he is now so good humoured, that he will take the grossest affront imaginable without showing the least resentment.

The reverend Mr. Puff, a Methodist preacher, was so extravagantly zealous and laborious in his calling, that his friends were afraid he would bawl himself into a consumption. By my interest with a noble lord, I procured him a living with a reasonable income; and he now behaves himself like a regular divine of the established church, and never gets into a pulpit.

Miss Diana Bridle, a maiden lady, about forty years of age, had a conceit that she was with child. I advised her to convert her imaginary pregnancy into a real one, by taking a husband; and she has never been troubled with any *fancies* of that kind since.

Mr. William Moody, an elderly gentleman, who lived in a solitary part of Kent, was apt to be very low spirited in an easterly wind. I nailed his weather-cock to a westerly point; and at present, whichsoever way the wind blows he is equally cheerful.

Alexander Stingo, Esq. was so strongly possessed by the spirit of witticism, that he would not condescend to open his lips for any thing less than an epigram. Under the influence of this malady he has been so deplorably dull, that he has often been silent a whole week together. I took him into my own house; instead of laughing at his jests, I either pronounced them to be puns, or paid no attention to them at all. In a month I perceived a wonderful alteration in him for the better: from thinking without speaking, he began to speak without thinking; at present never says a good thing, and is a very agreeable companion.

I likewise cured a lady of a long-

ing for ortolans, by a dozen of Dunstable larks; and could send you many other remarkable instances of the efficacy of my prescriptions; but these are sufficient for a specimen.

I am, &c.

Bonnel Thornton.

§ 79. *Character of a mighty good kind of Man.*

Sir,

I have always thought your mighty good kind of man to be a very good-for-nothing fellow; and whoever is determined to think otherwise, may as well pass over what follows.

The good qualities of a mighty good kind of man (if he has any) are of the negative kind. He does very little harm; but you never find him do any good. He is very decent in appearance, and takes care to have all the externals of sense and virtue; but you never perceive the heart concerned in any word, thought, or action. Not many love him, though few think ill of him: to him every body is his "Dear Sir," though he cares not a farthing for any body but himself. If he writes to you, though you have but the slightest acquaintance with him, he begins with "Dear Sir," and ends with, "I am, good Sir, your ever sincere and affectionate friend, and most obedient humble servant." You may generally find him in company with older persons than himself, but always with richer. He does not talk much; but he has a "Yes," or a "True, Sir," or "You observe very right, Sir," for every word that is said; which, with the old gentry, that love to hear themselves talk, makes him pass for a mighty sensible and discerning, as well as a mighty good kind of man. It is so familiar to him to be agreeable, and he has got such a habit of assenting to every thing advanced in company, that he does it without the trouble of thinking what he is about. I have known such a one, after having approved an observation made by one of the company, assent with "What you say is very just," to an opposite sentiment from another: and I have frequently made him contradict himself five times in a minute. As the weather is a principal and favourite topic of a mighty good kind of man, you may make him agree, that it is very hot, very cold, very cloudy, a fine sunshine, or it rains, snows, hails, or freezes, all in the same hour. The wind may be high, or not blow at all; it may be east, west, north, or south, south-east and by east, or in any point in the compass, or any point not in the compass, just as you please. This, in a stage-coach, makes him a mighty agreeable companion, as well as a mighty good kind of man. He is so civil and so well-bred, that he would keep you standing half an hour uncovered, in the rain, rather than he would step into your chariot before you; and the dinner is in danger of growing cold, if you attempt to place him at the upper end of the table. He would not suffer a glass of wine to approach his lips, till he had drank the health of half the company, and would sooner rise hungry from table, than not drink to the other half before dinner is over, lest he should offend any by his neglect. He never forgets to hob or nob with the lady of the family, and by no means omits to toast her fireside. He is sure to take notice of little master and miss, when they appear after dinner, and is very assiduous to win their little hearts by almonds and raisins, which he never fails to carry about him for that purpose. This of course recommends him to mamma's esteem: and he is not only a mighty good kind of man, but she is certain he would make a mighty good husband.

No man is half so happy in his friendships. Almost every one he names is a friend of his, and every friend a mighty good kind of man. I had the honour of walking lately with one of those good creatures from the Royal Exchange to Piccadilly; and, I believe, he pulled off his hat to every third person we met, with a "How do you do, my dear Sir?" though, I found he hardly knew the names of five of these intimate acquaintances. I was highly entertained with the greeting between my companion and another mighty good kind of man that we met in the Strand. You would have thought they were brothers, and that they had not seen one another for many years, by their mutual expressions of joy at meeting. They both talked together, not with a design of opposing each other, but through eagerness to approve what each other said. I caught them frequently crying, "Yes," together, and "very true," "You are very right, my dear Sir;" and at last, having exhausted their favourite topic of, what news, and the weather, they concluded with each begging to have the vast pleasure of an agreeable evening with the other very soon; but parted without naming either time or place.

I remember, at Westminster, a mighty good kind of boy, though he was generally hated by his schoolfellows, was the darling of the dame where he boarded, as by his means she knew who did all the mischief in the house. He always finished his exercise before he went to play: you could never find a false concord in his prose, or a false quantity in his verse; and he made huge amends for the want of sense and spirit in his compositions, by having very few grammatical errors. If you could not call him a scholar, you must allow he took great pains not to appear a dunce. At the university he never failed attending his tutor's lectures, was constant at prayers nigh and morning, never missed gates, or the hall at meal-times, was regular in his academical exercises, and took pride in appearing, on all occasions, with masters of arts, and he was happy, beyond measure, in being acquainted with some of the heads of houses, who were glad through him to know what passed among the undergraduates. Though he was not reckoned by the college to be a Newton, a Locke, or a Bacon, he was universally esteemed by the senior part, to be a mighty good kind of young man; and this even placid turn of mind has recommended him to no small preferment in the church.

We may observe, when these mighty good kind of young men come into the world, their attention to appearances and externals, beyond which the generality of people seldom examine, procures them a much better subsistence, and a more reputable situation in life, than ever their abilities, or their merit, could otherwise entitle them to. Though they are seldom advanced very high, yet, if such a one is in orders, he gets a tolerable living, or is appointed tutor to a dunce of quality, or is made companion to him on his travels; and then, on his return, he is a mighty polite, as well as a mighty good kind of man. If he is to be a lawyer, his being such a mighty good kind of man will make the attorneys supply him with special pleadings or bills and answers to draw, as he is sufficiently qualified by his slow genius to be a drayhorse of the law. But though he can never hope to be a chancellor, or an archbishop, yet, if he is admitted of the medical college in Warwick-lane, he will have a good chance to be at the top of their profession, as the success of the faculty depends chiefly on old women, fanciful and hysterical young ones,

whimsical men, and young children; among the generality of whom, nothing recommends a person so much as his being a mighty good kind of man.

I must own, that a good man, and a man of sense, certainly should have every thing that this kind of man has; yet if he possesses no more, much is wanting to finish and complete his character. Many are deceived by French paste: it has the lustre and brilliancy of a real diamond: but the want of hardness, the essential property of this valuable jewel, discovers the counterfeit, and shows it to be of no intrinsic value whatsoever. If the head and the heart are left out in the character of any man, you might as well look for a perfect beauty in a female face without a nose, as to expect to find a valuable man without sensibility and understanding. But it often happens, that these mighty good kind of men are wolves in sheep's clothing; that their want of parts is supplied by an abundance of cunning, and the outward behaviour and deportment calculated to entrap the short-sighted and unwary.

Where this is not the case, I cannot help thinking that these kind of men are no better than blanks in the creation; if they are not unjust stewards, they are certainly to be reckoned unprofitable servants; and I would recommend, that this harmless, inoffensive, insipid, mighty good kind of man should be married to a character of a very different stamp, the mighty good sort of woman—an account of whom I shall give you in a day or two.

I am your humble servant, &c.

B. Thornton.

§ 80. *Character of a mighty good sort of Woman.*

I suppose the female part of my readers are very impatient to see the character of a mighty good sort of a woman; and doubtless every mighty good kind of man is anxious to know what sort of a wife I have picked out for him.

The mighty good sort of woman is civil without good breeding, kind without good-nature, friendly without affection, and devout without religion. She wishes to be thought every thing she is not, and would have others looked upon to be every thing she really is. If you will take her word, she detests scandal from her heart: yet if a young lady happens to be talked of as being too gay, with a significant shrug of her shoulders, and shake of her head, she confesses, "It is too true, and the whole town says the same thing." She is the most compassionate creature living, and is ever *pitying* one person, and *sorry* for another. She is a great dealer in *buts*, and *ifs*, and half sentences, and does more mischief with a *may be* and *I'll say no more*, than she could do by speaking out. She confirms the truth of any story more by her fears and doubts, than if she had given proof positive; though she always concludes with a "Let us hope otherwise."

Our principal business of a mighty good sort of woman is the regulation of families: and she extends a visitatorial power over all her acquaintance. She is the umpire in all differences between man and wife, which she is sure to foment and increase by pretending to settle them; and her great impartiality and regard for both leads her always to side with one against the other. She has a most penetrating and discerning eye into the faults of the family, and takes care to pry into all their secrets, that she may reveal them. If a man happens to stay out too late in the evening, she is sure to rate him handsomely the next time she sees him, and takes special care

to tell him in the hearing of his wife, what a bad husband he is; or if the lady goes to Ranelagh, or is engaged in a party at cards, she will keep the poor husband company, that he might not be dull, and entertains him all the while with the imperfections of his wife. She has also the entire disposal of the children in her own hands, and can disinherit them, provide for them, marry them, or confine them to a state of celibacy, just as she pleases: she fixes the lad's pocket-money at school, and allowance at the university; and has sent many an untoward boy to sea for education. But the young ladies are more immediately under her eye, and, in the grand point of matrimony, the choice or refusal depends solely upon her. One gentleman is too young, another too old; one will run out his fortune, another has too little; one is a professed rake, another a sly sinner; and she frequently tells the girl, "'Tis time enough to marry yet," till at last there is nobody will have her. But the most favourite occupation of a mighty good sort of woman is, the superintendence of the servants; she protests, there is not a good one to be got; the men are idle, and thieves, and the maids are sluts, and good-for-nothing hussies. In her own family she takes care to separate the men from the maids, at night, by the whole height of the house; these are lodged in the garret, while John takes up his roosting-place in the kitchen, or is stuffed into the turn-up seat in the passage, close to the street-door. She rises at five in the summer and at day-light in the winter, to detect them in giving away broken victuals, coals, candles, &c. and her own footman is employed the whole morning in carrying letters of information to the masters and mistresses, wherever she sees, or rather imagines, this to be practised. She has caused many a man-servant to lose his place for romping in the kitchen; and many a maid has been turned away, upon her account, for *dressing at the men*, as she calls it, looking out at the window, or standing at the street-door, in a summer's evening. I am acquainted with three maiden-sisters, all mighty good sort of women, who, to prevent any ill consequences, will not keep a footman at all; and it is at the risk of their place, that the maids have any *comers after them*, nor will, on any account, a brother or a male cousin, be suffered to visit them.

A distinguishing mark of a mighty good sort of woman is, her extraordinary pretensions to religion; she never misses church twice a-day, in order to take notice of those who are absent; and she is always lamenting the decay of piety in these days. With some of them, the good Dr. Whitfield, or the good Dr. Romaine, is ever in their mouths: and they look upon the whole bench of bishops to be very Jews in comparison of these saints. The mighty good sort of woman is also very charitable in outward appearance; for, though she would not relieve a family in the utmost distress, she deals out her half-pence to every common beggar, particularly at the church door; and she is eternally soliciting other people to contribute to this or that public charity, though she herself will not give six-pence to any one of them. An universal benevolence is another characteristic of a mighty good sort of woman, which renders her (as strange as it may seem) of a most unforgiving temper. Heaven knows, she bears nobody any ill-will; but if a tradesman has disobliged her, the honestest man in all the world becomes the most arrant rogue; and she cannot rest till she has persuaded all her acquaintance to turn him off as well as herself. Every one is with her "The best creature in the universe," while

they are intimate; but upon any slight difference——"Oh—she was vastly mistaken in the persons;—she thought them good sort of bodies——but—she has done with them:—other people will find them out as well as herself:——that's all the harm she wishes them."——

As the mighty good sort of women differ from each other, according to their age and situation in life, I shall endeavour to point out their several marks, by which we may distinguish them. And first, for the most common character:—If she happens to be of that neutral sex, an old maid, you may find her out by her prim look, her formal gesture, and the see-saw motion of her head in conversation. Though a most rigid Protestant, her religion savours very much of the Roman Catholic, as she holds that almost every one may be damned except herself. But the leaven that runs mostly through her whole composition, is a detestation of that odious creature man, whom she affects to loath as much as some people do a rat or a toad; and this affectation she cloaks under a pretence of a love of God, at a time of life when it must be supposed, that she can love nobody, or rather nobody loves her. If the mighty good sort of body is young and unmarried, besides the usual tokens you may know her by her quarrelling with her brothers, thwarting her sisters, snapping her father, and over-ruling her mother, though it is ten to one she is the favourite of both. All her acquaintance cry her up as a mighty discreet kind of body; and as she affects an indifference for the men, though not a total antipathy, it is a wonder if the giddy girls her sisters are not married before her, which she would look upon as the greatest mortification that could happen to her. Among the mighty good sort of women in wedlock, we must not reckon the tame domestic animal, who thinks it her duty to take care of her house, and be obliging to her husband. On the contrary, she is negligent of her home-affairs, and studies to recommend herself more abroad than in her own house. If she pays a regular round of visits, if she behaves decently at the card-table, if she is ready to come into any party of pleasure, if she pays no regard to her husband, and puts her children out to nurse, she is not a good wife, or a good mother, perhaps; but she is——a mighty good sort of woman.

As I disposed of the mighty good kind of man in marriage, it may be expected, that I should find out a proper match also for the mighty good sort of woman. To tell you my opinion then—if she is old, I would give her to a young rake, being the character she loves best at her heart:—or, if she is mighty young, mighty handsome, mighty rich, as well as a mighty good sort of woman, I will marry her myself, as I am unfortunately a bachelor.

Your very humble servant, &c.

B. Thornton.

§ 81. *Interview between Waverley and Miss Mac-Ivor, previous to the Execution of her Brother.*

When Edward reached Miss Mac-Ivor's present place of abode, he was instantly admitted. In a large and gloomy tapestried apartment, Flora was seated by a latticed window, sewing what seemed to be a garment of white flannel. At a little distance sat an elderly woman, apparently a foreigner, and of a religious order. She was reading in a book of catholic devotion, but when Waverley entered, laid it on the table and left the room. Flora rose to receive him, and stretched out her hand, but neither ventured to attempt speech. Her fine complex-

ion was totally gone; her person considerably emaciated; and her face and hands as white as the purest statuary marble, forming a strong contrast with her sable dress and jet-black hair. Yet, amid these marks of distress, there was nothing negligent or ill-arranged about her dress —even her hair, though totally without ornament, was disposed with her usual attention to neatness. The first words she uttered were, "Have you seen him?"

"Alas, no," answered Waverley, "I have been refused admittance."

"It accords with the rest," she said, "but we must submit. Shall you obtain leave, do you suppose?"

"For—for—to-morrow?" said Waverley, but muttering the last word so faintly that it was almost unintelligible.

"Aye, then or never," said Flora, "until"—she added, looking upward, "the time when, I trust, we shall all meet. But I hope you will see him while earth yet bears him. He always loved you at his heart, though—but it is vain to talk of the past."

"Vain indeed!" echoed Waverley.

"Or even of the future, my good friend, so far as earthly events are concerned; for how often have I pictured to myself the strong possibility of this horrid issue, and tasked myself to consider how I could support my part, and yet how far has all my anticipation fallen short of the unimaginable bitterness of this hour!"

"Dear Flora, if your strength of mind"—

"Ay, there it is," she answered, somewhat wildly; "there is, Mr. Waverley, there is a busy devil at my heart, that whispers—but it were madness to listen to it—that the strength of mind on which Flora prided herself has murdered her brother!"

"Good God! how can you give utterance to a thought so shocking?"

"Ay, is it not so? but yet it haunts me like a phantom: I know it is unsubstantial and vain; but it *will* be present; will intrude its horrors on my mind; will whisper that my brother, as volatile as ardent, would have divided his energies amid a hundred objects. It was I who taught him to concentrate them, and to gage all on this dreadful and desperate cast. Oh that I could recollect that I had but once said to him, 'He that striketh with the sword shall die by the sword;' that I had but once said, Remain at home, reserve yourself, your vassals, your life, for enterprises within the reach of man. But O, Mr. Waverley, I spurred his fiery temper, and half of his ruin at least lies with his sister!"

The horrid idea which she had intimated, Edward endeavoured to combat by every incoherent argument that occurred to him. He recalled to her the principles on which both thought it their duty to act, and in which they had been educated.

"Do not think I have forgotten them," she said, looking up, with eager quickness; "I do not regret his attempt, because it was wrong! O no; on that point I am armed; but because it was impossible it could end otherwise than thus."

"Yet it did not always seem so desperate and hazardous as it was; and it would have been chosen by the bold spirit of Fergus whether you had approved it or no; your counsels only served to give unity and consistence to his conduct; to dignify, but not to precipitate, his resolution." Flora had soon ceased to listen to Edward, and was again intent upon her needle-work.

"Do you remember," she said, looking up with a ghastly smile, "you once found me making Fer

gus's bride-favour, and now I am sewing his bridal garment; our friends here," said she, with suppressed emotion, "are to give hallowed earth in their chapel to the bloody reliques of the last Vich Ian Vhor. But they will not all rest together; no—his head!—I shall not have the last miserable satisfaction of kissing the cold lips of my dear, dear Fergus!"

The unfortunate Flora here, after one or two hysterical sobs, fainted in her chair. The lady, who had been attending in the anti-room, now entered hastily, and begged Edward to leave the room, but not the house.

When he was recalled, after the space of nearly half an hour, he found that, by a strong effort, Miss Mac-Ivor had greatly composed herself. It was then he ventured to urge Miss Bradwardine's claim, to be considered as an adopted sister, and empowered to assist her plans for the future.

"I have had a letter from my dear Rose," she replied, "to the same purpose. Sorrow is selfish and engrossing, or I would have written to express, that, even in my own despair, I felt a gleam of pleasure at learning her happy prospects, and at hearing that the good old Baron has escaped the general wreck. Give this to my dearest Rose; it is her poor Flora's only ornament of value, and was the gift of a princess." She put into his hands a case, containing the chain of diamonds with which she used to decorate her hair. "To me it is in future useless. The kindness of my friends has secured me a retreat in the convent of the Scottish Benedictine nuns at Paris. Tomorrow—if indeed I can survive tomorrow—I set forward on my journey with this venerable sister; and now, Mr. Waverley, adieu. May you be as happy with Rose as your amiable dispositions deserve; and think sometimes on the friends you have lost. Do not attempt to see me again; it would be mistaken kindness."

She gave her hand, on which Edward shed a torrent of tears, and, with a faltering step, withdrew from the apartment, and returned to the town of Carlisle.

Sir W. Scott.

§ 82. *Meg Merrilies' Threat to the Laird of Ellangowan.*

She was standing upon one of those high banks, which, as we before noticed, overhung the road; so that she was placed considerably higher than Ellangowan, even though he was on horseback; and her tall figure, relieved against the clear blue sky, seemed almost of supernatural height. We have noticed, that there was in her general attire, or rather in her mode of adjusting it, somewhat of a foreign costume, artfully adopted perhaps for the purpose of adding to the effect of her spells and predictions, or perhaps from some traditional notions respecting the dress of her ancestors. On this occasion she had a large piece of red cotton cloth rolled about her head in the form of a turban, from beneath which her dark eyes flashed with uncommon lustre. Her long and tangled black hair fell in elf locks from the folds of this singular head gear. Her attitude was that of a sybil in frenzy, as she stretched out, in her right hand, a sappling bough which seemed just pulled.

"I'll be d——d," said the groom, "if she has not been cutting the young ashes in the Dukit Park."—The Laird made no answer, but continued to look at the figure which was thus perched above his path.

"Ride your ways," said the gyp

sy, "Ride your ways, Laird of Ellangowan—ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram!—This day have ye quenched seven smoking hearths—see if the fire in your ain parlour burn the blither for that—Ye have riven the thack off seven cottar houses—look if your ain roof-tree stand the faster.—Ye may stable your stirks in the shealings at Derncleugh—see that the hare does not couch on the hearthstane at Ellangowan.—Ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram—what do ye glowr after our folk for?—There's thirty hearts there, that wad hae wanted bread ere ye had wanted sunkets, and spent their life-blood ere ye had scratched your finger—yes—there's thirty yonder, from the auld wife of an hundred to the babe that was born last week, that ye have turned out o' their bits o' bields, to sleep with the tod and the black-cock in the muirs!—Ride your ways, Ellangowan.—Our bairns are hinging at our weary backs—look that your braw cradle at hame be the fairer spread up—not that I am wishing ill to little Harry, or to the babe that's yet to be born—God forbid—and make them kind to the poor, and better folk than their father.—And now, ride e'en your ways, for these are the last words ye'll ever hear Meg Merrilies speak, and this is the last reise that I'll ever cut in the bonny woods of Ellangowan."

So saying, she broke the sappling she held in her hand, and flung it into the road. Margaret of Anjou, bestowing on her triumphant foes her keen edged malediction, could not have turned from them with a gesture more proudly contemptuous. The Laird was clearing his voice to speak, and thrusting his hand in his pocket to find half-a-crown; the gypsy waited neither for his reply nor his donation, but strode down the hill to overtake the caravan.

Sir W. Scott.

§ 83. *Edie Ochiltree's Address to the Duellists.*

The old man drew himself up to the full advantage of his uncommon height, and, in despite of his dress, which indeed had more of the pilgrim than the ordinary beggar, looked, from height, manner, and emphasis of voice and gesture, rather like a gray palmer, or eremite preacher, the ghostly counsellor of the young men who were round him, than the object of their charity. His speech, indeed, was as homely as his habit, but as bold and unceremonious as his erect and dignified demeanour. "What are ye come here for, young men?" he said, addressing himself to the surprised audience; "are ye come amongst the most lovely works of God to break his laws?—Have ye left the works of man, the houses and the cities that are but clay and dust, like those that built them; and are ye come here among the peaceful hills, and by the quiet waters, that will last whiles aught earthly shall endure, to destroy each other's lives, that will have but an unco short time, by the course of nature, to make up a lang account at the close of it? O sirs! hae ye brothers, sisters, fathers, that hae tended ye, and mothers that hae travailed for ye, friends that hae ca'd ye like a piece o' their ain heart? And is this the way ye tak to make them childless, and brotherless, and friendless?—Ohon! it's an ill fight whar he that wins has the warst o't. Think on't, bairns—I'm a puir man—but I'm an auld man too, and what my poverty takes awa' frae the weight o' my counsel, gray hairs and a truthfu' heart should add it twenty times—Gang hame, gang hame, like gude lads—the French will be ower to harry us ane o' thae days, and ye'll hae fighting aneugh, and may be auld Edie will hirple out

himself if he can get a feal-dike to lay his gun ower, and may live to tell you whilk o' ye does the best where there's a good cause afore ye."

There was something in the undaunted and independent manner, hardy sentiments, and manly, rude elocution of the old man, that had its effect upon the party, and particularly upon the seconds, whose pride was uninterested in bringing the dispute to a bloody arbitrament, and who, on the contrary, eagerly watched for an opportunity to recommend conciliation. *Sir. W. Scott.*

§ 84. *The Funeral of the Fisherman's Son.*

The Antiquary being now alone, hastened his pace, which had been retarded by these various discussions, and the rencounter which had closed them, and soon arrived before the half-dozen cottages at Mussel-crag. They now had, in addition to their usual squalid and uncomfortable appearance, the melancholy attributes of the house of mourning. The boats were all drawn up on the beach; and, though the day was fine, and the season favourable, the chant, which is used by the fishers when at sea, was silent, as well as the prattle of the children, and the shrill song of the mother, as she sits mending her nets by the door. A few of the neighbours, some in their antique and well-saved suits of black, others in their ordinary clothes, but all bearing an expression of mournful sympathy with distress so sudden and unexpected, stood gathered around the door of Muckle-backit's cottage, waiting till "the body was lifted." As the Laird of Monkbarns approached, they made way for him to enter, doffing their hats and bonnets as he passed, with an air of melancholy courtesy, and he returned their salutes in the same manner.

In the inside of the cottage was a scene which our Wilkie alone could have painted, with that exquisite feeling of nature that characterizes his enchanting productions.

The body was laid in its coffin within the wooden bedstead which the young fisher had occupied while alive. At a little distance stood the father, whose rugged, weather-beaten countenance, shaded by his grizzled hair, had faced many a stormy night and night-like day. He was apparently revolving his loss in his mind with that strong feeling of painful grief, peculiar to harsh and rough characters, which almost breaks forth into hatred against the world, and all that remains in it, after the beloved object is withdrawn. The old man had made the most desperate efforts to save his son, and had only been withheld by main force from renewing them at a moment when, without the possibility of assisting the sufferer, he must himself have perished. All this apparently was boiling in his recollection. His glance was directed sidelong towards the coffin, as to an object on which he could not steadfastly look, and yet from which he could not withdraw his eyes. His answers to the necessary questions which were occasionally put to him, were brief, harsh, and almost fierce. His family had not yet dared to address to him a word, either of sympathy or consolation. His masculine wife, virago as she was, and absolute mistress of the family, as she justly boasted herself on all ordinary occasions, was, by this great loss, terrified into silence and submission, and compelled to hide from her husband's observation the bursts of her female sorrow. As he had rejected food ever since the disaster had happened, not daring herself to approach

him, she had that morning with affectionate artifice, employed the youngest and favourite child to present her husband with some nourishment. His first action was to push it from him with an angry violence, that frightened the child ; his next to snatch up the boy and devour him with kisses. "Ye'll be a bra' fallow an ye be spared, Patie,—but ye'll never—never can be—what he was to me!—he has sailed the coble wi' me since he was ten years auld, and there wasna the like o' him drew a net betwixt this and Buchan-ness—They say folks maun submit—I shall try."

And he had been silent from that moment until compelled to answer the necessary questions we have already noticed. Such was the disconsolate state of the father.

In another corner of the cottage, her face covered by her apron, which was flung over it, sat the mother, the nature of her grief sufficiently indicated by the wringing of her hands, and the convulsive agitation of the bosom, which the covering could not conceal. Two of her gossips, officiously whispering into her ear the common-place topic of resignation under irremediable misfortune, seemed as if they were endeavouring to stun the grief which they could not console.

The sorrow of the children was mingled with wonder at the preparations they beheld around them, and at the unusual display of wheaten bread and wine, which the poorest peasant, or fisher, offers to the guests on these mournful occasions; and thus their grief for their brother's death was almost already lost in admiration of the splendour of his funeral.

But the figure of the old grandmother was the most remarkable of the sorrowing group. Seated on her accustomed chair, with her usual air of apathy, and want of interest in what surrounded her, she seemed every now and then mechanically to resume the motion of twirling her spindle—then to look towards her bosom for the distaff, although both had been laid aside—She would then cast her eyes about as if surprised at missing the usual implements of her industry, and appear caught by the black colour of the gown in which they had dressed her, and embarrassed by the number of persons by whom she was surrounded—then, finally, she would raise her head with a ghastly look, and fix her eyes upon the bed which contained the coffin of her grandson, as if she had at once, and for the first time, acquired sense to comprehend her inexpressible calamity. These alternate feelings of embarrassment, wonder, and grief, seemed to succeed each other more than once upon her torpid features. But she spoke not a word, neither had she shed a tear; nor did one of the family understand, either from look or expression, to what extent she comprehended the uncommon bustle around her. So she sat among the funeral assembly like a connecting link between the surviving mourners and the dead corpse which they bewailed—a being in whom the light of existence was already obscured by the encroaching shadows of death.

When Oldbuck entered this house of mourning, he was received by a general and silent inclination of the head, and, according to the fashion of Scotland on such occasions, wine, and spirits, and bread were offered round to the guests. Elspeth, as these refreshments were presented, surprised and startled the whole company by motioning to the person who bore them to stop ; then, taking a glass in her hand, she rose up, and, as the smile of dotage played upon her shrivelled features, she pronounced with a hollow and tremulous voice, "Wishing a' your healths, sirs, and

often may we hae such merry meetings."

All shrunk from the ominous pledge, and set down the untasted liquor with a degree of shuddering horror, which will not surprise those who know how many superstitions are still common on such occasions among the Scottish vulgar. But as the old woman tasted the liquor, she suddenly exclaimed with a sort of shriek, "What's this?—this is wine—how should there be wine in my son's house?—Ay," she continued, with a suppressed groan, "I mind the sorrowful cause now," and, dropping the glass from her hand, she stood a moment gazing fixedly on the bed in which the coffin of her grandson was deposited, and then sinking gradually into her seat, she covered her eyes and forehead with her withered and pallid hand.

At this moment the clergyman entered the cottage. Mr. Blattergowl, though a dreadful proser, particularly on the subject of augmentations, localities, tiends, and overtures in that session of the General Assembly to which, unfortunately for his auditors, he chanced to act as moderator, was nevertheless a good man, in the old Scottish presbyterian phrase, God-ward and man-ward. No divine was more attentive in visiting the sick and afflicted, in catechising the youth, in instructing the ignorant, and in reproving the erring. And hence, notwithstanding impatience of his prolixity and prejudices, personal or professional, and notwithstanding, moreover, a certain habitual contempt for his understanding, especially on affairs of genius and taste, on which Blattergowl was apt to be diffuse, from his hope of one day fighting his way to a chair of rhetoric or belles-lettres—notwithstanding, I say, all the prejudices excited against him by these circumstances, our friend the Antiquary looked with great regard and respect on the said Blattergowl, though I own he could seldom, even by his sense of decency and the remonstrances of his womankind, be *hounded out*, as he called it, to hear him preach. But he regularly took shame to himself for his absence when Blattergowl came to Monkbarns to dinner, to which he was always invited of a Sunday, a mode of testifying his respect, which the proprietor probably thought fully as agreeable to the clergyman, and rather more congenial to his own habits.

To return from a digression which can only serve to introduce the honest clergyman more particularly to our readers, Mr. Blattergowl had no sooner entered the hut, and received the mute and melancholy salutations of the company whom it contained, than he edged himself towards the unfortunate father, and seemed to endeavour to slide in a few words of condolence or of consolation. But the old man was incapable as yet of receiving either; he nodded, however, gruffly, and shook the clergyman's hand in acknowledgment of his good intentions, but was either unable or unwilling to make any verbal reply.

The minister next passed to the mother, moving along the floor as slowly, silently, and gradually, as if he had been afraid that the ground would, like unsafe ice, break beneath his feet, or that the first echo of a footstep was to dissolve some magic spell, and plunge the hut, with all its inmates, into a subterranean abyss. The tenor of what he said to the poor woman could only be judged by her answers, as, half stifled by sobs ill repressed, and by the covering which she still kept over her countenance, she faintly answered at each pause in his speech—"Yes, sir, yes!—Ye're very gude—ye're very gude!—Nae doubt, nae doubt!—it's our duty to submit!—

But, O dear, my poor Steenie, the pride o' my very heart, that was sae handsome and comely, and a help to his family, and a comfort to us a', and a pleasure to a' that lookit on him!—O my bairn, my bairn, my bairn! what for is thou lying there, and eh! what for am I left to greet for ye!"

There was no contending with this burst of sorrow and natural affection. Oldbuck had repeated recourse to his snuff-box to conceal the tears which, despite his shrewd and caustic temper, were apt to start on such occasions. The female assistants whimpered, the men held their bonnets to their faces and spoke apart with each other. The clergyman meantime addressed his ghostly consolation to the aged grandmother. At first she listened, or seemed to listen, to what he said with the apathy of her usual unconsciousness. But as, in pressing his theme, he approached so near to her ear, that the sense of his words became distinctly intelligible to her, though unheard by those who stood more distant, her countenance at once assumed that stern and impressive cast which characterized her intervals of intelligence. She drew up her head and body, shook her head in a manner that showed at least impatience, if not scorn, of his counsel, and waved her hand slightly, but with a gesture so expressive, as to indicate to all who witnessed it a marked and disdainful rejection of the ghostly consolation proffered to her. The minister stepped back as if repulsed, and, by lifting gently and dropping his hand, seemed to show at once wonder, sorrow, and compassion for her dreadful state of mind. The rest of the company sympathized, and a stifled whisper went through them, to express how much her desperate and determined manner impressed them with awe and even horror.

In the mean time the funeral company was completed, by the arrival of one or two persons who had been expected from Fairport. The wine and spirits again circulated, and the dumb show of greeting was anew interchanged. The grandame a second time took a glass in her hand, drank its contents, and exclaimed with a sort of laugh, "Ha! ha! I hae tasted wine twice in ae day—Whan did I that before, think ye, cummers?—Never since"——

And the transient glow vanishing from her countenance, she set the glass down, and sunk upon the settle from whence she had risen to snatch at it.

As the general amazement subsided, Mr. Oldbuck, whose heart bled to witness what he considered as the errings of the enfeebled intellect struggling with the torpid chill of age and of sorrow, observed to the clergyman that it was time to proceed to the ceremony. The father was incapable of giving directions, but the nearest relation of the family made a sign to the carpenter, who in such cases goes through the duty of the undertaker, to proceed in his office. The creak of the screw-nails presently announced that the lid of the last mansion of mortality was in the act of being secured above its tenant. The last act which separates us for ever, even from the mortal reliques of the person we assemble to mourn, has usually its effect upon the most indifferent, selfish, and hard-hearted. With a spirit of contradiction which we may be pardoned for esteeming narrow minded, the fathers of the Scottish kirk rejected, even on this most solemn occasion, the form of an address to the Divinity, lest they should be thought to give countenance to the rituals of Rome or of England. With much better and more liberal judgment, it is the present practice of most of the Scottish clergymen to

seize this opportunity of offering a prayer, and exhortation, suitable to make an impression upon the living, while they are yet in the very presence of the reliques of him, whom they have but lately seen such as they themselves, and who now is such as they must in their time become. But this decent and praiseworthy practice was not adopted at the time of which I am treating, or, at least, Mr. Blattergowl did not act upon it, and the ceremony proceeded without any devotional exercise.

The coffin, covered with a pall, and supported upon handspikes by the nearest relatives, now only waited the father to support the head, as is customary. Two or three of these privileged persons spoke to him, but he only answered by shaking his hand and his head in token of refusal. With better intention than judgment, the friends, who considered this as an act of duty on the part of the living, and of decency towards the deceased, would have proceeded to enforce their request, had not Oldbuck interfered between the distressed father and his well meaning tormentors, and informed them, that he himself, as landlord and master to the deceased, "would carry his head to the grave." In spite of the sorrowful occasion, the hearts of the relatives swelled within them at so marked a distinction on the part of the Laird; and old Ailison Breck, who was present, among other fishwomen, swore almost aloud, "His honour Monkbarns should never want sax warp of oysters in the season, (of which fish he was understood to be fond,) if she should gang to sea and dredge for them hersel, in the foulest wind that ever blew." And such is the temper of the Scottish common people, that, by this instance of compliance with their customs, and respect for their persons, Mr. Oldbuck gained more popularity than by all the sums which he had yearly distributed in the parish for purposes of private or general charity.

The sad procession now moved slowly forward, preceded by the beadles, or saulies, with their batons,—miserable-looking old men, tottering as if on the edge of that grave to which they were marshalling another, and clad, according to Scottish guise, with threadbare black coats, and hunting caps decorated with rusty crape. Monkbarns would probably have remonstrated against this superfluous expense, had he been consulted; but, in doing so, he would have given more offence than he gained popularity by condescending to perform the office of chief mourner. Of this he was quite aware, and wisely withheld rebuke, where rebuke and advice would have been equally unavailing. In truth, the Scottish peasantry are still infected with that rage for funeral ceremonial, which once distinguished the grandees of the kingdom so much, that a sumptuary law was made by the parliament of Scotland for the purpose of restraining it; and I have known many in the lowest stations, who have denied themselves not merely the comforts, but almost the necessaries of life, in order to save such a sum of money as might enable their surviving friends to bury them like Christians, as they termed it; nor could their faithful executors be prevailed upon, though equally necessitous, to turn to the use and maintenance of the living, the money vainly wasted upon the interment of the dead.

The procession to the churchyard, at about half a mile's distance, was made with the mournful solemnity usual on these occasions,—the body was consigned to its parent earth,—and when the labour of the gravediggers had filled up the trench, and covered it with fresh sod, Mr. Oldbuck, taking his hat off, saluted the assistants, who had stood by in

mournful silence, and with that adieu dispersed the mourners.

Sir W. Scott.

§ 85. *Macbriar's Exhortation after the Battle of Loudon-Hill.*

Kettledrummle had no sooner ended his sermon, and descended from the huge rock which had served him for a pulpit, than his post was occupied by a pastor of a very different description. The reverend Gabriel was advanced in years, somewhat corpulent, with a loud voice, a square face, and a set of stupid and unanimated features, in which the body seemed more to predominate over the spirit than was seemly in a sound divine. The youth who succeeded him in exhorting this extraordinary convocation was hardly twenty years old, yet his thin features already indicated, that a constitution, naturally hectic, was worn out by vigils, by fasts, by the rigour of imprisonment, and the fatigues incident to a fugitive life. Young as he was, he had been twice imprisoned for several months, and suffered many severities, which gave him great influence with those of his own sect. He threw his faded eyes over the multitude and over the scene of battle, and a light of triumph arose in his glance, his pale yet striking features were coloured with a transient and hectic blush of joy. He folded his hands, raised his face to heaven, and seemed lost in mental prayer and thanksgiving ere he addressed the people. When he spoke, his faint and broken voice seemed at first inadequate to express his conceptions. But the deep silence of the assembly, the eagerness with which the ear gathered every word, as the famished Israelites collected the heavenly manna, had a corresponding effect upon the preacher himself. His words became more distinct, his manner more earnest and energetic; it seemed as if religious zeal was triumphing over bodily weakness and infirmity. His natural eloquence was not altogether untainted with the coarseness of his sect, and yet by the influence of a good natural taste, it was freed from the grosser and more ludicrous errors of his contemporaries; and the language of Scripture, which, in their mouths, was sometimes degraded by misapplication, gave in Macbriar's exhortation, a rich and solemn effect, like that which is produced by the beams of the sun streaming through the storied representation of saints and martyrs on the Gothic window of some ancient cathedral.

He painted the desolation of the church, during the late period of her distresses, in the most affecting colours. He described her, like Hagar watching the waning life of her infant amid the fountainless desert; like Judah, under her palm-tree mourning for the devastation of her temple; like Rachel, weeping for her children and refusing comfort. But he chiefly rose into rough sublimity when addressing the men yet reeking from battle. He called on them to remember the great things which God had done for them, and to persevere in the career which their victory had opened.

"Your garments are dyed—but not with the juice of the wine-press; your swords are filled with blood," he exclaimed, "but not with the blood of goats or lambs; the dust of the desert on which ye stand is made fat with gore, but not with the blood of bullocks, for the Lord hath a sacrifice in Bozrah, and a great slaughter in the land of Idumea. These were not the firstlings of the flock, the small cattle of burnt-offerings, whose bodies lie like dung on the ploughed field of the husbandman; this is not the savour of myrrh, of frankincense, or of sweet herbs,

that is steaming in your nostrils; but these bloody trunks are the carcasses of those that held the bow and the lance, who were cruel and would show no mercy, whose voice roared like the sea, who rode upon horses, every man in array as if to battle—they are the carcasses even of the mighty men of war that came against Jacob in the day of his deliverance, and the smoke is that of the devouring fires that have consumed them. And those wild hills that surround you are not a sanctuary planked with cedar and plated with silver; nor are ye ministering priests at the altar, with censers and with torches, but ye hold in your hands the sword, and the bow, and the weapons of death—And yet verily, I say unto you, that not when the ancient Temple was in its first glory was there offered sacrifice more acceptable than that which you have this day presented, giving to the slaughter the tyrant and the oppressor, with the rocks for your altars, and the sky for your vaulted sanctuary, and your own good swords for the instruments of sacrifice. Leave not, therefore, the plough in the furrow—turn not back from the path in which you have entered, like the famous worthies of old, whom God raised up for the glorifying of his name and the deliverance of his afflicted people—halt not in the race you are running, lest the latter end should be worse than the beginning. Wherefore, set up a standard in the land; blow a trumpet upon the mountains; let not the shepherd tarry by his sheepfold, or the seedsman continue in the ploughed field, but make the watch strong, sharpen the arrows, burnish the shields, name ye the captains of thousands, and captains of hundreds, of fifties, and of tens; call the footmen like the rushing of winds, and cause the horsemen to come up like the sound of many waters, for the passages of the destroyers are stopped, their rods are burned, and the face of their men of battle hath been turned to flight. Heaven has been with you, and has broken the bow of the mighty; then let every man's heart be as the heart of the valiant Maccabeus, every man's hand as the hand of the mighty Samson, every man's sword as that of Gideon, which turned not back from the slaughter; for the banner of Reformation is spread abroad on the mountains in its first loveliness, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

"Well is he this day that shall barter his house for a helmet, and sell his garment for a sword, and cast in his lot with the children of the Covenant, even to the fulfilling of the promise; and woe, woe unto him who for carnal ends and self-seeking, shall withhold himself from the great work, for the curse shall abide with him, even the bitter curse of Meroz, because he came not to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Up, then, and be doing; the blood of martyrs, reeking upon scaffolds, is crying for vengeance; the bones of saints, which lie whitening in the high-ways, are pleading for retribution; the groans of innocent captives from desolate isles of the sea, and from the dungeons of the tyrant's highplaces, cry for deliverance; the prayers of persecuted Christians, sheltering themselves in dens and deserts from the sword of their persecutors, famished with hunger, starving with cold, lacking fire, food, shelter, and clothing, because they serve God rather than man—all are with you, pleading, watching, knocking, storming the gates of heaven in your behalf. Heaven itself shall fight for you, as the stars in their courses fought against Sisera. Then whoso will deserve immortal fame in this world, and eternal happiness in that which is to come, let them enter into God's ser-

vice, and take arles at the hand of the servant,—a blessing, namely, upon him and his household, and his children, to the ninth generation, even the blessing of the promise, for ever and ever! Amen."

The eloquence of the preacher was rewarded by the deep hum of stern approbation which resounded through the armed assemblage at the conclusion of an exhortation so well suited to that which they had done, and that which remained for them to do. The wounded forgot their pain, the faint and hungry their fatigues and privations, as they listened to doctrines which elevated them alike above the wants and calamities of the world, and identified their cause with that of the Deity. Many crowded around the preacher, as he descended from the eminence on which he stood, and clasping him with hands on which the gore was yet hardened, pledged their sacred vow that they would play the part of Heaven's true soldiers. Exhausted by his own enthusiasm, and by the animated fervour which he had exerted in his discourse, the preacher could only reply, in broken accents,—"God bless you, my brethren—it is HIS cause. Stand strongly up and play the men—the worst that can befal us is but a brief and bloody passage to heaven."

Sir W. Scott.

§ 86. *Interview between Jeanie Deans and Effie Deans in prison.*

Shame, fear, and grief, had contended for mastery in the poor prisoner's bosom during the whole morning, while she had looked forward to this meeting; but when the door opened, all gave way to a confused and strange feeling that had a tinge of joy in it, as, throwing herself on her sister's neck, she ejaculated, "My dear Jeanie!—my dear Jeanie! it's lang since I hae seen ye." Jeanie returned the embrace with an earnestness that partook almost of rapture, but it was only a flitting emotion, like a sun-beam unexpectedly penetrating betwixt the clouds of a tempest, and obscured almost as soon as visible. The sisters walked together to the side of the pallet bed; and sat down side by side, took hold of each other's hands, and looked each other in the face, but without speaking a word. In this posture they remained for a minute, while the gleam of joy gradually faded from their features, and gave way to the most intense expression, first of melancholy, and then of agony, till throwing themselves again into each other's arms, they, to use the language of Scripture, lifted up their voices and wept bitterly.

Even the hard-hearted turnkey, who had spent his life in scenes calculated to stifle both conscience and feeling, could not witness this scene without a touch of human sympathy. It was shown in a trifling action, but which had more delicacy in it than seemed to belong to Ratcliffe's character and station. The unglazed window of the miserable chamber was open, and the beams of a bright sun fell right upon the bed where the sufferers were seated. With a gentleness that had something of reverence in it, Ratcliffe partly closed the shutter, and seemed thus to throw a veil over a scene so sorrowful.

"Ye are ill, Effie," were the first words Jeanie could utter, "Ye are very ill."

"O what wad I gi'e to be ten times waur, Jeanie," was the reply —"what wad I gi'e to be cauld dead afore the ten o'clock bell the morn! And our father—but I amna his bairn langer now—O I hae nae friend left in the warld!—O that I were lying dead at my mother's side, in Newbattle Kirk-yard."

"O Effie," said her elder sister, "how could you conceal your situa-

tion from me! O, woman, had I deserved this at your hand?—had ye spoke but a word—sorry we might hae been, and shamed we might hae been, but this awfu' dispensation had never come ower us."

"And what gude wad that hae dune?" answered the prisoner. "Na, na, Jeanie, a' was ower when ance I forgot what I promised when I faulded down the leaf of my Bible. See," she said, producing the sacred volume, "the book opens aye at the place o' itsell. O see, Jeanie, what a fearfu' scripture!"

Jeanie took her sister's Bible, and found that the fatal mark was made at this impressive text in the book of Job: "He hath stripped me of my glory, and taken the crown from my head. He hath destroyed me on every side, and I am gone. And mine hope hath he removed like a tree."

"Isna that ower true a doctrine?" said the prisoner—"Isna my crown, my honour removed? And what am I but a poor wasted wan-thriven tree, dug up by the roots, and flung out to waste in the highway, that man and beast may tread it under foot? I thought o' the bonny bit thorn that our father rooted out o' the yard last May, when it had a' the flush o' blossoms on it: and then it lay in the court till the beasts had trod them a' pieces wi' their feet. I little thought, when I was wae for the bit silly green bush and its flowers, that I was to gang the same gate mysel."

"O, if ye had spoken a word," again sobbed Jeanie,—"if I were free to swear that ye had said but ae word of how it stude wi' ye, they couldna hae touched your life this day."

"Could they na?" said Effie, with something like awakened interest—for life is dear even to those who feel it as a burthen—"Wha tauld ye that, Jeanie?"

"It was ane that kenned what he was saying weel aneugh," replied Jeanie, who had a natural reluctance at mentioning even the name of her sister's seducer.

"Wha was it?—I conjure ye to tell me," said Effie, seating herself upright—"Wha could tak interest in sic a cast-bye as I am now?—Was it!—was it *him?*"

"Hout," said Ratcliffe, "what signifies keeping the poor lassie in a swither?—I'se uphaud it's been Robertson that learned ye that doctrine when ye saw him at Muschat's Cairn."

"Was it him?" said Effie, catching eagerly at his words—"was it him, Jeanie, indeed?—O, I see it was him—poor lad, and I was thinking his heart was as hard as the nether millstane—and him in sic danger on his ain part—poor George!"

Somewhat indignant at this burst of tender feeling towards the author of her misery, Jeanie could not help exclaiming,—"O, Effie, how can ye speak that gate of sic a man as that?"

"We maun forgi'e our enemies, ye ken," said poor Effie, with a timid look and a subdued voice, for her conscience told her what a different character the feelings with which she still regarded her seducer bore, compared with the Christian charity under which she attempted to veil it.

"And ye hae suffered a' this for him, and ye can think of loving him still?" said her sister, in a voice betwixt pity and blame.

"Love him?" answered Effie—"If I had na loved as woman seldom loves, I hadna been within these wa's this day; and trow ye, that love sic as mine is lightly forgotten?—Na, na—ye may hew down the tree, but ye canna change its bend—And O, Jeanie, if ye wad do good to me at this moment, tell me every word that he said, and whether he was sorry for poor Effie or no."

"What needs I tell ye ony thing about it," said Jeanie. "Ye may be sure he had ower muckle to do to save himsell, to speak lang or muckle about ony body beside."

"That's no true, Jeanie, though a saunt had said it," replied Effie, with a sparkle of her former lively and irritable temper. "But ye dinna ken, though I do, how far he pat his life in venture to save mine." And looking at Ratcliffe, she checked herself and was silent.

"I fancy," said Ratcliffe, with one of his familiar sneers, "the lassie thinks that naebody has een but hersell—Didna I see when Gentle Geordie was seeking to get other folk out of the Tolbooth foreby Jock Porteous? but ye are of my mind, hinny—better sit and rue, than flit and rue.—Ye needna look in my face sa amazed. I ken mair things than that maybe."

"O my God! my God!" said Effie, springing up and throwing herself down on her knees before him—"D'ye ken whare they hae putten my bairn?—O my bairn! my bairn! the poor sackless innocent new-born wee ane—bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh!—O, man, if ye wad e'er deserve a portion in Heaven, or a broken hearted creature's blessing upon earth, tell me whare they hae put my bairn—the sign of my shame, and the partner of my suffering! tell me wha has ta'en 't away, or what they hae dune wi't!"

"Hout tout," said the turnkey, endeavouring to extricate himself from the firm grasp with which she held him, "that's taking me at my word wi' a witness—Bairn, quo' she? How the de'il suld I ken ony thing of your bairn, huzzy? Ye maun ask that auld Meg Murdockson, if ye dinna ken ower muckle about it yoursell."

As his answer destroyed the wild and vague hope which had suddenly gleamed upon her, the unhappy prisoner let go her hold of his coat, and fell with her face on the pavement of the apartment in a strong convulsion fit.

Jeanie Deans possessed, with her excellently clear understanding, the concomitant advantage of promptitude of spirit, even in the extremity of distress.

She did not suffer herself to be overcome by her own feelings of exquisite sorrow, but instantly applied herself to her sister's relief, with the readiest remedies which circumstances afforded: and which, to do Ratcliffe justice, he showed himself anxious to suggest, and alert in procuring. He had even the delicacy to withdraw to the farthest corner of the room, so as to render his official attendance upon them as little intrusive as possible, when Effie was composed enough again to resume her conference with her sister.

The prisoner once more, in the most earnest and broken tones, conjured Jeanie to tell her the particulars of the conference with Robertson, and Jeanie felt it was impossible to refuse her this gratification."

"Do ye mind," she said, "Effie, when ye were in the fever before we left Woodend, and how angry your mother, that's now in a better place, was at me for gi'eing ye milk and water to drink, because ye grat for it? Ye were a bairn then, and ye are a woman now, and should ken better than ask what canna but hurt ye—But come weal or woe, I canna refuse ye ony thing that ye ask me wi' the tear in your ee."

Again Effie threw herself into her arms, and kissed her cheek and forehead, murmuring, "O, if ye kenn'd how lang it is since I heard his name mentioned,—if ye but kenn'd how muckle good it does me but to ken ony thing o' him, that's like goodness or kindness, ye wadna wonder that I wish to hear o' him."

Jeanie sighed, and commenced

her narrative of all that had passed betwixt Robertson and her, making it at first as brief as possible. Effie listened in breathless anxiety, holding her sister's hand in hers, and keeping her eye fixed upon her face, as if devouring every word she uttered. The interjections of "Poor fellow,"—"poor George," which escaped in whispers, and betwixt sighs, were the only sounds with which she interrupted the story. When it was finished she made a long pause.

"And this was his advice?" were the first words she uttered.

"Just sic as I hae tell'd ye," replied her sister.

"And he wanted you to say something to yon folks, that wad save my young life?"

"He wanted," answered Jeanie, "that I suld be mansworn."

"And ye tauld him," said Effie, "that ye wadna hear o' coming between me and the death that I am to die, and me no aughteen year old yet?"

"I told him," replied Jeanie, who now trembled at the turn which her sister's reflections seemed about to take, "that I dared na swear to an untruth."

"And what d'ye ca' an untruth?" said Effie, again showing a touch of her former spirit—"Ye are muckle to blame, lass, if ye think a mother would, or could, murder her ain bairn—Murder?—I wad hae laid down my life just to see a blink o' its e'e."

"I do believe," said Jeanie, "that ye are as innocent of sic a purpose, as the new-born babe itsell."

"I am glad ye do me that justice," said Effie haughtily; "it's whiles the faut of very good folk like you, Jeanie, that they think a' the rest of the warld are as bad as the warst temptations can make them."

"I dinna deserve this frae ye, Effie," said her sister, sobbing, and feeling at once the injustice of the reproach, and compassion for the state of mind which dictated it.

"Maybe no, sister," said Effie. "But ye are angry because I love Robertson—How can I help loving him that loves me better than body and soul baith? Here he put his life in a niffer, to break the prison to let me out; and sure am I, had it stood wi' him as it stands wi' you," —here she paused and was silent.

"O, if it stude wi' me to save ye wi' risk of *my* life!" said Jeanie.

"Ay, lass," said her sister, "that's lightly said, but no sae lightly credited, frae ane that winna ware a word for me; and if it be a wrang word, ye'll hae time aneugh to repent o't."

"But that word is a grievous sin, and it's a deeper offence when it's a sin wilfully and presumptuously committed."

"Weel, weel, Jeanie," said Effie, "I mind a' about the sins o' presumption in the questions—we'll speak nae mair about this matter, and ye may save your breath to say your carritch; and for me, I'll soon hae nae breath to waste on ony body."

"Never speak mair o't," said the prisoner. "I'ts just as weel as it is —and gude day, sister; ye keep Mr. Ratcliffe waiting on—Ye'll come back and see me I reckon, before"——here she stopped, and became deadly pale.

"And are we to part in this way," said Jeanie, "and you in sic deadly peril? O, Effie, look but up, and say what ye wad hae me do, and I could find in my heart amaist to say that I wad do't."

"No, Jeanie," replied her sister, after an effort, "I am better minded now. At my best I was never half sae gude as ye were, and what for suld you begin to mak yoursell waur to save me, now that I am na worth saving? God knows, that, in my

sober mind, I wadna wuss ony living creature to do a wrang thing to save my life. I might have fled frae this tolbooth on that awfu' night wi' ane wad hae carried me through the warld and friended me, and fended for me. But I said to them, let life gang when gude fame is gane before it. But this lang imprisonment has broken my spirit, and I am whiles sair left to mysell, and then I wad gi'e the Indian mines of gold and diamonds, just for life and breath—for I think, Jeanie, I have such roving fits as I used to hae in the fever; but instead of the fiery een, and wolves, and Widow Butler's bull-segg, that I used to see spieling up on my bed, I am thinking now about a high black gibbet, and me standing up, and such seas of faces all looking up at poor Effie Deans; and asking if it be her that George Robertson used to call the Lily of St. Leonard's—And then they stretch out their faces and make mouths, and girn at me, and which ever way I look, I see a face laughing like Meg Murdockson, when she tauld me I had seen the last of my wean. God preserve us, Jeanie, that carline has a fearsome face." She clapped her hands before her eyes as she uttered this exclamation, as if to secure herself against seeing the fearful object she had alluded to.

Sir W. Scott.

§ 87. *Jeanie Deans' Address to Queen Caroline.*

"If it like you, madam," said Jeanie, "I would hae gaen to the end of the earth to save the life of John Porteous, or any other unhappy man in his condition; but I might lawfully doubt how far I am called upon to be the avenger of his blood, though it may become the civil magistrate to do so. He is dead and gane to his place, and they that have slain him must answer for their ain act. But my sister—my puir sister Effie still lives, though her days and hours are numbered!—She still lives, and a word of the King's mouth might restore her to a broken-hearted auld man, that never, in his daily and nightly exercise, forgot to pray that his Majesty might be blessed with a long and a prosperous reign, and that his throne, and the throne of his posterity, might be established in righteousness. O, madam, if ever ye kenn'd what it was to sorrow for and with a sinning and a suffering creature, whose mind is sae tossed that she can be neither ca'd fit to live or die, have some compassion on our misery!—Save an honest house from dishonour, and an unhappy girl, not eighteen years of age, from an early and dreadful death! Alas! it is not when we sleep soft and wake merrily ourselves that we think on other people's sufferings. Our hearts are waxed light within us then, and we are for righting our ain wrangs and fighting our ain battles. But when the hour of trouble comes to the mind or to the body—and seldom may it visit your Leddyship—and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low—lang and late, may it be yours—O, my Leddy, then it isna what we hae dune for oursells, but what we hae dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly. And the thoughts that ye hae intervened to spare the puir thing's life will be sweeter in that hour, come when it may, than if a word of your mouth could hang the haill Porteous mob at the tail of ae tow."

Sir W. Scott.

§ 88. *Interview between Rebecca and Bois Guilbert in the Castle of Front-de-Bœuf.*

The prisoner trembled, however, and changed colour, when a step was

heard on the stair, and the door of the turret chamber slowly opened, and a tall man, dressed as one of those banditti to whom they owed their misfortune, slowly entered, and secured the door behind him: his cap, pulled down upon his brows, concealed the upper part of his face, and he held his mantle in such a manner as to muffle the rest. In this guise, as if prepared for the execution of some deed at the thought of which he was himself ashamed, he stood before the affrighted prisoner; yet, ruffian as his dress bespoke him, he seemed at a loss to express what purpose had brought him thither, so that Rebecca, making an effort upon herself, had time to anticipate his explanation. She had already unclasped two costly bracelets and a collar, which she hastened to proffer to the supposed outlaw, concluding naturally that to gratify his avarice was to bespeak his favour.

"Take these," she said, "good friend, and for God's sake be merciful to me and to my aged father! These ornaments are of value, yet are they trifling to what he would bestow to obtain our dismissal from this castle, free and uninjured."

"Fair flower of Palestine," replied the outlaw, "these pearls are orient, but they yield in whiteness to your teeth; the diamonds are brilliant, but they cannot match your eyes; and ever since I have taken up this wild trade, I have made a vow to prefer beauty to wealth."

"Do not do yourself such wrong," said Rebecca; "take ransom and have mercy!—Gold will purchase you pleasure,—to misuse us, could only bring thee remorse. My father will willingly satiate thy utmost wishes; and if thou wilt act wisely, thou may'st purchase with our spoils thy restoration to civil society—may'st obtain pardon for past errors, and be placed beyond the necessity of committing more."

"It is well spoken," replied the outlaw in French, finding it difficult probably to sustain in Saxon a conversation which Rebecca had opened in that language; but know, bright lily of the vale of Bacca! that thy father is already in the hands of a powerful alchymist, who knows how to convert into gold and silver even the rusty bars of a dungeon grate. The venerable Isaac is subjected to an alembic, which will distil from him all he holds dear, without any assistance from my requests or thy entreaty. Thy ransom must be paid by love and beauty, and in no other coin will I accept it."

"Thou art no outlaw," said Rebecca, in the same language in which he addressed her; "no outlaw had refused such offers. No outlaw in this land uses the dialect in which thou hast spoken. Thou art no outlaw, but a Norman—a Norman, noble perhaps in birth—O be so in thy actions, and cast off this fearful masque of outrage and violence!"

"And thou, who canst guess so truly," said Brian de Bois-Guilbert, dropping the mantle from his face, "art no true daughter of Israel, but in all, save youth and beauty, a very witch of Endor. I am not an outlaw, then, fair rose of Sharon. And I am one who will be more prompt to hang thy neck and arms with pearls and diamonds, which so well become them, than to deprive thee of those ornaments."

"What would'st thou have of me," said Rebecca, "if not my wealth?—We can have nought in common between us—you are a Christian—I am a Jewess.—Our union were contrary to the laws, alike of the church and the synagogue."

"It were so indeed," replied the Templar, laughing; "wed with a Jewess? *Despardieux!*—Not if she were the queen of Sheba. And know, besides, sweet daughter of Zion,

that were the most Christian king to offer me his most Christian daughter with Languedoc for a dowry, I could not wed her. It is against my vow to love any maiden, otherwise than *par amours*, as I will love thee. I am a Templar. Behold the cross of my holy order."

"Darest thou appeal to it," said Rebecca, "on an occasion like the present?"

"And if I do so," said the Templar, "it concerns not thee, who art no believer in the blessed sign of our salvation."

"I believe as my fathers taught," said Rebecca; "and may God forgive my belief if erroneous! But you, Sir Knight, what is *yours*, when you appeal without scruple to that which you deem most holy, even while you are about to transgress the most solemn of your vows as a knight, and as a man of religion?"

"It is gravely and well preached, O daughter of Sirach!" answered the Templar; "but, gentle Ecclesiastica, thy narrow Jewish prejudices make thee blind to our high privilege. Marriage were an enduring crime on the part of a Templar; but what lesser folly I may practise, I shall speedily be absolved from at the next Preceptory of our Order. Not the wisest of monarchs, not his father, whose examples you must needs allow are weighty, claimed wider privileges than we poor soldiers of the Temple of Zion have won by our zeal in its defence. The protectors of Solomon's Temple may claim license by the example of Solomon."

"If thou readest the Scripture," said the Jewess, "and the lives of the saints, only to justify thine own license and profligacy, thy crime is like that of him who extracts poison from the most healthful and necessary herbs."

The eyes of the Templar flashed fire at this reproof—"Hearken," he said, "Rebecca; I have hitherto spoke mildly to thee, but now my language shall be that of a conqueror. Thou art the captive of my bow and spear—subject to my will by the laws of all nations, nor will I abate an inch of my right, or abstain from taking by violence what thou refusest to entreaty or necessity."

"Stand back," said Rebecca—"stand back, and hear me ere thou offerest to commit a sin so deadly! My strength thou may'st indeed overpower, for God made woman weak, and trusted their defence to man's generosity. But I will proclaim thy villany, Templar, from one end of Europe to the other. I will owe to the superstition of thy brethren what their compassion might refuse me. Each Preceptory—each Chapter of thy Order, shall learn, that, like a heretic, thou hast sinned with a Jewess. Those who tremble not at thy crime, will hold thee accursed for having so far dishonoured the cross thou wearest as to follow a daughter of my people."

"Thou art keen-witted, Jewess," replied the Templar, well aware of the truth of what she spoke, and that the rules of his Order condemned in the most positive manner, and under high penalties, such intrigues as he now prosecuted, and that, in some instances, even degradation had followed upon it—"thou art sharp-witted," he said, "but loud must be thy voice of complaint, if it is heard beyond the iron walls of this castle; within these, murmurs, laments, appeals to justice, and screams for help, die alike silent away. One thing only can save thee, Rebecca. Submit to thy fate—embrace our religion, and thou shalt go forth in such state, that many a Norman lady shall yield as well in pomp as in beauty to the favourite of the best lance among the defenders of the Temple."

"Submit to my fate!" said Rebecca—"and, sacred Heaven! to

what fate?—embrace thy religion! and what religion can it be that harbours such a villain?—*thou* the best lance of the Templars!—craven Knight!—forsworn priest! I spit at thee, and I defy thee.—The God of Abraham's promise hath opened an escape to his daughter—even from this abyss of infamy."

As she spoke she threw open the latticed window which led to the bartizan, and, in an instant after, stood on the very verge of the parapet, with not the slightest screen between her and the tremendous depth below. Unprepared for such a desperate effort, for she had hitherto stood perfectly motionless, Bois-Guilbert had neither time to intercept nor to stop her. As he offered to advance, she exclaimed, "Remain where thou art, proud Templar, or at thy choice advance!—one foot nearer, and I plunge myself from the precipice; my body shall be crushed out of the very form of humanity upon the stones of that court-yard, ere it becomes the victim of thy brutality."

As she spoke this, she clasped her hands and extended them towards heaven, as if imploring mercy on her soul before she made the final plunge. The Templar hesitated, and a resolution which had never yielded to pity or distress, gave way to his admiration of her fortitude. "Come down," he said, "rash girl!—I swear by earth, and sea, and sky, I will offer thee no offence."

"I will not trust thee, Templar," said Rebecca; "thou hast taught me better how to estimate the virtues of thine Order. The next Preceptory would grant thee absolution for an oath, the keeping of which concerned nought but the honour or the dishonour of a miserable Jewish maiden."

"You do me injustice," said the Templar; "I swear to you by the name which I bear—by the cross on my bosom—by the sword on my side—by the ancient crest of my fathers do I swear, I will do thee no injury whatsoever. If not for thyself, yet for thy father's sake forbear. I will be his friend, and in this castle he will need a powerful one."

"Alas!" said Rebecca, "I know it but too well—dare I trust thee?"

"May my arms be reversed, and my name dishonoured," said Brian de Bois-Guilbert, "if thou shalt have reason to complain of me! Many a law, many a commandment have I broken, but my word never."

"I will then trust thee," said Rebecca, "thus far," and she descended from the verge of the battlement, but remained standing close by one of the embrasures, or *machicolles*, as they were then called.—"Here," she said, "I take my stand. Remain where thou art, and if thou shalt attempt to diminish by one step the distance now between us, thou shalt see that the Jewish maiden will rather trust her soul with God, than her honour to the Templar."

While Rebecca spoke thus, her high and firm resolve, which corresponded so well with the expressive beauty of her countenance, gave to the looks, air, and manner, a dignity that seemed more than mortal. Her glance quailed not, her cheek blanched not, for the fear of a fate so instant and so horrible; on the contrary, the thought that she had her fate at her command, and could escape at will from infamy to death, gave a yet deeper colour of carnation to her complexion, and a yet more brilliant fire to her eye. Bois-Guilbert, proud himself and high-spirited, thought he had never beheld beauty so animated and so commanding.

"Let there be peace between us, Rebecca," he said.

"Peace, if thou wilt," answered Rebecca—"Peace—but with this space between."

"Thou need'st no longer fear me," said Bois-Guilbert.

"I fear thee not," replied she; "thanks to him that reared this dizzy tower so high, that nought could fall from it and live—thanks to him, and to the God of Israel!—I fear thee not."

"Thou dost me injustice," said the Templar, "by earth, sea, and sky, thou dost me injustice. I am not naturally that which you have seen me, hard, selfish, and relentless. It was woman that taught me cruelty, and on woman therefore I have exercised it; but not upon such as thou. Hear me, Rebecca—Never did knight take lance in his hand with a heart more devoted to the lady of his love than Brian de Bois-Guilbert. She, the daughter of a petty baron, who boasted for all his domains but a ruinous tower and an unproductive vineyard, and some few leagues of the barren lands of Bordeaux, her name was known wherever deeds of arms were done, known wider than that of many a lady's that had a county for a dowry.—Yes," he continued, pacing up and down the little platform with an animation in which he seemed to lose all consciousness of Rebecca's presence—"Yes, my deeds, my danger, my blood, made the name of Adelaide De Montemare known from the court of Castile to that of Byzantium. And how was I requited?—When I returned with my dear bought honours, purchased by toil and blood, I found her wedded to a Gascon squire, whose name was never heard beyond the limits of his own paltry domain! Truly did I love her, and bitterly did I revenge me of her broken faith. But my vengeance has recoiled on myself. Since that day I have separated myself from life and its ties—My manhood must know no domestic home—must be soothed by no affectionate wife—My age must know no kindly hearth—My grave must be solitary, and no offspring must outlive me to bear the ancient name of Bois-Guilbert. At the feet of my Superior I have laid down the right of self-action—the privilege of independence. The Templar, a serf in all but the name, can possess neither lands nor goods, and lives, moves, and breathes, but at the will and pleasure of another."

"Alas!" said Rebecca, "what advantages could compensate for such an absolute sacrifice."

"The power of vengeance, Rebecca," replied the Templar, "and the prospects of ambition."

"An evil recompense," said Rebecca, "for the surrender of the rights which are dearest to humanity."

"Say not so, maiden," answered the Templar; "revenge is a feast for the gods! And if they have reserved it, as priests tell us, to themselves, it is because they hold it an enjoyment too precious for the possession of mere mortals.—And ambition! it is a temptation which could disturb even the bliss of heaven itself."—He paused a moment, and then added, "Rebecca! she who could prefer death to dishonour, must have a proud and a powerful soul. Mine thou must be!—Nay, start not," he added, "it must be with thine own consent, and on thine own terms. Thou must consent to share with me hopes more extended than can be viewed from the throne of a monarch——Hear me ere you answer, and judge ere you refuse. The Templar loses, as thou hast said, his social rights, his power of free agency, but he becomes a member and a limb of a mighty body before which thrones already tremble; even as the single drop of rain which mixes with the sea, becomes an individual part of that resistless ocean, which undermines rocks and ingulphs royal ar

madas. Such a swelling flood is that powerful league. Of this mighty Order I am no mean member, but already one of the Chief Commanders, and may well aspire one day to hold the baton of Grand Master. The poor soldiers of the Temple will not alone place their foot upon the necks of kings—a hemp-sandaled monk can do that. Our mailed step shall ascend their throne—our gauntlet shall wrench the sceptre from their gripe. Not the reign of your vainly-expected Messias offers such power to your dispersed tribes as my ambition may aim at. I have sought but a kindred spirit to share it, and I have found such in thee."

"Sayest thou this to one of my people?" answered Rebecca. "Bethink thee"——

"Answer me not," said the Templar, "by urging the difference of our creeds; within our secret conclaves we hold these nursery tales in derision. Think not we long remained blind to the idiotical folly of our founders, who forswore every delight of life for the pleasure of dying martyrs by hunger, by thirst, and by pestilence, and by the swords of savages, while they vainly strove to defend a barren desert, valuable only in the eyes of superstition. Our Order soon adopted bolder and wider views, and found out a better indemnification for our sacrifices. Our immense possessions in every kingdom of Europe, our high military fame, which brings within our circle the flower of chivalry from every Christian clime—these are dedicated to ends of which our pious founders little dreamed, and which are equally concealed from such weak spirits as embrace our Order on the ancient principles, and whose superstition makes them our passive tools. But I will not further withdraw the veil of our mysteries. That bugle-sound announces something which may require my presence. Think on what I have said.—Farewell!—I do not say forgive me the violence I have threatened, for it was necessary to the display of thy character. Gold can be only known by the application of the touch-stone. I will soon return and hold farther conference with thee."

He re-entered the turret chamber, and descended the stair, leaving Rebecca scarce more terrified at the prospect of the death to which she had been so lately exposed, than at the furious ambition of the bold bad man in whose power she found herself so unhappily placed. When she entered the turret chamber, her first duty was to return thanks to the God of Jacob for the protection which he had afforded her, and to implore its continuance for her and for her father. Another name glided into her petition—it was that of the wounded Christian whom fate had placed in the hands of bloodthirsty men, his avowed enemies. Her heart indeed checked her, as if, even in communing with the Deity in prayer, she mingled in her devotions the recollection of one with whose fate hers could have no alliance—a Nazarene, and an enemy to her faith. But the petition was already breathed, nor could all the narrow prejudices of her sect induce Rebecca to wish it recalled.

Sir W. Scott.

§ 89. *Interview between Leicester and the Countess at Kenilworth.*

The Countess Amy, with her hair and her garments dishevelled, was seated upon a sort of couch in an attitude of the deepest affliction, out of which she was startled by the opening of the door. She turned hastily round, and fixing her eye on Varney, exclaimed, "Wretch! art thou come to frame some new plan of villany?"

Leicester cut short her reproaches by stepping forward, and dropping his cloak, while he said in a voice rather of authority than of affection, "It is with me, madam, you have to commune, not with Sir Richard Varney."

The change effected on the Countess's look and manner was like magic. "Dudley!" she exclaimed, "Dudley! and art thou come at last?" And with the speed of lightning she flew to her husband, clung around his neck, and, unheeding the presence of Varney, overwhelmed him with caresses, while she bathed his face in a flood of tears; muttering, at the same time, but in broken and disjointed monosyllables, the fondest expressions which love teaches his votaries.

Leicester, as it seemed to him, had reason to be angry with his lady for transgressing his commands, and thus placing him in the perilous situation in which he had that morning stood. But what displeasure could keep its ground before these testimonies of affection from a being so lovely, that even the negligence of dress, and the withering effects of fear and grief, which would have impaired the beauty of others, rendered hers but the more interesting. He received and repaid her caresses with fondness, mingled with melancholy, the last of which she seemed scarcely to observe, until the first transport of her own joy was over: when, looking anxiously in his face, she asked if he was ill.

"Not in my body, Amy," was his answer.

"Then I will be well too.—O Dudley! I have been ill!—very ill, since we last met!—for I call not this morning's horrible vision a meeting. I have been in sickness, in grief, and in danger—But thou art come, and all is joy, and health, and safety."

"Alas! Amy," said Leicester, "thou hast undone me!"

"I, my lord," said Amy, her cheek at once losing its transient flush of joy—"how could I injure that which I love better than myself."

"I would not upbraid you, Amy," replied the Earl; "but are you not here contrary to my express commands—and does not your presence here endanger both yourself and me?"

"Does it, does it indeed!" she exclaimed eagerly; "then why am I here a moment longer? O if you knew by what fears I was urged to quit Cumnor place!—but I will say nothing of myself—only that if it might be otherwise, I would not willingly return *thither;* yet if it concern your safety"——

"We will think, Amy, of some other retreat," said Leicester; "and you shall go to one of my Northern castles, under the personage—it will be but needful, I trust, for a very few days—of Varney's wife."

"How, my Lord of Leicester!" said the lady, disengaging herself from his embraces; "is it to your wife you give the dishonourable counsel to acknowledge herself the bride of another—and of all men, the bride of that Varney?"

"Madam, I speak it in earnest—Varney is my true and faithful servant, trusted in my deepest secrets. I had better lose my right hand than his service at this moment. You have no cause to scorn him as you do."

"I could assign one, my lord," replied the countess; "and I see he shakes even under that assured look of his. But he that is necessary as your right hand to your safety, is free from any accusation of mine. May he be true to you; and that he may be true, trust him not too much or too far. But it is enough to say, that I will not go with him unless by violence, nor would I acknowledge him as my husband, were all"——

"It is a temporary deception, madam," said Leicester, irritated by her opposition, "necessary for both our safeties, endangered by you through female caprice, or the premature desire to seize on a rank to which I gave you title, only under condition that our marriage, for a time, should continue secret. If my proposal disgust you, it is yourself has brought it on both of us. There is no other remedy—you must do what your own impatient folly hath rendered necessary — I command you."

"I cannot put your commands, my lord," said Amy, "in balance with those of honour and conscience. I will NOT, in this instance, obey you. You may achieve your own dishonour, to which these crooked policies naturally tend, but I will do nought that can blemish mine. How could you again, my lord, acknowledge me as a pure and chaste matron, worthy to share your fortunes, when, holding that high character, I had strolled the country the acknowledged wife of such a profligate fellow as your servant Varney!"

"My lord," said Varney interposing, "my lady is too much prejudiced against me, unhappily, to listen to what I can offer; yet it may please her better than what she proposes. She has good interest with Master Edmund Tressilian, and could doubtless prevail on him to consent to be her companion to Lidcote-Hall, and there she might remain in safety untill time permitted the developement of this mystery."

Leicester was silent, but stood looking eagerly on Amy, with eyes which seemed suddenly to glow as much with suspicion as displeasure.

The Countess only said, "Would to God I were in my father's house! —When I left it, I little thought I was leaving peace of mind and honour behind me."

Varney proceeded with a tone of deliberation, "Doubtless this will make it necessary to take strangers into my lord's counsels; but surely the Countess will be warrant for the honour of Master Tressilian, and such of her father's family"——

"Peace, Varney," said Leicester; "by Heaven I will strike my dagger into thee, if again thou namest Tressilian as a partner of my counsels!"

"And wherefore not?" said the Countess; "unless they be counsels fitter for such as Varney, than for a man of stainless honour and integrity.—My lord, my lord, bend no angry brows on me—it is the truth, and it is I who speak it. I once did Tressilian wrong for your sake —I will not do him the farther injustice of being silent when his honour is brought in question. I can forbear," she said looking at Varney, "to pull the mask off hypocrisy, but I will not permit virtue to be slandered in my hearing."

There was a dead pause. Leicester stood displeased, yet undetermined, and too conscious of the weakness of his cause; while Varney, with a deep and hypocritical affectation of sorrow, mingled with humility, bent his eyes on the ground.

It was then that the Countess Amy displayed, in the midst of distress and difficulty, the natural energy of character, which would have rendered her, had fate allowed, a distinguished ornament of the rank which she held. She walked up to Leicester with a composed step, a dignified air, and looks in which strong affection essayed in vain to shake the firmness of conscious truth and rectitude of principle. "You have spoke your mind, my lord," she said, "in these difficulties with which, unhappily, I have found myself unable to comply. This gentleman—this person I would say—has hinted at another scheme, to which I object

not but as it displeases you. Will your lordship be pleased to hear what a young and timid woman, but your most affectionate wife, can suggest in the present extremity."

Leicester was silent, but bent his head towards the Countess, as an intimation that she was at liberty to proceed.

"There hath been but one cause for all these evils, my lord," she proceeded, "and it resolves itself into the mysterious duplicity with which you have been induced to surround yourself. Extricate yourself at once, my lord, from the tyranny of these disgraceful trammels. Be like a true English gentleman, knight and earl, who holds that truth is the foundation of honour, and that honour is dear to him as the breath of his nostrils. Take your ill-fated wife by the hand, lead her to the footstool of Elizabeth's throne—Say that in a moment of infatuation, moved by supposed beauty, of which none perhaps can now trace even the remains, I gave my hand to this Amy Robsart.—You will then have done justice to me, my lord, and to your own honour; and should law or power require you to part from me, I will oppose no objection—since I may then with honour hide a grieved and broken heart in those shades from which your love withdrew me."

There was so much of dignity, so much of tenderness in the Countess's remonstrance, that it moved all that was noble and generous in the soul of her husband. The scales seemed to fall from his eyes, and the duplicity and tergiversation of which he had been guilty, stung him at once with remorse and shame.

"I am not worthy of you, Amy," he said, "that could weigh aught which ambition has to give against such a heart as thine. I have a bitter penance to perform, in disentangling, before sneering foes and astounded friends, all the meshes of my own deceitful policy.—And the Queen—but let her take my head, as she has threatened."

"Your head, my lord!" said the Countess; "because you used the freedom and liberty of an English subject in choosing a wife? For shame; it is this distrust of the Queen's justice, this apprehension of danger, which cannot but be imaginary, that, like scare-crows, have induced you to forsake the straightforward path, which, as it is the best, is also the safest."

"Ah, Amy, thou little knowest!" said Dudley: but, instantly checking himself, he added, "Yet she shall not find in me a safe or easy victim of arbitrary vengeance—I have friends—I have allies—I will not, like Norfolk, be dragged to the block, as a victim to sacrifice. Fear not, Amy; thou shalt see Dudley bear himself worthy of his name. I must instantly communicate with some of those friends on whom I can best rely; for, as things stand, I may be made prisoner in my own Castle."

"O, my good lord," said Amy, "make no faction in a peaceful state! There is no friend can help us so well as our own candid truth and honour. Bring but these to our assistance, and you are safe amidst a whole army of the envious and malignant. Leave these behind you, and all other defence will be fruitless—Truth, my noble lord, is well painted unarmed."

"But Wisdom, Amy," answered Leicester, "is arrayed in panoply of proof. Argue not with me on the means I shall use to render my confession—since it must be called so—as safe as may be; it will be fraught with enough of danger, do what we will.—Varney, we must hence. Farewell, Amy, whom I am to vindicate as mine own, at an ex-

pense and risk of which thou alone couldst be worthy. You shall soon hear farther from me."

He embraced her fervently, muffled himself as before, and accompanied Varney from the apartment. The latter as he left the room, bowed low, and, as he raised his body, regarded Amy with a peculiar expression, as if he desired to know how far his own pardon was included in the reconciliation which had taken place betwixt her and her lord. The Countess looked upon him with a fixed eye, but seemed no more conscious of his presence, than if there had been nothing but vacant air on the spot where he stood.

"She has brought me to the crisis," he muttered—"She or I are lost. There was something, I wot not if it was fear or pity, that prompted me to avoid this fatal crisis. It is now decided—She or I must *perish*."

Sir W. Scott.

§ 90. *Queen Elizabeth discovers the Marriage of Leicester.*

As Tressilian rode over the bridge lately the scene of so much riotous sport, he could not but observe that men's countenances had singularly changed during the space of his brief absence. The mock-fight was over, but the men, still habited in their masking suits, stood together in groups, like the inhabitants of a city who have been just startled by some strange and alarming news. When he reached the Base-court, appearances were the same—domestics, retainers, and under officers, stood together and whispered, bending their eyes towards the windows of the great hall, with looks which seemed at once alarmed and mysterious.

Sir Nicholas Blount was the first person of his own particular acquaintance Tressilian saw, who left him no time to make inquiries, but greeted him with "God help thy heart, Tressilian, thou art fitter for a clown than a courtier—thou canst not attend as becomes one who follows her majesty.—Here you are called for, wished for, waited for—no man but you will serve the turn; and hither you come with a misbegotten brat on thy horse's neck, as if thou wert dry nurse to some sucking devil, and wert just returned from airing."

"Why, what is the matter?" said Tressilian, letting go the boy, who sprung to the ground like a feather, and himself dismounting at the same time.

"Why, no one knows the matter," replied Blount; "I cannot smell it out myself, though I have a nose like other courtiers. Only, my lord of Leicester has galloped along the bridge, as if he would have rode over all in his passage, demanded an audience of the Queen, and is closeted even now with her, and Burleigh and Walsingham—and you are called for—but whether the matter be treason or worse, no one knows."

"He speaks true, by heaven," said Raleigh, who that instant appeared; "you must immediately to the Queen's presence."

"Be not rash, Raleigh," said Blount, "remember his boots—For heaven's sake, go to my chamber, dear Tressilian, and don my new bloom-coloured silken hose—I have worn them but twice."

"Pshaw!" answered Tressilian; "do thou take care of this boy, Blount; be kind to him, and look he escapes you not—much depends on him."

So saying, he followed Raleigh hastily, leaving honest Blount with the bridle of his horse in one hand, and the boy in the other. Blount gave a long look after him.

"Nobody," he said, "calls me to these mysteries,—and he leaves me here to play horse-keeper and child-

keeper at once. I could excuse the one, for I love a good horse naturally; but to be plagued with a bratchet whelp.—Whence come ye, my fair-favoured little gossip?"

"From the fens," answered the boy.

"And what didst thou learn there, forward imp?"

"To catch gulls with their webbed feet and yellow stockings," said the boy.

"Umph!" said Blount, looking down on his own immense roses,—"Nay, then the devil take him asks thee more questions."

Meantime Tressilian traversed the full length of the great hall, in which the astonished courtiers formed various groups, and were whispering mysteriously together, while all kept their eyes fixed on the door, which led from the upper end of the hall into the Queen's withdrawing apartment. Raleigh pointed to the door—Tressilian knocked, and was instantly admitted. Many a neck was stretched to gain a view into the interior of the apartment; but the tapestry which covered the door on the inside, was dropped too suddenly to admit the slightest gratification of curiosity.

Upon entrance, Tressilian found himself not without a strong palpitation of heart in the presence of Elizabeth, who was walking to and fro in a violent agitation, which she seemed to scorn to conceal, while two or three of her most sage and confidential counsellors exchanged anxious looks with each other, but seemed to delay speaking till her wrath had abated. Before the empty chair of state in which she had been seated, and which was half pushed aside by the violence with which she had started from it, knelt Leicester, his arms crossed, and his brows bent on the ground, still and motionless as the effigies upon a sepulchre. Beside him stood the Lord Shrewsbury, then Earl Marshal of England, holding his baton of office—the Earl's sword was unbuckled, and lay before him on the floor.

"Ho, sir!" said the Queen, coming close up to Tressilian, and stamping on the floor with the action and manner of Henry himself; "*you* knew of this fair work—*you* are an accomplice in this deception which has been practised upon us—*you* have been a main cause of our doing injustice?" Tressilian dropped on his knee before the Queen, his good sense showing him the risk of attempting any defence at that moment of irritation. "Art dumb, sirrah!" she continued; "thou know'st of this affair—dost thou not?"

"Not, gracious Madam, that this poor lady was Countess of Leicester."

"Nor shall any one know her for such," said Elizabeth. "Death of my life! Countess of Leicester!—I say Dame Amy Dudley—and well if she have not cause to write herself widow of the traitor Robert Dudley."

"Madam," said Leicester, "do with me what it may be your will to do—but work no injury on this gentleman—he hath in no way deserved it."

"And will he be the better for thy intercession," said the Queen, leaving Tressilian, who slowly arose, and rushed to Leicester, who continued kneeling,—"the better for thy intercession, thou doubly false—thou doubly forsworn?—of thy intercession, whose villany hath made me ridiculous to my subjects, and odious to myself?—I could tear out mine own eyes for their blindness!"

Burleigh here ventured to interpose.

"Madam," he said, "remember that you are a Queen—Queen of England—mother of your people. Give not way to this wild storm of passion."

Elizabeth turned round to him,

while a tear actually twinkled in her proud and angry eye. "Burleigh," she said, "thou art a statesman—thou dost not, thou canst not comprehend half the scorn—half the misery, that man has poured on me."

With the utmost caution—with the deepest reverence, Burleigh took her hand at the moment he saw her heart was at the fullest, and led her aside to an oriel window, apart from the others.

"Madam," he said, "I am a statesman, but I am also a man—a man already grown old in your councils, who have not and cannot have a wish on earth but your glory and happiness—I pray you to be composed."

"Ah, Burleigh," said Elizabeth, "thou little knowest"— here her tears fell over her cheeks in despite of her.

"I do—I do know, my honoured Sovereign. O beware that you lead not others to guess that which they know not!"

"Ha!" said Elizabeth, pausing as if a new train of thought had suddenly shot across her brain. "Burleigh, thou art right—thou art right—any thing but disgrace—any thing but a confession of weakness—any thing rather than seem the cheated—slighted—'Sdeath! to think on it is distraction!"

"Be but yourself, my Queen," said Burleigh; "and soar far above a weakness which no Englishman will ever believe his Elizabeth could have entertained, unless the violence of her disappointment carries a sad conviction to his bosom."

"What weakness, my lord?" said Elizabeth haughtily; "would you too insinuate that the favour in which I held yonder proud traitor, derived its source from aught"—But here she could no longer sustain the proud tone which she had assumed, and again softened as she said, "But why should I strive to deceive even thee, my good and wise servant!"

Burleigh stooped to kiss her hand with affection, and—rare in the annals of courts—a tear of true sympathy dropped from the eye of the minister on the hand of his Sovereign.

It is probable that the consciousness of possessing this sympathy, aided Elizabeth in supporting her mortification, and suppressing her extreme resentment; but she was still more moved by fear that her passion would betray to the public the affront and the disappointment, which, alike as a woman and a Queen, she was so anxious to conceal. She turned from Burleigh, and sternly paced the hall till her features had recovered their usual dignity, and her mien its wonted stateliness of regular motion.

"Our Sovereign is her noble self once more," whispered Burleigh to Walsingham; "mark what she does, and take heed you thwart her not."

She then approached Leicester, and said, with calmness,

"My Lord Shrewsbury we discharge you of your prisoner.—My Lord of Leicester, rise and take up your sword—A quarter of an hour's restraint, under the custody of our Marshal, my lord, is, we think, no high penance for months of falsehood practised upon us. We will now hear the progress of this affair."—She then seated herself in her chair, and said, "You, Tressilian, step forward, and say what you know."

Tressilian told his story, generously suppressing as much as he could what affected Leicester, and saying nothing of their having twice actually fought together. It is very probable that in doing so he did the Earl good service; for had the Queen at that instant found any thing on account of which she could vent her wrath upon him, without laying open sentiments of which she was ashamed, it might have fared hard with him. She paused when Tressilian had finished his tale

"We will take that Wayland," she said, "into our own service, and place the boy in our Secretary-office for instruction, that he may in future use discretion towards letters. For you, Tressilian, you did wrong in not communicating the whole truth to us, and your promise not to do so was both imprudent and undutiful. Yet, having given your word to this unhappy lady, it was the part of a man and a gentleman to keep it; and on the whole, we esteem you for the character you have sustained in this matter. My Lord of Leicester it is now your turn to tell us the truth, an exercise to which you seem of late to have been too much a stranger."

Accordingly she extorted by successive questions, the whole history of his first acquaintance with Amy Robsart—their marriage—his jealousy—the causes on which it was founded, and many particulars besides. Leicester's confession, for such it might be called, was extorted from him piece-meal, yet was upon the whole accurate, excepting that he totally omitted to mention that he had, by implication, or otherwise, assented to Varney's designs upon the life of his Countess. Yet the consciousness of this was what at that moment lay nearest to his heart; and although he trusted in great measure to the very positive counter-orders which he had sent by Lambourne, it was his purpose to set out for Cumnor-Place in person, as soon as he should be dismissed from the presence of the Queen, who, he concluded, would presently leave Kenilworth.

But the Earl reckoned without his host. It is true, his presence and his communications were gall and wormwood to his once partial mistress. But barred from every other and more direct mode of revenge, the Queen perceived that she gave her false suitor torture by these inquiries, and dwelt on them for that reason, no more regarding the pain which she herself experienced, than the savage cares for the searing of his own hands with the hot pincers with which he tears the flesh of his captive enemy.

At length, however, the haughty lord, like a deer that turns to bay, gave intimation that his patience was failing. 'Madam," he said, "I have been much to blame—more than even your just resentment has expressed. Yet, Madam, let me say that my guilt, if it be unpardonable, was not unprovoked; and that if beauty and condescending dignity could seduce the frail heart of a human being, I might plead both, as the causes of my concealing this secret from your Majesty."

The Queen was so much struck by this reply, which Leicester took care should be heard by no one but herself, that she was for the moment silenced, and the Earl had the temerity to pursue his advantage. "Your Grace, who has pardoned so much, will excuse my throwing myself on your royal mercy for those expressions which were yester-morning accounted but a light offence."

The Queen fixed her eyes on him while she replied, "Now, by heaven, my lord, thy effrontery passes the bounds of belief, as well as patience! But it shall avail thee nothing.—What, ho! my lords, come all and hear the news—My Lord of Leicester's stolen marriage has cost me a husband, and England a King. His Lordship is patriarchal in his tastes—one wife at a time was insufficient, and he designed us the honour of his left hand. Now, is not this too insolent,—that I could not grace him with a few marks of court favour, but he must presume to think my hand and crown at his disposal? —You, however, think better of me; and I can pity this ambitious man, as I could a child, whose bubble of

soap has burst between his hands. We go to the presence chamber—My Lord of Leicester, we command your close attendance on us."

All was eager expectation in the hall, and what was the universal astonishment, when the Queen said to those next her, "The revels of Kenilworth are not yet exhausted, my lords and ladies—we are to solemnize the noble owner's marriage."

There was an universal expression of surprise.

"It is true, on our royal word," said the Queen; "he hath kept this a secret even from us, that he might surprise us with it at this very place and time. I see you are dying of curiosity to know the happy bride—It is Amy Robsart, the same who, to make up the May-game yesterday, figured in the pageant as the wife of his servant Varney."

"For God's sake, madam," said the Earl, approaching her with a mixture of humility, vexation, and shame in his countenance, and speaking so low as to be heard by no one else, "take my head, as you threatened in your anger, and spare me these taunts! urge not a falling man—tread not on a crushed worm."

"A worm, my lord?" said the Queen, in the same tone; "nay, a snake is the nobler reptile, and the more exact similitude—the frozen snake you wot of, which was warmed in a certain bosom"——

"For your own sake—for mine, madam," said the Earl—"while there is yet some reason left in me"——

"Speak aloud, my lord," said Elizabeth, "and at farther distance, so please you—your breath thaws our ruff. What have you to ask of us?"

"Permission," said the unfortunate Earl, humbly, "to travel to Cumnor-Place."

"To fetch home your bride belike?—Why, ay,—that is but right—for, as we have heard, she is indifferently cared for there. But, my lord, you go not in person—we have counted upon passing certain days in this Castle of Kenilworth, and it were slight courtesy to leave us without a landlord during our residence here. Under your favour, we cannot think to incur such disgrace in the eyes of our subjects. Tressilian shall go to Cumnor-Place instead of you, and with him some gentleman who hath been sworn of our chamber, lest my Lord of Leicester should be again jealous of his old rival.—Whom wouldst thou have to be in commission with thee, Tressilian?"

Tressilian, with humble deference, suggested the name of Raleigh.

"Why, ay," said the Queen; "so God ha' me, thou hast made a good choice. He is a young knight besides, and to deliver a lady from prison is an appropriate first adventure.—Cumnor-Place is little better than a prison, you are to know, my lords and ladies. Besides, there are certain faitours there whom we would willingly have in fast keeping. You will furnish them, Master Secretary, with the warrant necessary to secure the bodies of Richard Varney and the foreign Alasco, dead or alive. Take a sufficient force with you, gentlemen—bring the lady here in all honour—lose no time and God be with you."

They bowed and left the presence.

Sir W. Scott.

§ 91. *Sorrow for the Dead.*

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood

over in solitude. Where is the mother that would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved, and he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal, would accept consolation that was to be bought by forgetfulness?—No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness—who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud even over the bright hour of gayety; or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom; yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a recollection of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh the grave!—the grave!—It buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that ever he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him!

But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! Then it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; then it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene—the bed of death, with all its stifled griefs, its noiseless attendance, its mute, watchful assiduities—the last testimonies of expiring love—the feeble, fluttering, thrilling, oh! how thrilling! pressure of the hand—the last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence—the faint, faltering accents struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

Aye, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited—every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being, who can never—never—never return to be soothed by thy contrition!

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart that now lies cold and still beneath thy feet; then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavail-

ing tear, more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret; —but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

W. Irving.

§ 92. *An Autumnal Evening.*

It was, as I have said, a fine autumnal day, the sky was clear and serene, and nature wore that rich and golden livery which we always associate with the idea of abundance. The forests had put on their sober brown and yellow, while some trees of the tenderer kind had been nipped by the frosts into brilliant dyes of orange, purple, and scarlet. Streaming files of wild ducks began to make their appearance high in the air; the bark of the squirrel might be heard from the groves of beech and hickory nuts, and the pensive whistle of the quail at intervals from the neighbouring stubble field.

The small birds were taking their farewell banquets. In the fulness of their revelry, they fluttered, chirping and frolicking, from bush to bush, and tree to tree, capricious from the very profusion and variety around them. There was the honest cock-robin, the favourite game of stripling sportsmen, with its loud querulous note; and the twittering blackbirds flying in sable clouds; and the golden winged wood-pecker, with his crimson crest, his broad black gorget and spendid plumage; and the cedar bird, with its red tipt wings and yellow tipt tail, and its little monteiro cap of feathers; and the blue jay, that noisy coxcomb in his gay light blue coat and white under clothes, screaming and chattering, nodding, and bobbing, and bowing, and pretending to be on good terms with every songster of the grove.

As Ichabod jogged slowly on his way, his eye, ever open to every symptom of culinary abundance, ranged with delight over the treasures of jolly autumn. On all sides he beheld vast store of apples, some hanging in oppressive opulence on the trees, some gathered into baskets and barrels for the market, others heaped up in rich piles for the cider press. Further on he beheld great fields of Indian corn, with its golden ears peeping from their leafy coverts, and holding out the promise of cakes and hasty pudding; and the yellow pumpkins lying beneath them, turning up their fair round bellies to the sun, and giving ample prospects of the most luxurious of pies; and anon he passed the fragrant buckwheat fields, breathing the odour of the bee-hive, and as he beheld them, soft anticipations stole over his mind of dainty slap-jacks, well buttered, and garnished with honey or treacle, by the delicate little dimpled hand of Katrina Van Tassel.

Thus feeding his mind with many sweet thoughts and "sugared suppositions," he journeyed along the sides of a range of hills which look out upon some of the goodliest scenes of the mighty Hudson. The sun gradually wheeled his broad disk down into the west. The wide bosom of the Tappaan Zee lay motionless and glassy, excepting that here and there a gentle undulation waved and prolonged the blue shadow of the distant mountain; a few amber clouds floated in the sky, without a breath of air to move them. The horizon was of a fine golden tint, changing gradually into a pure apple green, and from that into a deep blue of the mid-heaven A slant-

ing ray lingered on the woody crests of the precipices that overhung some parts of the river, giving greater depth to the dark grey and purple of their rocky sides. A sloop was loitering in the distance, dropping slowly down with the tide, her sail hanging uselessly against the mast, and as the reflection of the sky gleamed along the still water, it seemed as if the vessel was suspended in the air. *W. Irving.*

§ 93. *The Storm Ship.*

In the golden age of the province of the New Netherlands, when it was under the sway of Wouter Van Twiller, otherwise called Walter the Doubter, the people of the Manhattoes were alarmed, one sultry afternoon, just about the time of the summer solstice, by a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning. The rain descended in such torrents as absolutely to spatter up and smoke along the ground. It seemed as if the thunder rattled and rolled over the very roofs of the houses. The lightning was seen to play about the church of St. Nicholas, and to strive three times, in vain, to strike its weather cock. Garret Van Horne's new chimney was split almost from top to bottom, and Doffue Mildeberger was struck speechless from his bald faced mare, just as he was riding into town. In a word, it was one of those unparalleled storms that only happen once within the memory of that venerable personage, known in all towns by the appellation of "the oldest inhabitant."

Great was the terror of the good old women of the Manhattoes; they gathered their children together and took refuge in the cellars, after having hung a shoe on the iron point of every bed post, lest they should attract the lightning. At length the storm abated; the thunder sunk into a growl, and the setting sun breaking from under the fringed borders of the clouds, made the broad bosom of the bay to gleam like a sea of molten gold.

The word was given from the fort that a ship was standing up the bay. It passed from mouth to mouth, and street to street, and soon put the little capital in a bustle. The arrival of a ship, in those early times of the settlement, was an event of vast importance to the inhabitants. It brought them news from the old world, from the land of her birth, from which they were so completely severed. To the yearly ship, too, they looked for their supply of luxuries, of finery, of comforts, and almost of necessaries. The good vrouw could not have her new cap, nor new gown, until the arrival of the ship; the artist waited for it for his tools; the burgomaster for his pipe and his supply of hollands; the schoolboy for his top and marbles; and the lordly landholder for the bricks with which he was to build his new mansion. Thus every one, rich and poor, great and small, looked out for the arrival of "The Ship." It was the great yearly event of the town of New Amsterdam; and from one end of the year to the other, the ship—the ship—the ship—was the continual topic of conversation.

The news from the fort, therefore, brought all the populace down to the battery, to behold the wished for sight. It was not exactly the time when she had been expected to arrive, and the circumstance was a matter of some speculation. Many were the groups collected about the battery. Here and there might be seen a burgomaster of slow and pompous gravity, giving his opinion, with great confidence, to a crowd of old women and idle boys. At another place was a knot of old weather beaten fellows, who had been seamen or fishermen in their times

and were great authorities on such occasions: these gave different opinions, and caused great disputes among their several adherents. But the man most looked up to, and followed and watched by the crowd was Hans Van Pelt, an old Dutch sea captain retired from service; the nautical oracle of the place. He reconnoitred the ship through an ancient telescope, covered with tarry canvass, hummed a Dutch tune to himself, and said nothing—a hum, however, from Hans Van Pelt had always more weight with the public than a speech from another man.

In the mean time the ship became more distinct to the naked eye. She was a stout, round, Dutch built vessel, with high bow and poop, and bearing Dutch colours. The evening sun gilded her bellying canvass, as she came riding over the long waving billows. The sentinel who had given notice of her approach declared, that he first got sight of her when she was in the centre of the bay; and that she broke suddenly upon his sight, just as if she had come out of the bosom of the black thunder cloud. The by-standers looked at Hans Van Pelt to see what he would say to this report. Hans Van Pelt screwed his mouth closer together and said nothing; upon which some shook their heads, and others shrugged their shoulders.

The ship was now repeatedly hailed, but made no reply, and passing by the fort, stood on up the Hudson. A gun was brought to bear on her, and, with some difficulty loaded and fired by Hans Van Pelt, the garrison not being expert in artillery. The shot seemed absolutely to pass through the ship, and to skip along the water on the other side, but no notice was taken of it. What was strange, she had all her sails set, and sailed right against wind and tide, which were both down the river.

Upon this Hans Van Pelt, who was likewise harbour master, ordered his boat and set off to board her, but after rowing for two or three hours he returned without success. Sometimes he would get within one or two hundred yards of her, and then in a twinkling, she would be half a mile off. Some said it was because his oarsmen, who were rather pursy and short winded, stopped every now and then to take breath, and spit on their hands; but this, it is probable, was a mere scandal. He got near enough, however, to see the crew, who were all dressed in the Dutch style; the officers in doublets and high hats and feathers. Not a word was spoken by any one on board; they stood as motionless as so many statues; and the ship seemed as if left to her own government. Thus she kept on, away up the river, lessening and lessening in the evening sunshine, until she faded from sight, like a little white cloud, melting away in a summer sky.

The appearance of this ship threw the governor into one of the deepest doubts that ever beset him in the whole course of his administration. Fears were entertained for the security of the infant settlements on the river, lest this might be an enemy's ship in disguise sent to take possession. The governor called together his council repeatedly to assist him with their conjectures. He sat in his chair of state, built of timber from the sacred forest of the Hague; and smoked his long jasmin pipe; and listened to all that his counsellors had to say, on a subject about which they knew nothing; but in spite of all the conjecturing of the sagest and oldest heads, the governor still continued to doubt.

Messengers were despatched to different places on the river; but they returned without any tidings; the ship had made no port. Day after day, and week after week elapsed; but she never returned down the

Hudson. As, however, the council seemed solicitous for intelligence, they soon had it in abundance. The captains of the sloops seldom arrived without bringing some report of having seen the strange ship, at different parts of the river. Sometimes near the Palisadoes; sometimes off Croton Point; and sometimes in the Highlands; but she was never reported as having been seen above the Highlands. The crews of the sloops, it is true, generally differed among themselves in their accounts of these apparitions; but that may have arisen from the uncertain situations in which they saw her. Sometimes it was by the flashes of a thunder storm, lighting up a pitchy night, and giving glimpses of her careering across Tappaan Zee, or the wide waste of Haverstraw Bay. At one moment she would appear close upon them, as if likely to run them down; and would throw them into great bustle and alarm, when the next flash would show her far off; always sailing against the wind. Sometimes, in quiet moonlight nights, she would be seen under some high bluff of the Highlands, all in deep shadow, excepting her top-sails glittering in the moon-beams. By the time, however, that the voyagers would reach the place, there would be no ship to be seen; and when they had passed on for some distance, and looked back, behold! there she was again, with her top-sails in the moonshine! Her appearance was always just after, or just before, or just in the midst of unruly weather; and she was known by all the skippers and voyagers of the Hudson by the name of "the Storm Ship."

These reports perplexed the governor and his council more than ever; and it would be endless to repeat the conjectures and opinions that were uttered on the subject. Some quoted cases in point of ships seen off the coast of New-England navigated by witches and goblins. Old Hans Van Pelt, who had been more than once to the Dutch colony at the Cape of Good Hope, insisted that this must be the Flying Dutchman, which had so long haunted Table Bay, but being unable to make port, had now sought another harbour. Others suggested that, if it really was a supernatural apparition, as there was every natural reason to believe, it might be Hendrick Hudson and his crew of the Half Moon; who, it was well known, had once run aground in the upper part of the river, in seeking a north-west passage to China. This opinion had very little weight with the governor; but it passed current out of doors. Indeed, it had already been reported that Hendrick Hudson and his crew haunted the Kaatskill Mountain; and it appeared very reasonable to suppose that his ship might infest the river where the enterprise was baffled; or that it might bear the shadowy crew to their periodical revels in the mountain.

Other events occurred to occupy the thoughts and doubts of the sage Wouter and his council; and the Storm Ship ceased to be a subject of deliberation at the board. It continued, however, to be a matter of popular belief and marvellous anecdote throughout the whole time of the Dutch government; and particularly just before the capture of New-Amsterdam, and the subjugation of the province, by the English squadron. About that time the Storm Ship was repeatedly seen in the Tappaan Zee; about Weehawk, and even down as far as Hoboken, and her appearance was supposed to be ominous of the approaching squall in public affairs, and the downfall of Dutch domination.

Since that time we have no authentic accounts of her, though it is said she still haunts the Highlands, and cruises about Point-no-point. Peo-

ple who live along the river insist that they sometimes see her in summer moonlight; and that in a deep, still midnight, they have heard the chant of her crew, as if heaving the lead; but sights and sounds are so deceptive along the mountainous shores, and about the wide bays and long reaches of this great river, that I confess I have very strong doubts upon the subject.

It is certain, nevertheless, that strange things have been seen in these Highlands in storms, which are considered as connected with the old story of the ship. The captains of the river craft talk of a little bulbous-bottomed Dutch goblin, in trunk hose, and sugar-loaf'd hat, with a speaking trumpet in his hand; which they say keeps about the Dunderberg Mountain. They declare that they have heard him, in stormy weather, in the midst of the turmoil, giving orders in Low Dutch for the piping up of a fresh gust of wind, or the rattling off of another thunder clap. That sometimes he has been seen surrounded by a crew of little imps in broad breeches and short doublets, tumbling head over heels in the rack and mist, and playing a thousand gambols in the air; or buzzing like a swarm of flies about Antony's Nose; and that, at such time, the hurry-scurry of the storm was always greatest. One time a sloop, in passing by Dunderberg, was overtaken by a thundergust that came scouring down from the mountain and seemed to burst just over the vessel. Though tight and well ballasted, yet she laboured dreadfully and rocked until the water came over the gunwale. All the crew were amazed; when it was discovered that there was a little white sugar-loaf hat on the mast head; which was known at once for the hat of the Heer of the Dunderberg. Nobody, however, dared to climb to the mast head and get rid of this terrible hat. The sloop continued labouring and rocking as if she would have rolled her mast overboard. She seemed in continual danger either of upsetting or of running on shore. In this way she drove quite through the Highlands, until she had passed Pollopel's Island; where, it is said, the jurisdiction of the Dunderberg potentate ceases. No sooner had she passed this bourne, than the little hat all at once spun up into the air like a top; whirled up all the clouds into a vortex; and hurried them back to the summit of the Dunderberg; while the sloop righted herself, and sailed on as quietly as if in a mill-pond. Nothing saved her from utter wreck but the fortunate circumstance of having a horse-shoe nailed against the mast; a wise precaution against evil spirits, which has since been adopted by all the Dutch captains that navigate this haunted river.

W. Irving.

A NEW

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

OF

Remarkable Events, Discoveries, and Inventions:

ALSO,

THE ÆRA, THE COUNTRY, AND WRITINGS OF LEARNED MEN.

The whole comprehending, in one View, the Analysis or Outlines of General History from the Creation to the present Time.

Before Christ.

4004 THE Creation of the world, and Adam and Eve.
4003 The birth of Cain, the first who was born of a woman.
3017 Enoch, for his piety, is translated into Heaven.
2348 The old world is destroyed by a deluge which continued 377 days.
2247 The tower of Babel is built about this time by Noah's posterity, upon which God miraculously confounds their language, and thus disperses them into different nations.

About the same time Noah is, with great probability, supposed to have parted from his rebellious offspring, and to have led a colony of some of the more tractable into the East, and there either he or one of his successors to have founded the ancient Chinese monarchy.

2234 The celestial observations are begun at Babylon, the city which first gave birth to learning and the sciences.
2188 Misraim, the son of Ham, founds the kingdom of Egypt, which lasted 1663 years, down to the conquest of Cambyses, in 525 before Christ.
2059 Ninus, the son of Belus, founds the kingdom of Assyria, which lasted above 1000 years, and out of its ruins were formed the Assyrians of Babylon, those of Nineveh, and the kingdom of the Medes.
1921 The covenant of God made with Abram, when he leaves Haran to go into Canaan, which begins the 430 years of sojourning.
1897 The cities of Sodom and Gomorrah are destroyed for their wickedness, by fire from Heaven.
1856 The kingdom of Argos, in Greece, begins under Inachus.
1822 Memnon, the Egyptian, invents the letters.
1715 Prometheus first struck fire from flints.
1635 Joseph dies in Egypt, which concludes the book of Genesis, containing a period of 2369 years.
1574 Aaron born in Egypt: 1490, appointed by God first high-priest of the Israelites.
1571 Moses, brother to Aaron, born in Egypt, and adopted by Pharaoh's daughter, who educates him in all the learning of the Egyptians.
1556 Cecrops brings a colony of Saites from Egypt into Attica, and begins the kingdom of Athens, in Greece.
1546 Scamander comes from Crete into Phrygia, and begins the kingdom of Troy.
1493 Cadmus carried the Phœnician letters into Greece, and built the citadel of Thebes.
1491 Moses performs a number of miracles in Egypt, and departs from that kingdom,

together with 600,000 Israelites, besides children; which completed the 430 years of sojourning. They miraculously pass through the Red Sea, and come to the desert of Sinai, where Moses receives from God, and delivers to the people, the Ten Commandments, and the other laws, and sets up the Tabernacle, and in it the Ark of the covenant.

1485 The first ship that appeared in Greece was brought from Egypt by Danaus, who arrived at Rhodes, and brought with him his fifty daughters.

1453 The first Olympic games celebrated at Olympia, in Greece.

1452 The Pentateuch, or five first books of Moses, are written in the land of Moab, where he died the year following, aged 110.

1451 The Israelites, after sojourning in the wilderness forty years, are led under Joshua into the land of Canaan, where they fix themselves, after having subdued the natives; and the period of the sabbatical year commences.

1406 Iron is found in Greece from the accidental burning of the woods.

1198 The rape of Helen by Paris, which, in 1193, gave rise to the Trojan war, and siege of Troy by the Greeks, which continued ten years, when that city was taken and burnt.

1048 David is sole king of Israel.

1004 The Temple is solemnly dedicated by Solomon.

896 Elijah, the prophet, is translated to Heaven.

894 Money first made of gold and silver at Argos.

869 The city of Carthage, in Africa, founded by queen Dido.

824 The kingdom of Macedon begins.

753 Æra of the building of Rome in Italy by Romulus, first king of the Romans.

720 Samaria taken, after three years siege, and the kingdom of Israel finished, by Salmanasar, king of Assyria, who carries the ten tribes into captivity.

The first eclipse of the moon on record.

658 Byzantium (now Constantinople) built by a colony of Athenians.

604 By order of Necho, king of Egypt, some Phœnicians sailed from the Red Sea round Africa, and returned by the Mediterranean.

600 Thales, of Miletus, travels into Egypt, consults the priests of Memphis, acquires the knowledge of geometry, astronomy, and philosophy; returns to Greece, calculates eclipses, gives general notions of the universe, and maintains that one Supreme Intelligence regulates all its motions.

Maps, globes, and the signs of the Zodiac, invented by Anaximander, the scholar of Thales.

597 Jehoiakin, king of Judah, is carried away captive, by Nebuchadnezzar, to Babylon.

587 The city of Jerusalem taken, after a siege of 18 months.

562 The first comedy at Athens acted upon a moveable scaffold.

559 Cyrus the first king of Persia.

538 The kingdom of Babylon finished; that city being taken by Cyrus, who, in 536, issues an edict for the return of the Jews.

534 The first tragedy was acted at Athens, on a waggon, by Thespis.

526 Learning is greatly encouraged at Athens, and a public library first founded.

515 The second Temple at Jerusalem is finished under Darius.

509 Tarquin the seventh and last king of the Romans, is expelled, and Rome is governed by two consuls, and other republican magistrates, till the battle of Pharsalia, being a space of 461 years.

504 Sardis taken and burnt by the Athenians, which gave occasion to the Persian invasion of Greece.

486 Æschylus, the Greek poet, first gains the prize of tragedy.

481 Xerxes the Great, king of Persia, begins his expedition against Greece.

458 Ezra is sent from Babylon to Jerusalem, with the captive Jews, and the vessels of gold and silver, &c. being seventy weeks of years, or 490 years before the crucifixion of our Saviour.

454 The Romans send to Athens for Solon's laws.

451 The Decemvirs created at Rome, and the laws of the twelve tables compiled and ratified.

430 The history of the Old Testament finishes about this time.

Malachi the last of the prophets.

400 Socrates, the founder of moral philosophy among the Greeks, believes the immortality of the soul, and a state of rewards and punishments, for which, and other sublime doctrines, he is put to death by the Athenians, who soon after repent, and erect to his memory a statue of brass.

331 Alexander the Great, king of Macedon, conquers Darius king of Persia, and other nations of Asia. 323, Dies at Babylon, and his empire is divided by his generals into four kingdoms.
285 Dionysius, of Alexandria, began his astronomical æra on Monday, June 26, being the first who found the exact solar year to consist of 365 days, 5 hours, and 49 minutes.
284 Ptolemy Philadelphus, king of Egypt, employs seventy-two interpreters to translate the Old Testament into the Greek language, which is called the Septuagint.
269 The first coining of silver at Rome.
264 The first Punic war begins, and continues 23 years. The chronology of the Arundelian marbles composed.
260 The Romans first concern themselves in naval affairs, and defeat the Carthaginians at sea.
237 Hamilcar, the Carthaginian, causes his son Hannibal, at nine years old, to swear eternal enmity to the Romans.
218 The second Punic war begins, and continues 17 years. Hannibal passes the Alps, and defeats the Romans in several battles; but being amused by his women, does not improve his victories by the storming of Rome.
190 The first Roman army enters Asia, and from the spoils of Antiochus brings the Asiatic luxury first to Rome.
168 Perseus defeated by the Romans, which ends the Macedonian kingdom.
167 The first library erected at Rome, of books brought from Macedonia.
163 The government of Judea under the Maccabees begins, and continues 126 years.
146 Carthage, the rival to Rome, is razed to the ground by the Romans.
135 The history of the Apocrypha ends.
52 Julius Cæsar makes his first expedition into Britain.
47 The battle of Pharsalia between Cæsar and Pompey, in which the latter is defeated.
The Alexandrian library, consisting of 400,000 valuable books, burnt by accident.
45 The war of Africa in which Cato kills himself.
The solar year introduced by Cæsar.
44 Cæsar, the greatest of the Roman conquerors, after having fought fifty pitched battles, and slain 1,192,000 men, and overturned the liberties of his country, is killed in the senate-house.
35 The battle of Actium fought, in which Mark Antony and Cleopatra are totally defeated by Octavius, nephew to Julius Cæsar.
30 Alexandria, in Egypt, is taken by Octavius, upon which Antony and Cleopatra put themselves to death, and Egypt is reduced to a Roman province.
27 Octavius, by a decree of the senate, obtains the title of Augustus Cæsar, and an absolute exemption from the laws, and is properly the first Roman Emperor.
8 Rome at this time is fifty miles in circumference, and contains 463,000 men fit to bear arms.
The temple of Janus is shut by Augustus as an emblem of universal peace, and JESUS CHRIST is born on Monday, December 25.

A. C.
12 ——— disputes with the doctors in the Temple;
27 ——— is baptized in the Wilderness by John;
33 ——— is crucified on Friday, April 3, at 3 o'clock P. M.
His Resurrection on Sunday, April 5: his Ascension, Thursday, May 14.
36 St. Paul converted.
39 St. Matthew writes his Gospel.
Pontius Pilate kills himself.
40 The name of Christians first given at Antioch to the followers of Christ.
43 Claudius Cæsar's expedition into Britain.
44 St. Mark writes his Gospel.
49 London is founded by the Romans; 368, surrounded by ditto with a wall, some parts of which are still observable.
51 Caractacus, the British King, is carried in chains to Rome.
52 The council of the Apostles at Jerusalem.
55 St. Luke writes his Gospel.
59 The emperor Nero puts his mother and brothers to death.
——————— persecutes the Druids in Britain.

61 Boadicea, the British queen, defeats the Romans; but is conquered soon after by Suetonius, governor of Britain.
62 St. Paul is sent in bonds to Rome—writes his Epistles between 51 and 66.
63 The Acts of the Apostles written.
Christianity is supposed to be introduced into Britain by St. Paul, or some of his disciples, about this time.
64 Rome set on fire, and burned for six days; upon which began (under Nero) the first persecution against the Christians.
67 St. Peter and St. Paul put to death.
70 Whilst the factious Jews are destroying one another with mutual fury, Titus, the Roman general, takes Jerusalem, which is razed to the ground, and the plough made to pass over it.
83 The philosophers expelled Rome by Domitian.
85 Julius Agricola, governor of South Britain, to protect the civilized Britons from the incursions of the Caledonians, builds a line of forts between the rivers Forth and Clyde; defeats the Caledonians under Galgacus on the Grampian hills; and first sails round Britain, which he discovers to be an island.
96 St. John the Evangelist wrote his Revelation—his Gospel in 97.
121 The Caledonians reconquer from the Romans all the Southern parts of Scotland; upon which the emperor Adrian builds a wall between Newcastle and Carlisle; but this also proving ineffectual, Pollius Urbicus, the Roman general, about the year 144, repairs Agricola's forts, which he joins by a wall four yards thick.
135 The second Jewish war ends, when they were all banished Judea.
139 Justin writes his first Apology for the Christians.
141 A number of heresies appear about this time.
152 The emperor Antoninus Pius stops the persecution against the Christians.
217 The Septuagint said to be found in a cask.
222 About this time the Roman empire begins to sink under its own weight. The Barbarians begin their irruptions, and the Goths have annual tribute not to molest the empire.
260 Valerius is taken prisoner by Sapor, king of Persia, and flayed alive.
274 Silk first brought from India: the manufacture of it introduced into Europe by some Monks, 551: first worn by the clergy in England, 1534.
291 Two emperors, and two Cæsars, march to defend the four quarters of the empire.
306 Constantine the Great begins his reign.
308 Cardinals first began.
313 The tenth persecution ends by an edict of Constantine, who favours the Christians, and gives full liberty to their religion.
314 Three bishops, or fathers, are sent from Britain to assist at the council of Arles.
325 The first general council at Nice, when 318 fathers attended, against Arius, where was composed the famous Nicene Creed, which we attribute to them.
328 Constantine removes the seat of empire from Rome to Byzantium, which is thenceforwards called Constantinople.
331 ——————— orders all the heathen temples to be destroyed.
363 The Roman Emperor Julian, surnamed the Apostate, endeavours in vain to rebuild the temple of Jerusalem.
364 The Roman empire is divided into the eastern (Constantinople the capital) and western (of which Rome continued to be the capital) each being now under the government of different emperors.
400 Bells invented by bishop Paulinus, of Campagnia.
404 The kingdom of Caledonia, or Scotland, revives under Fergus.
406 The Vandals, Alans, and Suevi, spread into France and Spain, by a concession of Honorius, emperor of the West.
410 Rome taken and plundered by Alaric, king of the Visi-Goths.
412 The Vandals begin their kingdom in Spain.
420 The kingdom of France begins upon the Lower Rhine, under Pharamond.
426 The Romans, reduced to extremities at home, withdraw their troops from Britain, and never return; advising the Britons to arm in their own defence, and trust to their own valour.
446 The Britons now left to themselves, are greatly harassed by the Scots and Picts, upon which they once more make their complaint to the Romans, but receive no assistance from that quarter.
447 Attila (surnamed the Scourge of God) with his Huns, ravages the Roman empire

449 Vortigern, king of the Britons, invites the Saxons into Britain, against the Scots and Picts.
455 The Saxons having repulsed the Scots and Picts, invite over more of their countrymen, and begin to establish themselves in Kent, under Hengist.
476 The western empire is finished, 523 years after the battle of Pharsalia; upon the ruins of which several new states arise in Italy and other parts, consisting of Goths, Vandals, Huns, and other Barbarians, under whom literature is extinguished, and the works of the learned are destroyed.
496 Clovis, king of France, baptized, and Christianity begins in that kingdom.
508 Prince Arthur begins his reign over the Britons.
513 Constantinople besieged by Vitalianus, whose fleet is burned by a speculum of brass.
516 The computing of time by the Christian æra is introduced by Dionysius the monk.
529 The code of Justinian, the eastern emperor, is published.
557 A terrible plague all over Europe, Asia, and Africa, which continues near fifty years.
581 Latin ceased to be spoken about this time in Italy.
596 Augustine the monk comes into England with forty monks.
606 Here begins the power of the Popes, by the concessions of Phocas, emperor of the east.
622 Mahomet, the false prophet, flies from Mecca to Medina, in Arabia, in the 44th year of his age, and 10th of his ministry, when he laid the foundation of the Saracen empire, and from whom the Mahometan princes to this day claim their descent. His followers compute their time from this æra, which in Arabic is called Hegira, i. e. the Flight.
637 Jerusalem is taken by the Saracens, or followers of Mahomet.
640 Alexandria in Egypt is taken by ditto, and the grand library there burnt by order of Omar their caliph or prince.
653 The Saracens now extend their conquests on every side, and retaliate the barbarities of the Goths and Vandals upon their posterity.
664 Glass invented in England by Benalt, a monk.
685 The Britons, after a brave struggle of near 150 years, are totally expelled by the Saxons, and driven into Wales and Cornwall.
713 The Saracens conquer Spain.
726 The controversy about images begins, and occasions many insurrections in the eastern empire.
748 The computing of years from the birth of Christ began to be used in history.
749 The race of Abbas become caliphs of the Saracens, and encourage learning.
762 The city of Bagdad upon the Tigris is made the capital for the caliphs of the house of Abbas.
800 Charlemagne, king of France, begins the empire of Germany, afterwards called the western empire; gives the present names to the winds and months; endeavours to restore learning in Europe: but mankind are not yet disposed for it, being solely engrossed in military enterprises.
826 Harold, king of Denmark, dethroned by his subjects, for being a Christian.
828 Egbert, king of Wessex, unites the Heptarchy, by the name of England.
836 The Flemings trade to Scotland for fish.
838 The Scots and Picts have a decisive battle, in which the former prevail, and both kingdoms are united by Kenneth, which begins the second period of the Scottish history.
867 The Danes begin their ravages in England.
896 Alfred the Great, after subduing the Danish invaders (against whom he fought 56 battles by sea and land), composes his body of laws; divides England into counties, hundreds, and tithings; erects county courts, and founds the university of Oxford about this time.
915 The university of Cambridge founded.
936 The Saracen empire is divided by usurpation into seven kingdoms.
975 Pope Boniface VII. is deposed and banished for his crimes.
979 Coronation oaths said to be first used in England.
991 The figures in arithmetic are brought into Europe by the Saracens from Arabia Letters of the alphabet were hitherto used.
996 Otho III. makes the empire of Germany elective.
999 Boleslaus, the first king of Poland.

1000 Paper made of cotton rags was in use; that of linen rags in 1170: the manufacture introduced into England at Dartford, 1588.
1005 All the old churches are rebuilt about this time in a new manner of architecture.
1015 Children forbidden by law to be sold by their parents in England.
1017 Canute, king of Denmark, gets possession of England.
1040 The Danes, after several engagements with various success, are about this time driven out of Scotland, and never again return in a hostile manner.
1041 The Saxon line restored under Edward the Confessor.
1043 The Turks (a nation of adventurers from Tartary, serving hitherto in the armies of contending princes) become formidable, and take possession of Persia.
1054 Leo IX. the first pope that kept up an army.
1057 Malcolm III. king of Scotland, kills the tyrant Macbeth at Dunsinane, and marries the princess Margaret, sister to Edgar Atheling.
1065 The Turks take Jerusalem from the Saracens.
1066 The battle of Hastings fought between Harold and William (surnamed the bastard) duke of Normandy, in which Harold is conquered and slain, after which William becomes king of England.
1070 William introduces the feudal law.
Musical notes invented.
1075 Henry IV. emperor of Germany and the pope quarrel about the nomination of the German bishops. Henry in penance walks barefooted to the pope towards the end of January.
1076 Justices of peace first appointed in England.
1080 Doomsday-book began to be compiled by order of William, from a survey of all the estates in England, and finished in 1086.
The Tower of London built by ditto, to curb his English subjects, numbers of whom fly to Scotland, where they introduce the Saxon or English language, are protected by Malcolm, and have lands given them.
1091 The Saracens in Spain, being hard pressed by the Spaniards, call to their assistance Joseph, king of Morocco; by which the Moors get possession of all the Saracen dominions in Spain.
1096 The first crusade to the Holy Land is begun under several Christian princes, to drive the infidels from Jerusalem.
1110 Edgar Atheling, the last of the Saxon princes, dies in England, where he had been permitted to reside as a subject.
1118 The order of the Knights Templars instituted, to defend the Sepulchre at Jerusalem, and to protect Christian strangers.
1151 The canon law collected by Gratian, a monk of Bologna.
1163 London bridge, consisting of 19 small arches, first built of stone.
1164 The Teutonic order of religious knights begins in Germany.
1172 Henry II. king of England (and first of the Plantagenets) takes possession of Ireland; which, from that period, has been governed by an English viceroy, as lord-lieutenant.
1176 England is divided by Henry into six circuits, and justice is dispensed by itinerant judges.
1180 Glass windows began to be used in private houses in England.
1181 The laws of England are digested about this time by Glanville.
1182 Pope Alexander III. compelled the kings of England and France to hold the stirrups of his saddle when he mounted his horse.
1186 The great conjunction of the sun and moon, and all the planets in Libra, happened in September.
1192 The battle of Ascalon, in Judea, in which Richard, king of England, defeats Saladine's army, consisting of 300,000 combatants.
1194 *Dieu et mon Droit* first used as a motto by Richard, on a victory over the French.
1200 Chimneys were not known in England.
Surnames now began to be used; first among the nobility.
1208 London incorporated, and obtained their first charter, for electing their Lord Mayor, and other magistrates, from king John.
1215 Magna Charta is signed by king John and the barons of England.
Court of Common Pleas established.
1227 The Tartars, a new race of heroes, under Gingis-Khan, emerge from the northern parts of Asia, overrun all the Saracen empire, and, in imitation of former conquerors, carry death and desolation wherever they march.
1233 The Inquisition, begun in 1204, is now trusted to the Dominicans.

1233 The houses of London, and other cities in England, France, and Germany, still thatched with straw.
1253 The famous astronomical tables are composed by Alonzo, king of Castile.
1258 The Tartars take Bagdad, which finishes the empire of the Saracens.
1263 Acho, king of Norway, invades Scotland with 160 sail, and lands 20,000 men at the mouth of the Clyde, who are cut to pieces by Alexander III. who recovers the western isles.
1264 According to some writers, the commons of England were not summoned to parliament till this period.
1269 The Hamburgh company incorporated in England.
1273 The empire of the present Austrian family begins in Germany.
1282 Llewellyn, prince of Wales, defeated and killed by Edward I. who unites that principality to England.
1284 Edward II. born at Caernarvon, is the first prince of Wales.
1285 Alexander III. king of Scotland, dies, and that kingdom is disputed by twelve candidates, who submit their claims to the arbitration of Edward, king of England; which lays the foundation of a long and desolating war between both nations.
1293 There is a regular succession of English parliaments from this year, being the 22d of Edward I.
1298 The present Turkish empire begins in Bithynia under Ottoman.
Silver-hafted knives, spoons, and cups, a great luxury.
Tallow candles so great a luxury, that splinters of wood were used for lights.
Wine sold by apothecaries as a cordial.
1302 The mariner's compass invented, or improved, by Givia, of Naples.
1307 The beginning of the Swiss cantons.
1308 The popes remove to Avignon, in France, for 70 years.
1310 Lincoln's Inn society established.
1314 The battle of Bannockburn, between Edward II. and Robert Bruce, which establishes the latter on the throne of Scotland.
The cardinals set fire to the conclave, and separate. A vacancy in the papal chair for two years.
1320 Gold first coined in Christendom; 1344, ditto in England.
1336 Two Brabant weavers settle at York, which, says Edward III. may prove of great advantage to us and our subjects.
1337 The first comet whose course is described with an astronomical exactness.
1340 Gunpowder and guns first invented by Swartz, a monk of Cologne; 1346, Edward III. had four pieces of cannon, which contributed to gain him the battle of Cressy; 1346, bombs and mortars were invented.
Oil-painting first made use of by John Vaneck.
Heralds' college instituted in England.
1344 The first creation to titles by patents used by Edward III.
1346 The battle of Durham, in which David, king of Scots, is taken prisoner.
1349 The order of the Garter instituted in England by Edward III. altered in 1557, and consists of 26 knights.
1352 The Turks first enter Europe.
1354 The money in Scotland till now the same as in England.
1356 The battle of Poictiers, in which king John of France, and his son, are taken prisoners by Edward the Black Prince.
1357 Coals first brought to London.
1358 Arms of England and France first quartered by Edward III.
1362 The law pleadings in England changed from French to English, as a favour of Edward III. to his people.
John Wickliffe, an Englishman, begins about this time to oppose the errors of the church of Rome with great acuteness and spirit. His followers are called Lollards.
1386 A company of Linen-weavers, from the Netherlands, established in London.
Windsor Castle built by Edward III.
1388 The battle of Otterburn, between Hotspur and the Earl of Douglas.
1391 Cards invented in France for the king's amusement.
1399 Westminster abbey built and enlarged—Westminster hall ditto.
Order of the Bath instituted at the coronation of Henry IV.; renewed in 1725, consisting of 38 knights.
1410 Guildhall, London, built.
1411 The university of St. Andrew's in Scotland founded.

1415 The battle of Agincourt gained over the French by Henry V. of England.
1428 The siege of Orleans, the first blow to the English power in France.
1430 About this time Laurentius of Harlem invented the art of printing, which he practised with separate wooden types. Guttemburgh afterwards invented cut metal types: but the art was carried to perfection by Peter Schoeffer, who invented the mode of casting the types in matrices. Frederick Corsellis began to print at Oxford, in 1468, with wooden types; but it was William Caxton who introduced into England the art of printing with fusil types, in 1474.
1446 The Vatican library founded at Rome.
The sea breaks in at Dort, in Holland, and drowns 100,000 people.
1453 Constantinople taken by the Turks, which ends the eastern empire, 1123 years from its dedication by Constantine the Great, and 2206 years from the foundation of Rome.
1454 The university of Glasgow, in Scotland, founded.
1460 Engraving and etching in copper invented.
1477 The university of Aberdeen in Scotland, founded.
1483 Richard III. king of England, and last of the Plantagenets, is defeated and killed at the battle of Bosworth, by Henry (Tudor) VII. which puts an end to the civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, after a contest of 30 years, and the loss of 100,000 men.
1486 Henry establishes fifty yeomen of the guards, the first standing army.
1489 Maps and sea-charts first brought to England by Barth. Columbus.
1491 William Grocyn publicly teaches the Greek language at Oxford.
The Moors, hitherto a formidable enemy to the native Spaniards, are entirely subdued by Ferdinand, and become subjects to that prince on certain conditions, which are ill observed by the Spaniards, whose clergy employ the powers of the Inquisition, with all its tortures; and in 1609, near one million of the Moors are driven from Spain to the opposite coast of Africa, from whence they originally came.
1492 America first discovered by Columbus, a Genoese, in the service of Spain.
1494 Algebra first known in Europe.
1497 The Portuguese first sail to the East Indies, by the Cape of Good Hope.
South America discovered by Americus Vespusius, from whom it has its name.
1499 North America ditto, for Henry VII. by Cabot.
1500 Maximilian divides the empire of Germany into six circles, and adds four more in 1512.
1505 Shillings first coined in England.
1509 Gardening introduced into England from the Netherlands, from whence vegetables were imported hitherto.
1513 The battle of Flowden, in which James IV. of Scotland is killed, with the flower of his nobility.
1517 Martin Luther began the Reformation.
Egypt is conquered by the Turks.
1518 Magellan, in the service of Spain, first discovers the straits of that name in South America.
1520 Henry VIII. for his writings in favour of popery, receives the title of Defender of the Faith from his Holiness.
1529 The name of Protestant takes its rise from the Reformed protesting against the church of Rome, at the diet of Spires in Germany.
1534 The Reformation takes place in England under Henry VIII.
1537 Religious houses dissolved by ditto.
1539 The first English Edition of the Bible authorized; the present translation finished 1611.
About this time cannon began to be used in ships.
1543 Silk stockings first worn by the French king; first worn in England by queen Elizabeth, 1561; the steel frame for weaving invented by the Rev. Mr. Lee, of St. John's College, Cambridge, 1589.
Pins first used in England, before which time the ladies used skewers.
1544 Good lands let in England at one shilling per acre.
1545 The famous council of Trent begins, and continues 18 years.
1546 First law in England, establishing the interest of money at ten *per cent.*
1549 Lord Lieutenants of counties instituted in England.
1550 Horse guards instituted in England.
1555 The Russian company established in England.

1558 Queen Elizabeth begins her reign.
1560 The Reformation in Scotland completed by John Knox.
1563 Knives first made in England.
1569 Royal Exchange first built.
1572 The great massacre of Protestants at Paris.
1579 The Dutch shake off the Spanish yoke, and the republic of Holland begins.
English East India company incorporated—established 1600.
English Turkey company incorporated.
1580 Sir Francis Drake returns from his voyage round the world, being the first English circumnavigator.
Parochial register first appointed in England.
1582 Pope Gregory introduces the New Style in Italy; the 5th of October being counted 15.
1583 Tobacco first brought from Virginia into England.
1587 Mary queen of Scots is beheaded by order of Elizabeth, after 18 years' imprisonment.
1588 The Spanish armada destroyed by Drake and other English admirals.
Henry IV. passes the edict of Nantes, tolerating the Protestants.
1589 Coaches first introduced into England; hackney act 1693; increased to 1000, in 1770.
1590 Band of pensioners instituted in England.
1591 Trinity College, Dublin, founded.
1597 Watches first brought into England from Germany.
1602 Decimal arithmetic invented at Bruges.
1603 Queen Elizabeth (the last of the Tudors) dies, and nominates James VI. of Scotland (and first of the Stuarts) as her successor; which unites both kingdoms under the name of Great Britain.
1605 The gunpowder plot discovered at Westminster; being a project of the Roman catholics to blow up the king and both houses of parliament.
1606 Oaths of allegiance first administered in England.
1608 Galileo, of Florence, first discovers the satellites about the planet Saturn, by the telescope, then just invented in Holland.
1610 Henry IV. is murdered at Paris, by Ravaillac, a priest.
1611 Baronets first created in England by James I.
1614 Napier, of Marcheston, in Scotland, invents the logarithms.
Sir Hugh Middleton brings the New River to London from Ware.
1616 The first permanent settlement in Virginia.
1619 Dr. W. Harvey, an Englishman, discovers the doctrine of the circulation of the blood.
1620 The broad silk manufacture from raw silk introduced into England.
1621 New England planted by the Puritans.
1625 King James dies, and is succeeded by his son, Charles I.
The island of Barbadoes, the first English settlement in the West Indies, is planted.
1632 The battle of Lutzen, in which Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, and head of the Protestants in Germany, is killed.
1635 Province of Maryland planted by Lord Baltimore.
Regular posts established from London to Scotland, Ireland, &c.
1640 King Charles disobliges his Scottish subjects, on which their army, under general Lesley, enters England, and takes Newcastle, being encouraged by the malcontents in England.
The massacre in Ireland, when forty thousand English Protestants were killed.
1642 King Charles impeaches five members who had opposed his arbitrary measures, which begins the civil war in England.
1643 Excise on beer, ale, &c. first imposed by parliament.
1649 Charles I. beheaded at Whitehall, January 30, aged 49.
1654 Cromwell assumes the protectorship.
1655 The English, under admiral Penn, take Jamaica from the Spaniards.
1658 Cromwell dies, and is succeeded in the protectorship by his son Richard.
1660 King Charles II. is restored by Monk, commander of the army, after an exile of twelve years in France and Holland.
Episcopacy restored in England and Scotland.
The people of Denmark being oppressed by the nobles, surrender their privileges to Frederic III. who becomes absolute.
1662 The Royal Society established at London by Charles II.

1663 Carolina planted; 1728, divided into two separate governments.
1664 The New Netherlands, in North America, conquered from the Swedes and Dutch, by the English.
1665 The plague rages in London, and carries off 68,000 persons.
1666 The great fire of London began Sept. 2, and continued three days, in which were destroyed 13,000 houses, and 400 streets.
Tea first used in England.
1667 The peace of Breda, which confirms to the English the New Netherlands, now known by the names of Pennsylvania, New York, and New Jersey.
1668 ——— ditto, Aix-la-Chapelle.
St. James's Park planted, and made a thoroughfare for public use, by Charles II.
1670 The English Hudson's Bay Company incorporated.
1672 Lewis XIV. overruns great part of Holland, when the Dutch open their sluices, being determined to drown their country, and retire to their settlements in the East Indies.
African company established.
1678 The peace of Nimeguen.
The habeas corpus act passed.
1680 A great comet appeared, and from its nearness to our earth, alarmed the inhabitants. It continued visible from Nov. 3, to March 9.
William Penn, a Quaker, receives a charter for planting Pennsylvania.
1683 India stock sold from 360 to 500 per cent.
1685 Charles II. dies, aged 55, and is succeeded by his brother James II.
The duke of Monmouth, natural son to Charles II. raises a rebellion, but is defeated at the battle of Sedgmoor, and beheaded.
The edict of Nantes infamously revoked by Lewis XIV. and the Protestants cruelly persecuted.
1687 The palace of Versailles, near Paris, finished by Lewis XIV.
1688 The Revolution in Great Britain begins, Nov. 5. King James abdicates, and retires to France, Dec. 3.
King William and Queen Mary, daughter and son-in-law to James, are proclaimed, Feb. 16.
Viscount Dundee stands out for James in Scotland, but is killed by general Mackey, at the battle of Killycrankie; upon which the Highlanders, wearied with repeated misfortunes, disperse.
1689 The land-tax passed in England.
The toleration act passed in ditto.
Several bishops are deprived for not taking the oath to king William.
William Fuller, who pretended to prove the prince of Wales spurious, was voted by the commons to be a notorious cheat, impostor, and false accuser.
1690 The battle of the Boyne gained by William against James in Ireland.
1691 The War in Ireland finished, by the surrender of Limerick to William.
1692 The English and Dutch fleets, commanded by admiral Russel, defeat the French fleet off La Hogue.
1693 Bayonets at the end of loaded muskets first used by the French against the Confederates in the battle of Turin.
The duchy of Hanover made the ninth electorate.
Bank of England established by king William.
The first public lottery was drawn this year.
Massacre of Highlanders at Glencoe, by king William's troops.
1694 Queen Mary dies at the age of 33, and William reigns alone.
Stamp duties instituted in England.
1696 The peace of Ryswick.
1699 The Scots settled a colony at the isthmus of Darien, in America, and called it Caledonia.
1700 Charles XII. of Sweden begins his reign.
King James II. dies at St. Germain's in the 68th year of his age.
1701 Prussia erected into a kingdom.
Society for the propagation of the gospel in foreign parts established.
1702 King William dies, aged 50, and is succeeded by Queen Anne, daughter to James II. who, with the emperor and States General, renews the war against France and Spain.
1704 Gibraltar taken from the Spaniards by admiral Rooke.
The battle of Blenheim won by the duke of Marlborough and Allies, against the French.

1704 The court of Exchequer instituted in England.
1706 The treaty of Union betwixt England and Scotland, signed July 22.
The battle of Ramilies won by Marlborough and the Allies.
1707 The first British parliament.
1708 Minorca taken from the Spaniards by general Stanhope.
The battle of Oudenarde won by Marlborough and the Allies.
Sardinia erected into a kingdom, and given to the duke of Savoy.
1709 Peter the Great, czar of Muscovy, defeats Charles XII. at Pultowa, who flies to Turkey.
The battle of Malplaquet won by Marlborough and the Allies.
1710 Queen Anne changes the Whig Ministry for others more favourable to the interest of her brother, the late Pretender.
The cathedral church of St. Paul, London, rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren, in 37 years, at one million expense, by a duty on coals.
The English South-Sea company began.
1712 Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun killed in a duel in Hyde-Park.
1713 The peace of Utrecht, whereby Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, New Britain, and Hudson's Bay, in North America, were yielded to Great Britain; Gibraltar and Minorca, in Europe, were also confirmed to the said crown by this treaty.
1714 Queen Anne dies, at the age of fifty, and is succeeded by George I.
Interest reduced to five *per cent.*
1715 Lewis XIV. dies, and is succeeded by his great-grandson, Lewis XV.
The rebellion in Scotland begins in September, under the earl of Mar, in favour of the Pretender. The action of Sheriff-muir, and the surrender of Preston, both in November, when the rebels disperse.
1716 The Pretender married to the princess Sobieski, grand-daughter of John Sobieski, late king of Poland.
An act passed for septennial parliaments.
1719 The Mississippi scheme at its height in France.
Lombe's silk-throwing machine, containing 26,586 wheels, erected at Derby; takes up one-eighth of a mile; one water-wheel moves the rest; and in 24 hours it works 318,504,960 yards of organzine silk thread.
The South-Sea scheme in England begun April 7; was at its height at the end of June; and quite sunk about September 29.
1727 King George I. dies, in the 68th year of his age; and is succeeded by his only son, George II.
Inoculation first tried on criminals with success.
Russia, formerly a dukedom, is now established as an empire.
1732 Kouli Khan usurps the Persian throne, conquers the Mogul empire, and returns with two hundred and thirty-one millions sterling.
Several public spirited gentlemen begin the settlement of Georgia, in North America.
1736 Capt. Porteus, having ordered his soldiers to fire upon the populace, at the execution of a smuggler, is himself hanged by the mob at Edinburgh.
1738 Westminster-Bridge, consisting of fifteen arches, begun; finished in 1750 at the expense of 389,000*l.* defrayed by parliament.
1739 Letters of marque issued out in Britain against Spain, July 21, and war declared, Oct. 23.
1743 The battle of Dettingen won by the English and Allies, in favour of the queen of Hungary.
1744 War declared against France.
Commodore Anson returns from his voyage round the world.
1745 The allies lose the battle of Fontenoy.
The rebellion breaks out in Scotland, and the Pretender's army defeated by the duke of Cumberland, at Culloden, April 16, 1746.
1746 British Linen Company erected.
1748 The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, by which a restitution of all places, taken during the war, was to be made on all sides.
1749 The interest of the British funds reduced to three *per cent.*
British herring fishery incorporated.
1751 Frederic, prince of Wales, father to his present majesty, died.
Antiquarian society at London incorporated.
1752 The new style introduced into Great Britain, the third of September being counted the fourteenth.

1753 The British Museum erected at Montagu-house.
Society of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, instituted in London.
1755 Lisbon destroyed by an earthquake.
1756 146 Englishmen are confined in the Black hole at Calcutta, in the East Indies, by order of the Nabob, and 123 found dead next morning.
Marine society established at London.
1757 Damien attempted to assassinate the French king.
1759 General Wolfe is killed in the battle of Quebec, which is gained by the English.
1760 King George II. dies, Oct. 25, in the 77th year of his age, and is succeeded by his present majesty, who, on the 22d of Sept. 1761, married the princess Charlotte of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz.
Black-Friars bridge, consisting of nine arches, begun; finished 1770, at the expense of 52,840*l.* to be discharged by a toll. Toll taken off 1785.
1762 War declared against Spain.
Peter III. emperor of Russia, is deposed, imprisoned, and murdered.
American Philosophical Society established in Philadelphia.
George Augustus Frederic, prince of Wales, born Aug. 12.
1763 The definitive treaty of peace between Great Britain, France, Spain, and Portugal, concluded at Paris, Feb. 10, which confirms to Great Britain the extensive provinces of Canada, East and West Florida, and part of Louisiana, in North America; also the islands of Grenada, St. Vincent, Dominica, and Tobago, in the West Indies.
1764 The parliament granted 10,000*l.* to Mr. Harrison, for his discovery of the longitude by his time-piece.
1765 His majesty's royal charter passed for incorporating the Society of Artists.
An act passed annexing the sovereignty of the island of Man to the crown of Great Britain.
1766 April 21, a spot or macula of the sun, more than thrice the bigness of our earth, passed the sun's centre.
1768 Academy of painting established in London.
The Turks imprison the Russian ambassador, and declare war against that empire.
1771 Dr. Solander and Mr. Banks, in his majesty's ship the Endeavour, lieut. Cook, return from a voyage round the world, having made several important discoveries in the South Seas.
1772 The king of Sweden changes the constitution of that kingdom.
The Pretender marries a princess of Germany, grand-daughter of Thomas, late earl of Aylesbury.
The emperor of Germany, empress of Russia, and the king of Prussia, strip the king of Poland of great part of his dominions, which they divide among themselves, in violation of the most solemn treaties.
1773 Captain Phipps is sent to explore the North Pole, but having made eighty-one degrees, is in danger of being locked up by the ice, and his attempt to discover a passage in that quarter proves fruitless.
The Jesuits expelled from the Pope's dominions.
The English East India Company having, by conquest or treaty, acquired the extensive provinces of Bengal, Orixa, and Bahar, containing fifteen millions of inhabitants, great irregularities are committed by their servants abroad; upon which government interferes, and sends out judges, &c. for the better administration of justice.
The war between the Russians and Turks proves disgraceful to the latter, who lose the islands in the Archipelago, and by sea are every where unsuccessful.
1774 Peace is proclaimed between the Russians and Turks.
The British parliament having passed an act, laying a duty of three-pence per pound upon all teas imported into America, the Colonists, considering this as a grievance, deny the right of the British parliament to tax them.
Deputies from the several American colonies meet at Philadelphia, as the first General Congress, Sept. 5.
First petition of Congress to the King, November.
1775 April 19, The first action happened in America between the king's troops and the provincials at Lexington.
May 20, Articles of confederation and perpetual union between the American provinces.

1775 June 17, A bloody action at Bunker's Hill, between the royal troops and the Americans.

1776 March 17, The town of Boston evacuated by the king's troops.

An unsuccessful attempt, in July, made by commodore Sir Peter Parker and lieutenant-general Clinton, upon Charleston, in South Carolina.

The Congress declare the American Colonies free and independent states July 4.

The Americans are driven from Long Island, New York, in August, with great loss, and great numbers of them taken prisoners: and the city of New York is afterwards taken possession of by the king's troops.

December 25, General Washington takes 900 of the Hessians prisoners at Trenton.

Torture abolished in Poland.

1777 General Howe takes possession of Philadelphia.

Lieutenant-general Burgoyne is obliged to surrender his army at Saratoga in Canada, by convention, to the American army under the command of the generals Gates and Arnold, October 17.

1778 A treaty of alliance concluded at Paris between the French king and the thirteen united American colonies, in which their independence is acknowledged by the court of France, February 6.

The remains of the earl of Chatham interred at the public expense in Westminster Abbey, June 9, in consequence of a vote of Parliament.

The earl of Carlisle, William Eden, Esq. and George Johnstone, Esq., arrive at Philadelphia the beginning of June, as commissioners for restoring peace between Great Britain and America.

Philadelphia evacuated by the king's troops, June 18.

The Congress refuse to treat with the British Commissioners, unless the independence of the American colonies were first acknowledged, or the king's fleets and armies withdrawn from America.

An engagement fought off Brest between the English fleet under the command of admiral Keppel, and the French fleet under the command of the count d'Orvilliers, July 27.

Dominica taken by the French, Sept. 7.

Pondicherry surrenders to the arms of Great Britain, Oct. 17.

St. Lucia taken from the French, Dec. 28.

1779 St. Vincent's taken by the French.

Grenada taken by the French, July 3.

1780 Torture in courts of justice abolished in France.

The Inquisition abolished in the duke of Modena's dominions.

Admiral Rodney takes twenty-two sail of Spanish ships, Jan. 8.

The same admiral also engages a Spanish fleet under the command of Don Juan de Langara, near Cape St. Vincent, and takes five ships of the line, one more being driven on shore, and another blown up, Jan. 16.

Three actions between admiral Rodney, and the count de Guichen, in the West Indies, in the months of April and May; but none of them decisive.

Charleston, South Carolina, surrenders to Sir Henry Clinton, May 4.

Pensacola, and the whole province of West Florida, surrender to the arms of the king of Spain, May 9.

The Protestant Association, to the number of 50,000 go up to the house of commons, with their petition for the repeal of an act passed in favour of the Papists, June 2.

That event followed by the most daring riots, in the city of London, and in Southwark, for several successive days, in which some Popish chapels are destroyed, together with the prisons of Newgate, the King's Bench, the Fleet, several private houses, &c. These alarming riots are at length suppressed by the interposition of the military, and many of the rioters tried and executed for felony.

Five English East Indiamen, and fifty English merchant ships bound for the West Indies, taken by the combined fleets of France and Spain, Aug. 8.

Earl Cornwallis obtains a signal victory over general Gates, near Camden, in South Carolina, in which above 1000 American prisoners are taken, Aug. 16.

Mr. Laurens, late president of the Congress, taken in an American packet, near Newfoundland, Sept. 3.

General Arnold deserts the service of the Congress, escapes to New York, and is made a brigadier-general in the royal service, Sept. 24.

1780 Major André, adjutant-general to the British army, hanged as a spy at Tappan, in the province of New York, Oct. 2.
Mr. Laurens is committed prisoner to the Tower, on a charge of high treason, October 4.
Dreadful hurricanes in the West Indies, by which great devastation is made in Jamaica, Barbadoes, St. Lucia, Dominica, and other Islands, October 3 and 10.
A declaration of hostilities published against Holland, Dec. 20.

1781 The Dutch Island of St. Eustatia taken by admiral Rodney and General Vaughan, Feb. 3. Retaken by the French, Nov. 27.
Earl Cornwallis obtains a victory, but with considerable loss, over the Americans under general Green, at Guildford, in North Carolina, March 15.
The island of Tobago taken by the French, June 2.
A bloody engagement fought between an English squadron under the command of admiral Parker, and a Dutch squadron under the command of admiral Zoutman, off the Dogger-bank, Aug. 5.
Earl Cornwallis, with a considerable British army, surrendered prisoners of war to the American and French troops, under the command of general Washington and count Rochambeau, at York-town, in Virginia, Oct. 19.

1782 Trincomale, on the island of Ceylon, taken by admiral Hughes, Jan. 11.
Minorca surrendered to the arms of the king of Spain, Feb. 5.
The island of St. Christopher taken by the French, Feb. 12.
The island of Nevis, in the West Indies, taken by the French, Feb. 14.
Montserrat taken by the French, Feb. 22.
The house of commons address the king against any farther prosecution of offensive war on the continent of North America, Mar. 4; and resolve, That that house would consider all those as enemies to his majesty, and this country, who should advise, or by any means attempt, the farther prosecution of offensive war on the continent of North America, for the purpose of reducing the revolted colonies to obedience by force.
Admiral Rodney obtains a signal victory over the French fleet under the command of count de Grasse, near Dominica, in the West Indies, April 12.
Admiral Hughes, with eleven ships, beat off, near the island of Ceylon, the French admiral Suffrein, with twelve ships of the line, after a severe engagement, in which both fleets lost a great number of men, April 13.
The resolution of the house of commons relating to John Wilkes, Esq. and the Middlesex election, passed Feb. 17, 1769, rescinded May 3.
The bill to repeal the declaratory act of George I. relative to the legislation of Ireland, received the royal assent, June 20.
The French took and destroyed the forts and settlements in Hudson's Bay, August 24.
The Spaniards defeated in their grand attack on Gibraltar, Sept. 13.
Treaty concluded between the republic of Holland and the United States of America, Oct. 8.
Provisional articles of peace signed at Paris between the British and the American commissioners, by which the Thirteen United American colonies are acknowledged by his Britannic majesty to be free, sovereign, and independent states, Nov. 30.

1783 Preliminary articles of peace betwixt his Britannic majesty and the kings of France and Spain, signed at Versailles, Jan. 20.
The order of St. Patrick instituted, Feb. 5.
Three earthquakes in Calabria Ulterior and Sicily, destroying a great number of towns and inhabitants, Feb. 5th, 7th, and 28th.
Armistice betwixt Great Britain and Holland, Feb. 10.
Ratification of the definitive treaty of peace between Great Britain, France, Spain, and the United States of America, Sept. 3.

1784 The city of London wait on the king, with an address of thanks for dismissing the coalition ministry, Jan. 16.
The great seal stolen from the lord chancellor's house in Great Ormond-street, March 24.
The ratification of the peace with America arrived, April 7.
The definitive treaty of peace between Great Britain and Holland, May 24.
The memory of Handel commemorated by a grand jubilee at Westminster-abbey May 26.—Continued annually for decayed musicians, &c.
Proclamation for a public thanksgiving, July 2.

1784 Mr. Lunardi ascended in a balloon from the Artillery-ground, Moorfields, the first attempt of the kind in England, Sept. 15.

1785 Dr. Seabury, an American missionary, was consecrated bishop of Connecticut by five nonjuring Scotch prelates, Nov.

1786 The king of Sweden prohibited the use of torture in his dominions.

Cardinal Turlone, high inquisitor at Rome, was publicly dragged out of his carriage by an incensed multitude, for his cruelty, and hung on a gibbet 50 feet high.

Sept. 26. Commercial treaty signed between England and France.

Nov. 21. £471,000 3 *per cent.* stock transferred to the landgrave of Hesse, for Hessian soldiers lost in the American war, at £30 a man.

Dec. 4. Mr. Adams, the American ambassador, presented to the archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. White, of Pennsylvania, and Dr. Provost of New York, to be consecrated bishops for the United States.—They were consecrated Feb. 4, 1787.

1787 March. (France) The Assembly of Notables first convened under the ministry of Mons. de Calonne.

May 21. Mr. Burke, at the bar of the house of lords, in the name of all the commons of Great Britain, impeached Warren Hastings, late governor-general of Bengal, of high crimes and misdemeanors.

Aug. 11. The king, by letters patent, erected the province of Nova Scotia into a bishop's see, and appointed Dr. Charles Inglis to be the bishop.

1788 August. (France) Mons. Necker replaced at the head of the finances. November: The Notables called together a second time.

In the early part of October, the first symptoms appeared of a severe disorder which afflicted his majesty George the Third. On the 6th of November they were very alarming, and on the 13th a form of prayer for his recovery was ordered by the privy council.

1789 Feb. 17 His Majesty was pronounced to be in a state of convalescence, and on the 26th to be free from complaint.

April 23. A general thanksgiving for the King's recovery, who attended the service at St. Paul's with a great procession.

May. (France) Opening of the States General at Versailles.

July 13, 14. Revolution in France—capture of the Bastile, execution of the governor, of the intendant, of the secretary of state, &c.

October 19. The first sitting of the National Constituent Assembly at Paris.

1790 July 14. Grand French Confederation in the Champ de Mars.

1791 June 21, 22, 25. (France) The king and royal family secretly withdraw from Paris, but are stopped at Varennes and brought back.

On the 14th of July, in consequence of some gentlemen meeting to commemorate the French revolution in Birmingham, the mob arose and committed the most daring outrages for some days on the persons and properties of many of the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood; burning and destroying meeting-houses, private dwellings, &c. Peace and security were at length restored, by the interposition of the military power.

October 4. (France) The second assembly takes the name of the Legislative Assembly, and is opened by the king in person.

1792 On the 19th of March, the definitive treaty of peace was signed between the British, and their allies, the Nizam, and Mahrattas on the one part, and Tippoo Sultan on the other, by which he ceded one half of his territorial possessions, and delivered up two of his sons to lord Cornwallis, as hostages for the fulfilment of the treaty.

Gustavus III. king of Sweden, died on the 29th of March, in consequence of being assassinated by Ankerstroom.

Sept. 20. (France) First sitting of the Third Legislature, which takes the title of National Convention.

1793 Jan. 21st. (France) Lewis XVI. after having received innumerable indignities from his people, was brought to the scaffold, and had his head severed by the guillotine, contrary to the express laws of the new consitution, which had declared the person of the king inviolable.

On the 25th of March, lord Grenville, and S. Comte Woronzow, signed a convention at London on behalf of his Britannic majesty and the empress of Russia, in which their majesties agreed to employ their respective forces in carrying on the "just and necessary war" against France. Treaties also were entered upon with the king of Sardinia, and the prince of Hesse Cassel.

1793 The unfortunate queen of France, on the 16th of October, was conducted to the spot, where Louis had previously met his fate, and conducted herself during her last moments with fortitude and composure, in the thirty-eighth year of her age.

Messrs. Muir and Palmer, having been accused of seditious practices were tried in the high court of Justiciary in Scotland, and pronounced guilty. Their sentence was transportation for the space of 14 years, to such place as his majesty might judge proper.—They were sent to Botany Bay.

1794 On the 1st of June, the British fleet, under the command of admiral earl Howe, obtained a most signal victory over that of the French, in which two ships were sunk, one burnt, and six brought into Portsmouth harbour.

1795 In consequence of the rapid progress of the French arms in Holland, the princess of Orange, the hereditary princess and her infant son, arrived at Yarmouth, on the 19th of January: the hereditary prince himself, with his father the stadtholder, landed at Harwich on the 20th.

On the 8th of April, his royal highness George Augustus Frederic, prince of Wales, was married to her serene highness princess Caroline of Brunswick.

The trial of Warren Hastings, esq. at length came to a close on the 23d of April, when the lord chancellor, having put the question to each of the peers, upon the sixteen articles of the impeachment, and finding that a very great majority voted for his acquittal, informed the prisoner that he was acquitted of the charges brought against him by the house of commons, and of all matters contained therein.

Belgium incorporated with France.

Executive Directory installed in France.

1796 The king assaulted in his coach, February 1.

Battle of Lodi, May 11.

War between England and Spain, October 11.

1797 Lord St. Vincent's victory, February 14.

Mutiny in the fleet, April.

Lord Duncan's victory, October 11.

Treaty of Campo Formio, October 17.

1798 Irish rebellion broke out, April 2; suppressed.

Battle of the Nile, Aug. 1.

French land at Killala, in Ireland, August 24; surrender, September 28.

1799 War recommenced between France and Austria.

Bonaparte defeated at Acre, April 21.

———— returned to France, October 10.

———— installed First Consul, November 25.

British land at the Helder, August 27.

Convention in Holland, October 18.

1800 King's life attempted by Hatfield, May 15.

Battle of Marengo, June 14.

1801 The bill for the union with Ireland signed, January 1.

Treaty of Luneville, February 9.

British land in Egypt, March 8.

Battle of Alexandria, March 21.

Battle of Copenhagen, April 2.

1802 Peace of Amiens, March 27.

1803 War declared against France, May 10.

1804 Bonaparte assumes the Imperial diadem, May 18.

Duke d'Enghien murdered by order of Bonaparte, March 22; Pichegru do. April 6.

The Emperor of Germany resigns the crown of the Cæsars, and assumes the title of Emperor of Austria, September 5.

1805 War declared against Spain, January 11.

Bonaparte crowned king of Italy, May 26.

Sir R. Calder defeats the French fleet, July 22.

War between Austria, Russia, and France, September.

Battle of Trafalgar, October 21.

Bonaparte enters Vienna, November 14.

Battle of Austerlitz, December 2.

Peace between France and Austria, Dec. 27.

1806 Expedition of Miranda to Caraccas—unsuccessful.

Public funeral of Lord Nelson, Jan. 9.

Louis Bonaparte proclaimed king of Holland, June 11.

1806 Bonaparte declares himself protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, July 12.
Prussia declares war against France, October 9.
Battle of Jena, October 14.
Bonaparte enters Berlin, October 24.
1807 Battle between Christophe and Petion, Jan.—Christophe declared governor for life.
Battle of Eylau, February 27.
Battle of Friedland, June 14.
Treaty of Tilsit, July 24.
Copenhagen surrendered to the English, September 7.
Russia declares war against England, Oct. 31.
Portuguese Royal family emigrate to Brazils, Nov. 29.
1808 Charles IV. of Spain abdicates in favour of his son, Ferdinand VII. who is compelled to resign by Bonaparte, March.
Bonaparte appoints his brother Joseph King of Spain, May 4.
Papal territories annexed to France, May 21.
Spain implores the aid of Great Britain against France, June 6.
French fleet at Cadiz seized, June 14.
Gen. Dupont surrenders to the Spaniards, July 19.
Battle of Vimiera, August 19.
Convention of Cintra, Aug. 30.
1809 Battle of Corunna, January 16.
Mr. Madison elected President, March 4.
War between France and Austria, April 8.
Bonaparte re-enters Vienna, May 12.
Battle of Essling, May 22.
Battle of Wagram, July 6, 8.
Armistice between France and Austria, July 12.
Expedition to Walcheren sailed, July 20.
Battle of Talavera, July 28.
Peace signed, October 14.
Bonaparte divorces his wife Josephine, December 15.
Walcheren evacuated, December 23.
Grand Jubilee on the King's entering the 50th year of his reign, October 25.
The Viceroy of Peru disperses the Juntas of La Plata and Quito.
Revolution in Chili.
1810 Bonaparte marries the Archduchess Maria Louisa of Austria, April 2.
Provisional government of Buenos Ayres established, May.
Holland annexed to France, July 9.
General Bernadotte elected Crown Prince of Sweden, August 21.
Lucien Bonaparte takes refuge at Malta, August 24.
Capture of the Mauritius, December 3.
Congress of Venezuela assembles
Viceroy sent to Spain.
Liniers defeated in Cordova, and Velasco in Paraguay.
1811 Prince of Wales appointed Regent, February 6.
Battle of Barossa, March 5.
Battle of Almeida, May 3, 5.
Battle of Albuera, May 16.
Venezuela declares itself independent, July 5.
Comet appeared visible for some weeks to the naked eye, September 1.
Battle of Tippecanoe.
Congress of New Grenada declares itself independent.
Insurrection in Mexico—unsuccessful.
Christophe declares himself emperor of Hayti.
1812 Congress passes various acts for increasing the army of the U. States, Jan
Ciudad Rodrigo taken by storm, January 19.
Badajoz ditto, April 6.
Mr. Percival shot by Bellingham, May 12.
America declares war against England, June 18.
France declares war against Russia, June 23
Battle of Salamanca, July 22.
General Hull invades Canada, July—surrenders to Gen. Brock, Aug. 16
Battle of Smolensko, August 16, 17.
The Guerriere captured Aug. 19.

1812 Battle of Borodino, September 7.
Bonaparte enters Moscow, September 14—abandons it, October 22—quits his army at Smorgonie, and escapes by flight, December 5—arrives at Paris, December 18.
Battle of Queenstown, Oct. 11.
The Macedonian captured, Oct. 25.
The Java captured, Dec. 29.
Earthquake in Caraccas.
Monteverde defeats Miranda and occupies Caraccas.
Prussian General Yorck enters into a convention with the Russians, December 30.
1813 Battle of the river Raisin—General Winchester defeated, Jan. 17.
Mr. Madison re-elected, March 4.
Prussia declares against France, March 17.
York, Upper Canada, taken, April 29.
Battle of Lutzen, May 2.
Battle of Bautzen and Wurtschen, May 20, 21.
Fort George, Upper Canada, taken, May 27.
Battle at Sackets' Harbour, May 29.
The Chesapeake captured, June 1.
Armistice between Bonaparte and the Allies agreed to, June 4.
Battle of Vittoria, June 21.
Fort Erie, Upper Canada, taken, July.
Col. Croghan defeats the British at Sandusky, Aug. 1.
Battle of the Pyrenees, August 11.
Hostilities in Germany renewed, Austria declares war against France, Aug. 17.
St. Sebastian's taken by storm, Aug. 31.
Perry's victory on lake Erie, Sept.
General Proctor surrenders to Gen. Harrison in Upper Canada, Oct.
Lord Wellington enters France at the head of his victorious army, Oct. 7.
Bonaparte totally defeated near Leipsic, with immense loss, October 18—20.
The Dutch recall the Prince of Orange, Dec. 1.
The allies cross the Rhine, December 20.
Fort Niagara taken by the British, Dec.
Bolivar re-emancipates Venezuela.
Expedition of the Peruvian royalists into Chili.
1814 Battle of Tallapoosa—Gen. Jackson defeats the Creeks, Jan. 22.
Battle of La Cole, Lower Canada, March 31.
The allies enter Paris, March 31.
Bonaparte dethroned and sent to Elba, April 6.
Battle of Toulouse, April 11.
Louis XVIII. recalled, May 2.
Peace signed, June 2.
The Sovereigns of Russia and Prussia visited London, June 6.
Battle of Chippewa, July 6.
Battle of Bridgewater, July 25.
Assault on Fort Erie—British repulsed, Aug. 15.
Battle of Bladensburgh—Washington taken and the capitol burnt, Aug 24.
McDonough's victory on lake Champlain—battle of Plattsburgh, Sept. 11.
Battle at N. Point, near Baltimore, Sept. 12.
Sortie from Fort Erie, Sept. 17.
Gen. Jackson takes Pensacola, Nov.
Bolivar defeated by Boves and driven out of Caraccas.
Battle of Roncagua in Chili—The Peruvian Royalists reconquer the country.
The British invade Louisiana, Dec.
Gen. Jackson attacks them by night, Dec. 23.
Treaty signed at Ghent between the U. States and G. Britain, Dec. 24.
1815 The British entirely defeated at New Orleans, Jan. 8.
The treaty of Ghent ratified by Congress, Feb. 17.
Bonaparte returns from Elba to Paris without opposition and resumes the Imperial diadem, March 20.
Louis XVIII. retires to Lille, and afterwards to Ghent.
The Allies issue a Declaration against Bonaparte, and march into France.
Bonaparte gains successes over the Prussians, June 16th and 17th.
Bonaparte entirely routed by the Duke of Wellington, June 18th, at Waterloo.

1815 Louis XVIII. returns to Paris, July 8.
The Duke of Wellington enters Paris.
Bonaparte surrenders to the British and is sent to St. Helena.
War between America and the Algerines, May—treaty signed in Aug.
Martial law proclaimed in Ireland, Oct.
Marshal Ney executed, Dec.
Protestants persecuted at Nimes.
Murat makes a descent in Naples—is taken and executed.
War in Ceylon—King of Candy made prisoner by the British.
War with Nepaul—The Nepaulese defeated—peace concluded.
1816 *The Holy Alliance* formed, Jan.
The U. States' Bank established, April.
Marriage of Princess Charlotte, May 2.
Insurrection at Barbadoes.
The Independents of New Grenada defeated by Morillo, and the country again occupied by the royalists.
The Congress of Buenos Ayres declares itself independent, July 9.
Lord Amherst's mission to China—failed.
Lord Exmouth's expedition against Algiers—successful attack and treaty.
Bolivar returns to Venezuela and is defeated—lands again, Dec. and defeats the royalists, March, 1817.
Indiana admitted into the union, Dec.
Civil war between Buenos Ayres and Artigas commences—ends in the defeat and death of the latter.
Petion declared president for life of the republic of Hayti.
Portuguese take Montevideo, Dec.
1817 Mr. Monroe elected President, March 4.
San Martin collects an army in Buenos Ayres and enters Chili—defeats the royalists in the battle of Chacabuco.
Barcelona, in Caraccas, taken by the Spaniards, April.
Bolivar declared dictator—establishes his government at Angostura.
Revolt in Pernambuco.
The Cato-street Conspiracy.
Habeas corpus suspended in Great Britain.
War with the Pindarees in India.
War with the Mahrattas—The Peishwah defeated—Poonah taken.
Death of Princess Charlotte, Nov.
Mississippi admitted into the union, Dec.
Amelia Island taken by the Americans.
1818 Bernadotte proclaimed king of Sweden, Jan.
Habeas corpus restored, Feb.
Scindiah joins the British against the Pindarees.
Battle of Maipu—Royalists driven out of Chili, April.
Seminole war commences, April.
Gen. Jackson takes Pensacola, May.
Representative constitution of Bavaria established, May.
War in India closed by the reduction of the Pindarees.
Deposition of the Peishwah.
Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, Oct.
The Allied Troops evacuate France, Nov.
Pensacola restored to Spain, Nov.
Illinois admitted into the union, Dec.
Death of Petion—Boyer succeeds him.
1819 New marriage act passes the British Parliament, March.
Florida ceded to the U. States, by Spain.
Assassination of Kotzebue.
McGregor's unsuccessful expedition against Porto-bello.
Lord Cochrane blockades Callao.
Radical meeting at Manchester dispersed by the military, Aug.
Bolivar marches into New Grenada.
Battle of Boyaca, Aug. 8.
Occupation of Bogota by Bolivar.
Union of New Grenada and Venezuela, Dec.
Abbé Gregoire excluded from the Chamber of Deputies, Dec.
Act passed the British parliament prohibiting seditious meetings.

1819 Alabama admitted into the union, Dec.
1820 Insurrection at Cadiz, Jan.
Death of George III. Jan. 29
Assassination of the Duke of Berri, Feb.
Maine admitted into the union.
Fourth census of the U. States.
Debate on the Missouri question.
Revolution in Spain—Constitution of 1812 re-established, March—massacre at Cadiz, April.
The Queen arrives in England, June.
Meeting of the Spanish Cortes, July.
Revolution in Naples.
Revolt of Ali Pacha.
Trial of the Queen voted, Aug.
Disturbances in Sicily.
Chilian expedition to Peru under San Martin.
Revolution in Portugal, Sept.
Riego dismissed from his command.
Palermo surrenders to Gen. Pepe, Oct.
Armistice between Bolivar and Morillo—Morillo returns to Spain, Nov.
Conference of Troppau, Nov.
Trial of the Queen concluded—Bill withdrawn, Nov.
Death of Christophe—Hayti united in one government under Boyer.
1821 Conference at Laybach, Jan.
Departure of the king of Naples for Laybach—War declared against Naples.
Tumult in Madrid—King's body-guard disbanded, Feb.
Treaty for the cession of Florida finally ratified, Feb.
Portuguese Cortes meet to form a constitution.
Mr. Monroe re-elected President.
Missouri admitted into the union, March.
The Austrians invade Naples, March.
Revolution in Piedmont—the King abdicates in favour of his brother.
Battle of Rieti—Austrians enter Naples.
Revolution in Piedmont quelled by the Austrians.
Revolt in Moldavia under Ypsilanti, May.
Death of Bonaparte, May 5.
Congress of Colombia installed.
The Royalists begin a predatory war in Spain.
Brazil adopts the Portuguese constitution.
Battle of Carabobo, June.
San Martin enters Lima, June.
———— declares Peru independent, July.
Gen. Jackson takes possession of Florida, July.
The king of Portugal leaves Brazil for Lisbon, July.
Bank of England resumes cash payments.
Massacres in Constantinople—Patriarch beheaded.
Revolt of the Greeks in Morea and the islands.
Coronation of George IV., July.
Death of Queen Caroline, Aug.
Callao surrenders to San Martin, Sept.
Yellow Fever in Barcelona, Oct.
The French establish a *cordon sanitaire* on the Spanish Frontier.
The Mexicans declare their independence.
Iturbide concludes an arrangement with the Spanish commander in chief.
The Russian armies assemble on the Turkish frontier.
The Turks retake Athens, Nov.
Disturbances in the South of Ireland.
War between Persia and Turkey.
1822 Tripolitza taken by the Greeks, Jan.
Habeas corpus suspended in Ireland, Feb.
Disturbances in France—insurrection of Gen. Berton at Saumur, March.
Spanish St Domingo united with Hayti.
Ali Pacha delivered up to the Turks and beheaded.
Massacre at Scio.
The U. States declare the S. American States independent, April.

1822 Revolt of Thessaly, May.
Constitution of Colombia established—Bolivar elected President.
Iturbide proclaimed emperor of Mexico.
Arrangement between Russia and Turkey.
Bolivar undertakes an expedition to Quito and Guyaquil May.
Revolt of the Royal guards at Madrid, June.
War between Persia and Turkey renewed.
Trial of Gen. Berton at Paris, Aug.
Greek victory over the Turkish fleet near Scio.
Greeks declare the Turkish coasts blockaded.
Death of Marquis of Londonderry.
Interview between Bolivar and San Martin at Guayaquil.
Execution of Gen. Elio at Valencia, Sept.
Civil war in the N. of Spain—army of the Faith.
Morales takes Maracaibo, Sept.
San Martin abdicates the Dictatorship of Peru and retires to Chili.
The Prince Regent of Brazil declares himself independent of Portugal, and assumes the title of emperor, Nov.
Regency of Urgel formed.
Defeat of Chourschid Pacha in the Morea—massacre of Cyprus.
Spanish Regency driven into France.
Alliance between Spain and Portugal.
Congress of Verona, Dec.
1823 Surrender of Napoli to the Greeks, Jan.
Canterac defeats Alvarado near Arica, Jan.
War declared by France against Spain, March.
M. Manuel expelled the Chamber of Deputies.
Deposition of Iturbide—the Mexican republic restored, March.
The French invade Spain under the Duke of Angouleme and Marshal Moncey, April.
The King and Cortes leave Madrid for Seville.
Corinth surrenders to the Greeks.
Commodore Daniels defeated in a naval action with the Spaniards, April.
The Duke of Angouleme enters Madrid—Regency formed, May.
Canterac enters Lima, May.
Valencia occupied by the French, June.
The King and Cortes retire to Cadiz, July.
Morillo joins the French.
The French advance to Cadiz.
Battle at Corunna with Quiroga.
Padilla defeats Morales on the lake of Maracaibo, July.
Maracaibo captured—Morales capitulates, Aug.
Downfall of the Portuguese constitution—old government restored, Aug.
Siege of Barcelona.
Lord Byron sails from Leghorn to Greece, Aug.
Defeat and submission of Ballasteros.
Botzaris defeats the Pacha of Scutari at Carpenissi, in a night engagement—but is killed in the action, Aug. 21.
Corunna and Pampeluna surrendered, Sept.
Attack on the Trocadero.
Death of Pope Pius VII.
Bolivar enters Lima, Sept.
The Cortes surrender Cadiz, Oct.– The constitution abolished.
Insurrection of the Blacks in Demerara.
Great Britain sends Consuls to S. America.
Barcelona surrendered, Nov.
Porto Cabello taken and the Spaniards driven out of Colombia, Nov.
Gen. Mina lands in England, Nov. 30.
The Duke of Angouleme arrives at Paris, Dec. 2.
Treaty for the occupation of Spain by 40,000 French troops concluded at Madrid.
Treaty of peace between Persia and the Porte.
Montevideo taken by the Brazilian army.
Battle between the British and the Ashantees, Sir C. M'Carthy killed, Dec. 31
1824 Lord Byron joins the Greeks at Missolonghi, Jan.

The Turks raise the siege of Missolonghi and retire into Albania.
The legislature of Tobago passes an act to ameliorate the condition of slaves.
The British declare war against Algiers, March.
The Algerines land on the Spanish coast and carry off the inhabitants.
The Royalists take Callao by treachery.
The British government issues a proclamation for ameliorating the condition of the slaves in the West Indies—the colonial legislatures hostile to it.
War with the Burmese commences on the Eastern frontier of Bengal.
Death of Lord Byron at Missolonghi, April 19.
Second Battle with the Ashantees, May.
A British squadron sails from Madras to Burmah and takes Rangoon.
Battle of Cheduba near Rangoon—the Burmese defeated, June 10.
Battle of Junin in Peru—the royalists defeated.
Chateaubriand dismissed from the French ministry, June.
Iturbide sails for Mexico.
A British squadron blockades Algiers—Peace concluded, July.
The Turks attack and ravage Ipsara.
The Greeks defeat the Turkish fleet and retake Ipsara.
A third battle with the Ashantees—the latter defeated, July 11.
Gen. Lafayette arrives in New York, Aug.
The Greeks land at Epanomi on the Gulf of Smyrna, defeat the Pacha and ravage the country.
Iturbide lands in Mexico, is taken and shot.
A party of Spanish constitutionalists land at Tariffa; after a few days' occupation of the town are taken prisoners by the French.
Death of Louis XVIII., Sept. 16.
The Greeks defeat the Turkish and Egyptian fleets at Cos and Samos, and take and destroy 74 vessels.
Dervish Pacha defeated at Thermopylæ.
Canterac defeated at Apurimac, Sept. 29.
The Patriots blockade Lima.
Battle of Keykloo near Rangoon, the Burmese defeated, Oct. 8 & 9.
Lord Cochrane takes Pernambuco for the emperor of Brazil.
Evacuation of Spain by the French troops, as far as the Ebro, agreed upon, November.
Slave trade abolished in Mexico.
The Russians announce the evacuation of Moldavia by the Turks.
The French troops evacuate Madrid, Dec. 20.
Death of Ferdinand IV. of Naples.
1825 Bolivar totally defeats the royalists at Guamanquilla—the latter surrender and deliver up all Peru to the Patriots; Callao refusing to surrender is blockaded and declared outlawed by Bolivar.
Dreadful inundations in the North of Europe.
J. Q. Adams elected President of the U. States, Feb.
Debate in parliament on the Catholic Emancipation bill, March.
Capture of Naviran by Ibrahim Pacha.
Hayti acknowledged Independent by the king of France, April 7.
Coronation of Charles X., May 29.
Death of Alexander, Emperor of Russia.
1826 Death of the king of Portugal.
The Turks take Missolonghi, March 22.
Fiftieth Anniversary of American Independence celebrated, July 4th—the same day died Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, late Presidents of the United States, and signers of the Declaration of Independence.

MEN OF LEARNING AND GENIUS.

B. C
907 HOMER, the first profane writer and Greek poet, flourished. *Pope.*
Hesiod, the Greek poet, supposed to live near the time of Homer.
884 Lycurgus, the Spartan lawgiver. [*Cooke.*
600 Sappho, the Greek lyric poetess, fl. *Fawkes.*
558 Solon, lawgiver of Athens.
556 Æsop, the first Greek fabulist. *Croxal.*
548 Thales, the first Greek astronomer and geographer.
497 Pythagoras, founder of the Pythagorean philosophy in Greece. *Rowe.*
474 Anacreon, the Greek lyric poet. *Fawkes, Addison, Moore.*
456 Æschylus, the first Greek tragic poet. *Potter.*
435 Pindar, the Greek lyric poet. *West.*
413 Herodotus, of Greece, the first writer of profane history. *Littlebury.*
407 Aristophanes, the Greek comic poet, fl. *White.*
Euripides, the Greek tragic poet. *Woodhull.*
406 Sophocles, ditto. *Franklin, Potter.*
Confucius, the Chinese philosopher, fl.
400 Socrates, the founder of moral philosophy in Greece.
391 Thucydides, the Greek historian. *Smith, Hobbes.*
361 Hippocrates, the Greek physician. *Clifton.*
Democritus, the Greek philosopher. [*Fielding.*
359 Xenophon, the Greek philosopher and historian. *Smith, Spelman, Ashley,*
348 Plato, the Greek philosopher, and disciple of Socrates. *Sydenham.*
336 Isocrates, the Greek orator. *Dimsdale.*
332 Aristotle, the Greek philosopher, and disciple of Plato. *Hobbes.*
313 Demosthenes, the Athenian orator, poisoned himself. *Leland, Francis.*
288 Theophrastus, the Greek philosopher, and scholar of Aristotle. *Budgel.*
285 Theocritus, the first Greek pastoral poet, fl. *Fawkes.*
277 Euclid, of Alexandria, in Egypt, the mathematician, fl. *R. Simpson.*
270 Epicurus, founder of the Epicurean philosophy in Greece. *Digby.*
264 Xeno, founder of the stoic philosophy in ditto.
244 Callimachus, the Greek elegiac poet.
208 Archimedes, the Greek geometrician.
184 Plautus, the Roman comic poet. *Thornton.*
159 Terence, of Carthage, the Latin comic poet. *Colman.*
155 Diogenes, of Babylon, the Stoic philosopher.
124 Polybius, of Greece, the Greek and Roman historian. *Hampton.*
54 Lucretius, the Roman poet. *Creech.*
44 Julius Cæsar, the Roman historian and commentator, killed. *Duncan.*
Diodorus Siculus, of Greece, the universal historian, fl. *Booth.*
Vitruvius, the Roman architect, fl.
43 Cicero, the Roman orator and philosopher, put to death. *Guthrie, Melmoth.*
Cornelius Nepos, the Roman biographer, fl. *Rowe.*
34 Sallust, the Roman historian. *Gordon, Rose.*
30 Dionysius of Halicarnassus, the Roman historian, fl. *Spelman.*
19 Virgil, the Roman epic poet. *Dryden, Pitt, Warton.*
11 Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius, Roman poets. *Grainger, Dart.*
8 Horace, the Roman lyric and satiric poet. *Francis.*
A. C.
17 Livy, the Roman historian. *Ray.*
19 Ovid, the Roman elegiac poet. *Garth.*
20 Celsus, the Roman philosopher and physician, fl. *Crieve.*
25 Strabo, the Greek geographer.
33 Phædrus, the Roman fabulist. *Smart.*
45 Paterculus, the Roman historian, fl. *Newcombe.*
62 Persius, the Roman satiric poet. *Brewster.*
54 Quintus Curtius, a Roman historian of Alexander the Great, fl. *Digby.*

64 Seneca, of Spain, the philosopher and tragic poet, put to death. *L'Estrange.*
65 Lucan, the Roman epic poet, ditto. *Rowe.*
69 Pliny the elder, the Roman natural historian. *Holland.*
93 Josephus, the Jewish historian. *Whiston.*
94 Epictetus, the Greek stoic philosopher, fl. Mrs. *Carter.*
95 Quintilian, the Roman orator and advocate. *Guthrie.*
96 Statius, the Roman epic poet. *Lewis.*
Lucius Florus, of Spain, the Roman historian, fl.
99 Tacitus, the Roman historian. *Gordon. Murphy.*
104 Martial, of Spain, the epigrammatic poet. *Hay.*
Valerius Flaccus, the Roman epic poet.
116 Pliny the younger, historical letters. *Melmoth, Orrery.*
117 Suetonius, the Roman historian. *Hughes.*
119 Plutarch, of Greece, the biographer. *Dryden, Langhorne.*
128 Juvenal, the Roman satiric poet. *Dryden, Gifford.*
140 Ptolemy, the Egypian geographer, mathematician, and astronomer, fl.
150 Justin, the Roman historian, fl. *Turnbul.*
161 Arrian, the Roman historian and philosopher, fl. *Rooke.*
167 Justin, of Samaria, the oldest Christian author after the apostles.
180 Lucian, the Roman philologer. *Dimsdale, Dryden, Franklin.*
Marcus Aur. Antoninus, Roman emperor and philosopher. *Collier, Elphinstone*
193 Galen, the Greek philosopher and physician.
200 Diogenes Laertius, the Greek biographer, fl.
229 Dion Cassius, of Greece, the Roman historian, fl.
254 Origen, a Christian father of Alexandria.
Herodian, of Alexandria, the Roman historian, fl. *Hart.*
258 Cyprian, of Carthage, suffered martyrdom. *Marshall.*
273 Longinus, the Greek orator, put to death by Aurelian. *Smith.*
320 Lactantius, a father of the church, fl.
336 Arius, a priest of Alexandria, founder of the sect of Arians.
342 Eusebius, the ecclesiastical historian and chronologer. *Hanmer.*
379 Bazil, bishop of Cæsaria.
389 Gregory Nazianzen, bishop of Constantinople.
397 Ambrose, bishop of Milan.
415 Macrobius, the Roman grammarian.
428 Eutropius, the Roman historian.
524 Boethius, the Roman poet, and Platonic philosopher. *Bellamy, Preston.*
529 Procopius, of Cæsarea, the Roman historian. *Holcroft.* *

Here ends the illustrious list of ancient, or, as they are styled, Classic authors, for whom mankind are indebted to Greece and Rome, those two great theatres of human glory; but it will ever be regretted, that a small part only of their writings have come to our hands. This was owing to the barbarous policy of those fierce, illiterate pagans, who, in the fifth century, subverted the Roman empire, and in which practices they were joined soon after by the Saracens, or followers of Mahomet. Constantinople alone had escaped the ravages of the Barbarians: and to the few literati who sheltered themselves within its walls, is chiefly owing the preservation of those valuable remains of antiquity. To learning, civility, and refinement, succeeded worse than Gothic ignorance—the superstition and buffoonery of the church of Rome: Europe therefore produces few names worthy of record during the space of a thousand years; a period which historians, with great propriety, denominate the dark or Gothic ages.

The invention of printing contributed to the revival of learning in the sixteenth century, from which memorable æra a race of men have sprung up in a new soil, France, Germany, and Britain; who, if they do not exceed, at least equal, the greatest geniuses of antiquity.

735 Bede, a priest of Northumberland; History of the Saxons, Scots, &c.
901 King Alfred; history, philosophy, and poetry.
1259 Matthew Paris, monk of St. Alban's; History of England.
1292 Roger Bacon, Somersetshire; natural philosophy.
1308 John Fordun, a priest of Mearns-shire; History of Scotland.
1400 Geoffry Chaucer, London; the father of English poetry.
1402 John Gower, Wales; the poet.
1535 Sir Thomas More, London; history, politics, divinity.
1552 John Leland, London; lives and antiquities.

* The names in Italics are those who have given the best English translations.

1568 Roger Ascham, Yorkshire; philology and polite literature.
1572 Rev. John Knox, the Scotch reformer; history of the Church of Scotland.
1582 George Buchanan, Dumbartonshire; History of Scotland, Psalms of David, politics, &c.
1598 Edmund Spenser, London; Fairy Queen, and other poems.
1615—25 Beaumont and Fletcher; 53 dramatic pieces.
1616 William Shakspeare, Stratford; 42 tragedies and comedies.
1622 John Napier, of Marcheston, Scotland; discoverer of logarithms.
1623 William Camden, London; history and antiquities.
1626 Lord Chancellor Bacon, London; natural philosophy, literature in general.
1634 Lord Chief Justice Coke, Norfolk; laws of England.
1638 Ben Jonson, London; 53 dramatic pieces.
1641 Sir Henry Spelman, Norfolk; laws and antiquities.
1654 John Selden, Sussex; antiquities and laws.
1657 Dr. William Harvey, Kent; discovered the circulation of the blood
1667 Abraham Cowley, London; miscellaneous poetry.
1674 John Milton, London; Paradise Lost, Regained, and various other pieces in verse and prose.
Hyde, earl of Clarendon, Wiltshire; History of the Civil Wars in England.
1675 James Gregory, Aberdeen; mathematics, geometry, and optics.
1677 Reverend Dr. Isaac Barrow, London; natural philosophy, mathematics, and sermons.
1680 Samuel Butler, Worcestershire; Hudibras, a burlesque poem.
1685 Thomas Otway, London; 10 tragedies and comedies, with other poems.
1687 Edmund Waller, Bucks; poems, speeches, letters, &c.
1688 Dr. Ralph Cudworth, Somersetshire; Intellectual System.
1689 Dr. Thomas Sydenham, Dorsetshire; History of Physic.
1690 Nathaniel Lee, London; 11 tragedies.
Robert Barclay, Urie; Apology for the Quakers.
1691 Hon. Robert Boyle; natural and experimental philosophy and theology.
Sir George M'Kenzie, Dundee; Antiquities and Laws of Scotland.
1694 John Tillotson, archbishop of Canterbury, Halifax; 254 sermons.
1697 Sir William Temple, London; politics and polite literature.
1701 John Dryden, Northamptonshire; 27 tragedies and comedies, satiric poems, Virgil.
1704 John Locke, Somersetshire; philosophy, government, and theology.
1705 John Ray, Essex; botany, natural philosophy, and divinity.
1707 George Farquhar, Londonderry; eight comedies.
1713 Ant. Ash. Cowper, earl of Shaftesbury; Characteristics.
1714 Gilbert Burnet, Edinburgh, bishop of Salisbury; history, biography, divinity.
1718 Nicholas Rowe; Devonshire; 7 tragedies, translation of Lucan's Pharsalia.
1719 Rev. John Flamstead, Derbyshire; mathematics and astronomy.
Joseph Addison, Wiltshire; Spectator, Guardian, poems, politics.
Dr. John Keil, Edinburgh; mathematics and astronomy.
1721 Matthew Prior, London; poems and politics.
1724 William Wollaston, Staffordshire; Religion of Nature delineated.
1727 Sir Isaac Newton, Lincolnshire; mathematics, geometry, astronomy, optics.
1729 Reverend Dr. Samuel Clarke, Norfolk; mathematics, divinity, &c.
Sir Richard Steele, Dublin; four comedies, papers in Tatler, &c.
William Congreve, Staffordshire; 7 dramatic pieces.
1732 John Gay, Exeter; poems, fables, and 11 dramatic pieces.
1734 Dr. John Arbuthnot, Mearns-shire; medicine, coins, politics.
1742 Dr. Edmund Halley; natural philosophy, astronomy, navigation.
Dr. Richard Bentley, Yorkshire; classical learning, criticism.
1744 Alexander Pope, London; poems, letters, translation of Homer.
1745 Rev. Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dublin; poems, politics, and letters.
1746 Colin M'Laurin, Argyleshire; Algebra, View of Newton's Philosophy.
1748 James Thomson, Roxburghshire; Seasons, and other poems, five tragedies.
Reverend Dr. Isaac Watts, Southampton; logic, philosophy, psalms, hymns, sermons, &c.
Dr. Francis Hutcheson, Airshire; System of Moral Philosophy.
1750 Rev. Dr. Conyers, Middleton, Yorkshire; life of Cicero, &c.
Andrew Baxter, Old Aberdeen; metaphysics and natural philosophy.
1751 Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, Surrey; philosophy, metaphysics, and politics.

1751 Dr. Alexander Monro, Edinburgh; anatomy of the Human Body.
1754 Dr. Richard Mead, London; on poisons, plague, small-pox, medicine, precepts.
Henry Fielding, Somersetshire; Tom Jones, Joseph Andrews, &c.
1757 Colley Cibber, London; 25 tragedies and comedies.
1758 *Jonathan Edwards;* theology, metaphysics.
1761 Thomas Sherlock, bishop of London; 69 sermons, &c.
Benjamin Hoadley, bishop of Winchester; sermons and controversy.
Samuel Richardson, London; Grandison, Clarissa, Pamela.
Reverend Dr. John Leland, Lancashire; Answer to Deistical Writers.
1765 Reverend Dr. Edward Young; Night Thoughts and other poems, three tragedies.
Robert Simpson, Glasgow; Conic Sections, Euclid, Apollonius.
1768 Reverend Lawrence Sterne; Sermons, Sentimental Journey, Tristram Shandy.
1769 Robert Smith, Lincolnshire; harmonics and optics.
1770 Reverend Dr. Jortin; Life of Erasmus, Ecclesiastical History, and sermons.
Dr. Mark Akenside, Newcastle upon Tyne; poems.
Dr. Tobias Smollet, Dumbartonshire; History of England, novels, translations.
Thomas Chatterton; poetry.
1771 Thomas Gray, Professor of Modern History, Cambridge; poems.
1773 Philip Dormer Stanhope, earl of Chesterfield; letters.
George Lord Lyttelton, Worcestershire; History of England.
1774 Oliver Goldsmith; poems, essays, and other pieces.
Zachary Pearce, bishop of Rochester; Annotations on the New Testament, &c.
1775 Dr. John Hawkesworth; essays.
Joseph Warren; politics—killed at Bunker's Hill, June 17.
1776 David Hume, Merse; History of England, and essays.
James Ferguson, Aberdeenshire; Astronomy.
Cadwallader Colden, New York; History of the Five Nations.
1777 Samuel Foote, Cornwall; plays.
1779 David Garrick, Hereford; plays, &c.
William Warburton, bishop of Gloucester; Divine Legation of Moses, and various other works.
Sir William Blackstone, Judge of the court of Common Pleas, London; Commentaries on the laws of England.
1780 Dr. John Fothergill, Yorkshire; philosophy and medicine.
James Harris; Hermes, Philological Inquiries, and Philosophical Arrangements.
Thomas Hutchinson; History of Massachusetts.
1782 Thomas Newton, bishop of Bristol, Litchfield; Discourses on the Prophecies, and other works.
Sir John Pringle, Bart. Roxburghshire; Diseases of the Army.
Henry Home, Lord Kaimes, Scotland; Elements of Criticism, Sketches of the History of Man.
1783 Dr. William Hunter, Lanarkshire; anatomy.
Dr. Benjamin Kennicott; Hebrew Version of the Bible, theological tracts.
James Otis, Massachusetts; politics.
1784 Dr. Thomas Morell; Editor of Ainsworth's Dictionary, Hedericus's Lexicon, and some Greek tragedies.
Dr. Samuel Johnson, Litchfield; English Dictionary, biography, essays, poetry. Died December 13, aged 71.
1785 William Whitehead, Poet Laureat; poems and plays. Died April 14.
Reverend Richard Burn, LL. D. author of the Justice of Peace, Ecclesiastical Laws, &c. Died Nov. 20.
Richard Glover, Esq.; Leonidas, Medea, &c. Died Nov. 25.
1786 Jonas Hanway, Esq.; travels, miscellanies. Died Sept. 5, aged 74.
1787 Dr. Robert Lowth, bishop of London; criticism, divinity, grammar. Died Nov. 3.
Soame Jenyns, Esq.; Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion, and other pieces. Died Dec. 18.
1788 James Stuart, Esq.; celebrated by the name of "Athenian Stuart." Died Feb. 1.
Thomas Gainsborough, Esq.; the celebrated painter. Died Aug. 2.
1788 Thomas Sheridan, Esq.; English Dictionary, works on education, elocution, &c. Died Aug. 14.

1788 William Julius Mickle, Esq.; translator of the Lusiad. Died Oct. 25.
1789 Dr. William Cullen; Practice of Physic, Materia Medica, &c. Died Feb. 5.
1790 *Benjamin Franklin*, Esq. Boston, New England; electricity, natural philosophy, miscellanies. Died April 17.
Rev. Thomas Warton, B. D. Poet Laureat; History of English Poetry, poems. Died April 21.
Dr. Adam Smith, Scotland; Moral Sentiments, Inquiry into the Wealth of Nations
John Howard, Esq. Middlesex; account of Prisons and Lazarettos, &c.
William Livingston, New Jersey; poetry.
1791 Rev. Dr. Richard Price, Glamorganshire; on Morals, Providence, Civil Liberty, Annuities, Reversionary Payments, Sermons, &c. Died Feb. 19, aged 68.
Dr. Thomas Blacklock, Annandale; poems, Consolations from natural and revealed Religion. Died July, aged 70.
Francis Hopkinson; law, poetry.
1792 Sir Joshua Reynolds, Devonshire; President of the Royal Academy of Painting; Discourses on Painting delivered before the Academy. Died Feb. 23, aged 68.
John Smeaton, Yorkshire; Civil Engineer; Mechanics, Edystone Lighthouse, Ramsgate Harbour, and other public works of utility.
1793 Rev. Dr. William Robertson, Principal of the University of Edinburgh, and Historiographer to his Majesty for Scotland; History of Scotland, of the Reign of Charles V., History of America, and Historical Disquisition concerning India. Died June 11, aged 72.
John Hunter, Esq. Surgeon Extraordinary to the King, and Surveyor General to the Army; Anatomy. Died Aug. 16.
John Hancock; politics.
Roger Sherman; politics.
1794 Edward Gibbon, Esq. History of the Roman Empire, &c. Died Jan. 16.
James Bruce, Esq. of Kinnaird; Travels into Abyssinia.
John Witherspoon; theology, politics.
1795 Dr. Alexander Gerard; Essay on Taste, sermons. Died Feb. 22.
Sir William Jones, one of the Judges of India, and president of the Asiatic Society; several law Tracts, translation of Isæus, and of the Moallakat, or Seven Arabian poems, and many valuable papers in the Asiatic Researches.
Ezra Stiles; theology.
1796 *David Rittenhouse;* astronomy.
Robert Burns, the Scottish Poet.
1797 Edmund Burke; politics, philology, &c.
Horace Walpole; miscellaneous writer.
1798 *Jeremy Belknap;* history, biography.
Thomas Pennant; naturalist, topographer.
1799 *George Washington*, President of the U. States, died Dec. 14.
Patrick Henry; politics.
1800 Hugh Blair; divinity and morals.
William Cowper; poet.
1803 *Samuel Adams;* politics, died Oct. 2.
1804 *Alexander Hamilton;* politics.
1805 Dr. W. Paley; theology, moral philosophy.
1806 *Robert Morris;* finance.
Henry Kirke White; poetry.
William Pitt; statesman.
Charles James Fox; statesman and historian.
1807 *Oliver Ellsworth*, Chief Justice of the United States.
1808 *John Dickenson;* Farmer's Letters.
Fisher Ames; politics.
Richard Hurd, Bishop of Worcester; theology, criticism
Thomas Beddoes, M. D.; medicine.
John Home; tragedies.
1809 Sir George Baker; medicine.
1810 Henry Cavendish; natural philosophy.
Charles B. Brown; novels.
1811 Thomas Percy, Bishop of Dromore; poems, Reliques of ancient English poetry
Richard Cumberland; poems, plays, &c.
Nevil Maskelyne, D. D.; astronomy.

1812 John Horne Tooke; philology, politics.
Joel Barlow; poetry.
Joseph Dennie; essays.
Roger Griswold; politics.
Joseph S. Buckminster; theology.
1813 *Theophilus Parsons;* law.
Benjamin Rush; medicine.
1814 Benjamin Count Rumford; physics, economy.
1815 Samuel Whitbread; politics.
Rev. Claudius Buchanan; Propagation of Christianity in the East.
Richard Alsop; poetry, translations.
Benjamin S. Barton; botany, medicine.
James A. Bayard; politics.
Robert Fulton; mechanics.
1816 Richard Watson, Bishop of Landaff; chemistry, theology.
John P. Curran; law, politics.
Adam Ferguson; History of the Roman Republic, &c.
Samuel Dexter; law.
Gouverneur Morris; politics.
1817 Richard L. Edgeworth; education.
Charles Burney: classics, criticism.
Timothy Dwight; theology, poetry, travels.
1818 Sir S. Romilly; politics.
Warren Hastings, Esq. Governor General of India
1819 James Watt; physics.
John Playfair; mathematics, physics.
Samuel S. Smith; theology.
1820 P. Colquhoun, Esq.; police.
Isaac Milner, D. D.; theology, mathematics.
Thomas Brown, M. D.; poetry, metaphysics.
Henry Grattan; politics.
William Hayley, Esq.; poetry, criticism.
Benjamin West; painting, President of the Royal Academy.
1821 Rev. Vicesimus Knox, LL. D.; essays.
1822 The Marquis of Londonderry; politics.
James Gregory, M. D.; medicine.
T. F. Middleton, Bishop of Calcutta; theology, criticism.
William Herschel; astronomy.
Edward D. Clarke, LL. D.; travels.
Levi Frisbie; moral philosophy.
William Pinckney; law, politics.
1823 *Robert R. Livingston;* politics.
Thomas Lord Erskine; law, politics.
Edward Jenner, M. D.; vaccination.
David Ricardo; political economy.
Matthew Baillie, M. D.; medicine.
William Lowndes; politics.
1824 George Lord Byron, died April 19; poems.
Rev. C. Maturin; plays, novels.
1825 Rev. Dr. Samuel Parr; classics, criticism.
Dr. Rees; theology, encyclopedia.
Count Lacepede; natural history.
Robert G. Harper; politics.
1826 *Thomas Jefferson*, President of the United States, died July 4th.
John Adams, President of the United States, died July 4th.

N. B. By the Dates is implied the Time when the above writers died; but when that Period happens not to be known, the Age in which they flourished is signified by fl. *The names in Italics are Americans.*

END OF VOL. II.

NOV 1 4 1967